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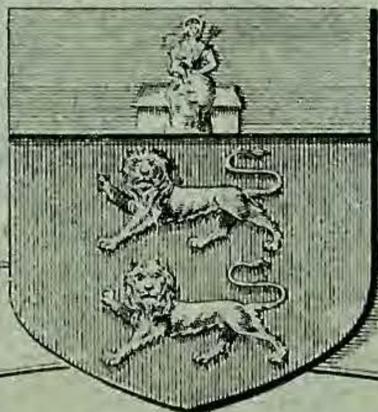
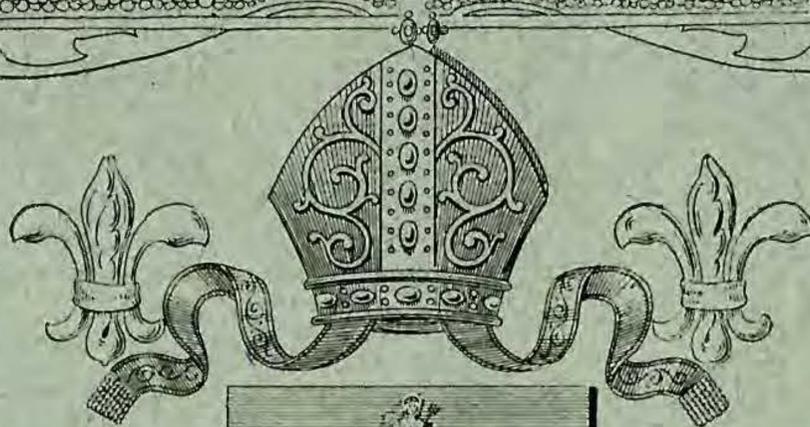
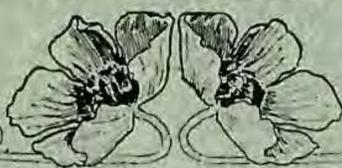


LINCOLN



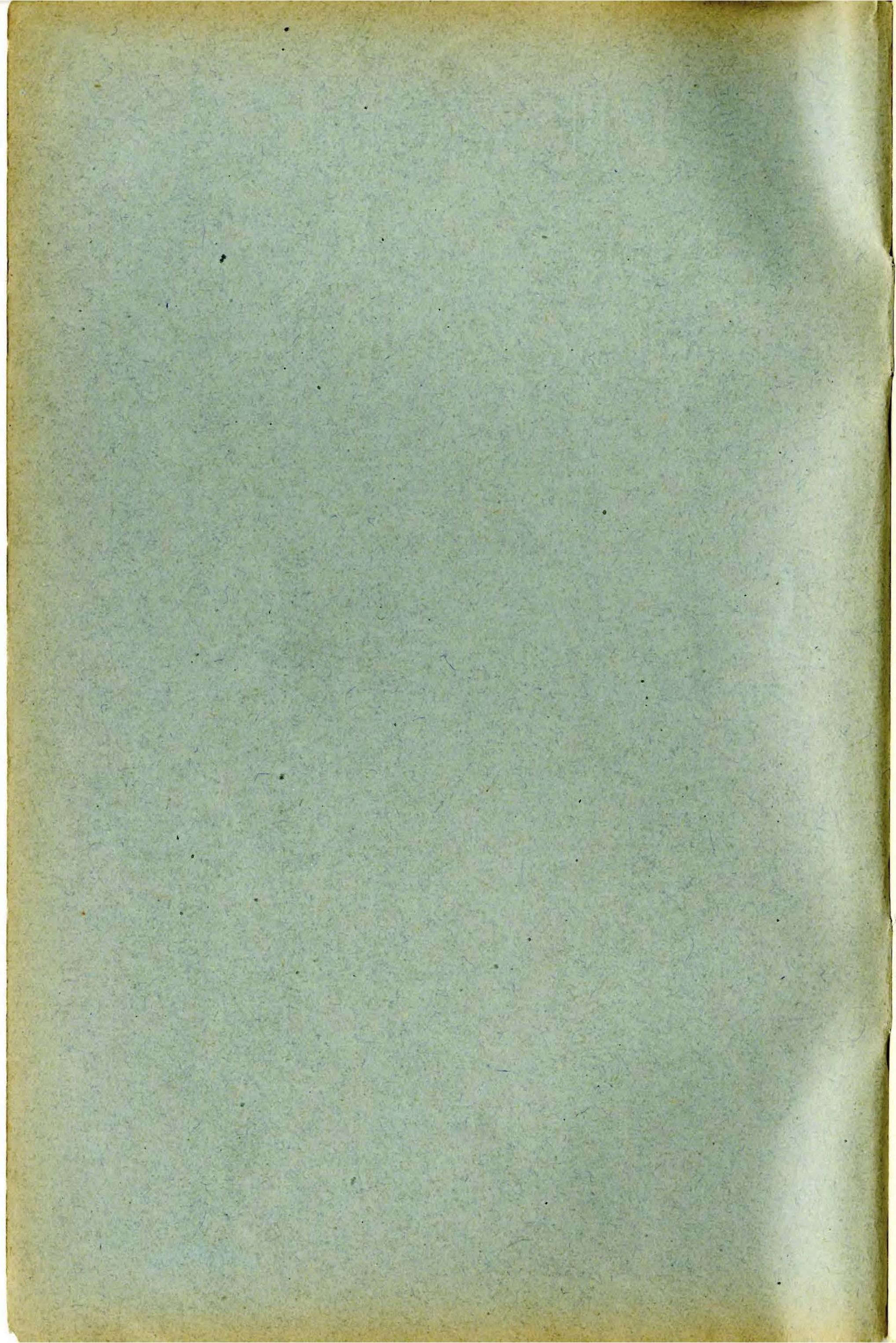
Diocesan Training College

MAGAZINE



April,

1916.



## Principal's Letter

DEAR STUDENTS, PAST AND PRESENT,

Those of you who left us the motto "play up and play the game" must have often been reminded of it as you have read of how gloriously the King's forces have been disregarding the risk of death in the field and on the high seas.

From them we can learn that the only thing that matters is to play a good game—to despise the cheap success of a victory we have not earned, and to win *or lose* cheerfully.

You remember how Milton says "When God wants a hard thing done in the world He tells it to His Englishmen," and it is in the dignity of that confidence that even we non-combatants can go forward.

"To teach that he who saves himself is lost

To bear in silence, though our hearts may bleed

To spend ourselves, and never count the cost

For others greater need."

And if we fail in example and in word in this endeavour we cannot expect the next generation to be worthy of their country—an England redeemed and sanctified by Sacrifice.

Yours very sincerely,

W. TODHUNTER.

## Principal's Notes

THE Principal will be very pleased to see any former students to luncheon on Whit-Monday, June 12th. There will be the usual entertainment in the evening of that day. Will all who can accept this invitation send a postcard to the Secretary, at the College, not later than June 1st?

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The meeting of Correspondents to discuss the administration of the Benevolent Fund took place on December 4th, 1915, and is fully reported by the Secretary in this issue.

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There has been only one change in the staff this year. We much regretted parting with Miss Watson, M.A., last term, and hear that she is very happy in her new work at Hartlebury.

Miss Collenette was absent for some time on account of illness, and we were very pleased to welcome her back at the half-term.

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We offer our hearty congratulations to two former members of the Lincoln staff—to Mrs. Gilroy on the birth of her daughter, and to Mrs. Scorer on the birth of her son.

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Congratulations to Miss Dorothy Nicholls on her success in the Trinity College Music Examination.

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We thank Miss Greaves, of Oldham (a former Lincolnian), for the charming photograph of the roll of honour of her school, which has an added interest as she tells us it was designed, executed, and framed by one of her "old boys" who is the son of another Lincoln student (S. E. Sutcliffe, 1872).

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Miss I. Kay has taken charge of Staveley village school for the period of the war. She keenly appreciates the beautiful lake scenery of the Windermere district, and says the children are keen and intelligent.

Miss M. Mitchell seems very happy in her work at Doncaster. She says that Standard VI girls at her school sometimes come to teach her (Standard II) children new stitches for the dolls they are dressing.

On Saturdays, she and two other old girls (A. Laughton and O. Goy) take lunch out and "pretend it is Shrove Tuesday."

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Miss E. Varlow's year will be glad to hear that she is certificated as medically fit now. She writes happily of her work at Barnsley.

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Thanks for letters from the following former students: M. Field, D. Dickenson, A. Woolcock, N. Harrison, E. Sullivan, C. Coates, E. Street, E. Alderson, A. Thomas, G. Collins, and others

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We have been pleased to see back lately the following: D Taylor, M. Mitchell, O. Goy, L. Collier, A. Lidster, E. Hakes E. Pratt, F. Millhouse, J. Wilson, D. Johnson, N. Jabet, B Bannister, O. Hutchinson.

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There will be a retreat for the Guild of the Good Shepherd at the College (by kind permission of the Governing Body) from May 5-7, 1916. Any old student who would like further particulars should communicate with the Principal.

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The Principal much regrets to hear from Miss Elwell that her eyesight has again given her trouble, so that she is obliged to give up her work as association correspondent. Miss Elwell's devotion to the work of the Association for so many years will make this a subject of keen regret to all her friends, but we hope that she will often be with us at our meetings, and that rest will mean complete recovery for her.

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It will be seen that Miss Turner's statement of accounts for Association business shows a good balance in hand, and we are very grateful to her for her business-like way of conducting the Association affairs, to which she gives so much time and trouble.

## Chaplain's Notes

### Farewell Letter from the Chaplain

S. NICHOLAS VICARAGE,  
LINCOLN,

20/3/1916.

[After April 15th: 7 TENNYSON STREET, GAINSBOROUGH.]

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

It is with great regret that I write the words "Good-bye"; and yet when partings have to be made what words of better omen, or more fraught with blessing can we utter than this familiar abbreviation of "God be with you."

Our lives are constantly marked with periods of change in their outward surroundings which yet do not destroy their inner unity. God in His Providence so orders it that that unity is built up and maintained by experiences contributed by all with whom we come in contact.

"I am a part of all that I have met" said the much-travelled Ulysses, and the words are equally true of the Christian pilgrim.

In studying together God's Holy Word, in worshipping together before Him; in partaking together of the Holy Communion of His Body and His Blood we have entered into each other's lives in a degree and with an influence that will only become apparent to us in after years, but which is not dis-severed even now from human sympathy and friendship. And so I am prompted to look forward to a happy future with mingled feelings; with a feeling of thankfulness for the deeper spiritual insight, the wider sympathy that you have imparted to me in the sadly imperfect exercise of my ministry among you, coupled with an earnest prayer that God in His Mercy will over-rule its many deficiencies to your eternal good.

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,  
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness—  
So on the ocean of life we pass."

But the memory of the voice does not die—it survives, fruitful with encouragement and hope.

Believe me,

Ever yours very sincerely.

J. T. TULL.

## Editor's Notes

THE Editor regrets to say : that the name of one of the Correspondents for 1915, Miss Emily Roberts, was inadvertently omitted in the October Magazine. The error is rectified in the present number.

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The following communication concerning the supply of badges has been received from the jeweller, Mr. W. Gadsby, who has hitherto undertaken to provide them : "As I am retiring from business shortly I have arranged with Mr. W. Mansell, Silver Street, to take over my stock of College Badges, and to supply them in the future."

\* \* \*

A past Student tells me in a recent letter that she was in Budapest when the war broke out. She adds : "I am glad now to be in England ; it was rather dreadful getting no news, and we were always quite sure what we did hear was not the truth. When I got back to London I expected to find England nearly starved and we were told the country was in a state of revolution because the British Navy was too cowardly to come out and fight ! I could read and understand enough Hungarian to know this actually was in their newspapers."

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The L.T.C. nursing contingent is steadily increasing. A letter from Victoria Hospital, Cork, bearing the signature of Mabel Hamm brings word that she has got her last examination over and came out successful, but can hardly yet realise that she is a qualified nurse. "I love it more every day," she says, "but oh ! dear ; nursing makes one a very bad correspondent. Sometimes when I go to write after getting into bed more than half the words are written with my eyes closed . . . I was sent down here to the Cork Steam Packet Company Hospital to do night duty. It is about two miles from Cork and holds twelve beds."

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We have decided to make a small war economy in the publication of this Magazine by somewhat reducing the number of pages. The list of Association members is to be printed only once a year, in the October Magazine.

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

M. TURNER.

## A Letter from Miss Elwell

THE ROWANS, BEVERLEY,

March 29th, 1916.

MY DEAR "OLD STUDENTS."

It is with the deepest regret and sorrow that I have been obliged to decide that I must give up the duties of Association correspondent, even though I hand them over to your old friend and mine, Miss Turner.

It has been a great joy to me to feel that at least once a year I could count on a letter from my old friends, and I had looked forward to continuing my Association work for some time. But the fear of eye-strain makes it imperative that I should do much less writing than I have hitherto done.

I know that you will be quite sure that my interest and affection will be as they have ever been, and I shall be very glad to answer occasional letters from those who are kind enough to write.

In happier days, when the East Coast is a more desirable place to visit I hope my friends will remember that Beverley is an easy journey from Scarborough and Bridlington, and that it would be a joy to welcome them.

Ever your affectionate, MARGARET ELWELL.

## College Notes

### Inspectorial Visits

THE weather and His Majesty's Inspectors appear to have been in collusion of late, for on two all-important dates, February 25th, when the Drill Examination was held by Miss Koether and Miss Palmer, and on March 28th, when Miss Wark visited us for the teaching and needlework and handwork inspections, snow and wind combined to produce most "frightful" blizzards; vehicles were not even to be hired on the first occasion but on the second the three brakes braved the elements and brought the down-hill school-practice contingent safely back for the mid-day meal. The collapse of the telephone connection on the last occasion still further isolated us and complicated all the inspectorial arrangements.

Mr. Gordon's Science inspection on March 1st, was fortunately a much more normal proceeding.

The Drawing, Reading, and Singing Examinations are all excused this year, so the last term will be much freer from interruption than usual and will thus afford an opportunity for quiet preparation for the final that will be much appreciated by the Second Year Students.

### Miss Collette's Lecture on Guernsey

ONE Saturday evening during last term Miss Collette, who came to us from Guernsey, gave us a very interesting description

of her island home—illustrating it by many beautiful and realistic slides.

Most of us realized for the first time that Guernsey is one of the most beautiful as well as the most valuable of the Channel Isles. We were shown views of delightful little bays, nestling in between the cliffs—reached from above by pretty narrow lanes—so narrow that people call them “Lover’s Lanes” though really they are only wide enough for one. Perhaps the prettiest of these is the Water-Lane at Moulin Huet, which has a rapid descent from the cliffs to the bay below. A very fine slide brought before us the exceptional beauties of this picturesque spot.

The island is not without its historical interest for it boasts of several relics of Norman architecture. Like the other Channel Islands it has a Martello tower—a tower used in the Napoleonic Wars to defend a landing place. Castle Cornet has the proud distinction of being the last fortress in the British Isles to yield to the authority of Cromwell’s parliament.

In the course of the delightful hour during which Miss Collenette piloted us in imagination to all the beauty spots of the island she let fall the remark that we should soon all be making plans for a holiday there—Oh! if only we could!

ELSIE DALE.

### **Lecture on Clouds by Bertram Cox**

*(Illustrated by photographic slides of his own making).*

SOMETHING familiar but looked at from a new point of view!

We all knew, or thought we knew, much about clouds, but, with Mr. Cox to quicken and direct our observation, we were amazed to find how little we had really seen in them.

It was difficult at times to keep pace with the clear and vigorous scientific explanations of the lecturer, not because of any undue haste on his part, but because we wished to dwell longer on some beautiful picture, or to meditate more fully on one of the little touches with a metaphorical or almost spiritual meaning—on the softening effect of some passing rain cloud on the harsher features of the landscape, or the intensity of reflected light against a gloomy and sombre background.

No matter what our natural bent—artistic, scientific, contemplative, or merely beauty-loving—we all found food for thought, while not a few of us registered a secret determination to follow Mr. Cox’s example and sometime try cloud photography.

A. MARTIN.

### **Lantern Lectures on Great Artists**

THE Principal gave the first of a series of lantern lectures on great artists, on the first Sunday in Lent, the subject being “George Frederic Watts.”

The lecturer said that her object was rather to show the artist as revealing himself in his own pictures, than to give any critical or comparative study of his art.

The "Portrait of the Artist" painted by himself showed his gift of resolving his sitter into his essential elements, and painting the *real* man as he saw him; this perhaps accounts for the criticism of his portrait of Carlyle which was said to be that of a "mad labourer." Watts painted Carlyle as a "mad labourer" because Carlyle *was* a mad labourer. In the case of Swinburne's shock of red hair, again, we can quite imagine Watts having painted it pea-green, and yet having rendered a true portrait of the poet.

Watts was a great hero-worshipper, and his admiration for Tennyson was unbounded. The story says that he once reproved his idol for impatience, on the ground that his own King Arthur would not have been guilty of it. "No," growled Tennyson, "But Arthur never had the gout."

A series of pictures dealing with the great problems of life and death ("Love and Life," "Love and Death," "The Messenger," "The Court of Death," "Death crowning Innocence," "Sic transit gloria mundi," "Time, Death and Judgment"), were shown to illustrate the reverent attitude of the artist in his symbolism. In several pictures of this group he shows the tenderness of Death (as in her care of Innocence), the sure Light in the world beyond, and the unreality of the seen in the light of the unseen world. In the wonderful "Court of Death," where King, Knight, and Maiden are paying homage, and again in the "Sic transit" he seems to repeat: "What I spent I have,

What I saved I lost;"

and he further enforces the lesson in the picture of the young man who went away sorrowful because he had great possessions.

In the next series of pictures, "Eve repentant," "Eve tempted," and the "Curse of Cain" beauty of form seems to be used as an allegory of moral beauty, as when the harmony of Paradise clashes into discord at the sin of Eve.

The pictures "Mammon," "Industry and Greed," "Jonah," "The Minotaur," show how bitterly Watts felt the cruelty of the modern commercial system in its dealings with youth, innocence, and beauty; while the pictures "Faith," "The Dweller in the Innermost," "The All-pervading," "Hope," seem to point to the solution as the artist saw it, of such terrible problems of modern life,

Watts' charm in dealing with the lighter aspects of his subject was illustrated by "Echo," "Psyche," "Endymion," "Orpheus and Eurydice," and "Good Luck to your Fishing."

Finally, the true chivalry of Watts in keeping ever before him his own motto "MY UTMOST FOR THE HIGHEST" is shown in the glorious "Sir Galahad," a picture that has inspired generations of our Etonians, the picture of the true knight, whether in arms or art. "Whose strength was as the strength of ten

Because his heart was pure."

K. I. HIND.

## “ Denite Adoremus ”

On the evening of December 19th, the last Sunday of term, a beautiful carol service was given in the College Chapel by the members of the Musical Society.

The service began with an organ voluntary by Miss Bibby, “Adeste Fideles.” This gave the keynote to the service, and with the following hymn, “O come, all ye faithful,” sung by all the congregation, invited everyone to join in the worship of the Infant Saviour. Following this suitable prayers were offered by the chaplain.

The great thought of the Eternal Mind was expressed in “God so loved the world” sung by Stephanie Hunt, and then followed the Angel’s song, the stately “In Terra Pax,” sung by the Musical Society. How this song burst on the shepherd’s startled ears and entranced their senses, was told in the words of the old carol, “It came upon the mid-night clear,” sung by all the congregation.

Then Miss Bibby played the “Pastoral Symphony” from Handel’s “Messiah,” we, meanwhile, thinking of the simple shepherds to whom had been granted the glorious vision, and of their eager words “Let us now go even unto Bethlehem.” The old carols “A Babe is born,” and “Nowell, Nowell,” express the great fact of Man’s salvation in the Incarnation, and the Shepherds’ joyous adoration as they kneel at the Manger Throne. We showed our participation in their joy and worship by singing with heart and voice the old carol “Good Christian Men, rejoice.”

During the next part of the service the music presented to us a beautiful picture of the Virgin Mother lovingly tending her Babe in the dimly-lighted stable. The Musical Society sang the old Seventeenth Century carol, “Would’st thou magnify,” which was followed by the “Cradle Song” from Bach’s “Christmas Oratorio,” rendered on the organ by Miss Bibby. This was followed by another carol, “The Cradle Song of the Blessed Virgin,” the lulling cadences of which feelingly expressed the soothing to rest of the Heavenly Child.

Our chaplain then spoke a few helpful words to us on the purpose of the Incarnation and the loving mercy of God in sending His Son to take our nature so completely, and “in it to suffer for our sakes, by it to make us free.”

“We three Kings of Orient are” then led our thoughts from the worship of the simple shepherds to the adoration of the Magi—the three eastern Sages bringing their costly gifts and offering them in humble and deep devotion “at His cradle rude and bare.”

God’s salvation having now been made manifest, our conviction of His love was expressed by “God so loved the world” this time sung as a chorus. The carol singing closed with a chorale, “Beside Thy Cradle,” from Bach’s “Christmas Oratorio.”

After the Blessing, we sang, kneeling, the following old English hymn :—

“ God be in my hede	God be in my mouth
And in my understandyng	And in my spekyng
God be in myn eyen	God be in my heart
And in my lookyng	And in my thynkyng
God be at myn ende	
And at my departyng.”	

Mendelssohn's "Christmas Music," rendered on the organ by Miss Bibby, fitly closed this beautiful and inspiring Christmas service.

AMY RANKINE.

### Visit to Sheffield Schools, February 18th

“ MAY we go again before we leave College? ”

“ I never *dreamed* of schools like these.”

“ Do you think there will be vacancies for outsiders? ”

—and when we got back to L.T.C.—“ Shall *we* go when we are Second Years? ”

Old students will guess that we had once more spent a day in Sheffield schools. There was no doubt what the students thought about them, and even to those of us who had visited many schools in Sheffield and elsewhere, they came as a stimulus and encouragement and renewed proof that “education by life” is a possible thing.

Our list comprised Heeley Bank Infants, Huntsman's Gardens Infants, Morley Street Infants and Junior, Owler Lane Junior, Abbeydale Junior and Girls, Hunter's Bar Girls, Crookesmoor Boys, and special centres for mentally and physically deficient and very short-sighted children.

It is almost invidious to pick out special features when there was so much that was worthy of admiration, but real Nature Study in a slum school surely deserves more than passing mention especially as it was so planned that it must have a lasting effect upon the homes of the children. In another case a wonderful piece of needlework done by the Headmistress was providing inspiration for almost every scholar in a large Junior School.

We are so used to being regarded as interrupters of work, if not exactly as a nuisance, that the welcome we received in Sheffield was particularly heartening.

Mr. Quine, as usual, made most detailed arrangements for our comfort and well-being, managed to squeeze in a visit to Rogers' Cutlery Show Rooms before morning school, and ended the day by taking the majority of us to Page Hall Orphanage. Only those who have experienced observation days can estimate our gratitude for the tea and the rest which was there so generously provided for us.

A.M. & A.B.

## The Work of the Girls' Friendly Society

ON Thursday evening, February 23rd, we had the pleasure of listening to a most interesting lecture on the work of the Girls' Friendly Society by the Hon. E. St. Leger.

In introducing the lecturer, the Principal reminded us that Miss St. Leger was a lady who was keenly interested in the G.F.S., and had given a great part of her life to helping the work of this noble society. We, therefore, felt that now we were to have the chance of hearing at first hand something of interest about this great Society and we were not disappointed.

Miss St. Leger explained to us that the Society was founded in 1875, by the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the object of providing girls who were leaving home with friends in their new place of residence. The main object is still to band together women and girls for mutual help, sympathy, and prayer.

The Society consists of Associates, Members, and Candidates. The Associates are really the officers of the Society, and each member is under the care of an Associate who is her friend. The candidates are girls who are preparing to join the Society when they are older; these girls have a most delightful time, they meet every week for some kind of social gathering, they also receive instruction on the work of the G.F.S.

"A true friend is one of the greatest joys of life"; a G.F.S. member has such a friend wherever she goes. Her Associate commends her to the Associate of the Branch in the place to which the girl is going; and she thus has one friend who will help her to find other friends among the G.F.S. members of that place by inviting her to their meetings and social gatherings.

The G.F.S. Lodges are most delightful homes, where a member may find rest and enjoyment at a very small cost; and to many girls the Lodges on the Continent have been "havens of refuge" in this present war.

The Society is not confined to England but has branches in Europe, Africa, Australia, and the West Indies.

Miss St. Leger left us copies of a leaflet which showed the attractiveness of the G.F.S. to the teacher. For the teacher herself it is good to belong to this Society, for it gives her the feeling of the strength of a great fellowship. This is of special help to teachers far away from friends, who are working almost alone in tiny villages. Many teachers find the G.F.S. of great help both to themselves and their pupils; by means of it they find the opportunity of speaking to their girls on habits of purity, obedience and gentleness, thus helping to uplift the girlhood of the nation. By means of this Society, too, they can keep in touch with their pupils after the all too-short period of school life, and can often be of great help to them.

After listening to Miss St. Leger's delightful account of this Society we all felt, much more than ever before, what a noble work the G.F.S. is doing for our nation and Empire, and that it is worthy of the support of all who are interested in maintaining the highest ideals of noble womanhood in our land.

FRANCES M. KNIGHTS.

### **"Signs of Spring"**

CLANG! Clang! Clang! Such was the sound that interrupted our studies on the morning of January 29th and brought us back with a start from the realms of literature and romance to everyday life. It was the familiar note of the fire-bell that met our ears.

In a very short time, the students of L.T.C. were streaming out of the building in the direction of the tennis courts. It was a lovely morning, and we were glad of any diversion which took us out into the glorious sunshine and into the air, laden with scents of spring.

After roll-call, we learned that there was nothing more serious pending than a half-holiday for a spring walk, which was to charm away the "cold" sprites who had worked such havoc amongst us. On our walk we were to observe signs of spring, bringing back specimens or sketches which would best illustrate our observations. Joyfully we seized hats, coats, and collecting cases, and in a few minutes the corridors, which had so recently echoed with glad voices, were deserted and silent.

Almost unconsciously the girls separated into groups and set off with their chums for their favourite haunts. Riseholme, Burton, Welton, and Nettleham, were all visited, while more unfrequented spots were reached by the enterprising members of the College.

Occasionally, two groups met, and guarded inquiries as to the number of "signs" were met with equally guarded replies. It was no uncommon thing to miss one of our number and eventually find her at the bottom of a ditch searching for violets which refused to show themselves. On such occasions as this the rest of the party perched on the top of a fence and waited patiently, or impatiently, until the loiterer could be persuaded that the seeming violet was merely ground ivy, out to catch the unwary.

Some spent time and energy in grappling with elusive branches of trees, which had a nasty habit of springing back to position instead of halting while their buds were examined. Others found, to their cost, that wayside fences are not built to support enthusiastic athletes, and may prove treacherous. One thoughtful student carried her camera and "snapped" her group. It seems unfortunate that the print has not appeared, considering the time spent in arranging the group and the energy used in maintaining a pleasant expression until the sun should condescend to peep from behind a cloud. There are people who suggested that he hid his face with intent, but we flatter ourselves this was not so.

The time passed happily and soon we were wending our way back to College, hot and tired, but comforted by the consciousness of well-filled cases. Those who had gone farther afield came rushing in at the last minute and breathlessly asked, "Has the bell gone?" On receiving a reply in the negative, they heaved a sigh of relief and proceeded more leisurely to make preparations for dinner.

Dinner was a merry meal and here experiences were exchanged and scars exhibited.

After supper the various collections and sketches were laid out for inspection in the Library. Their owners expended much time and thought on their arrangement, and were amply rewarded by the glances of admiration they received. There were so many excellent groups that it was difficult to say which was the best. Some contained over twenty different specimens showing signs of spring, and amongst them were snowdrops, aconites, violets, speedwell, buttercups, and even daisies.

The prize for the best individual collection was presented to Alice Binner; Dorothy Storey and Ethel Smith came next with a joint collection; and Eleanor Alcock, Maud Chapman, Dorothy Clayton, Maud Foster, Bertha Radford, and Dora Reade carried off the prize for the best group.

So ended another happy day which will long be remembered by all at L.T.C.

CONSTANCE MARSHALL.

### **The Practising School Party**

A VERY enjoyable time was spent by the school children on December 21st, at the Christmas party given them by the Principal.

In the afternoon the Drill Hall was the scene of games, played with enthusiasm and much energy by the Infants, and by the relays of vigorous students who were helping. To the sturdy boys the polished floor was a great attraction. The long romp made everyone quite ready for the tea prepared by Miss Bibby and a number of helpers in school. Here there were many things to please the tinies—the desks that were no longer desks, but tables, covered with snowy cloths, the crackers heaped high, the huge dishes of sweets, and the Christmas-tree and decorations of the day before. A happy half-hour was spent among all these, and after lusty cheers for Miss Todhunter and all the helpers the little ones departed, well pleased.

But a further hungry and excited crowd, this time of girls, armed with mugs or cups of various sizes, was ready at five o'clock. The Drill Hall to them was a miniature fairyland. There were countless small tables—quite large enough, though, for a few particular friends—and on each was the "silver candlestick," and the candle, by whose dim light it was so nice to trace the "pretty pattern" on your plate, to pick out your favourite kind of toffee

or cake from the dish, and to admire the flags and evergreens on the walls around! Then there was your cracker, and the excitement of finding your cap or your whistle, and displaying it to the admiring student who dispensed your tea. So there was much enjoyment and much fun, till at the end of tea more of those same energetic students moved the fairyland, and there was the familiar Drill Hall clear for games, and Miss Martin with bell and voice to direct them. Among the games "Musical Chairs" required much energy, and the "Emperor Napoleon" was given many things besides his "fifty thousand men."

Time spent in this way fled all too soon, and seven o'clock came very quickly. Then the little ones of Standards II and III sang very sweetly their carols, some of which Miss Bibby had taught them.

Enthusiastic cheers for the Principal, Miss Martin, and all the helpers ended a very happy evening.

I. KIRK.

### **"Dante and Beatrice"**

On Saturday evening, December 11th, 1915, the Dramatic Society entertained us with a performance of "Dante and Beatrice," a play founded on incidents in Dante's "Vita Nuova," and written by Emily Underdown. It was an event that had been eagerly awaited by everyone for all who knew anything of Dante realized what a beautiful and great subject was to be the theme of the play.

The play was introduced by a tableau showing Dante's second meeting with Beatrice. To his great joy and surprise she salutes him and then passes on her way. The next scene shows us Dante's chamber. Love visits him there, telling him that he will suffer much because of his great love for Beatrice, but he must bear all and great rewards will await him, chief among them the coveted poet's laurel wreath. We follow Dante still; Love indeed spoke truly; mocked by his friends and the subject of idle gossip, he bears all for her sake. Then again he sees Beatrice, this time at the wedding festival of her friend Tessa. She speaks to him, but overcome with emotion and the feeling of his own unworthiness he cannot answer, and she turns away in sorrow and perplexity. Dante confides his sorrow to Guido, his friend, but he too, though sympathetic, fails to understand.

A few days pass, he sees his lady once more; they salute, but Dante makes Nella a screen for his affections. The companions of Beatrice see this and enlarge on it before her. She can hardly believe it and is so disappointed that Dante should have condescended to bestow his affections upon Tessa, that the next time they meet she denies Dante's salutation. He, grief stricken, seeks his own chamber and there, calls on Love for pity. Love, weeping, appears before him and counsels him to declare his love before

Beatrice in a song, which shall be sung by his young friend Casella. The song is heard by Beatrice and she knows that it is herself who is beloved by Dante ; when this is revealed to her she understands all. She implores Love to use her so that her influence over Dante will always lead him to aim at the highest. Then feeling that Death is near to her, she yields without protest to his call, knowing that she can guard untarnished Dante's ideal, and watch and wait till he should come to her.

The scene changes. Slowly a funeral procession wends its way along. It is the fragile form of Beatrice that is being borne away. Dante sleeping, is led by Love in a dream to behold the dead Beatrice on her funeral couch. He sees her for one moment, and then the dream fades. Again we go back to Dante's chamber. In his fevered sleep he calls on Beatrice, and the women who anxiously watch by him marvel that he should mourn for her of whose death he is yet unaware. He awakes and tells his dream to them, but he has barely finished when the sound of soft singing and of a tolling bell floats into the chamber from without ; and he knows that his dream was indeed true—Beatrice is passing for the last time.

Then follows the last scene—again a tableau. Dante views in a vision the glorified Beatrice and he knows his love has been accepted. She stands by Love who holds in her outstretched hands the promised laurel crown.

So the play ends ! Perhaps one of the most beautiful scenes and one which had to be repeated, was the tableau representing Dante's dream—a living and perfect reproduction to the smallest detail of the well-known painting by Dante G. Rossetti. This, however, was but one of many beautiful scenes ; the play throughout achieved a great success, a success which was chiefly due to the splendid acting of those taking part in it. The two chief characters excelled all their previous acting in their interpretation of Dante and Beatrice. H. Allman was excellent as Dante, while D. Nixon truly made a very realistic Beatrice. The angel Love, was well acted by D. Cockshaw. B. Foster skilfully personified Guido, Dante's friend, and S. Hunt's rendering of Dante's love song in the character of Casella was very fine. The lady friends of Beatrice—Primavera, Giovanna, Tessa, and Nella—were taken respectively by D. Reade, I. Roberts, G. Stirland, and E. Dutton ; and the ladies in attendance on Dante by E. Green, D. Tweed, and N. Evans. M. Astbury and C. Marshall were ladies in attendance on Beatrice, and in the bridal scene a procession of ladies and children was effectively filled in by other members of the Dramatic Society.

Scenery was almost unnecessary, but the charming costumes, made by the actors themselves, deserve special mention, because they at once brought the old Florentine atmosphere into the play. The latter alone was a source of great pleasure to the audience

but its charm and effectiveness were greatly increased by music, Miss Bibby playing incidental music at the piano and a hidden chorus singing softly during some scenes.

Everything in fact was done to give those touches of reality which succeed in carrying an audience away to the true scene of a story, and the spell was only broken when the angel Love stepped down and proposed cheers for all who had worked so hard to make the entertainment a success.

ALICE JACKSON.

### **A New Departure**

THE evening of December 17th, was an evening of entertainments given to us by the Principal and members of the Staff. This was a most memorable evening, full of huge surprises and intense enjoyment.

In the earlier part of the evening Miss Row, Miss Counsell, and Miss Bibby entertained us greatly by their most spirited presentation of Lady Gregory's sketch "The Workhouse Ward." The curtain was drawn. For a moment a great questioning silence prevailed. Whoever would have dreamt of seeing two familiar red-blanketed cubical beds perched up side by side on the stage? Then innumerable questioning murmurs arose "Who *can* they be?" "I believe that's Miss ——" "No! I'm sure it isn't!" Many such guesses were made—all incorrect. Had the performance been a dumb show instead of a real play, I believe the "paupers'" names would still have been a mystery. But, in spite of the strong Irish accent which was maintained most effectively throughout, the first spoken words betrayed the speakers. Enlightened murmurs of "Miss Row and Miss Counsell" were heard amid laughing excitement.

What a quarrelsome pair the paupers were! "That nine furrows of the field, nine ridges of the hills, nine waves of the ocean be put between your grave and my own the time we will be laid in the ground" was to be the ill-treated McInerney's dying request . . . "Let the whole ridge of the world separate us till the Day of Judgment" retorted the equally ill-treated Michael Miskell.

No sooner had the two reached this height of quarrelling than in toddled Mrs. Donohoe (Miss Bibby), the long-lost sister of pauper McInerney, looking most elegant in her frilled cap and large shawl and "anti-hobbled" skirt. In a most pitiable tone the poor country-woman poured out her tale of woe—how she had buried "the whole string of them," "himself" being the last to go.

Honor, (for such was the lady's Christian name), presented Mike with the contents of her parcel—a suit of clothes "as sound as the day it was spun" and it was arranged that he should leave the ward to go home with her, bequeathing his precious pipe as a comforter to poor Michael. But how lonely Michael Miskell would have been! Touched to the heart, Mike begged Honor in

his most persuasive tones to take the two of them—but all in vain ; his supplications only ended in Mrs. Donohoe gathering up her “ fine suit,” exclaiming “. . . I’ll go look for a man of my own.”

The old men remained silent for a moment. But it went against the grain for them to be thus agreeable for long, and the curtain closed on a perfect thunderstorm of pillows, mugs, pipes, etc.—but was quickly raised again in response to universal cheering.

We naturally awaited with great eagerness the rest of the entertainment and after a highly appreciated “ go-to-party ” supper we skipped back to the drill hall with great glee. . . .

Eagerly we scanned the programme—Hamletta!—the mystery of the whispered rumours was at last solved. It was then quite clear for what design the Principal and all the members of the Staff, two by two, had stolen across to the drill hall soon after 2.30 p.m. on the previous Wednesday. A dress rehearsal no doubt! We students had expected and had indeed even so far received a great surprise for this same Saturday evening—but “ Hamletta ” verily pierced our “ threshold of stun.” Our sides simply ached with laughing the whole evening through.

In order that the reader, if not a present student, may thoroughly appreciate the clever appropriateness of the plot of the play, it is necessary to disclose a little of our then topical history.

The Christmas vacation was at hand ; the all-important subject of luggage was under discussion. No luggage in advance ! Very few porters ! What about our trunks ! . . . Imagine our “ blushing -abashedness ” at seeing our confusion actually and glaringly staged before our very eyes, and alas ! before the eyes of numerous visitors, by the members of the Staff, “ aided and abetted ” too by the Principal.

Nevertheless we find it difficult sufficiently to express our appreciation of the play and the performance.

Miss Turner of course made a capital Hamletta and we shall never forget her woe-begone look and grief stricken tone, when, on finding it impossible to pack all her belongings, she exclaimed “ O that these too too solid shoes would melt.” Hamletta’s sole comfort was her sympathetic counsellor and adviser Horatia (Miss Martin). As for “ the Ghost ” (Miss Davies)—a more terrifying, awe-inspiring spirit one could not imagine. No wonder poor Hamletta eventually gave up her resolve. Poor Hamletta’s peace of mind was still further disturbed by Prefecta (Miss Watson) a really perfect prefect, far too perfect to be real—and her accomplice Tina (Miss Butterworth), who having donned her overall, assiduously brushed away at her shoes in true College fashion.

Then the Dormitory scene ! The funniest scene one could ever wish to see. The little (?) bag worn by one of the Students

(Miss Bibby) really looked most frisky. No wonder there was a collision when the student with the flowing tresses (Miss Row) came bouncing on the Dormitory with the "wherewithal to wash;" At the other end of the dormitory the student with the red tam (Miss Hind) was most absorbed in that pressing business of letter-writing, while Miss Counsell, another student, laboured like an expert needlewoman, over what was apparently the most intricate crochet pattern ever invented. The other student (Miss Dobson) most efficiently kept up an old dormitory custom by talking away "fifty to the dozen."

. . . The curtain closed. Cries of Author! Author! filled the house," pardon me, "the hall." Miss Dobson appeared amid deafening cheers. Hearty cheers were also voted for the "Stage Manager," Hamletta, Horatia, the Spirit, Prefecta, Tina, Fortangela, and all other students.

MARY WALKER.

## Hamletta

a topical tragedy mixed full of pleasant mirth.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ :

HAMLETTA	.. ..	<i>a Student</i>	.. ..	MISS TURNER
HORATIA	..	<i>a Student, friend to Hamletta</i>		MISS MARTIN
PREFECTA	}	<i>Prefects</i>	}	MISS WATSON
PREFECTINA				MISS BUTTERWORTH
FORTANGELA	..	<i>a very virtuous Student</i>	..	MISS HIND
TWO STUDENTS	}	<i>who act as Players in the Interlude</i>	}	MISS BIBBY
				MISS DOBSON
OTHER STUDENTS	.. ..			MISS ROW
				MISS COUNSELL
THE SPIRIT OF THE RAILWAY	.. ..			MISS DAVIES

### SCENE I—A COLLEGE CORRIDOR

(*Hamletta and Horatia meeting*)

Horatia Good-day, Hamletta!

Hamletta Horatia, why is't you look distracted?  
Where have you been? What have you heard?

Hor. This afternoon, with two young juniors,  
In the dead waste and middle of the day  
I went down hill, and there I saw—  
O dreadful sight—a spirit in arms!

Ham. What spirit? Where was this?

Hor. My friend, upon the platform where we stood,  
In the Great Northern Station. It was  
The Spirit of the Railways up in arms  
Against that blessed fashion known  
As luggage in advance.

Ham. No more ! no more !  
 This is too horrible ; I'll see it for myself.  
 Leave me friend ; I cannot rest till I  
 Have seen this dreadful thing with mine own eye.

SCENE II—PLATFORM OF THE GREAT NORTHERN STATION  
*(Hamletta alone)*

Ham. This is the place, this is the time  
 Wherein the Spirit holds his wont to walk.  
 Lo ! where it comes—*(Enter Spirit—points warningly  
 at Ham).*

What may this mean dread shape,  
 That in such fearful guise, thou hither com'st  
 To annoy and worry us, making life hideous ?  
 Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?

Spirit If thou did'st ever thy dear country love,  
 If thou hast nature in thee and can'st feel  
 Pity for poor and much-distracted porters,  
 Take home no trunk ; but if thou dost,  
 I warn thee, t'will not be taken in advance.  
 Farewell ! Remember me.

Ham. Remember thee ! yea from the table of my memory  
 I wipe away all trivial fond records,  
 All facts from books, all dates and formulas,  
 And thy commandment all alone shall live  
 Within the book and volume of my brain  
 Unmixed with baser matter.  
 But yet 'tis difficult, 'tis very hard.

*(Falls into a fit of abstraction)*

A trunk or not a trunk, that is the question :  
 Whether my mind is noble enough to wear  
 One costume all the holidays, or if  
 I must take home also a coat and skirt ;  
 I should be saved the dreadful toil  
 Of choosing what to wear. But then,  
 One hat, no more. No grateful eiderdown !  
 To writhe within a borrowed dressing-gown !  
 O 'tis too hard. Yet, spirit, I'll be good ;  
 All these temptations shall be firm withstood.

SCENE III—THE BOOT ROOM

*Ham. crosses the stage, evidently distracted, and is followed by  
 Prefecta and Prefectina—known as Tina)*

Prefecta 'Tis evident, Prefecta is distraught  
 Yet what can be the cause ?

Tina Dost think perhaps  
 It is these tests that have upset her brain ?

Pre. It may be so, or else perchance the thought  
Of that three-weeks' school-practice, soon to come.

Tina May be it is the fear of having to descend  
In early morning hours a fire-ladder  
That has become a nightmare to her brain.

Pre. It may, but yet I have a dark suspicion  
That a worse cause there is for all this woe.  
I fear that spite of all my counselling  
And all the brave advice that I have given  
She wants to take a trunk!

Tina She could not be so base!

Pre. Tina, I fear't. She must be hourly watched.

## SCENE IV—A DORMITORY

*(Prefecta and Tina hidden behind curtain. On the floor a travelling case, overflowing with garments. Ham. rushes in with a pair of boots.)*

Ham. O, that these too, too, solid boots would melt,  
Thaw and resolve themselves into a dew;  
Or that Prefecta would not be so cruel,  
Railing upon and lecturing hapless wights  
Who dare to speak of trunks. I cannot get them in!  
They will not go! That is should come to this!  
But two small boots—and yet I must not take  
Even them to wear. I cannot do without  
A trunk. It cannot nor it shall not then be done.

*(Prefecta and Tina come forward)*

Both She means to take a trunk!  
Pre. This must be stopped; and to prevent it  
I have in quick determination  
Thus planned it out. We'll hide her trunk.

Tina It shall do well. But where, what place?  
Pre. Why Tina, dear, the apparatus room  
Tina Of course! I had forgot that useful place.  
Let's go at once and do it.

## SCENE V—A CORRIDOR

*(Hamletta and Horatio)*

Ham. They've stole my trunk, Horatio.  
Hor. Who is't thou mean'st?  
Ham. Can'st thou not guess? That vile Prefecta with her  
'complices.  
Hast thou not heard her many a time declare  
That from her dormit'ry no single trunk  
Shall go next Wednesday forth?

Tina 'Tis true. But then  
Hor. Where is the proof, and where can it be hid.

Ham. I have a plan by which they shall be made  
To reveal their guilt. To-night, between the dorm-  
itory and the silence bell, we'll have  
A play. 'Tis but one scene, but it comes near  
The circumstances of their cruel trick.  
Observe Prefecta well, and thou shalt see  
Her start and tremble and perchance turn pale.

Hor. A wondrous plan! Indeed it cannot fail.

SCENE VI—A COLLEGE DORMITORY ; 9.25 P.M.

*(Three students are discovered in the dormitory.)*

Another student *(knocking)* Ho, there! Is anyone within.

First student Yes, enter friend.

*(Second student rushes in and collides with third student who is carrying a can of water. Water is spilt.)*

Third S. 'Prithee friend, look where thou art going.

Second S. Thy pardon, gentle maiden.

First S. Hast brought me water wherewithal to wash?

Third S. Behold it on the floor, that horrid splash.

*(Enter Hamletta and Horatio.)*

Ham. Are we all here? O, where's Prefecta gone?  
Unless she come, our play will quite be spoiled.

Student She says that she will be with us anon,  
And Tina, too, from Lower Eight.

Ham. 'Tis well.

*(Enter Prefecta and Tina)*

Ah, here they are. Begin.

*(Two students act as players, and stand before a trunk.)*

First S. But twice shall Phoebus cart go round,  
But twice the moon shall rise and sink to ground  
Before the mighty chest thou see'st here  
Shall be required by its owner dear.

Second S. It then behoves us friend, with no delay  
To do the deed we plan this very day.

Tina *(rising hurriedly overcome with guilt)*  
O! I must go, I have forgot my light.

Pre. *(To Tina)* Sit still! You mar all with this starting.

Tina *(To P.)* O, can you look on that and yet not blench!  
Nay, I can bear't no longer—I must go. *(Exit).*

Second S. Where shall we stow this precious case?  
Know'st thou of any sure and secret place?

First S. There is a place, a wondrous secret vault  
Where black-boards lurk, and models made of salt;  
There beautiful books of wallpaper abound,  
And cane and raffia hang the walls around!

Second S. The very spot!

Pre. O! O! *(faints)*

Students Bring water, water quick! A smelling bottle!  
Pre. I want no water. O! my heart! my head!

My large toe too! my column vertebrate,  
The pain I have upon my shoulder-blade  
Which pierces rapidly my vocal chords.

Ham. She's very ill. Seek out on Upper Eight  
That maiden fair who deals out medicine.

*(Exeunt all but Ham. and Hor.)*

Did'st thou not mark, Horatio—  
Upon the talk of black-boards and of cane—

Hor. I did right well remark it.

Ham. Know'st where the trunk is hid?

Hor. Indeed it must be in the apparatus room.

Ham. Right! right! Horatio,  
Thence we'll go and steal it  
And to the station on Beech's trolley wheel it.

SCENE VII—A COLLEGE CORRIDOR. LAST MORNING OF TERM.

*(Hamletta ready to depart)*

Ham. My trunk is ready, and two little boys  
Will come at ten o'clock to take it down.  
Oh! 'tis sport to have outwitted that severe  
And meddling Prefecta.

*(Fortangela appears in outdoor things, with cloak, umbrella,  
and travelling case).*

Why, there's Fortangela!

With nothing but a case! Fortangela,  
Where is your trunk?

Fort. *(severely)* My trunk is in the box room,  
And so should yours be if you had any goodness. *(Exit).*

Ham. How all occasions do inform against me,  
And fill me with remorse. Look at Fortangela.  
She has so many dresses, yea shoes and stockings, too,  
That she could fill *two* trunks; and yet upon report,  
But on report of that dread spirit's warning  
She takes only a case. What would she do  
Had she the motive and the cue that I have?  
If she had seen the spirit itself in arms.  
Oh, she would take no case at all, or but  
A very little one. While to my shame I see  
A great trunk packed for grey-haired porters  
Wearily to drag along. Even yet amends I'll make;  
Unpack the trunk; only a case I'll take. *(Exit).*

SCENE VIII—A COLLEGE CORRIDOR

*(Hamletta appears staggering under a case, and a bundle of rugs,  
mackintosh, and eiderdown; boots slung over one shoulder;  
books under arm).*

*Spirit appears and smiles.*

M. DOBSON.

## Rhymes for the Times

Some types we know at L.T.C. (from ye ancienne version) :

1 *Ye parasyte.*

Ye parasyte lives ever on  
Ye bookes of other men,  
He liveth even by hys inke  
And borroweth hys penne.

2 *Ye greedie man.*

Ye greedie man, he never canne,  
Give anythinge awaye,  
Hys butter-patte he hoardeth up  
Even from daye to daye,  
Hys raffia store he keepeth close  
From oute hys nieghbour's waye.

3 *Ye lazie man.*

Ye lazie man is ever founde  
Inne bedde at breake—of daye—  
He heedeth not ye rysinge-belle  
Nor what ye prefecttes say,  
He crawleth forth into ye Baile  
(As far as he canne goe),  
Hys storie-ringe he seeketh oute  
In wearinesse and woe.

4 *Ye earneste man.*

Ye earneste man is verye goode,  
How good what wight canne tell?  
But I am sure with Earnestman  
All *must* at length be welle.

## An Account of the Half-Term

HALF-TERM was a new experience to many of us, for the time was spent in College instead of at home. It is true that there was a feeling of disappointment at first, but that speedily disappeared.

All work was finished on Friday at noon and for the rest of the day we were free, truly a glorious feeling!

On Saturday the great event was announced—an impromptu fancy-dress dance for the evening. The costumes were to be of the simplest—not more than threepence being spent in their production.

Towards 7 p.m. the gaily clad figures tripped lightly across to the Drill Hall where the festivities were to be held. At the entrance, a further surprise awaited us. In the doorway stood a quaint old figure—a sweet faced old lady with snow-white hair. A motherly greeting from this delightful old lady made us feel

immediately "at home." We entered the room and another sweet old lady smiled upon us. Then we were ready to begin.

The two old ladies (the Principal and Miss Martin) sat on the platform and judged us as we walked round the room. The procession was headed by a stately Viking (S. Hunt), closely followed by a "grim-looking" Guy Fawkes (H. Allman) who carried in his hand a tin of gunpowder, originally used for biscuits!

The prize, a box of chocolates, was awarded to the Viking and Guy Fawkes (who shared it later on the dormitory!) but others were commended, especially Miss Hind as a penquin, A. Hale as an aeronaut, P. Lever as an artist, D. Nixon as a nun, N. Barrett as an old lady, D. Reade as a fortune teller, C. Burrows as an Indian squaw, and M. Fairhurst as an Indian prince.

Charades formed another part of the programme, and D. Reade won the prize for the best acting.

Supper, followed by dancing, brought the enjoyable day to an end, and we showed our appreciation of the Principal's efforts on our behalf in the usual way.

Sunday brought "rest"—and then dawned another busy day. This time we found our enjoyment in giving pleasure to others—the greatest and best of all—for Miss Todhunter had arranged to entertain the girls from the Workhouse and the boys from St. Hugh's Home.

The morning was spent in buying and "cutting up" the eatables and towards dinner-time huge piles of good things began to appear. Willing hands carried these over to the Drill Hall, which had been transformed into a veritable fairyland, and very shortly afterwards the excited children appeared.

Their exuberant spirits were utilised in games and then, followed tea. Oh! the delight in their faces when the good things appeared! They ate, and ate, and ate—and then followed more games, until towards 7 p.m. A tired, but happy, crowd of children said "Good-night" to the Principal, who had played the rôle of a fairy godmother to children into whose lives such pleasures seldom come.

There was another crowd also—this time of students—tired, but *very* happy and after thanking Miss Todhunter very heartily for such an enjoyable week-end, they went to bed—"perchance to dream!"—of the good time which had at last come to an end.

Special thanks were also due to Miss Butterworth, Miss Davies, Miss Martin and Miss Row who worked incessantly to make things "go."

Tuesday dawned and the students of L.T.C. commenced their work with an added zeal. Half-term was over, yet Christmas was in seven weeks!!!

DORIS COCKSHAW.

## Games

## HOCKEY

		FIRST ELEVEN MATCHES		GOALS	
				FOR	AGAINST
1915					
Oct.	23	College v. Nottingham University	..	4	.. 0
Nov	6	College v. Old Girls of 1914	..	16	.. 0
Nov	27	College v. Gainsborough	..	7	.. 2
Dec.	8	College v. Lincoln High School	..	8	.. 1
Dec.	18	College v. Lindum Ladies	..	0	.. 4
1916					
Jan.	22	College v. Bassingham Ladies	..	13	.. 0
Feb	23	College v. Lincoln High School	..	Scratched	
Feb.	26	College v. Gainsborough	..	Scratched	
Mar.	11	College v. Lindum Ladies	..	Scratched	
Mar.	18	College v. Sheffield Training College	..	Scratched	
1915					
		SECOND ELEVEN MATCHES			
Nov	24	College v. Lincoln High School 2nd XI	5	..	2
1916					
Feb.	12	College v. Bassingham Ladies	..	14	.. 0
Mar.	9	College v. Lincoln High School 2nd XI		Scratched	
HOUSE MATCHES, ETC.					
(Winner placed first)					
Nelson v. King	..	..	..	3	.. 1
King v. Wickham and Sheds	..	..	..	8	.. 2
Second Year v. First Year	..	..	..	7	.. 2
Nelson v. Wickham and Sheds	..	..	..		..
Upper King and Nine Room v. Lower King	..	..	..	4	.. 2
First Year v. High School 1st XI	..	..	..	5	.. 0

The matches played this season have for one reason and another dwindled to a very small number. Less than usual were fixed owing to the expense of travelling, and since Christmas four out of the five 1st XI matches arranged have been scratched, partly because of bad weather and partly because of the new regulation that students may not play hockey during their school practice.

Judging from the result of the two House matches already played, it seems likely that Nelson will win the Shield, but Wickham and Sheds will strive their utmost at any rate to prevent Nelson having an easy victory. Practices have been organised frequently by our Captain, P. M. Lever, who in this and in the performance of her other duties has always shown keenness, enthusiasm, and the true sporting spirit.

*First Eleven*

(left wing) P. Lever (captain). A fast and useful wing, has a strong stroke, but sometimes "undercuts" dangerously and is apt to stand "offside." In the match v. Lindum Ladies she played centre half with great success.

- (left inner) M. Fairhurst. Has plenty of dash, follows up well; better combination with the other forwards would improve her play.
- (centre) D. Nixon. A reliable player with good style. Her shots are not always forceful enough, but she has scored frequently owing to the fact that she is always in the right place.
- (right inner) S. Padley. Does useful work and plays well with her wing. She can dribble well but needs to practice shooting.
- (right wing) H. Allman. Has been somewhat erratic, but on her best days is fast, neat with her stick and centres well.
- (left half) B. Picton. Works very energetically, has improved somewhat in her tackling, but is not quick enough to make a really successful half.
- (centre half) R. French. A very promising player, quick both in attack and defence. Her stick work is good and her passes well judged. She should keep her place better and not do the work of the other halves.
- (right half) P. Oldham. Has a good strong stroke, but does not always use it to the best advantage. She does not follow up her forwards sufficiently and would probably be more successful as a back.
- (left back) E. Dale. Has improved in her tackling and is less likely to foul. She is somewhat uncertain, but at times plays very well.
- (right back) D. Tweed. Has a sure eye, and stops well. Her stroke is good and she follows it well through.
- (goal) L. Garner. Played particularly well in the match *v.* Lindum Ladies, she stopped very hard shots and always came out at the right time. Her play is not always reliable.

### *Second Eleven*

- |                                  |                            |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| (left wing) V. Willett           | (centre half) H. Hunt      |
| (left inner) B. Foster           | (right half) M. England    |
| (centre) A. Sheffield            | (left back) D. Moody       |
| (right inner) L. Cobb            | (right back) E. Chamberlin |
| (right wing) S. Arnold           | (goal) H. Schofield        |
| (left half) A. Jackson (captain) |                            |

### *Games Captains*

#### HOCKEY—

- 1st XI—P. Lever  
 2nd XI—A. Jackson  
 First Year—P. Oldham

#### NETBALL—

- 1st Team —B. Foster  
 First Year —S. Arnold

BADMINTON—M. Edmundson

CRICKET—B. Picton

TENNIS—N. Masters

E.B.R.

## Photography

PHOTOGRAPHY is no longer the mystery it was in the days when a man had to be engaged to carry the large amount of apparatus necessary, including a tent in which to conduct operations that nowadays have become so simplified that any person of ordinary intelligence can learn in a few hours to carry a snapshot to the final stage. After obtaining some experience, usually at the expense of his friends and relations, the beginner's interest in the hobby often wanes and the camera is used only on the occasion of the annual holiday.

Photography can be the most fascinating and instructive of pastimes provided there is in view a direct object, which may be that of adding interest to another pastime or study. Our inclinations may be in the direction of nature-study, particularly in that of plant life; what could be more useful than a collection of photographs of our rarest finds, or if we are more studiously inclined, than to present our microscopic studies photographically? One has only to recall the wonderful pictures of bird and animal life produced by Messrs. Kearton, English, Farren, and Reid, among many others, to realize what the camera and patience have done to reveal to us what had hitherto been a closed book. In the study of all branches of this wide subject, the camera is found to be indispensable, and the more use we wish to make of it, the more we shall find photography attractive in itself, for it opens to us the study of chemistry, light, and other kindred sciences. Nevertheless it is quite possible to produce excellent results without any profound knowledge of these matters.

Most people take every opportunity of visiting the churches and other buildings of architectural interest in our country and abroad. Here again the camera is a useful companion, and many valuable collections of photographs have been made from very modest beginnings, while at the same time a knowledge of the subject has been obtained with a facility possible in no other way. Belgium has long been the happy hunting-ground of the tourist with a camera, and it is some little consolation to know that efforts are being made to collect and to preserve records of its fine ecclesiastic and domestic architecture, much of which is now demolished.

The commercial applications of photography are so numerous and varied that they cannot be considered here, but it is worth noting that there is scarcely an industry, from printing to the manufacture of steel, that does not owe something to it. In time of war, too, photography plays its part, both in inflicting injury and in repairing it, for by its means observations from the air are recorded, and in conjunction with the Röntgen rays, the extent of injuries to the wounded is diagnosed. These applications of photography wide as they are, are perhaps but an indication of what is to come. The transmission of prints by telegraph is an

accomplished fact experimentally, and who knows but that in time it may prove to be of commercial value? From this stage it is another step to imagine the same operation being performed by wireless transmission. During recent years great strides have been made in perfecting colour photography, and for some time colour photographs, faulty only because of the colour dyes obtainable, have been produced on paper. Owing to the researches of M. Lumière, colour transparencies, generally in the form of lantern slides, are now common, and although these are somewhat deficient, especially in the rendering of the greens, yet many remarkable and beautiful results have been obtained. The production of these transparencies is not at all a difficult matter. It is generally known that practically all modern reproductions of pictures in colour for illustration purposes, are due to the photographic half-tone process. We may infer then, that as a science, photography offers an extensive field for research, and that a wide and deep scientific knowledge is required for the work.

It will be obvious that the camera should be a tool in the hands of every teacher. How much more interested the children will be in their geography lessons if she can show them photographs of the places she has visited, photographs which were taken with a definite object in view, not the ubiquitous picture-postcard, which is often produced with no other object than to sell! What valuable associations might be made in the minds of the children by a carefully selected set of photographs of the historical features of their own town or country! How much better to exhibit photographs of our more uncommon plants in their natural habitat than collections of the specimens themselves! It is perhaps in the lantern slide that photography provides the best means of illustration for teaching purposes, and it is no more difficult to make a good lantern slide than to make a good print on paper, while the slide has the advantage of being of more permanent value. Most schools have access to a good lantern, and it is of far more value educationally to make slides to suit the subject, than to make the subject fit the slides, which latter is what must be done if the teacher is not the slide-maker.

Various attempts have been made to utilize the kinema for educational purposes in schools, but the idea does not seem to have been very successful, either on account of lack of enterprise on the part of education authorities, or because the films have been produced by those who have not grasped the possibilities. It is not worth while to illustrate on a screen simple scientific experiments which can be performed quite conveniently in front of a class; but there is no doubt that important topical events, and pictures of foreign lands, showing the life and industries of the people are pre-eminently suitable for the purpose. In short the kinema will provide, probably in the near future, an educational means the value of which is obscured at present by the multitude of indifferent and bad productions foisted on an indiscriminating public.

These suggestions will be quite sufficient to indicate to any teacher with initiative mind that there is scope for original work in this direction ; but the question of cost arises, for it is well known that the practice of photography is not the least expensive of hobbies, and that the teacher is not by any means the most affluent of persons. However, it may be urged that if a camera *is* used, something useful should be produced, and it would not be a difficult matter to arrange a system of exchange between teachers.

There is another aspect of photography worthy of more attention than it receives at present. It is now generally conceded that, in capable hands, photography is a means of artistic or pictorial expression. In portraiture, landscape, and genre, the mind behind the camera can influence the result to such a remarkable degree, that those accustomed to see work of this description can identify the author by his style, much in the same way most people can recognize a Burne-Jones or a Millet. In these facts lies the fascination of the pursuit for many people who have not the training or the leisure to express themselves in other graphic arts, but who have an artistic temperament and desire to express in some way what they see and feel. This is not a numerous section of those who practise photography, but there are, all over the country, societies which are formed with the idea of developing the pictorial possibilities of the new art. There is no question of conflict with other graphic means of expression, for photography is capable of rendering certain phases of natural phenomena in a way peculiarly its own, and with a delicacy and truth not possible by the older means. Here, then, is another way in which an observant person may derive much pleasure and knowledge from the study of photography, and in addition give pleasure to others. Many people who never would have understood or appreciated the beauties of a picture or an actual landscape, have by this means cultivated a taste for what is fitting and beautiful, and what is more, have received their instruction from the best source possible—Nature, herself.

Photography is a lady's hobby. Many of the most successful workers in all branches are ladies whose names are famous wherever the art is known. Manufacturers now produce apparatus that can be described as dainty, but still perfectly efficient, thus the carrying of a camera is no longer a labour, but a pleasure to those who desire its companionship.

B. Cox.

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### **A School-Ma'am in Arcady .**

A GREAT artist, one of the masters, has immortalized my Arcady with his matchless brush, and its picture hangs for all to see in one of our largest provincial art galleries ; there one day it suddenly flashed before my unsuspecting eyes and filled me with a surprise and delight that can readily be imagined. I envy that

artist, for he was able to do this loveliest of villages the justice it deserves, while I must depend on mere halting words. If I had his power I would show you the long straggling village street of white-washed houses with thatch and roses and honeysuckle; you should stand with me on the old rickety bridge that spans the ford one winter night when the floods lie wide across the low pastures and the moon lights up the long-drowned shadows of the trees. And I would show you the pale coolness of the primrose wood, the blue mist of hyacinths, the bee-sung miles of heather, and the fragrant dripping hedges of sweet-briar after the rain:

“ Oh briar scents on yon wet wing  
Of warm South-west wind passing by,  
You mind me of the sweetest thing ”—

Yes, the sweetest of all things, my Arcady.

My introduction to Arcady was not lacking in a humorous element which somehow or other tintured many of my adventures in that quietest of places. It happened in this wise. I received a hurried message one Saturday morning to the effect that the Powers-that-Be of Arcady would decide by interview that day whether I was a fit person to be entrusted with the education of the sixty-odd little Arcadians of school age. This meant a long and tedious journey from the metropolis which the heavy snow and the prospect of a long drive at the other end did not render more attractive. However, the staunchest of friends met me at Liverpool Street to speed me on my way, and with her usual good nature pressed on me the loan of her muff. Then, looking me over with a friendly, but none the less severely critical eye my *alter ego* discovered that a long woollen comforter with which I proposed to assuage the rigours of the journey was not exactly elegant, so one more sacrifice was made on the altar of friendship and I received her handsome fur necklet, while she donned the obnoxious and Cratchet-like scarf. And then (could friendship reach greater heights?) she actually insisted on my wearing the sweet little fur cap with a piece of scarlet geranium tucked in it which completed the set, while she assumed the large, and (to her) wholly unbecoming structure which had formed my head-gear. Of course our operations were not without interest to the other occupants of the waiting-room, and as for us, we were convulsed at the comical spectacle which my friend presented. Afterwards, she described her unhappy journey home, when she slunk through unfrequented streets and by-ways in that awful hat and muffler, and she told me how finally she had buried herself in the house, not to emerge until my return with the borrowed plumes. The sequel to this episode came later when I was about to leave the village. I must explain that the result of my interview depended on the verdict of the lady of the Manor, a grande dame of almost feudal power and ideas, and of a terrifying aspect. On the eve

of my departure from Arcady several years later, the lady, who had accompanied me to the ball on the momentous evening, said with a twinkle of amusement in her eye which I could easily understand when I passed my headgear in mental review—" Oh, I am sure you will be interested to know that you were chosen to come here because the Feudal Lady liked your nice neat little hat."

This same lady must have loomed large on the horizon of some of my remote predecessors but I am thankful to say that increasing age prevented her from ever paying me a visit. A very old log-book in the school acquainted me with many interesting episodes in the scholastic lives of the good ladies who had reigned before me ; they must have been an ingenuous and confiding race for their hopes and fears, their successes and failures, were recorded with astonishing frankness and fullness. From these ancient records I found that the Feudal Lady was apt to make grim descents on the school several times a week, when nothing from the grammar lesson to the children's style of hair-dressing and their behaviour towards herself escaped her eagle eye. If the boys proved troublesome (and some of my predecessors seemed to have encountered terrible specimens of the genus boy) they were quelled at once by a reprimand from this good lady. And oh ! the joy of recording that the piles of household linen from the hall which the little Arcadians had toilsomely and laboriously stitched, with the minutest stitches we may be sure, had been pronounced by the dread arbiter " not badly done." More than one little record quavered tremblingly through a few pages and collapsed suddenly, so that one wondered if these unfortunates had unwittingly aroused the lady's ire by the largeness of their hats. After my first interview with the Feudal Lady I saw her again only on the few occasions when I attended her church in the hall grounds (not in my parish). Here, her personality quite over-shadowed that of the clergyman who was a meek little individual and lived in constant terror of his patroness. A chair was placed by the altar rails and from this the lady surveyed and controlled her dependents, who took care always to be in their places and to attend assiduously to their books when there. When the singing commenced she rose, stalked haughtily over to the American organ and stood with one eye on the hymn-book and the other on the congregation, singing lustily and loudly as an example to the rest of us. It was rather a nervous ordeal to me personally to attend that church for the only alternative to looking straight into those terrifying eyes was to gaze fixedly at the old fashioned box-like pew in front where the hall servants were ensconced, and where there was the weird, but fascinating spectacle, of the tips of the coachman's ears worn very flat and square by a life-time of top-hats.

Like most country people the inhabitants of Arcady take some time to decide whether or not you are worthy of their confidence, but once you have gained this their generosity is over-

whelming. It was really a problem sometimes to dispose of all the rhubarb, cabbages, celery, lettuces, and such-like garden-stuff which Arcady showered upon the school-house; we have even had to bury this super-abundance "darkly at dead of night" on some occasions so that the feelings of the kind donors should not be hurt. The first roses were always brought to us; the first dish of green peas, and the first ripe strawberries invariably found their way to our table; we had only to stop and sniff the fragrance of somebody's garden when the owner would speedily make some of its treasures ours. One favourite stopping place was near the cottage of John and Elwina. In the spring their little garden was redolent with the scent of wallflower, and later on a glorious honeysuckle wreathed over the porch, and perfumed the evening air. But John and Elwina were good at a bargain, and while we of the school-house were made free of the flowers "them there Nawrudgers" i.e., inhabitants of Norwich, were met with the demand "Sixpence, please!" if they were rash enough to request a bouquet. Once Elwina informed me that she had "a young suckling" which she would keep for me to train over the school-house porch. Henceforward whenever I met John or Elwina they would inform me severally and jointly that they were looking after "that there suckling" and that at the right season they would plant it for me. However, one day, John, good thirsty soul, stole a march on Elwina, the honeysuckle was started on its journey up the school-house wall and he received the appropriate reward. Now we began to receive frequent visits from Elwina, who came to enquire after the welfare of the plant, and to enlarge on the amount of trouble she had taken in preserving it from frosts and caterpillars and such-like menaces. Another appropriate reward gave our honeysuckle a chance to grow in peace and relieved us of the too-frequent visits of Elwina.

In enumerating our gifts I ought not to omit the "bantlam's" egg which made its appearance at the school-house every day and was presented to the occupants in strict rotation by an infant scholar who possessed this one fowl for his very own. Nor must I leave out a very tiresome kitten named Pixie which distinguished itself by smashing several pieces of my precious tea-set, and by upsetting, one Sunday morning, a table holding red ink, black ink, a plant in a pot, and a vase of flowers. Pixie must have received a just reward at the hands of the game-keeper for she disappeared suddenly.

The mention of troublesome Pixie reminds me of several other animals we encountered in Arcady. There was, for example, a certain pig whose natural habits we took the children to study in his native sty, and who promptly showed his distrust of Nature Study by falling frantically over his trough and breaking his leg. Then there was Teddie Banham's goat which would proceed steadily and soberly up the village street dragging patiently at a little

waggon until it spied one particular member of our household, when with a baleful light of triumph in its wicked eye and its waggon pitching dizzily from side to side it would break into a wild chase which only ended when she took refuge inside our garden gate. Another small Teddy rejoiced in the possession of a dickey (donkey) which had a trick of making its owner late for school in the mornings by refusing to be taken to the common, or so this small individual declared. At last I found that the vagaries of the dickey did not wholly account for the tardy appearance of my youthful scholar, and the "little flagellation" which improved the manners of Brother Timothy in Longfellow's Story was in this case promised to the owner of the ass. Accordingly, one morning the awe-struck Infants awaited the arrival of that dread (and to them previously unknown) instrument—the cane. Imagine my feelings when looks of the deepest reproach and disappointment greeted its appearance, and one small girl voiced the feelings of her companions by saying in a reproachful and protesting voice, "But, Governess, is that the very largest cane you've got?"

I must not be tempted into anecdotes about my scholars, for the readers of this magazine will have acquired a large stock of their own. Easily my most interesting scholar was a certain Joe Todd whose claim to distinction was rather painful than otherwise, for it was asserted and believed in the village that "Joe Todd had water on the brain and might fall down dead any minute." Joe was one of those large-headed rickety-legged lads of weak intellect who keeps a teacher constantly employed in circumventing their mischievous and monkey-like propensities; his particular little diversion was that of imprinting forcible and unwelcome salutes upon the indignant cheeks of whatever little maiden chanced to cross his path. Schools are not usually exciting places but one day the children burst into school with much alarm to say that a tramp wished to see me at the door. I found an individual whose broken boots and generally disreputable appearance certainly did suggest that he belonged to the vagrant fraternity but he introduced himself as an eminent travelling naturalist with a "little wan" which contained, according to his own account, a large part of the British Museum and the Zoological Gardens rolled into one. For the sum of one penny we were not only to view these treasures but to enjoy the intellectual treat of a lecture from the great man himself. The next day we gazed with some curiosity at a few fossils, a rattlesnake's rattle, a tarantula, a platypus, and several other similar exhibits, but awaited with much more excitement the menagerie which was somehow or other tucked away into that small but accommodating "wan." The gem of the collection (which turned out to be the sole living exhibit) was some Japanese P'otos which were on no account to be touched by any wondering little fingers or dire would be the results. Naturally we had visions of snapping teeth or poisonous fangs and our appre-

hensions were further aroused when we learnt that these wonderful creatures must be given only the cleanest of water in a glass dish and must be fed only on the finest of biscuits. When we were ranged at respectful distance and "even the boldest held his breath—for a time—there emerged from the wan three very ordinary brown and white tame rats that nibbled biscuits and drank water in a most natural and rat-like manner. I rather fancy our naturalist must have caught some muttered comments from the rear about "Frauds" and "Rats," for his lecture resolved itself into some very withering remarks about our qualifications as nature-students. "Where were our eyes?" the lecturer enquired. Why, as he passed over our ford he had seen in the water, eels, roach, herring, salmon, pike, and many more kinds of fish, which we with unseeing gaze had passed unnoticed day after day (certainly we had to confess that our weak attempts at studying our local stream had not yielded any such marvellous phenomena). Finally, as a crowning insult, we were advised to follow the shining example set us by some insignificant neighbouring schools, when we might hope to profit more by the pearls of wisdom which the lecturer had cast before our unworthy feet that day.

When a benevolent government gives me some years hence the reward for my scholastic labours in the shape of a pension, I hope to return once more to this Arcady of mine, which may some kind spirit keep unspoiled for me. So, with the record of these few slight experiences I will bid it a fond and lingering "Au Revoir."

A. M. ROYCE (1905-7).

### Gala Days in the Practising School.

TRADITION has it that life in the Practising School is far from entertaining—experience tends to show that, to this as to everything else, there is a funny side.

Imagine, for a few minutes, that you are in the room usually devoted to the pursuits of First Class—on a Friday morning. Enter the Class Teacher and two shining lights; follows a dialogue: "Are we going to the Drill Hall this morning?" "Yes!" "Oh! all of us?" "Yes! I want you to come across, and help to arrange things." Joy on the part of the chosen! They go across; it is raining heavily, but what care they! An entrancing scene meets their gaze. Part of the Hall has been converted into the ground floor of a house—the kitchen and "the room." There is an improvised fireplace, with a *real* fender and fire-irons; and a table, from which the family has evidently just arisen after breakfast, some chairs, a cupboard for the china, and a hearth rug complete the picture. In the kitchen is a table, and again there are chairs, while the stage represents the cupboards, etc., where cleaning materials are stored. An enthusiastic helper—an expert in Home Management, petitions for the part of "scrubber." It

being granted, pure undiluted joy takes possession of the soul of the petitioner, for one brief minute, then a doubt assails her. She approaches the teacher, and in a hushed voice says, "Please, Miss —, will all those Students be watching us?" The reply being in the affirmative, a reproachful note is heard, "Oh, I thought I was going to enjoy myself," then she adds, "They make you feel so silly."

The class enters, and after a few preliminary instructions, sets to work. The floor is scrubbed, windows, fire-irons, silver and knives are cleaned, breakfast things are washed, the room is dusted, the rug mended, flowers and plants tended, and all is in order by the end of an hour. There is an interval which is followed by a dissertation on "Fairies." This is much enjoyed by the literary members of the class; the sentiments of the remainder are voiced by an ardent disciple of the brush, "Fairies are all very well, but give me a floor!"

Of late, Wednesday afternoons have been red letter times for Class III in the middle room. The feelings of the inhabitants of the adjoining rooms, only separated by a partition, have been somewhat mixed. Truth compels me to admit that as a set, we of the Practising School, are not accomplished musicians, so it comes about that when the lower classes are delivered over into the hands of a "star," to the others it is a "fearful joy." Class II endeavours to write an essay to the accompaniment of feet and hands beating time in the next room, where they are learning rhythm aided by a skilful use of the piano, and a choir of students. The composition results are strange and wonderful. In Class I an equally happy state of affairs prevails. It is Literature, and we read "Westward Ho!" with enthusiasm. On Wednesdays, now, that enthusiasm is somewhat damped. About 3 p.m. there is a scuffling sound in the porch; it is "the Students." We leave our books for a few minutes until the noise of a general settling on desks close to the partition has practically subsided. Then we become aware of some of the choir still looming above the horizon. Now! politeness in schools is above all things to be desired, but I have sometimes wished it existed in a less degree. Just as we are about to plunge anew into "Westward Ho!" some two, or three, suggest in a tentative manner that it would be only courteous to let them have the loan of a few of our chairs of which—at present—there is a superfluity, so a procession is formed. One afternoon, my sense of what is due to visitors to the school being somewhat strained, I requested the virtuous members of the class to resume their seats ere the requisite number of chairs had been conveyed within. Nemesis was not long delayed. There was a crash—three blackboards, reared against a second door to give it a little support, much needed on account of a slight weakness in the latch, precipitated themselves into the room; the door burst open, and an unfortunate member of the choir nearly followed

the boards. By the time peace was restored the concert next door was in full swing. Once more we endeavoured to go Westward, but when without warning, someone launched into a solo, the forcible rendering of the same necessitated a swift return. We closed our books, and gave ourselves up to the delight of listening. It required no effort, and, as I said before, we are neither musicians nor vocalists, so that it is not often such a treat is vouchsafed unto us. Yes! in its way, Wednesday afternoon is quite unique.

In the days of long ago, when there were no special Friday mornings or Wednesday afternoons, without doubt the children of the school found their festival hours in "criticisms" and School Practice, of which I suppose, we all retain memories, grave or gay. I remember that on one auspicious occasion I contributed to the entertainment of the then First Class. It was on the day of the inspection, and I had the pleasure of giving "a first lesson on Volume." With the praiseworthy intention of letting the children see things for themselves, for half-an-hour on the previous night, I carried in apparatus—thirty boxes of Gift III, a large teacher's box of same, a huge box of "Tillich's Bricks," four cardboard boxes, assorted sizes, two large sheets of paper—many small ones, a bucketful of sawdust, and a spoon. For an hour on the eventful morning, under the scornful eyes of the Class Teacher, we built walls, filled boxes with sawdust, and drew beautiful pictures. At least they learnt something about bricks and sawdust! The sawdust which survived our operations (the day was windy and the windows were open), was subsequently used for the planting of peas and beans by way of a "Science" lesson. The remarks of the visitors were sufficiently eulogistic, those of the Class Teacher were *not*; still the children had a good time!

Once on a time, when I had blossomed forth into a class teacher, I had a student. To mark our appreciation of a fortnight not entirely wasted, we decided to make the children a present of a special optional lesson, the last afternoon. It was to take the form of stencilling, that being the desire of the student. She prepared pieces of holland, afterwards to be made into bags, also paper stencils, that is, the pattern was hektographed and the girls cut them. A tin of green paint was brought, and the afternoon arrived—then we remembered the brushes. I regret to say that at that time I was ignorant of the correct way in which to use a stencil brush, and on being reminded of the cleansing properties of turpentine, I agreed to the use of school brushes—never again!

Yes! we had a splendid hour—"dab-dab" went the brushes, without a thought of the points I had so carefully cherished week after week. The lovely treacly paint was extremely effective, and after forty minutes enthusiastic hard work, the children surveyed each other, their bags, and us, with smiles of satisfaction, which we returned for an all too brief period.

The class being dismissed, we repaired to the porch, armed

with two small bottles of turpentine. Then it was that the smiles came off, the paint it was that stayed. Some twenty minutes gentle persuasion induced the bulk of the oil to part from the brushes, but alas! most of the central hairs and not a few of the outer ones, clung obstinately to the paint and went with it. After about forty minutes prolonged struggle, in mournful silence, we surveyed a dyspeptic crew of sick and sorry-looking brushes. For weeks we recalled that gala day—with mixed feelings. For the most part we were divided, but once a week the class fully shared my sentiments; this was on a Wednesday, when the glories of the bag, paled before the horrors of attempting brushwork with a pointless, greasy brush.

We have dropped stencilling out of the curriculum, the aftermath is far too festive; even the Practising School has its limits.

M. JABET (1909-11).

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## Girl Guides

“GIRL GUIDES!” “Tom-boys!” so the uninitiated class us, thinking the terms synonymous. In this case, however, familiarity with the work and aims of the Guides would breed the reverse of contempt, and a fuller understanding of the movement would make many supporters among those, who, if they are not against us, are not for us. A few evenings spent with the girls in their clubroom would be the best means of realizing the value of the different occupations and activities.

I will try and sketch an evening spent with the 1st Royton or St. Anne's Company. Monday is our club night, when all the girls appear in their neat blue costumes, looking smart and happy, and ready for the pleasures of the evening after the toils of the day. I am afraid we often over-stay our two hours, as the time passes so quickly when doing interesting things. Each Guide as she enters, salutes the Captain and other officers, with the Guide salute, which is a reminder of the three promises in the Guides' oath, which are: (1) “To be loyal to God and the King”; (2) “To try to do daily good turns to other people”; and (3) “To obey the law of the Guides.” The girls fall in, in their several patrols, and after a short opening service, each patrol reader calls her roll, and then the real business of the evening begins. The Captain divides the Company into sections and in a very short time we are all hard at work.

In one corner “raw recruits” are being initiated into the mysteries of “knots,” by a patient patrol leader, whose knowledge of “sheet-bends,” “clove-hitches,” and “reef-knots,” seems amazing. In order to pass her “Tenderfoot” each girl must know the signs and salute, and the three promises, know the composition of the Union Jack and the way to fly it, and the most useful knots.

Another corner is occupied by a group, busily engaged in practising the various bandages on a small child, who seems quite happy although apparently suffering from fracture of almost every bone in her body.

Somewhere else are the devotees of club-swinging, putting such vigour into their movements that one gives their corner a wide berth, otherwise the ambulance section might have an unwilling, though genuine, sufferer on whom to operate.

At present our great drawback is lack of space. When the corners of our club-room are occupied, there is not much more of the room left, but we make the best of it, and do Swedish Drill and dances in relays, whilst the Captain takes Company or Stave Drill in the schoolroom near by. All our ambitions centre round our new School, and when it is at length completed, we hope, during the winter months, to add many badges to those we already possess. The qualifications necessary for these are such as to make one pause and consider before putting one's capabilities to the test. The subjects for the badges are many and varied, so that each Guide may follow up those which interest her most, be they cooking, swimming, drilling, music, nursing, or signalling.

During the evening we pass on from section to section after the manner of Progressive Games, and all too soon comes dismissal.

The St. Anne's Company, to which I am attached as Secretary and Acting-Lieutenant, was the first to be formed in the Oldham district, and although now we have many sister companies, we still lead. A month ago we were invited to infuse a little of our keenness and enthusiasm into a new Company, recently formed in Oldham. As usual, they were experiencing opposition from parents and friends who resent the movement as an unnecessary innovation. We were to give them a display of what Guides could do and be.

We had only a fortnight in which to "Be Prepared," but having a splendid organiser in our Captain we were soon divided into squads to work up the different items. As evenings were the only times for practices, and as our one piano was in great demand each evening, the day before the display found us with no full rehearsal to our credit. We had perforce to trust that the girls would rise to the occasion, and as generally happens, when one feels most desperate, realization proved greater than expectation.

We marched to the school, about fifty strong, quiet, but excited, wondering how this first venture would succeed in its intentions.

First of all we did a little Company Drill, and sang our Guide Song, after which each patrol hastily made a camp fire, and hung billy-cans over imaginary fires. One patrol made the fire quite realistic with red tissue paper and wood. We camped around the fires whilst one of the girls sang "Keep the home-fires burning." The Junior Guides or "Rosebuds" next sang "Ten Little Gay Girl Guides," and caused great fun by their actions. An exhibition

of Swedish Drill was followed by "Shoemaker," and "Ace of Diamonds," came next, and then our three club-swinging enthusiasts "took the floor"—and incidently the hearts of the small boys, scattered round the room. The last of the drills was Stave Drill, given by a number of the girls, and last but very far from least, came the Guide Sketch. Here, at the very beginning, "Mrs. Pippin" voices her opinion on the Girl Guide movement. "It's making tom-boys of nice, respectable girls, that's what it is," says she, but subsequent events cause her to change that opinion. Presently, after a discussion with the Lieutenant of a band of Guides, she becomes the most interested, but helpless witness of the girls' "preparedness" for an emergency. A child, skipping along the road, slips on some orange peel, carelessly thrown about by girls who are obviously not Guides. As quickly as possible the child's broken leg is bandaged, and the stretcher party is hastily called up by the signaller, whilst Mrs. Pippin passes sympathetic remarks, and asks useless questions. As the child is being taken to receive medical aid, the good lady generously confesses that her views on the subject were wrong—the result is a happy one. The Guides receive one more supporter in Mrs. Pippin.

The National Anthem concluded a most enjoyable evening, and we are looking forward to many more similar ones in the forthcoming winters. At present all thoughts are turned in anticipation to the Spring and Summer Campaigns, with the delights of scouting expeditions into the country, camp-fire picnics, and games in the open, when we may truly sing:

"We're the Girl Guides marching on the King's highway,  
 With a step that is light and a heart that's gay.  
 There is room for me and there's room for you,  
 And there's work in the world for the Guides to do.  
 As the stars that shine overhead to cheer,  
 We try to learn how to shine down here,  
 Lend a hand! Comrade mine. Lend a hand!  
 Up girls! Wake girls! It is no time for sleeping.  
 Out in the open where the air is fresh and free,  
 Work well, play well, comradeship still keeping.  
 Set the windows of your soul as wide as they can be."

EDITH MELLOR (1912-14).

## Reminiscences of Belgium

### PAPER II

LET us return in thought to Belgium—the "museum of architecture, art, and history," the "land of belfries, townhalls, stained glass, and carved pulpits" which we revisited in memory a year ago. Let us pursue our meditative course along its well-worn highways from Ghent, *la Ville de Flore* where we made our last halt, to Brussels, the capital—capital of what? Ah! in the

days when these memories were living experiences it was the governing city of a happy and independent little kingdom.

Of all the Belgian cities I have seen, Brussels, beautiful Brussels seemed to me the most attractive, the most *séduisante*, a miniature Paris, in some ways more charming than Paris itself. Although it had neither "the antique flavour of Bruges, nor the artistic charm of Antwerp," it had, "in spite of modern innovations some of the marks of a Flemish city," and the curious struggle between old and new which is one of the most striking characteristics of the towns of the Southern Netherlands resolved itself here into a wonderful harmony of past and present, and in and through all, gaiety, brightness, light-hearted happiness prevailed—fitting traits of the central town of old-time gay Brabant. It was evident that the lively, good-humoured citizens never failed to make the most of their numerous holidays; and the beautiful wood known as the Bois de la Cambre swarmed with families on pleasure bent—and the boulevards and avenues leading thither were thronged with a never-ending stream of people, motor-cars, carriages.

Brussels enjoys the rare distinction among Belgian towns of lying in a wooded, undulating, hilly district, in pleasing contrast to the bare flatness of the plains which environ those less fortunate sister towns; South and West of it stretches the great Forest of Soignies, and it is the extremity of this forest lying nearest the city that the citizens have adopted as their Bois par excellence.

The broad, tree-lined Outer Boulevards have taken the place of the strong walls of Old Brussels and indicate clearly the shape of the ancient city encircling as they do the whole of the high lying Upper Town in the east, and the lower levels of the Lower Town to the west. Imposing buildings crown the heights of the former and cluster round both ends of the small Park which like the Tuileries Garden of Paris occupies the very centre of the capital. Most notable among the buildings are two palaces of the royal family each contiguous to a fine palace of art near the Eastern extremity of the Park; the Palais de la Nation (Belgian Parliament), the Ministries and Embassies, form a stately block at the opposite end. Some little distance S.W. of these stands the building that is so especially attractive to ardent students of music, the Brussel Conservatoire de Musique. Near it is the Monument to Counts Egmont and Hoorn, which brings back with a rush the history of the brave struggle against the tyranny of Spain. Farther to the South-west towers a massive pile that suggests the stupendous buildings of antiquity, this is the huge Palais de Justice, erected by the nation on the heights of the Upper Town during the second half of the nineteenth century. The *gardien's* verbose account of the fabulous cost, the amazing proportions, and the richness of the decoration of this most ambitious temple of justice leaves the visitor somewhat bewildered, though fully conscious of the national pride in the great construction. Half-way down the slope

to the Lower Town stands the old Cathedral of St. Michael and St. Gudule with its square-looking western towers. The fine flight of steps that lead up to the Western entrance forcibly reminds visitors of the *steep* that must be negotiated between the Upper and Lower Town. One of the chief glories of the finely-proportioned interior is the stained glass, much of which dates from the sixteenth century, when glass painting attained great perfection in Flanders. In common with almost all the other great churches of the city, St. Gudule possesses a pulpit that is a marvel of wood-carving.

Far more interesting than the palatial edifices housing King, Parliament, Art, and Justice, is the Grand' Place of the Lower Town, for round it are ranged the fascinating municipal and domestic buildings which are the mediæval treasures of Brussels, and which seem to breathe out never-ending stories of the chequered past from flag stones, mouldings, gables, and windows. The route thither from the Upper Town via the street called Montagne de la Cour is a fitting entrance to the quaint picturesqueness of the ancient square, for it is exceedingly steep and narrow, unusual characteristics of a thoroughfare that has long claimed to be a veritable centre of fashion. The mind travels back through the centuries without the smallest effort as the fantastic gables of the Place loom into view. What a wonderful market place it is! Strange that a mere market square, a place for barter and exchange of the most everyday type should be environed with these gems of mediæval architecture—that the barter and exchange should be carried on on a spot that is so rich in historic memories. How extraordinarily picturesque and how architecturally beautiful are the façades of all these old buildings, even *we* could see how far they seemed to surpass those of other countries. What builders the industrial and commercial men of the Netherlands have long been!

Noblest of all the buildings here, and noble even in comparison with the marvel of Ypres, is the Hotel de Ville. The wealth of sculptural decorations seems almost to overload its three-storeyed façade, but the tall graceful spire—that miracle of needlework in stone—springs so lightly from it into the upper air that the total effect is wholly pleasing, and the quaintness of its slanted roof with its innumerable little windows adds to its picturesque charm. Civic governors were sumptuously housed here by the weavers and merchants of Flanders, municipal councils and banquets were alike held amid the stately surroundings of the spacious Council hall.

Worthy neighbours of this exquisite piece of architecture are the beautiful old Guild-houses, the Bread House, the Halls of butchers, brewers, archers, mercers, skippers, carpenters, printers, tailors, painters, presenting every variety of pointed gable and gilded cornice. Small wonder that the sightseer is captivated by the mellow beauty and wondrous symmetry of the old Place.

Not far from the Grand' Place is the most imposing of the more modern structures in Brussels, the Bourse with its stately Corinthian columns. It lies in the centre of the Inner Boulevards, a magnificent modern thoroughfare that completely intersects the older or Lower Town.

Though Brussels knew little of commercial prosperity until after the decline of Ypres, Bruges, and Ghent, its history since then has been as eventful as theirs. It proved at that time a convenient halting-place for traders en route for Germany, hence trade flourished, wealth flowed in, industries developed, and Brussels became "a city of pleasure, of fêtes, and gorgeous festivals. The Court of Brabant was one of the most luxurious in Europe. The Dukes set an example of extravagance that was followed by the barons who surrounded them and also by the rich bourgeois. There was luxury in dress, in armour, in furniture." When Brabant passed under the House of Burgundy, Brussels became more than ever a city of pomp and gaiety. The new duke was of French birth and consequently brought in with him a train of French courtiers and made French the language of the Court. During the long domination of the Hapsburgs, Brussels was still the seat of a brilliant Court, but it was here that the first resistance against the tyranny of the Spanish rulers showed itself and the first rising took place. Instead of winning the freedom that became the happy lot of their northern neighbours, the Southern Provinces with Brussels as their seat of government, remained under the galling Spanish yoke. Years later came a brief incorporation with France, and the Belgian city received Napoleon in person and loudly acclaimed his Austrian wife, the daughter of their former ruler. Not long after the night when "Belgium's capital had gathered her beauty and her chivalry," when the victory of Waterloo had already begun to bear fruit, the country was united by its sponsors, the great Powers, in one monarchy with Holland, and Brussels alternated with the Hague as the seat of the new government. It was at Brussels that the Revolution of 1830 broke out against the Dutch King, and it was there, that the cry of "Down with the first and last King of the Netherlands" was heard and heeded.

The vicissitudes of beautiful Brussels have been many and bid fair to be more, and it is with fear and trembling that we contemplate the dread possibilities of the fate of the city we found so joyous; but many as these vicissitudes have been they fall far short of the startling experiences of the famous port of Antwerp, whose last and latest thrills us in a way bygone history cannot hope to do.

War economy here bids me stop and reserve all reminiscences of the great commercial capital of Belgium for a later number.

M. TURNER.

## Association Notes

### 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.

M. TURNER

### Association Correspondents

#### College

<i>Years.</i>	<i>Name of Correspondent.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
1864-1896	Miss Turner ..	Training College, Lincoln
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	30 Union 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, B'ham
1907	Miss Annie Royce ..	c/o Mrs. Marsden, Colt Lane, Birdwell, Nr. Barnsley
*1907	Miss Edith Hurry ..	30 Mount Street, Lincoln
1908	Mrs. J. L. Stubbs .. (Annie Bailey)	108 Station Road, Swinton, Manchester [Bristol
1908	Miss Winifred Marden	33 Elliston Road, Redland,
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	Miss Mabel Jabet	.. " " " " " "
*1912	Miss Dorothy Clubb	.. 53 Norcott Road, Stoke Newington, London, N.
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	.. Greenholme School House, Tebay, Westmoreland
1914	Miss Gladys Lennon	.. Glen House, Rivelin, Sheffield
1915	Miss Katherine Beard	.. 72 Argyle Street, Mansfield
1915	Miss Emily Roberts	.. 7 Foster Street, Lincoln

\* Please note change of address

It is impossible to give expression to the regret with which I learnt from Miss Elwell, a few days ago, that she had decided to resign her office as Correspondent for the years 1864-1896. She intends to be away from home for the summer months and possibly longer, so there would be some difficulty with regard to address, but she confesses also that much as she loves hearing from and writing to old Students she finds the strain of the correspondence too great for her general health and her eyesight. Everyone will echo my hope that she will not find it too much to write an occasional letter to the Magazine, so that we may all be re-assured about her well-being.

All subscriptions from Students of 1864-1896 inclusive should, in future, be sent to me at the College.

M. TURNER.

## Meeting of Correspondents

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4TH, 1915.

By the kind invitation of the Principal, a gathering of Correspondents met at lunch at the College, on Saturday, December, 4th. The following attended the meeting: The Principal, Miss Turner, Miss Hoole, Miss Brown, Miss Mackintosh, Mrs. Pearce, Miss Border, Miss Hurry, Miss Pigott, Miss Jabet, Miss Heath, Miss Stringer, Miss Kemp, Mrs. Templer.

At the opening of the proceedings, the Principal was unanimously elected to the chair, on the motion of Mrs. Pearce, seconded by Miss Mary Hoole.

Letters of apology for unavoidable absence (from Miss Elwell, Miss Ayres, Miss Hartley, Miss Roberts), were then read. The meeting then passed the following Resolutions after due discussion :

1—That a Committee to administer the Lincoln College Benevolent Fund be formed from the Correspondents of the Association.

Proposer, the Principal ;

Secunder, Miss Pigott.

Carried unanimously.

2—That this Committee should consist of three Correspondents resident in Lincoln, and three others (preferably from large Centres), besides the President of the Association, the Secretary of the Association, and the Officials of the Fund, who would all act ex-officio.

Proposer, Miss Hurry ;

Secunder, Miss Jabet.

Carried unanimously.

3—That half the travelling expenses of those non-resident in Lincoln be paid from the Fund on the occasion of a meeting being called, and that hospitality be offered them.

Proposer, Miss Brown ;

Secunder, Mrs. Pearce.

Carried.

4—That there be a Treasurer of the Fund, and a Secretary of the Fund, and that Miss Turner be Treasurer.

Proposer, the Principal ;

Secunder, Miss Border.

Carried unanimously.

5—That Miss Hoole be Secretary of the Fund.

Proposer, Miss Turner ;

Secunder, Mrs. Templer.

Carried unanimously.

Nominations were then made in accordance with the second resolution above, and it was agreed that Correspondents should be furnished with a report of the meeting, and asked to vote on those nominations according to that resolution.

The Committee then proceeded to co-opt to their number Miss Margaret Elwell, whose knowledge of former students they felt would be invaluable to them.

Miss Turner made a statement that the Fund for its first year had amounted to £27, of which £5 had been voted by the Correspondents for a needy case. Further discussion of this case led to a decision to refer it back to the Committee till more information be forthcoming.

The Principal, supported by Miss Hoole and other speakers, suggested the advisability of forming a permanent Committee of

the Association from among the Correspondents, to meet at least once a year, preferably at the annual re-union.

The following Correspondents have been elected to form the Committee :

I—Resident in Lincoln—

Miss Ayres,  
Mrs. Pearce,  
Miss Pigott.

II—Non-Resident in Lincoln—

Miss Doodson, Manchester ;  
Miss Jordan, Birmingham ;  
Miss Clubb, London.

The usual votes of thanks closed the meeting.

### Re-Appointments

Miss Annie Hutchinson, Boultham Infants' School, Lincoln. Head.

Miss Mabel Fountain, St. James' Girls School, Upper Edmonton, London, N. Head.

Miss Eva Hudson, Old Kent Road School, London. Assistant.

Miss Winifred Penzer, Infants Practising School, Bishop Stortford. Head.

Miss Lilian Preston, Grantham. Assistant.

Miss Gertrude Border, Grantham. Head.

Miss Irene Marden, Preston Plucknett, Yeovil. Head.

Miss Amelia Gillat, Christ's Hospital Terrace School, Lincoln. Assistant.

Miss Winifred Marden, Bristol. Head.

### Births

On August 17th, 1914, at 1107 College Street, Toronto, Canada, to F. R. and Amelia Berry (*née* Gascoigne), a son, Leonard Gascoigne.

On June 10th, 1915, to Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Field (*née* Mary H. Clarke) (1907-9), a daughter, Nancy Mortimer Lois.

On June 19th, 1915, at The Hul, Harvey Lane, Thorpe St. Andrew, Norwich, to Frank William and Vera Cork (*née* Cross) (1906-8) a daughter, Barbara Joan.

On August 23rd, 1915, at 42 Elmstead Road, Seven Kings, Ilford, to Charles J. and Ivy M. Sutherland (*née* Ellis) (1907-9), a son, John Frank.

On November 17th, 1915, at Doncaster, to John William and Mildred Whiting (*née* Ellison) (1905-7), a daughter, Mildred Evelyn.

On November 18th, 1915, at Wellroyd Crescent, Halifax, to Edwin and Madeleine Naylor (*née* Reader), a son.

On January 10th, 1916, at 30 Phipson Road, Birmingham, to Herbert Owen and Gertrude Bennion (*née* Salt) (1901-3) a son, Arthur Owen.

On January 29th, 1916, at 7 Gilda Crescent Road, Eccles, Manchester, the wife of Thomas Gibroy, of a daughter, Elizabeth Mary.

On March 11th, 1916, at Northmede, Lincoln, the wife of Eric West Scorer (Maud Segar), of a son, Philip Segar.

## Marriages

NEWBURY—PEAKE. On June 20th, 1914, at the Church of S.S. Mary and Nicholas, Spalding, by the Rev. T. H. Tardrew, William J. Newbury, of Market Place, Whitwick, to Amy Peake (1908-10), of the Red House, Spalding.

127 Belvoir Road, Coalville, Leicestershire.

ROBINSON—FOUNTAIN. On June 29th, 1915, at St. Mary's Church, Rushden, by the Rector, the Rev. Percy Robson, M.A., Sydney, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Robinson, of Rushden, to Ethel Lilian Fountain (1907-9).

60 Roberts Street, Rushden.

WOOD—BUCK. On July 24th, 1915, at St. Clement's New Church, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, by the Rev. J. A. Duff, B.A., Fred Wood to Doris Maude Buck (1910-12).

5 Beaconsfield Mansions, Bromell's Road, Clapham Common, S.W.

WALMSLEY—WEST. On November 3rd, 1915, at Blankney Parish Church, by the Rev. Arthur Robinson, vicar of Attercliffe Parish Church, Sheffield, assisted by the Rev. C. H. Sibthorp, rector of Blankney, the Rev. William Vernon Walmsley, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Walmsley, of Manchester, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. West, of Blankney (1904-6).

27 Industry Road, Sheffield.

GUY—TANNER. On November 4th, 1915, at St. Margaret's Church, Olton, near Birmingham, by the Rev. W. Probert, M.A., vicar of Hall Green, Serjeant William A. C. Guy, of the Australian Imperial Force (wounded at Anzac), to Augusta Adeline, third daughter of the late Albert Edward and Mrs. Tanner, of "Crosslands," Christian-Malford, Chippenham (late of Rugby), (1897-99).

AYERS—KNIGHT. On November 6th, 1915, at Camberwell, by special licence, A. E. Ayers (Royal Flying Corps), only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ayers, of Grove Vale, Dulwich, to Lilian, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Knight, of Dulwich.

16 St. Andrew's Road, Dulwich, London, S.E.

CROSBY—HUDSON. On December 1st, 1915, at Holy Trinity Church, Hull, by the Vicar, the Rev. L. G. Buchanan, Arthur Edwin Crosby to Jessie Hudson (1910-12).

7 Cammidge Street, Withernsea.

THORNTON—BINNER. On December 4th, 1915, at St. Augustine's Church, Dovercourt Bay, Allan William Thornton, C.P.O. H.M.S. *Pandora*, to Dorothy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Binner, Fiskerton, Lincoln (1910-12).

Ulster House, Nelson Road, Dovercourt Bay.

ANDERSON—PARRY. On December 19th, 1915, at St. Paul's Church, Beaconsfield, Freemantle, West Australia, by the Rev. W. Bowen, rector, Charles Short, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Anderson, Brechin, Scotland, to Lucy Elizabeth Parry (1907-9), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Parry, of King's Norton, Birmingham.

Corner of Keane and Lochee Streets, Cottesloe Beach, West Australia.

HILL—TILL. On January 3rd, 1916, at All Saints' Church, Grimsby, by the Vicar, the Rev. W. E. Bott, assisted by the Rev. T. S. Harvey and the Rev. H. W. Overo, Trooper Andrew Steevert Hill, Royal Horse Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Hill, of Grimsby, to Mary Maud, eldest daughter of Captain G. R. Till, R.N.R. and Mrs. Till, of Grimsby (1908-10).

193 Park Crescent, Roberts Street, Grimsby.

DOUBTFIRE—THORNTON. On October 21st, 1915, at St. John's Church, Goole, by the Rev. J. Swann, A.K.C., Edward Doubtfire to Gladys May Thornton (1904-6).

Granby House, 25 Marshfield Avenue, Goole.

COLE—PERKS. On February 8th, 1916, at Lawrence Church, Wormley, by the Rev. P. G. Wilson, M.A., Oswald Cole of 1st City of London Regiment and younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Cole, late of "Nunsbury," Turnford, to Ellen, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Perks, of Wormley (1905-6).

Wormley Rectory, Broxbourne, Herts.

### Death

Marian Turner (*née* Brittain), wife of James Turner, solicitor, died January 23rd, 1916, at "Derncleugh," Grove Park, Wanstead, Essex (Lincoln 1873-5).

**Balance Sheet of  
Lincoln Training College Association  
Benevolent Fund**

For the Year ending December, 1915.

RECEIPTS		EXPENDITURE
£	s.	£
d.		s.
d.		d.
539 Subscriptions of 1s., allocated from Subscribers of 2s.6d.	26 19 0	Donation to Old Student
One Special Subscription	0 1 0	Balance in hand
	£27 0 0	
		£27 0 0

M. TURNER, *Treasurer.*

Examined with vouchers and found correct.

W. TODHUNTER.

## College Association Balance Sheet

For the Year ending December, 1915.

RECEIPTS			
	£	s.	d.
551 Subscriptions of 2s. 6d. .. ..	68	17	6
One Special Donation to Benevolent Fund	0	1	0
Sale of Magazines to Non-Association Subscribers .. .. .	8	14	11
Donation to Magazine Fund by College Committee .. .. .	2	2	0
Balance from 1914:			
College Magazine Fund	2	4	1
Church Teachers' Benevolent	0	14	0
Interest (accumulated)..	3	3	7
	6	1	8
	£85	17	1

EXPENDITURE			
	£	s.	d.
Printing April and October Magazines, including envelopes and postage ..	42	8	1
Donation to Church Teachers' Benevolent Society:			
Balance from late subscriptions, 1914 ..	0	14	0
12 Subscriptions for 1915	0	12	0
	1	6	0
Donation to L.T.C. Association Benevolent Fund .. .. .	27	0	0
Correspondents' Expenses .. .. .	3	11	11½
Three Receipt Books for Correspondents..	0	13	0
Stationery .. .. .	0	6	0
Postage .. .. .	1	1	0
Balance in hand:			
College Magazine Fund .. .. .	9	11	0½
	£85	17	1

M. TURNER, *Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.*

Examined with vouchers and found correct,

W. TODHUNTER.

