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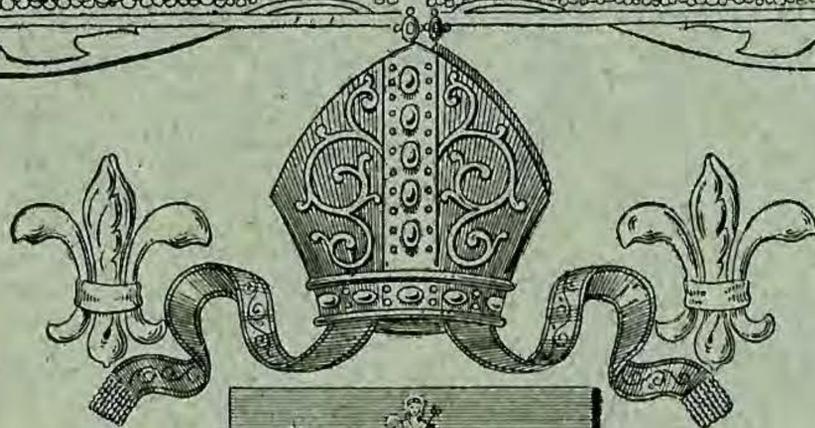
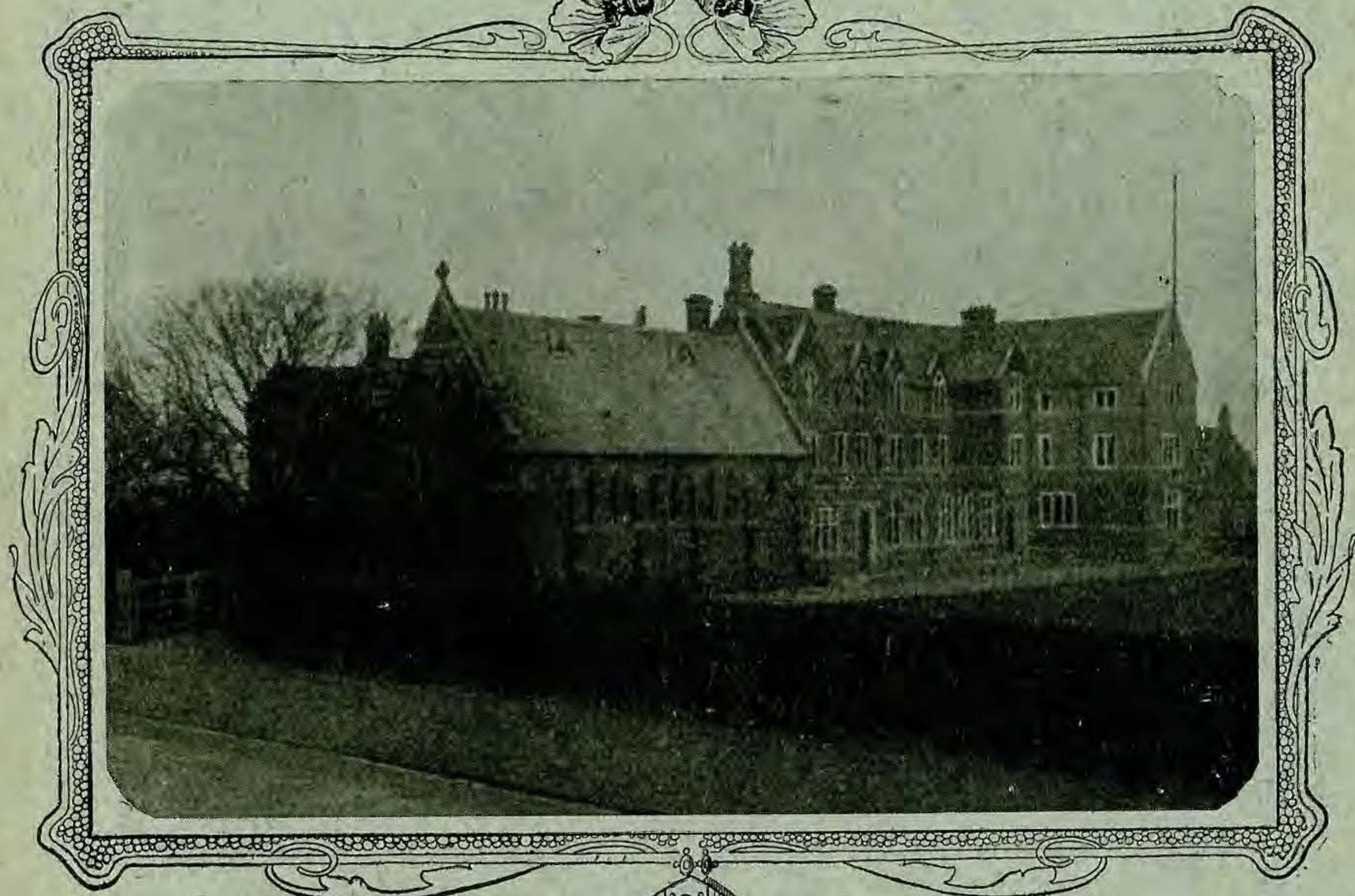
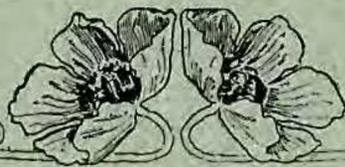


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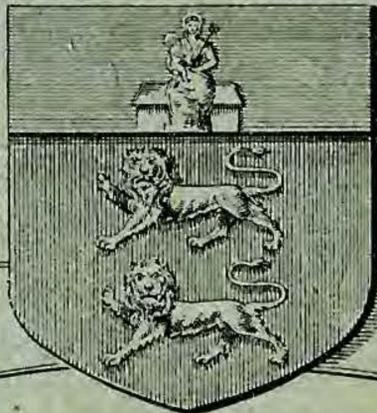


Diocesan Training College

MAGAZINE

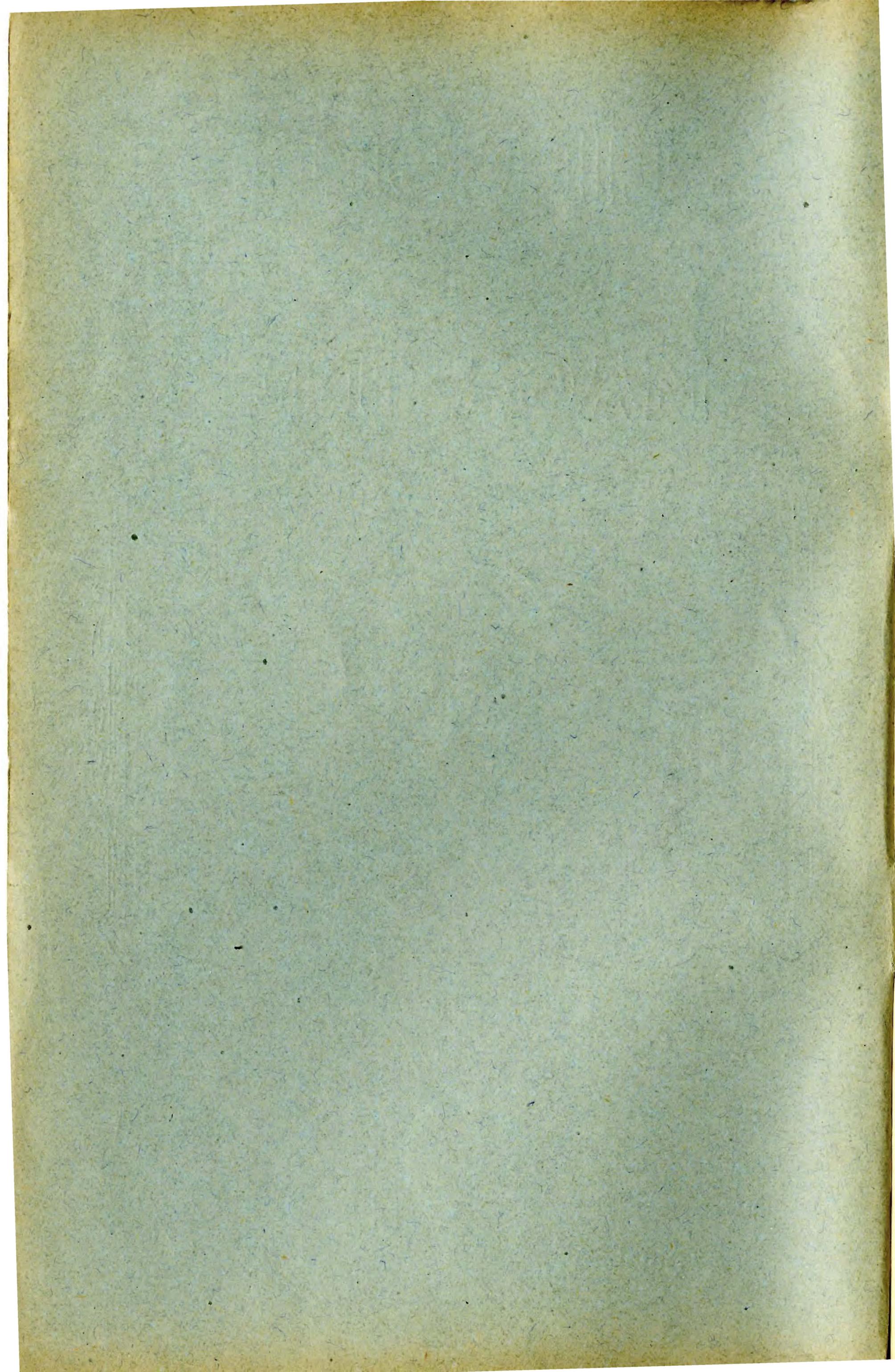


October,



1916.





Principal's Letter

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

The possibility (now past) that the military would require our buildings for a hospital revealed an unselfish spirit on the part of our present students, and much thankful appreciation of College by those "who had been trained within its walls." We thank you all.

In these days of personal and national anxiety we teachers are at least fortunate in that the engrossing nature of our work forces us to concentrate on the great task of training the seven million children in our schools for their future citizenship. Is it to be for a citizenship of a "mean city" or for "the City not built with hands?"

Much depends on the teachers. We realize more fully than ever before the crying need for social, educational and ecclesiastical reform, and for the children's sake we must think and work in the belief:

"That all we thought and loved and did,
And hoped and suffered is but seed,
Of what in them is flower and fruit."

In that hope we may be one.

Yours sincerely,

W. TODHUNTER.

Principal's Notes

Congratulations on the certificate results (1914-1916) especially to:—

- H. ALLMAN, Distinction in English and French, "Credit" in Advanced Botany, and in Teaching, Hygiene, Music and Maths.
- N. BARRETT, "Credit" in Advanced English, and in Teaching, Hygiene, Music and Science.
- B. FOSTER, Distinction in Hygiene and Advanced Botany, "Credit" in Advanced Drawing, English, Maths.
- S. HUNT, "Credit" in Advanced Music, History, French, and in the ordinary courses in Teaching, Hygiene, English.
- A. JACKSON, Distinction in English, and "Credit" in Advanced Music, and also in Teaching, Geography, Hygiene.
- D. READE, "Credit" in Advanced English, and in Teaching Maths. Science.
- E. SMITH, "Credit" in Advanced English, and in Teaching, Hygiene, History.
- M. WALKER, Distinction in Hygiene, and "Credit" in Advanced English, and Education, and in Music.

* *

Congratulations to Miss Kate Huggins who passed the Part I Higher Froebel at the conclusion of her College course, with Distinction in Zoology.

Miss Mabel Lynch, a former student was successful in the same examination with Distinction in History.

* *

Congratulations also to a present first year student, Miss L. Sugdon, for gaining a prize of £10 from the S.P.C.K., for being high in the first class of the Archbishop's Examination. The following students also won £1 prizes, Miss D. Appleton, H. Clark, C. Tetley, F. Smith, R. Dakin, for first class standard.

* *

We were glad to see the following at the half-term:—V. Adcock, E. Alcock, H. Allman, A. Barker, D. Clayton, D. Cockshaw, E. Dale, M. Edmundson, N. Evans, M. Fairhurst, C. Forman, M. Forster, B. Foster, L. Garner, S. Hunt, A. Jackson, E. Jamieson, F. Knights, P. Lever, B. Lowery, N. Masters, D. Nixon, B. Picton, B. Radford, D. Reade, M. Shires, E. Smith, E. Speakman, D. Storey, F. Tooley, M. Urry, M. Walker. We did not forget those who could not come.

* *

I have had interesting letters from many former students.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE :—

Miss Margaret Wickham, All Saints' Diocesan College, Nani Tal, N.W.P., India, writes :—“ There is so much that one takes for granted among English girls which is just a minus quantity here. It is made harder in a way by their having their holidays all in a lump when they have three months of demoralization, without any kind of discipline. I always feel that they ought to be beautiful people when we have learnt how to develop the beauties of the Eastern Character. At present I am simplifying and simplifying their syllabus so that what little they do they may do well : for they are easily pleased with themselves and have no standard of good work. They have got very good hands, well-made and supple, and I am making them do a good deal in that way. We take mud out of the tank, dry it and powder it and then do clay modelling. The day they love best next to Sunday is Saturday, when they wash all their clothes.

* *

Miss M. Edmundson and Miss P. Lever, write of their work on a farm :—“ We got up at 5 a.m. every day and had a try at everything. The first business was to feed the animals, pigs, ducks, hens, sheep, calves. They had been making such a noise before breakfast that the peace after the feeding was almost painful. The machine for raking was rather hard to manage, for besides guiding the horses a lever had to be worked by the feet. I always forgot the horses while thinking about the lever, and vice versa (the Lever would of course engross attention. W.T.). One day we turned into milk-women and went into Lincoln to deliver milk ; other times we picked fruit or churned butter.”

* *

Miss S. Hunt, is teaching in a large L.C.C. school and reading for her degree at King's College (University of London).

Miss K. Huggins is continuing her course at the Cripplegate Institute under Miss Swannell. Miss C. Loughton is in the “ hub ” of London, at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square.

Miss E. Clarkson, is also working in London (at St. John's Hendon Senior School), and is continuing Music at the London College of Music.

* *

Miss F. Clayton, is working at the new Open-Air School in Salford. “ The seven-year olds took so keenly to ‘personal hygiene’ that they could hardly be got to part with their tooth-brushes and towels,” she says.

* *

E. Speakman, writes of her first teaching weeks: "One day an army of about fifty students walked in and began taking notes." We feel anxious lest the "infumps" were being regaled with the story of the dessicated man.

* *

Thanks for interesting letters from H. Reynolds, A. Boucher, G. Collins, D. Tweed, M. Lynch, J. Pinches, F. Millhouse.

* *

Hearty thanks for the following gifts:—A beautiful piece of hand-made lace for an alter super-frontal, from a former student, Miss I. Humphries,

Photographs for "Lest we forget" from many.

* *

A derelict umbrella with a silver handle remains in the lost property cupboard, waiting its owner.

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Editor's Notes

The Editor begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of Magazines from the following Colleges and Schools:—Edgehill, Sheffield (The Holly Leaf), Derby, Bristol (Fishponds), Grahams-town, Ripon, Norwich, Warrington.

The Students who left the College 1903, 1904, 1906, and 1910, will I am sure wish to join with me in warmly thanking the retiring correspondents, Mrs. Broom (Elinor Stewart), Mrs. Frith (Edith Sheckell), Miss Gertrude Border, and Miss Evelyn Cockshaw, for their kindness in undertaking the work for so long and in heartily welcoming their new representatives, Miss Ada Doodson (who now takes charge of all that remain of the sixty-three), Miss Rose Wade, Miss Bessie Corfield, and Miss Gertrude Hipwell.



College Notes

Miss Conway, the representative of the N.U.T. for Training Colleges, and one of our own old Students, whose activities in connection with the great Union are spoken of elsewhere, paid her annual visit to the College on Friday, May 26.

As on all previous occasions her forcible presentation of facts greatly impressed her audience. From the full store of an unusually wide experience she gave many and convincing proofs of the far-reaching work of the Society.

* *

There is a good report on the Principal's address to the Head Teachers' Association on "If I were Education Minister" in the October Head Teachers' review.

Speech Day

We were fortunate in having one of the few fine days in June for our Speech Day, for a large number of people, including the Lincoln teachers, had been invited, and, both for their comfort and because the preparation of the dining-room made it desirable that we should have dinner out of doors, we were very anxious that it should not rain.

The morning was spent in arranging the large show of handwork which was collected in the Lecture Hall, and in preparing the Drill Hall for the accommodation of the guests and for the dramatic performances of the afternoon and evening.

The afternoon's proceedings began with the reading of the Principal's report on the work of the College. Special reference was made to the members of the staff who were leaving at the end of the term, Miss Butterworth and Miss Davies, the matron, who were going to take up new work elsewhere and Miss Collenette who was, unfortunately, leaving on account of ill-health. The Archdeacon of Lincoln, the Rev. Canon Elliott, and the Rev. Canon Vines, also spoke on the significance of the work of training colleges, and then the Archdeacon presented Chapel Wardens' Crosses to Maude Chapman and Fanny Tooley, Prefects' Badges to D. Cockshaw (Senior Prefect), E. Alcock, H. Allman, A. Barker, M. Chapman, D. Clayton, E. Green, S. Hunt, A. Jackson, F. Knights, B. Picton, B. Radford, M. Walker, and Certificates to those who had been placed in the First Class in the Archbishop's examination in Religious Knowledge..

Then followed a performance by First Year Students of amusing scenes from "The Mill on the Floss"—*Mrs. Pullet's Bonnet*—and "Pride and Prejudice"—*Mr. Collins' proposal to Elizabeth Bennet*.

Tea in the Dining Hall and Library followed, and an interval during which many of the guests examined the varied display of handwork and needlework. At six o'clock came the performance

by the College Dramatic Society of "Scenes of Russian Peasant Life," written by Miss Turner and Miss Dobson. Between the scenes Miss Bibby played some beautiful Russian music and some of the performers sang Russian folk-songs.

A Lecture on Oxford by Miss Counsell

We trooped across to the Drill Hall, a little Cambridge girl took our pennies and we were right for Oxford. [The pennies were to help London Children's Country Holiday Fund].

"For beauty and for romance the first place among all the cities of the United Kingdom must be given to Oxford. Exquisite in line, sparkling with light and colour, she seems ever bright and young, while her sons fall into decay and perish. "Alma Mater," they cry and love her for her loveliness till their dim eyes can look on her no more."

It was with this beautiful word tribute from Frederick How that Miss Counsell began her delightful lecture. As we were shepherded in imagination through the fairy city we felt that none who had lived, for however brief a time, under the protecting shadows of its many towers, could have failed to realise the influence of beauty in education, for we saw beauty on every side.

The first slide showed us the city, rising from the midst of a valley; its many towers and spires together with the woody nature of the country presented a picture to linger in the memory. The charm of our great University City, its life no less than itself was upon us, as Miss Counsell illustrated her "little hymn in prose, in honour of Oxford" with many excellent slides of College Quads, and College Gardens, College Towers and College Chapels, and even College Dining Halls. With the College customs of Oxford our lecturer was happily familiar, and great was the enjoyment afforded by her pleasing stories.

Every May morning a Latin hymn to the Trinity is sung at five o'clock, on the Tower of Magdalen College. "I've been once," added Miss Counsell. Some of us wondered if the story of the luckless chorister who fell from the tower, had warned our lecturer not to trust herself too often on Magdalen Tower, but remembering with a shudder that five o'clock was the hour for carolling, we understood.

Trinity College is famous both for the beauty of its Lime Walk and for the number of its distinguished sons.

It is a striking evidence of the age of Oxford that its "New" College has celebrated its five-hundredth anniversary. This fact was obviously unknown to the American Visitors who were misled by the sight of scaffolding. We learnt with much pleasure that the beauty of New College Gardens is now enjoyed by wounded soldiers.

The lecture was concluded with a description of the joys of

Oxford life on the river and in the parks, illustrated by views of the Cherwell with its willowed margin and Mesopotamia. The latter beauty spot is an avenue of pollard willows, winding between two branches of the Cherwell; a favourite haunt of Oxford birds. Oh! the joy of a nature walk in such a spot. Miss Counsell would find, I hope, that even a Salford student would prove an apt and intelligent pupil given such a place for her studies.

A very pleasant and instructive evening was brought to a close by the Principal's vote of thanks, which was heartily endorsed by all.

GRACE STIRLAND.

The Russian Play

The "Scenes from Russian village life" written by Miss Turner and Miss Dobson appear in another column, and portray vividly some of the characteristics of Russia.

We had the best setting for the scenes in the Russian Music played by Miss Bibby, and the national dances arranged by Miss Row. One of the audience gives her impressions below.

When we assembled in the Drill Hall on Whit-Monday evening, we suddenly found ourselves transported into a Russian Peasant's cottage, where an old man and his daughter were busily carving wooden toys. They were talking about the school that Stephen Michalovitch had started in the village, and were discussing whether Marfa's children should be allowed to go, when in came the children in their picturesque dresses, clamouring for permission to go to school the next day. It was decided at last that they should go.

The second scene shewed us the children on their return, very hungry, and full of excitement, eagerly telling of the wonderful things they had seen and heard at school. Their description of the piano amused us; it was a big shiny box with white teeth, and could sing beautiful music like the church bells. They sang one of their songs there and then, Marfa and Nicholai joining in; this in the midst of their meal, which consisted of black bread and potatoes! Marfa was persuaded to let these enthusiastic scholars go again the next day, but she warned them not to go near the big box, for, she said, "I'm sure there's a demon inside it."

The next scenes shewed the Fêtes of Winter, Spring, and Summer.

It was Christmas Eve—a fast day—and the grown-ups were upstairs at prayers, but Ivan and Sonya and their friends had stolen out of the house and gone to find the hut of old Dmitri, the shepherd, who would tell them fine stories and let them see his sheep and talk to his dogs. We heard one of Dmitri's stories, "The Story of Vasilissa," and how we enjoyed it! no wonder the boys and girls went to him when they were dull! Irina spoke for us all when she said, "I do love that story, I wish I could hear you tell it all over again." They told Dmitri of the lovely evening,

when St. Nicholas would bring his gifts, and there would be a great supper of fish and nice puddings, and after that the children from the school would come and sing carols, so they, and we, left Dmitri's hut.

In the next scene, St. Nicholas day was past ; the long winter was over and the first signs of spring had appeared. Now was the great day of rejoicing—the day of St. George—when all the cattle would be set free from their sheds, and driven through the early morning dew to find young, tender, green grass and clear springs which would drive away all ills. The happy villagers were full of thanks that the glad spring had come again. In the evening there was to be a dance. It was a day of gladness for everyone, although young Vladimir, who boasted he had seen the Domovoi and yet been unafraid, to-day had a fright, mistaking Stephan's old black cow for the terrible demon, the Bannik. We hope it did not spoil his day, or his reputation for courage, for more than one maiden had been hoping to dance with him that evening. The simple but sincere Russian Peasants do not take all the gifts of nature as a matter of course. They have this joyous Spring Fête, and then in Summer they give thanks again. The whole village joins in thanksgiving for the blessings, and all sing and work together harmoniously. We saw in Tableaux what our friends did on St. Peter's Day. The villagers took their implements with them into the fields, leaving old Nicholai behind with the baby Pashinka. Then the men began to mow, singing with a good swing the "Song of the haulers on the Volga." The last tableau shewed the tired workers at night, lying on the hay, some sleeping, some singing.

Another scene portrayed the festivities of St. Anne's Day. All the villagers came for the dance, which was very quaint and pretty. The dancers' smiling faces told us that their happiness was complete, when suddenly amid the revelry were heard cries of "Stay!" "A Cossack!" "War! War!" The dancing stopped. Alexis delivered his message. "The great army must gather and swell to such a size that we will roll back this big tide of enemy soldiers and all our fighting men must go." Dismay was written on the women's faces, but the men declared their willingness, more, their eagerness to go and serve their "Little Father, the Tzar." The women tried to hide their grief, and attended to the messenger's needs, for he had far to travel that day. All were now filled with the desire to defend and help the "Holy Empire," and Stephan cried, "No enemy shall tread the sacred soil of our Fatherland, unless he first pass over our dead bodies." We joined with these loyal men and women as they sang their National Anthem, feeling proud that such people are our Allies.

Among the actors were our Senior Student, Doris Cockshaw, who took the part of Marfa, Bertha Foster as Nicholai, Harriet Allman as Dmitri, and Stephanie Hunt as Stephan, but we knew

none of them as students that evening—they were the people they impersonated, and we congratulate and thank them all.

BERYL HENDERSON.

First Year Concert

At last the great day had come! We sat in our cushioned seats awaiting the drawing of the curtains. Oh! the excitement of the moment. After a whole term of anxious waiting, we were actually to see the result of those marvellous "Before-breakfast Education Lectures" which our First Year had so faithfully attended.

At the magic stroke of seven, sounds as of the tuning up of violins reached our ears preparing us for an overture: "Rendez-vous," charmingly performed by the first year orchestra; E. Dutton violin. Then came the first year song composed by C. E. Marshall, and H. Hunt at the piano, D. Moody first violin, K. Pearson second and set to music by E. Dutton. The topical allusions of this item elicited roars of laughter from the delighted audience. A quartette, tastefully rendered by G. Bingham, E. Dutton, B. Henderson, and J. Stevenson, followed. As the strains died away we were all startled by a sudden brilliant glare of red light that shot up from behind the green curtains. Suddenly—was the place haunted?—with a wild shriek there appeared before us a band of witches who circled round the fire in the middle of the platform, brandishing their brooms as they droned their awful spells and muttered incantations over the magic pot. The proverbial Black Cat (J. Stevenson) accompanied them. All at once their revels ceased. Stealthily on tiptoe, in came several fairies. All gloom disappeared, while the audience showed its approval with loud demands for an encore. G. Stirland then gave a dramatic rendering of "The Redemption of Europe," a tribute to Belgium by Alfred Noyes. After this we learned in song the meaning of the "Willow Pattern Plate" from a charming little Japanese lady, E. Dutton, with her ten graceful Geisha girls. The next item gave us all a shock. We had been to hagland, to fairyland and to Japan, but now we were on the beach watching the pierrots (and pierrettes). The troupe sang "Bobby had a Banjo," in true pierrot fashion. During the interval the audience recovered from their helpless laughter, and the second half of the programme began. First, there was the "Proposal Scene" from "Pride and Prejudice." M. Astbury as the imperturbable Mr. Collins was excellent, while G. Stirland by her skilful acting of her part, showed her true insight into the character of Elizabeth. C. E. Marshall as Mrs. Bennet, was most amusing in her zeal to arrange a match between a wilful daughter and her wealthy cousin. The next item was a trio, "The Angel's Serenade," by M. Stevenson, vocalist D. Moody, violinist; H. Hunt, pianist. Afterwards we saw "Mrs. Pullet's New Bonnet" from "The Mill on the Floss." I. Roberts

was first-rate as Mrs. Tulliver. P. Oldham as Mrs. Clegg caused much laughter especially when she flounced out of the room, ordering her sister to send the maid to call her when tea was ready. After her disappearance, the New Bonnet was displayed by Mrs. Pullett (S. Padley) with great pride. Nothing could have been more charming than the way the bonnet was admired and carefully tried on by the two sisters with due reverence and awe. The parts of Maggie and Tom were taken by E. Chamberlin and H. Hunt. As the two children are only silent participators in the scene, their dumb rôles are by no means easy to act: but of course, they had had the privilege of attending Education Lectures every morning very early.

The curtain fell amidst great applause. Afterwards three cheers were given both from audience and actors, and a very pleasant evening was closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

STEPHANIE HUNT.

La Soirée Française

A la fin du trimestre passé, les murs de notre collège ont retenti des sons de gaiété qui venaient de la soirée française qui avait lieu.

Mlle. Turner, le professeur et sa classe de français ont envoyé aux demoiselles les professeurs du Collège des invitations les priant de venir prendre le thé dans le salon des étudiantes lundi le 10 juillet.

Et puis l'arrivée des acceptations — vous pensez si nous en étions réjouies! Figurez vous un peu nos transports en lisant ceci:— "Oui oui, Merci, Bibi." Maintenant, vous pardonneriez sans doute nos huées de joie en lisant de telles acceptations.

Les jours filaient vite, vite. Lundi est arrivé, Mlle. le professeur et sa classe se sont rendues dans le salon.

Et l'arrivée des invités, je ne le décris pas! Mon cerveau entre dans une sorte de délire en essayant d'arranger quelques faits individuels. Il me vient une vision d'un petit carnet qui pouvait aider toute personne qui le consultait en difficulté. Par exemple:— une invitée veut entrer; elle ouvre le livre et le consulte; puis, "Bonjour" dit-elle! Une merveille de petit livre, par exemple! Et il avait une jolie couverture khaki (je l'ai entrevue après!) avec les mots mystérieux:—"Français—English; Anglais—French; Pour les soldats Anglais en France."

Puis le thé a commencé. Tout en mangeant de jolis gâteaux sucrés on entendait des voix qui bavardaient en français. Et les fraises à crème—et la conversation étaient d'une richesse!

Il y a de certaines phrases qui ont un son imposant. En effet, chaque fois qu'on les prononce on y entend plus de majesté, plus à faire ravir. Par exemple, la phrase "C'est impossible"—oui, chère lectrice, c'est d'une médiocrité; mais vous auriez dû l'entendre le 10 juillet dans le salon des étudiantes! vous ne pouvez

pas vous en figurer la force quand on la promène à toute occasion. Malheureusement le contexte n'est pas toujours convenables Aussi il y avait des : " Ni l'un ni l'autre," poussés avec toutes les inflexions possibles. Par-ci, comme question, réponse, ou exclamation, par là comme observation casuelle ou mieux, annonce solennelle, cette phrase se fit entendre à tout moment. Enfin " ni l'un ni l'autre " a constitué, croyez-moi, une petite conversation de cinq minutes de durée entre deux des invités.

Vers la fin du thé une des hôtesse offre des tartines avec " Une tartine, mademoiselle ! ' Oh ! ' je couldn't " vient la réponse.

Mais malgré ou à cause de tous ces petits détails, chère lectrice, vous auriez entendu du français fort supérieur si vous y avez assisté.

Après le thé tout le monde s'est rendu dans le salon des professeurs pour la musique. S. Hunt et M. Walker ont donné deux jolies petites chansons françaises.

Enfin, à six heures la représentation dramatique a commencé dans la salle de gymnastique. La première moitié du programme était quelques scènes du " Malade Imaginaire " de Molière. M. Walker a pris le rôle d'Argan, le malade ; B. Picton Toinette la domestique ; D. Clayton, femme d'Argan et E. Alcock, Beraldi, frère d'Argan, L'auditoire fut beaucoup amusé de la scène où Toinette prétend être médecin,—et aussi de son action de mettre le coussin par-dessus la tête du malade.

Après la terminaison de cette pièce, on a offert une comédie qui s'était jouée depuis trois mois sur la scène du Palais-Royal. " Le Poilu " en était le titre. Il y avait quatre personnages :— Le Poilu, Robert Valdier (H. Allman) ; la grand mère Mme. Letilloy (S. Hunt) ; sa petite Suzanne (D. Reade) ; et Françoise la femme de chambre (E. Alcock).

L'argument de la comédie est bien amusant. Suzanne écrit régulièrement à un poilu dans les tranchées. Cette correspondance résulte enfin d'une affaire de cœur entre les deux,—à l'insu de Mme. Letilloy. Puis, le poilu Robert reçoit une permission de quatre jours qu'il veut passer à Paris chez les Letilloy. La grand'mère a ses soupçons que Suzanne aime ce soldat inconnu, et défend à sa petite fille de le voir. Puis Mme. Letilloy fait semblant d'être Suzanne elle-même et dit à Robert qu'elle est la " marraine " à qui il a écrit. Le désappointement de Robert en apprenant que Mme. Letilloy est sa " Suzanne," la ruse de Suzanne qui se constitue Françoise and la conquête du cœur de Robert par cette jolie femme de chambre, sont très amusantes. Dans l'absence de madame, Robert et " Françoise " trouvent qu'ils s'aiment mutuellement, & le dénouement vient avec la rentrée de Madame Letilloy, qui, d'une voix scandalisée, crie " Suzanne ! " Robert trouve que Françoise est véritablement sa Suzanne et que Madame Letilloy est sa grand'mère. Celle-ci donne son consentement à leur mariage et dit adieu à son propre petit roman. Le rideau tombe.

Il y a aussi dans la comédie une jolie chanson appelée " Le

Portrait" et chantée par Robert. M. Maurice Jacquet en est le compositeur.

L'auditoire semblait suivre à merveille tous les incidents de la pièce, et leurs applaudissements ont beaucoup encouragé les actrices (qui n'étaient pas trop sûres de leurs rôles!).

Madame la directrice a donné ses remerciements à notre professeur et à sa classe et Mademoiselle Turner a répondu.

Ainsi a terminé une soirée très agréable. La classe de français a simultanément poussé un soupir à la pensée de dire adieu à leur cours de français et à Mademoiselle leur professeur.

HARRIETT E. ALLMAN.

A French Evening

An invitation in French to take tea with *le professeur et la classe de français*! Consternation at the thought of replying in French, and worse still, of having to talk French in the intervals of taking tea was, however, tempered by pleasurable anticipation of the tea itself and still more of the *petite représentation dramatique* which was modestly brought in in the tail of the invitation.

The tea certainly justified our anticipations and the conversation was not so terrible as it might have been, though the first comer, arriving alone and punctual to the moment, was somewhat overwhelmed by the truly French welcome accompanied, so it seemed, by dozens of waving arms and effusive bows, which greeted her entrance. The *professeur* and the members of the *classe de français* showed themselves most ready to help out our conversational efforts, and one of the guests, at least, has added "*bol à rinçure*" to her vocabulary as a result. Some of the *classe*, it is said, even connived an occasional word of English in out-of-the-way corners of the room. After tea we enjoyed French songs from Stephanie Hunt and May Walker and then proceeded to the Drill Hall for the *représentation dramatique*. We had first an amusing scene from "*Le Malade Imaginaire*," in which the self-pitying invalid (MaryWalker) as the result of a plot arranged by his brother (EleanorAlcock) and the maid Toinette (Barbara Picton) and cleverly carried out by the latter, pretends to be dead, and while in that defenceless condition overhears his wife (Dorothy Clayton) express her real opinion of him. The scene was a most effective one and the four actors carried it out excellently.

Then followed a short, modern topical *théâtre*. In this Dora Reade appeared as a very charming French girl, Suzanne, and Stephanie Hunt as her equally charming grandmother. Harriett Allman was the "*poilu*" ("Tommy"), whom Suzanne and her grandmother had adopted, and to whom, to her grandmother's horror, Suzanne had been sending letters as well as parcels. The "*poilu*" paid an unexpected visit and the natural climax to the letter writing followed, in spite of the grandmother's attempts to prevent it, for her scheme to keep Suzanne out of M. Robert's sight was

frustrated by the ready wit of the former and the help of the *domestique* Françoise (Eleanor Alcock). The spirited acting and the evident enjoyment of the actors made the appeal of this delightful little play quite irresistible to the audience, and when the Principal, in French, thanked Miss Turner and the French class for the very pleasant evening they had given us, we heartily supported her in the international language of applause.

M. DOBSON.

Report of Recreative Societies

The following reports have been received from the different Secretaries :—

The Debating Society

The first debate of the year was held in the Library, on October 13th, when the subject was :—“ That the Victorian woman was more true to type than the modern one.” The motion was proposed by D. Reade, who read a very clever and somewhat humorous statement of her views. M. Fairhurst read a very interesting paper in oppositon. During the course of the debate, Miss Todhunter Miss Dobson, B. Picton, M. England, M. Walker, E. Smith and H. Allman spoke on the subject. This list shows an absence of first year names, but we feel that this was not so much owing to a lack of anything to say as to a lack of nerve to say it. We exhort all future first years to conquer their shyness and to enliven the debate and delight the “ assistance ” by giving their undoubtedly interesting opinions ?

At the close of the debate, votes were taken by the chairman (H. Allman), and it was found that the assembly was loyally unanimous in voting the modern woman equally as true to type as the Victorian. Thus the motion was lost unanimously.

Before the meeting adjourned the Principal suggested that at the next meeting the debating should be impromptu, with a small time limit to the speeches. The chairman put the suggestion before the gathering, and it was carried unanimously. Various suggestions of topics for debate were then offered, and taken by the chairman.

The second debate was held on November 10th, and was well attended. Six of the subjects suggested at the previous meeting had been chosen by the Committee. Each subject was written on two slips of paper, one of which was marked “ oppose ” and the other “ propose.” The chairman then briefly explained the form of debate. Twelve volunteers were to draw for the twelve slips of paper, and were to speak on the topic written thereon, opposing or proposing it, as indicated on the slip drawn. The time limit of each speech was fixed as three minutes. The volunteers were as follows :—Miss Dobson, D. Cockshaw, N. Evans, L. Garner, B. Henderson, K. Pearson, B. Picton, D. Reade, E. Smith, D. Storey,

M. Walker and E. Wood. We were very glad to have three volunteers from the ranks of the first years. They undoubtedly did their year credit, and indeed all the speakers deserve congratulation on their interesting and lucid speeches, which were of course wholly unprepared. The following is the order of debates with their individual results :—

1. "That a teacher is born not made." Proposer: E. Smith; Opposer: N. Evans. Votes :—18 pro.; 12 con. Motion carried by 6 votes.

2. "That nothing can need a lie." Proposer: B. Picton; Opposer: D. Cockshaw. Votes :—10 pro.; 20 con. Motion lost by 10 votes.

3. "That it is better to be born blind than to become so." Proposer: L. Garner; Opposer: D. Reade. Votes :—8 pro.; 22 con. Motion lost by 14 votes.

4. "That sports are greatly overdone by the modern girl." Proposer: D. Storey; Opposer: B. Henderson. Votes :—4 pro. 24 con. Motion lost by 20 votes.

5. "That to be wise is more desirable than to be beautiful." Proposer: K. Pearson; Opposer: Miss Dobson. Votes :—15 pro. 13 con. Motion carried by 2 votes.

6. "That slang is absolutely indefensible." Proposer: M. Walker; Opposer: E. Wood. Votes :—8 pro.; 20 con. Motion lost by 12 votes.

Unfortunately it was impossible to fix a third meeting of the Society, owing to the arrangements of the other recreative societies in College and to the curtailment of free evening time which resulted from Zeppelin alarms. The Lincoln Training College Debating Society of the future has our best wishes for its success and may it prove a valuable training ground for all its budding "Balfours!"

H. E. ALLMAN.

The Reading Society

The Reading Society held frequent meetings last winter, when many interesting papers were read, and books discussed. The papers read were:—"Maeterlinck's Life and Plays," by Dorothy Storey; "The Four Feathers," by Francis Knights; "Shelley," by Amy Rankine; and "Kipling," by Grace Stirland. That these papers were very much appreciated was shown by the large attendance at the meetings, and the reluctance with which the girls retired when the dormitory bell rang. In addition to the papers, portions of books were read of a lighter, and more humorous character. Mr. Tull read extracts from "Conan Doyle," Barbara Picton read portions of "Sentimental Tommy," and May England, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Miss Counsell was prevailed upon to read some of Stephen Leacock's "Nonsense Novels," and they were so much appreciated that the members petitioned for a further reading, which was granted.

During the meetings very little raffia or knitting, etc., was done, as the members were so often overcome with merriment by the reading of the more humorous novels. We were sorry to lose the able leadership of Miss Watson, but we still had an admirable leader in Miss Dobson. May the meetings during the coming winter be popular, and every success attend the Society, and its Secretary.

E. SPEAKMAN.

The Musical Society

The first meeting of the Musical Society was held at the beginning of the Autumn term and in the week following seventy-nine members were enrolled.

During the first term, at Miss Bibby's suggestion, many pleasant evenings were spent practising Christmas Carols, the fact that they were chiefly old ones adding to their charm and beauty. On the last Sunday of the term, these were sung in chapel by the members of the Society.

The Second Term was one of School practices and Zeppelin alarms and the Society's work consequently suffered; however the members joined with the Dramatic Society to sing the beautiful songs in the play "Dante and Beatrice."

No formal meetings were held during the Summer Term. Towards the end of the term, again members joined with the Dramatic Society to sing Russian folk songs in the Russian Play. A very enjoyable practice was spent one evening in preparation for the G.F.S. pageant on Empire Day, and on this occasion the Society—senior members—helped the Lincoln G.F.S in the choruses.

Many thanks are due to the President, Miss Bibby, to whom the Society must attribute its success.

A. JACKSON.

The Dramatic Society, 1915-1916

At the end of the year we can look back with satisfaction upon a successful season. Interest has been well maintained; the membership has been kept at a high level, the highly respectable total of fifty-five members being reached. Our Dramatic Society has been popular with both Juniors and Seniors; a good amount of hard work has been put in, the climax being three performances which were well received.

The first performance, "Dante and Beatrice" was given on December 11th. As an account of this appeared in the last Magazine those who desire further information are referred to this, which will give them a good idea of its success.

After many rumours, which caused much excitement in our ranks, the play, "Scenes from Peasant Life in Russia"—the result

of the joint efforts of Miss Turner and Miss Dobson—appeared, and was duly rehearsed by the members of the Society.

This play was presented at Whitsuntide before a large audience amongst whom were several old L.T.C. students. For a full account of this performance, the magazine should be consulted. Owing to its great success it was considered advisable to repeat it on the evening of Speech Day, Saturday, July 7th.

To the Dramatic Society we wish every success during the coming season; and we know beforehand that this success is assured to any Society with Miss Turner as its leader and president.

COMMITTEE—1915-1916

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	Miss TURNER
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	D. COCKSHAW
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	B. FOSTER
<i>Representative Member</i>			-	H. ALLMAN

B. FOSTER.

Games

BADMINTON

The season was a very successful one on the whole, the games were very well attended, and seemed to be thoroughly enjoyed.

The matches at the end of the season were played with plenty of enthusiasm and zeal, and I must here congratulate the members from King, who were fortunate enough to win the shield, though Nelson ran them a very close second. Wickham and Sheds fought very hard, and I sincerely congratulate them on their efforts. I wish all players, old and new, a successful season in the coming year.

A. M. EDMUNDSON (*Captain*).

CRICKET

1st. XI MATCHES

June 14th	L. T. C. v. L. High School
	L. T. C. 96 for 3 wickets; L. High School 31
„ 22nd	L. High School v. L. T. C.
	L. T. C. 94 for 3 wkts.; L. High School 27,

HOUSE MATCHES

June 15th	Nelson v. King
	Nelson 114 for 3 wkts.; King 55
„	Wick. & Sheds v. King
	Wick. & Sheds, 89 for 5 wkts.; King, 59
„	Nelson v. Wick. & Sheds,
	Nelson, 75 for 7 wkts.; Wick. & Sheds, 25

The cricket captain for next season is Rita French.

R. French, H. Hunt, S. Arnold, L. Robinson, have won cricket stripes.

B. PICTON (*Captain*).

TENNIS

Great enthusiasm was shewn during the early part of the season, especially among the juniors, and all available time on the courts was used, including the hour before breakfast. Unfortunately, on account of bad weather, we were unable to play the match arranged for Whit-Monday between "Past and Present."

As usual, we played the House Tournament; but owing to the large number of King entries, the Juniors' School Practice, the Seniors' "Final," and the bad weather, etc., it was not completed. We managed to play off sufficient number of games however, to shew that Wickham was the winning house.

The Captain for 1916-17, is Doris Dobson. "Good Luck" to her. We hope the coming season will see the courts better patronised than ever.

NELLIE MASTERS (*Captain*).

NET-BALL

Both 1st Years and 2nd Years who have been interested in Net-Ball, will agree that we have had many enjoyable practices this season, and great enthusiasm was shown when the House Matches were played. Nelson House carried off the shield. The results of the House Matches are as follows:—

Nov. 30th	Nelson 18	King 7
Dec. 1st	King 21	Wickham & Sheds, 8
May 16th	Nelson 14	Wickham & Sheds, 3

We were not able to arrange a match this year with our old opponents at Grimsby on account of economy in war-time.

1st Team—J. Sinclair, B. Foster, B. Picton, M. Walker, R. French, D. Nixon, M. Fairhurst.

B. FOSTER (*Captain*).

Certificate List, 1916

Name	Subject passed with Distinction	Subject passed with Credit Advanced Course	Subject passed with Credit Ordinary Course
Adcock, Violet D
Alcock, Eleanor M. F B	.. E
Allman, Harriett E. E F	.. B	.. T Hy M Ma
Barker, Alice T* S
Barrett, Nellie E	.. T Hy M S
Burrows, Cecilia E.
Butler, Margaret
Chapman Maud T
Clayton, Dorothy M. D	..
Cockshaw Doris
Dale, Elsie
Dixon, Margaret O.
Edmundson, A. May
England, May E* H

Name	Subject passed with Distinction	Subject passed with Credit Advanced Course	Subject passed with Credit Ordinary Course
Evans, Noeline M. M G S
Fairhurst, May E.
Forman, Clarissa M. G
Forster, Muriel V. D	..
Forster, Bertha	.. Hy B	.. D	.. E Ma
Foster, Maud T* Hy S
Garner, Lilian Hy
Geary, Amy G S
Green, J. Evelyn
Hale, Annie E... E* S
Huggins, Kate F. T	..
Hunt, A. Stephanie W. M H F	.. T E* Hy
Hunter, Maggie E	.. T
Jackson, Alice	.. E	.. M	.. T Hy G
Jackson, E. Annie
Jamieson, Edith M.
Knights, Francis M. E	.. T*
Lever, Phyllis M. S
Lidington, Olive
Loughton, Clarice G. E	..
Masters, Nellie S
Nicholson, S. Annie Hy H*
Nixon, Dorothy C. G S
Parkinson, Lilian
Peck, Sarah C.
Picton, Barbara E	..
Radford, Bertha M. Hy
Ramsden, Elsie
Reade, Dora E. E	.. T *Ma S
Schofield, Doris
Shires, Marjorie V. C.	.. B	.. D	..
Smith, Ethel E	.. Hy M H*
Speakman, Edith T* E* H
Storey, Dorothy M. B	..
Tooley, Fanny A.
Tweed, Doris M. Hy
Urry, Miriam J.
Walker, Mary	.. Hy	.. T E	.. M
Willett, Vera

Lowery, Beatrice } These Students are now (November, 1916) recognised by
 Richards, Bertha } the Board as Certificated.

Officers for the Year

E. Wood, N. Appleton, F. Butler, M. Campion, E. Corden, E. Cunnington, E. Hart, C. Marshall, A. Pattison, A. Rankine, I. Roberts, E. Robinson, G. Stirland, D. Taylor, W. Walker, M. Whittaker.

Students Admitted September, 1915

NAME	SCHOOL IN WHICH A STUDENT, PUPIL, OR ASSISTANT TEACHER	QUALIFICATIONS
Appleton, Doris	.. St. Andrews' C. of E. Wigan	... Oxford Senior 1915, 1st class Honours
Austin, Dorothy G.	.. St. Swithins' C. of E., Lincoln	.. Oxford Senior 1915
Beale, Edna R.	.. Gladstone Road Infants Council School, Scarborough	.. Prelim. Cert. 1916
Broom, Doris	.. St. Clement's C. of E. Lower Broughton, Salford	.. Oxford Senior 1914-1915
Brummitt, Dora	.. Reynold St. Council Infants and Junior, Cleethorpes	.. Oxford Senior 1915, 3rd Class Honours
Burton, Maud	.. Estcourt Street Council Infants, Hull	Prelim. Cert. 1914-1915
Buttery, May	.. Horncastle Wesleyan, Mixed	.. Prelim. Cert. 1916, and Senior Oxford
Chipperfield, Ethel	Armitage Street Council, Hyde Road Manchester	.. Oxford Senior 1915
Clark, Hannah	.. Silver Street C. of E. Girls, Grimsby	Oxford Senior, 1914
Collin, Winifred Ellen	Bassingham Council, Lincs.	.. Oxford Senior 1915-1916
Dack, Ethel May	.. St. James' Infants, Porter St., Hull	.. Prelim. Cert. 1915
Dakin, Lilian Ruth	Horsley Woodhouse Council, Derby	.. Prelim. Cert. 1915
Ebblewhite, Annie	Church Lane Council Infants, Oswin Avenue, Balby, Doncaster	.. Prelim. Cert. 1915
Farrar, Phoebe	.. Loreal Grove Council Mixed, Normanton	Oxford Senior 1915-16
Fawlks, Elsie	.. Estcourt Street Council Junior, Hull	Prelim. Cert. 1914-1915
Fell, Dorothy J.	.. Long Sutton Council Infants, Wisbech	Prelim. Cert. 1916
Gregory, Margaret	.. Ruyton XI Towns, Shrewsbury	.. Oxford Senior 1915-1916
Guest, Emily Maud	.. Bingham C. of E. Notts.	.. Prelim. Cert. 1916
Harrison, Barbara R.H.	Western Road Council School Sheffield	.. Prelim. Cert. 1914-1916
Higham, Hilda M.	National and Blue Coat School, Wigan	Oxford Senior 1915
Hinson, Elsie M.	.. Morton Council School, W. Bourne	Prelim. Cert. 1916
Hocking, Emma M.	Bursar St. Council, Cleethorpes	.. Prelim. Cert. 1916
Horton, Miriam C.	National and Blue Coat Girls, Wigan	Oxford Senior 1914-1915
Humphreys, Evelyn M.	Long Sutton Council, Infants	.. Prelim. Cert. 1916
Ibbotson, Ethel G.	Hillsbro' Council School, Girls, Sheffield	.. Prelim. Cert. 1916
Jubb, Irene	.. Nettleham C. of E., Lincs.	.. Oxford Senior 1914-1915
Kenyon, Beatrice	.. Windermere Rd. Council, Leigh, Lancs.	Prelim. Cert. 1913
King, Muriel	.. Holy Trinity, C. of E., Louth	.. Prelim. Cert. 1915
Lewis, Emily	.. Owston Park Lane Council, Girls, Doncaster, and Adwick-le-Street, Central Council, Doncaster	.. Oxford Senior, 1st Class Honours
Lownsborough, Lilian M.	Beeford C. of E., Drlffield	.. Prelim. Cert. 1916
Martin, Madge F.	.. Friskney Central C. of E., Lincs.	.. Camb. Senior 1915
Miller Freda M.	.. Clayfield Road. Council School, Scunthorpe	.. Prelim. Cert. 1916
Moss, Hilda C.	.. St. Martin's Girls School, Lincoln	Oxford Senior 1915
Nicholson, Ivy R.	.. St. Thomas' Church School, Infants, Longwestgate, Scarborough	.. Prelim. Cert. 1915
Peat, Eva S.	.. Gleadless Rd. Council Junior, Sheffield	Prelim. Cert. 1916
Potter, Eileen	.. 7 months at Gladstone Road Infants, Scarborough	.. Prelim. Cert. 1916
Purvis, Norah	.. St. Mary's C. of E., Scarborough	.. Prelim. Cert. 1915
Ralphs, Edna M.	.. Parish Infants, Gainsborough	.. Camb. Senior 1915, 3rd Class Honours

NAME	SCHOOL IN WHICH A STUDENT, PUPIL, OR ASSISTANT TEACHER	QUALIFICATIONS
Sellers, Minnie	.. Gosberton Council School, Spalding	Camb. Senior 1914
Smith, Annie	.. St. George's Infants, Wigan	.. Oxford Senior 1915
Smith, Florence C. A.	Girls Council School, Tutbury	.. Camb. Senior 1914-1915
Smith, Hilda	.. Not a Pupil Teacher	.. Oxford Senior 1915
Smith, Kathleen B.	.. Gurnell Street, C. of E., Scunthorpe	.. Prelim. Cert. 1916
Spencer, Elsie	.. Council Girls, Normanton	.. Oxford Senior 1914-1915
Spinks, Dorothy	.. Kirton in Lindsey Council Girls, and Gainsborough C. of E. Boys	.. Camb. Senior 1913-1916 .. Prelim. Cert. 1916
Stothard, Mercy	.. Willingham Council School, Gainsboro'	.. Prelim. Cert. 1916
Stuart, Helena C.	.. Hilda Street Girls, Grimsby and Horn- castle C. of E.	.. Camb. Senior 1914, 3rd .. Class Honours
Sugdon, Lucy	.. Beverley Minster C. of E., Girls, and Spencer Council, Beverley	.. Camb. Senior
Tetley, Clara	.. Tong Street, C. of E., Bradford	.. London Matric 1915, Oxford .. Senior, 2nd Class Honours
Thomas, Marjorie I.	.. Not a Pupil Teacher	.. Camb. Senior 1914-1915
Thompson, Lydia G.	.. Pump Green C. of E., Boston	.. Senior Oxford 1915, Prelim. .. Cert. 1916
Walker, Dorothy	.. Barton-on-Humber C. of E., Girls	.. Prelim. Cert. 1916
Walsh, Hilda	.. St. George's Church School, Infants, Wigan	.. Oxford Senior 1915
Wearmouth, Annie W.	.. Hallam Fields Infants, Ilkeston	.. Oxford Senior
Wood, Kathleen G.	.. Neepsend Junior Council School, Sheffield	.. Prelim. Cert. 1916
Wood, May E.	.. Girls, C. of E. Silver Street, Ely	.. Camb. Senior 1915
ONE YEAR STUDENT :		
Storer, Hilda M.	.. Beckenham Kindergarten Kent, King Edwards, Hackney	.. Froebel High C. .. Cert. 1914

Appointments of Students who left July, 1916

- Adcock, E. Violet—Whitby Road Co. Senior Boys, Darnall, Sheffield.
- Alcock, Eleanor—Little Gonerby Infants, Grantham.
- Allman, Harriett E.—Mafferton Council School, E. Yorks.
- Bainbridge, Ethel M.—Cramlington, Senior, Northumberland (Temporary.)
- Barker, M. Alice—South Parade Junior Girls, Grimsby.
- Barrett, Nellie—St. Clements, C. E. Lower Broughton, Salford.
- Burrows, Cecilia E.—St. Peter's, Upper Conduit Street, Leicester.
- Butler, Margaret M.—Langley Mill Council Girls, Nottingham.
- Chapman, Maud, Clifton Street Council Infants, Hull.
- Clayton, Dorothy M.—Practising Infants, Lincoln.
- Cockshaw, Doris—St. Ambrose C. E. Seedley, Manchester.
- Dale, A. Elsie—St. Philip's Girls' School, Hulme.
- Dixon, Margaret O.—
- Edmundson, A. May—Seedley Council School Infants, Salford.
- England, May—Vickerstown Infants, Walney, Barrow-in-Furness.
- Evans, Noeline, St. Barnabus Infants, Sheffield
- Fairhurst, Mary E.—St. John the Baptist, C.E. New Springs.

- Forman, Clarissa M.—Alexandra Hospital School, Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, London.
- Forster, Muriel V.—South Parade, Junior Girls, Grimsby.
- Foster, Bertha—Estcourt Street Senior, Hull.
- Foster, Maud—Saner St. Infants, Anlaby Road, Hull.
- Garner, Lilian A.—Council School Infants, Glossop.
- Geary, Amy—Northmoor Council Mixed, Grange Street, Oldham.
- Green, J. Evelyn—Waterloo Road Council, Cheetham, Manchester.
- Hale, Annie E.—Courtney Street Senior Boys, Hull.
- Huggins, Kate F.—Fairclough Street Infants, Backchurch Lane, Commercial Road, E.
- Hunt, A. Stephanie—Hugh Middleton Senior Mixed, Islington.
- Hunter, Mary J.—Catchgate Council Boys, Sheffield.
- Jackson, Alice—John Street Council Boys, Salford.
- Jackson, E. Annie—East Riding Education Authority (Supply).
- Jamieson, M. Edith—Lily Lane School, Moston, Manchester.
- Knights, Francis M.—Christ's Hospital Terrace School, Lincoln.
- Lever, Phyllis M.—West Liverpool Street Infants, Manchester.
- Liddington, Olive A.—Weedon Girls, Northamptonshire.
- Loughton, Clarice G.—St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Longacre, London.
- Lowery, Beatrice—St. Paul's Mixed, Grimsby.
- Masters, Nellie M.—Oakham School, Boys Department.
- Nicholson, S. Annie—Firs Hill Boys, Sheffield.
- Nixon, Dorothy C.—Woodbourn Road Council Girls, Sheffield.
- Parkinson, Lilian—Margrove Park Council, Boosbeck, S.O. Yorks.
- Peck, Sarah C.—Drayton School, Nuneaton.
- Picton, Barbara—St. Anne's, Brindle Heath, C.E. Girls, Salford.
- Radford, Bertha—Clifton Road Council School, Boys, Birmingham.
- Ramsden, Elsie—Stamford Boys.
- Reade, Dora E.—St. Andrew's Senior, Lincoln.
- Richards, E. Bertha—St. Martin's Girls School, Lincoln.
- Schofield, Doris—Derker Council School, Oldham.
- Shires, Marjorie V. C.—
- Smith, Ethel—Broomhouse Lane Mixed, Salford.
- Speakman, Edith—Trafford Road Infants, Salford.
- Storey, Dorothy M. M.—Sincil Bank Council Senior, Lincoln.
- Tooley, Fannie A.—Fishtoft Parochial School, near Boston.
- Tweed, Doris, M.—Brunswick Council Boys, Cambridge.
- Urry, Miriam J.—Keelby Council School.
- Walker, Mary—Great George Street C. E. School, Boys, Manchester.
- Willett, Vera—Rochdale Parish Church Infants.

Scenes from Peasant Life in Russia

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ :

NIKOLAI	<i>an old peasant</i>	..	B. FOSTER
ANTON	<i>son in law of Nikolai</i>	..	C. FORMAN
MARFA	..	<i>daughter of Nikolai wife of Anton</i>		W. COCKSHAW
SONYA	}	<i>Children of Anton and Marfa</i>	}	M. WALKER
LISA				D. CLAYTON
IVAN				J. STEVENSON
DMITRI	<i>an old shepherd</i>	..	N. ALLMAN
STEPHAN	..	<i>Starosta (headman of village)</i>	..	S. HUNT
MATRONYA	<i>Wife of Stephan</i>	..	M. FAIRHURST
ANDREI	} <i>youth</i>	<i>sons of Stephan and Matronya</i>	}	M. STEVENS
GEORGE				} <i>boy</i>
PAULINE	}	<i>Peasant girls daughters of Stephan and Matronya</i>	}	D. NIXON
OLGA				G. STIRLAND
TANYA				<i>peasant girl, friend of Pauline and Olga</i>
LEO	}	<i>peasant youths</i>	}	D. READE
VLADIMIR				N. HUNT
ANNA	<i>peasant woman, mother of Leo</i>	..	A. BARKER
MARIE	}	<i>little girls, nieces of landowner and founder of school</i>	}	S. PADLEY
IRINA				E. SMITH
PETER	}	<i>boy friends of Marie and Irina</i>	}	V. ADCOCK
FEDYA				<i>children of wealthy landowner</i>
ALEXIS	<i>Cossack messenger</i>	..	P. OLDHAM
PRIEST	E. GREEN

DANCERS

Peasant Youths

N. EVANS
M. KILNER
P. LEVER
B. PICTON
J. ROBERTS
W. WALKER

Peasant Maidens

M. ASTBURY
I. CANHAM
M. EDMONDSON
B. RICHARDS
D. SCHOFIELD
D. TWED

SCENE I—INTERIOR OF PEASANT'S COTTAGE IN THE VILLAGE OF KARALITZA.

Bench along wall. High oblong stove used as seat. Ikon on wall opposite door. Table, Chairs, Stools.

An old Peasant, Nikolai Sergievitch and his daughter Marfa are seated at a table carving wooden toys.

Marfa Whatever can have made Stefan Michälovitch want to start a school. He's a rich man ; he need'nt work, Why does'nt he sit in the sun and enjoy himself, or go

hunting as his father used to do? Why did he come home from Petersburg to begin with? They say that life in the town is gay, and that nobody who's ever lived there wants to come back to a place like this where you see the same people, and the same people every day till you're sick of them.

Nik. Nay, Marfa, I don't wonder that he has come back. How could he help coming back to Karalitza? He's always loved it. When he was quite a little boy he would often come into the forest with me when I was cutting wood for his father. Ah! that was twenty years ago. (*He falls into a reverie*).

Marfa (*Impatiently*) Well, what has that to do with it?

Nik. I don't wonder that he couldn't stay in Petersburg. He loved the forest. When he was walking there with me he would stop and say, "Stand still Nicholai; listen how quiet it is; I can just hear the trees sighing because you are going to chop them down; can't you hear them? Then I could hardly take my axe and begin, for I felt as if every tree and sapling was alive—but he would soon forget—he was only little then—and would run off to look for wood fairies among the fir trees.

Marfa Well, he's not little now. They say he's very clever and I expect he's forgotten all that nonsense—not but what I'm afraid of meeting the Demon Leshi in the woods if I go there alone—may the Holy Mother and the saints save me from him (*crosses herself hurriedly*).

Nik. Nay, he can't have forgotten. How can a man who has loved the forest ever forget it? Though you shut me up in a golden palace I should always be longing for the quietness of the woods and the smell of the trees, and the colour of the brown leaves when the sun strikes between the trunks and makes them look like gold.

Marfa Oh dear! now he's begun that——

Nik. (*Not noticing her words*). And at night the bright stars hanging among the boughs. How could he live in Petersburg away from all that? And beside the forest there's the river; I'm sure there's nothing in the town like the sound of it when it begins to sing again after the ice has melted.

Marfa My little father, your mind must be wandering; you forget that Stefan Michälovitch is a man now, no longer a silly child to listen to your dreams and fancies about trees that sigh and singing rivers.

Nik. Well, Mafushka, you can't deny he has come home from Petersburg and has been here a month now.

Marfa That's true, and it seems he means to stay, for, I tell you he's going to start a school and he wants the boys and girls to go, now harvest's over.

- (*Marfa's children Ivan, Sonia and Lisa rush into the room*)
- Ivan Oh, Mamushka, may we go to school at the big house to-morrow? Fedia Vassilivitch is going!
- Son. Yes, Maminka, do let us go.
- Marfa If you go to school all day who'll make the toys to send to the fairs at Ribinsk, Ivon's getting a big boy now and quite clever at making sheep and dogs? We shan't have as much money if you go to the school. And if Sonia goes, who'll nurse little Pashinka while I work?
- Nik. Never mind the money Mafushka. We've always had enough bread and potatoes and cabbage and tea. Why trouble and worry yourself for more! Let Ivan go to school. As for little Pashinka, you know she loves to sit with me and I love to watch her and play with her. I can't do much work now, for my sight's nearly gone, but I can take care of her. Then Sonia and Lisa can go too.
- (*Another peasant woman enters*)
- Marfa Why, here's Matronya Petrovna, the very one I want. Good-day to you Matronya! Come and tell us again about Mitri, your sister's little boy who went to the new school at Oltenya last year. The children have been begging to go to his Excellency's school to-morrow.
- Matr. There is'nt much I can tell you, for its seldom I see my sister Agafya or little Mitya. However, I'll tell you what I can call to mind.
- Marfa I remember you told me something that made me laugh, about jumping over a high bar like a fence and how he could twist himself round it like a parrot round its perch. His Excellency's mother had one when I was a maid at the great house.
- Matr. Oh yes; Mitya told us all sorts of wonderful things about that. He used to take hold of the bar with his two hands, and then he lifted his two feet up from the ground and stretched them straight out behind him, just as if he was lying on his face, but with nothing to hold him up except his hands, and then he put his head down and pushed it right under the bar and all his body after it so that he came out on the other side—at least he told us so.
- Nik. I think the little rascal must have been boasting, Matronya, and trying to see how many wonderful tales he could make you believe.
- Matr. Well, any how, when he fell sick last spring my sister, Agafya, said it must have been because of the twisting round that bar.
- Nik. Ha! ha! Matronya, 'was'nt it just after the feast of Masslenitsa that Mitya fell sick. I should think that what

really ailed him was eating too much butter and too many pancakes at the feast.

(Sonia points at Lisa and shakes her head).

Marf. It's likely enough it was that. But did going to school do Mitri any good?

Matr. Well, I never heard that it did him any harm, if it was the butter that made him ill. And, indeed, he's learning all the things that gentlemen learn. He has begun to read books and he can even write. He liked it very much too and he's going again this winter.

Children Oh, Manushka, do let us go.

Ivan We won't twirl round the bar till we are ill.

Lisa And I won't eat too much butter.

Marfa Well, well, you can all go to-morrow and then we'll see.

Children Hurrah, hurrah! *(Ivan throws up his cap and the two little girls dance out of the room).*

SCENE II, THE COTTAGE—EVENING OF THE FOLLOWING DAY.

(Nikolai sitting alone).

Nik. The children should be home soon. I wonder what Stefan Michälovitch will teach them. I hope he has'nt changed. I remember Andrey Grigorivitch, who went to Petersburg to help to build ships there, once told me that there are people in the towns who don't love our little father the Tsar. Some of them even want to kill him. And they don't believe in the Holy Saints. It would be terrible if our little ones got any ideas like that.

(Marfa enters with a dish of potatoes and a loaf of black bread and salt).

Marfa I wish the children would come. It's getting dark and I'm afraid of the wolves in the forest. I hope Ivan won't run off with the other boys and leave Sonia and little Lisaveta behind.

Nik. Listen, I think I hear their shouts.

Mar. *(going to the window).* Ah yes, here they come, the three of them together.

(The children are heard singing and come in).

Ivan I'm hungry, mother.

Mar. The potatoes are ready; come to the table, and while you eat them you can tell us all about the school. Can you read now? What did the barin do to you?

Ivan Oh! we've had great fun, Maminka. You will let us go tomorrow, won't you? *(begins to eat).*

Mar. You have'nt said your grace. The demons will go down your throat and give you pains inside.

Nik. *(To Sonia).* And did you like it too, my Sonetchka?

Son. Oh yes, Batushka. The barin is so clever, I'm sure he knows everything. And you know Batushka, I do want

to know such a lot of things. There was a lady who taught us.

Mar. A lady! What would she teach you? To spin and weave? When I was at the great house the mistress used to weave the most beautiful fine linen, but it was only fit for gentlefolk to wear.

Son. No, she told us a story about a great Tzar of our Holy Russia, who lived a long, long time ago. His name was Vladimir and he did such wonderful things I can't remember them all, but he conquered all the countries round about so that the Tzars were all afraid of him, and he used to ride about all over the country without ever resting. Then he wrote it all down himself, so that we could know all the great things he did.

Nik. To think that the Tzar could write all that long time ago, and I don't know how to! But then he was the Tzar.

Son. Yes, our teacher told us the very words that he wrote. I can remember some of them: "No one has ever travelled more quickly than I have done. I have set out in the morning from Chernigoff and arrived at Kief before the hour of vespers. What falls from my horse I have had! wounding my feet and hands and breaking my head against trees, but the Lord watched over me."

Nik. and Marfa. How beautiful!

Son. And the lady lets us ask her all kinds of questions.

Marfa. You would be ready enough to do that I daresay.

Nik. Well, what did you ask her?

Son. I'll tell just you Batushka, because the others will laugh (*she whispers to Nik.*) I asked her why the pretty little puppy that was born in our stable just before little Pashinka came, had turned into a big ugly dog that frightens poor Pashinka now? He tried to bite her yesterday.

Nik. And what did she say?

Son. She said, that's a very hard question; but you know your father wants a big dog to bring home the cows, a puppy could'nt do that.

Ivan (*Interrupting*). Listen, and I'll tell you about the story the barin told us. Its' better than Sonetchka's. It was about a boy called David. He was a shepherd like old Mitri, only he was a boy and not a man. And there was a big giant called Goliath; he came to fight against David's country and everybody was frightened of him except David. David just took some stones and threw them at him and he hit him right in the middle of his forehead and killed him. It was fine.

Nik. (*to Marfa.*) I think I remember the priest telling us a story something like that. So Stefan Michälovitch won't be going to teach the children anything wrong if he begins with the priest's stories.

- Ivan When we came out of school, Ilya Simonevitch and I tried who could throw stones the best, and of course I beat him.
- Marfa But what good will it do you to tell you stories about giants? I thought you were going to school to learn to read and write, and to be able to tell straight off how much of the money that comes from Ribinsk for the toys everybody ought to have. Stephan the starosta does it with notched sticks and it takes him all day long to do it.
- Ikan I expect we shall do all that to-morrow. The barin said we should soon be able to read about David and Vladimir for ourselves. You'll let me go won't you?
- Lisa (*Who has been trying to attract the attention of her mother for some time*). You could'nt guess the wonderful thing they had at the school, Maminka. You've never seen anything like it.
- Marf. Was it the little round thing the barin carries in his pocket, that makes a little noise "*tick, tick*" and tells him when it is time to go for dinner. All the gentlefolk have those. I've seen three.
- Lisa No, it was nothing like that. It was like a big shiny wooden box, but it had a great big mouth and when the lady opened it you could see all its teeth—a big long row of white teeth. Then she just put her fingers on its teeth and it sang beautiful music like the church bells. She called it a piano.
- Marf. Oh it must be magic! Do you think it will hurt them, father! Shall I let them go again?
- Nik. I'm sure Stefan Michälovitch is too good to let anything harm them. But if children cross themselves everytime they go near it, they'll be quite safe.
- Marf. And be sure you never touch it.
- Lisa I did once this morning, but I never will again for I'm sure it was angry. I just tried to touch its teeth like the teacher did but it growled "*Bo-Bo,*" and I was so frightened.
- Marf. Mind you never do that again, or you'll be bewitched and have to be chained up like poor Grushenka was, until she died.
- Son. After the piano had sung, we sang too.
- Marf. Ah! did the barin teach you some songs from Petersburg? Come let us hear them.
- Son. Oh no, he asked us to sing anything we liked, and so we sang "*Dear duck of the meadows,*" and "*Firgrove, my firgrove,*" you know Mamushka this one, (*begins to hum it, and the others including Nicholai join in*).
- Marf. That's all right, but I thought he would have taught you something fresh. I am tired of hearing the same songs always.

- Nik. Oh! but I love our old songs, and I'm sure you do, really Mafutshka—when we sing them all together on summer nights in haytime or at harvest, it makes me feel young again to hear it.
- Son. The barin likes them too. When we had finished he said our songs were far better than any that the fine ladies sang in Petersburg.
- Marf. But what is the use of his going to Petersburg if he does'nt bring any new things back with him.
- Ivan Never mind, Mamushka. Perhaps he'll teach us a new song if we go to school to-morrow. You'll let us go won't you?
- Marf. Yes, yes, you shall go, but mind you keep away from the box that sings. I'm sure there's a demon inside it.

SCENE III—WINTER. CHRISTMAS EVE (MORNING.)
NEAR A FOREST.

- (*Meeting of four children from great houses of neighbourhood.*)
- Irina Oh! how glad we are to meet you, it was so quiet and dull at home this morning and of course father and mother were both upstairs at prayers in their room, and we had to be very still.
- Marie Yes! dear old Mashinka came in and opened our shutters but she never spoke a word. You know there is never any breakfast on a fast day like this.
- Irina So we just ran off into the forest.
- Peter Oh! I know, it was just the same at our house. Is'nt it a long fast day! I wish we had not so long to wait for the lovely evening.
- Fedya So do I. St. Nicholas ought to come earlier to bring us his presents. But I say, won't you come for a drive in our sledge? It is just yonder near the frozen river.
- Marie Oh yes, Fedya, let us go and see one of the old peasants.
- Peter Which one?
- Marie Oh! old Dmitri, he is so kind and he knows such lovely stories, and we can see all his sheep and dogs.
- Peter All right. Come quickly, it is so cold standing still. We shall get our noses frozen.
- Fedya We shall have a splendid run for the frozen river goes all the way to the sheepfold.

SCENE IV—WINTER—CHRISTMAS EVE MORNING, AN HOUR LATER.
(*Children's visit to shepherd's hut.*)

- Children (*Enter and bow to Ikon*) Good day, Good day, Dmitri.,
Dmitri Ah! my little masters, what is your pleasure? And yours, little mistress, and yours? You will rest awhile.

Irina Oh! Yes please. We want to look at the sheep and to talk to your dogs. Oh! There is Jill, and I can hear the sheep baaing.

(Sheep baa in far corner of platform.)

Dmitri How cold it is! Come and sit on the clean straw, excellencies. You will be warmer there. You will take something to eat? It is sad I have no tea and not one little piece of sugar for the honoured visitors.

Marie Nitchevo, nitchevo, Dmitri.

Dmitri But I have some bread, and with it you can drink a cup of goat's milk.

(Children look dubiously at each other while stroking Jill, finally accept hospitality in spite of fast.)

Marie Thank you! Thank you! Dmitri. This milk is as good as tea. While we drink it we want you to tell us one of your beautiful shazkas—you know how we love the fairy stories.

Fedya We shall go out and play while you listen to the story.

Peter Come and find us as soon as Dmitri has finished.

(Boys go out.)

Dmitri What shall I tell you? Shall it be the Water Snake?

Irina Oh! no! no! I do not like it, it is too sad. Tell us the story of the wonderful doll.

Dmitri Ah! yes! we all love little Vasilissa and that doll. See there is the beautiful picture of Vasilissa that you brought me last time.

Well:— *(Dmitri tells story of Vasilissa)*

(Children drink milk and eat black bread. Marie suddenly stops makes sign of cross, runs to turn the ikon face to wall. Irina absorbed in story.)

Irina I do love that story, I wish I could hear you tell it all over again, but we must hasten home, for perhaps we shall have a beautiful Christmas tree.

Marie Yes, and we hope St. Nicholas will bring us some little parcels, oh! I wonder what will be inside them! What do you think Dmitri?

Dmitri I know not, little maiden. Might it be a holy image or a beautiful book of shazkas; for you, you can read, is it not so?

Marie Yes, but you know stories without reading them and so does Mashinka, our nurse. Her mother and grandmother have told them to her hundreds and hundreds of times.

Dmitri Tell me, how will you pass the holy evening after St. Nicholas has brought you his gifts?

Irina Oh! we shall sit up late and there will be a great supper of fish and the nice puddings, and then the children from the school that my uncle has started and the choir will come and sing carols and we shall give them some kopecks and perhaps a supper.

- Marie Do not stay talking longer. The way is long by that frozen river. What will mother say, think you, when she knows we have been for a sleigh ride and have eaten on a fast day? Why didn't you tell me not to take the milk and bread when Dmitri offered them to us?
- Irina You might have told me. I am afraid mother will be very angry but perhaps she will be too busy with the supper to notice what we say. The house was so dreadfully quiet this morning, I could not help rushing out. *(To Dimtri)* If we can we will bring you some of the white kostya of rice, almonds, and raisins, and perhaps a beautiful picture of the Little Father, The Czar.
- Dmitri I thank you, I thank you. Farewell, little maidens.
- Irina and Marie. Farewell, Farewell, Dmitri.

SCENE V—SPRING FÊTE. ST. GEORGE'S DAY, EARLY MORNING.
CENTRE OF VILLAGE.

(Peasants arrive and congregate in centre of village just after service, prepare to drive cattle out through the morning dew after long winter. Vladimir and Leo enter into conversation with each other. Anton and George follow with Matronya).

- Vladimir St. George's Day at last! In the name of the good saint we may now wend our way to the cowsheds and set free the poor cattle.
- Leo Ah yes! little brother, and when we get back we shall have our feast for little George, for it is his name-day. We give thee greeting, little George.
(Women pat his head.)
- George For me it is the most beautiful day of all the year; I wish it would come oftener.
- Anton. Thanks be to God and His Saint for your name-day for we know that the healthful Spring has returned at last, for the cattle as well as for us. The little father knew not where to find food for them in the long, long winter; even our thatch has been torn down for fodder.
- Leo Where is our little father?
- Vladimir He was far behind when we came back from the service for blessing the cattle. Listen! I hear him coming and singing the song to St. George "O thou, our brave Yegory, save our cattle in the field and beyond the field."
(Singing in distance—Stephan enters followed by Andrei, Pauline, Olga).
- Stephan Ah! good people, let us all call on Yegory, our good St. George *(crosses himself)* to give the cattle and sheep his special blessing this year. His great day came too late last year, even rolling through the early morning dew could not restore them after the long cruel winter. You remember they died like flies after they left the sheds.

- George Have you seen our poor old horse? He has had so great a hunger, that he is all lame and lean, and ill. Think you the fresh green grass and the dew will make him well?
- Stephan Why, surely little one, for see you not, Leo and Andrei have both come from the big town now that the winter is over to help your father and me with the cattle. They will find such tender grass and such clear spring-tide water that the old horse will soon be dashing along like the whirlwind. (*To Anton*). Where are your little Ivan and Sonya? Come they not with us?
- Anton. Oh yes, they will follow for they love to watch the cattle and join in the singing.
- Matr. How delicious the soft air is. It will warm both them and us. (*Enter Marfa, Nicholai and Tanya*)—Ah! here comes old Nikolai—goes he with us?
- Marfa Sit there, father, and rest awhile.
- Pauline Yes, indeed, for the mild air will put warmth into his old bones. Tanya went to help Marfa to carry him hither that she may roll him in the morning dew. She is sure it will bring back health to him as it does to the cattle.
- Stephan The dew and the rain of spring are wondrously health giving.
- Matr. That know we all! Was not my old mother's rheumatism cured by the first drops of that storm a week ago. I have kept a precious bottleful for winter, for my old father will need it (*Anton and Marfa prepare to go*) when no drop of running water is left.
- Stephan The sight of running water is sometimes more cheering than sunshine. But we must hasten to fetch the cattle out and drive them through this dew ere it goes. Besides the priest will be wanting to bless them with holy water. I will start with Andrei and Leo and Vladimir. Anton and Marfa have already set off to their sheds. The girls can follow.
- Pauline "Oh! healthful spring-tide water.
To us also give health."
Oh! are'nt you glad it is spring at last? Don't you love to feel the mild air and to see the green grass once more, and to know the ice and snow have melted and gone.
- Olga It is the sight of the running water that makes me want to sing most, and I love to stand in a shower when the children begin to sing.
" Pour oh rain
Over the grandfather's rye,
Over the father's wheat
Over the girl's flax,
Pour in bucketsful."

Pauline Oh yes!

“ Rain, rain, let thyself go
Stronger, quicker,
Warm us young ones ”

SCENE VI—SPRING FÊTE. ST. GEORGE'S DAY. EVENING.

(Peasant's gathering for a dance, Olga, Pauline and Tanya enter first, in conversation).

Olga And I am going to dance with Vladimir to-night.

Pauline Nay! that you shall not for Vladimir has promised to dance with me.

Olga It is false. At every feast last summer Vladimir was my partner. At the last one after harvest when the evenings had grown too short, he said, wait till the good St. George comes round when we boys drive out the cattle, then we shall dance again.

Tanya Why do you quarrel like this over Volodya? There are other youths as good as he. I thought your brother, Andrei much more handsome when I saw him this morning with the cattle.

Pauline Oh! Andrei is well enough, but do you not know Volodya has seen the Domovoi, and at his age too! Why there is but one other in Karalitzza who has set eyes on the Domovoi-old Grigori Ilitch-and indeed, he's dead.

Tanya Volodya has seen the Domovoi! I knew not he was such a brave youth. But tell me when was it? What did he see?

Olga He will tell us little. Indeed it must have been a terrible sight. Had he not been brave he says he would not have dared to look at all.

Pauline No truly! I should not have dared to open my eyes. The sound of the demon is enough for me. When I hear him moaning in the boxes and cupboards my hair creeps and I can hardly move my hand to make the holy cross.

Tanya I can hardly believe it, for Vladimir never seemed any braver than the other youths. But what was the horrible thing he saw? Tell me all about it.

Pauline Well, it was the night of the blessed St. Nicholas. We had danced here long after the sun went down and the young men drank much vodka and were very merry. Volodya fell asleep on the floor of his father's izba and in the middle of the night, he awoke, hearing a terrible sound of moaning. Then he felt a weight on his chest and he knew it was the Domovoi. But instead of being frightened he opened his eyes and there he saw an ugly thing covered all over with hair like down and the noise it made was enough to frighten anyone out of his senses.

- Tanya But did not the demon hurt him?
- Olga Oh no, for Vladimir was not afraid. He was quite brave and when he had looked at the Domovoi he just made the sign and it ran away into the cupboard and disappeared.
- Tanya I should have been terrified. I could'nt bear to look at an ugly demon, but do you know (*impressively*) I think I should like to see the Roussilka—the water-fairies—just to have one little peep at them, they must be so beautiful.
- Pauline (*Half-frightened*) You'd better be careful, Tanya. If they hear you, they'll perhaps bewitch you, drag you down with them into the black cold water, so that you'll never come back again.
- Tanya Oh! You need not fear. I should never dare to go near a place where the demons were. But I tell you, I don't believe that Vladimir has suddenly grown so brave.
(*Vladimir rushes in in a fright*)
- Paul. What is the matter Volodya? What has happened?
- Vlad. Oh! Oh! It was horrible.
- Olga What? What? Tell us.
- Vlad. Oh! Look round the corner Tanya and see if its coming after me.
- Olga It? What is it?
- Vlad. The bannik. As I live I saw the demon bannik or else the devil himself, just now as I came past the bath house.
- Tanya (*After looking round the corner*). There's Stephan's old black cow coming down the road. What is she doing here? I thought they were all driven into the fields this morning.
- Vlad. (*Taking no notice of Tanya*) You never heard such a terrible noise. I was walking quite near the bath-house and fearing nothing—for they say the devil does'nt go there till after seven o'clock—when suddenly there came a fearful noise, roaring and bellowing, like the sound of a hundred fiends in torment. I stood stock still, for I could'nt move hand or foot for terror.
(*Olga and Pauline exclaim in horror*)
- Tanya (*Mockingly*) What, was it more dreadful than the Domovoi?
- Vlad. It was truly. But that was'nt the worst. The door of the bath-house burst open and I saw an ugly black fiend, with horns and a waving tail, and eyes like burning coals, rushing out at me. Thanks to the holy saints who protected me, the use came back into my feet, and I ran for my life. Oh! (*putting his hands over his ears*) I can hear it yet, Listen!
- Leo (*entering*) Ha! Ha! Did you ever hear such a joke. Stephan's old black cow does'nt like the fresh green grass.

- She tried to come home to the stable again. We left them all in the fields this morning, but she must have wandered back. And where do you think she went?
- Tan. Well. Where?
- Leo Why, into the bath-house! Ha! Ha! She could'nt get into the stable so she went into the bath-house. Stephan and Anton went in just now for a bath and found her lying on the floor. They took the bundles of twigs from the shelf, and tried to drive her out. The poor thing got frightened and ran round and round bellowing like a demon, but at last they managed to drive her out of the door.
- Tan. Ha! Ha! Volodya, so it was Stephan's old black cow that gave you such a fright. She was more dreadful than the Domovoi that you were so brave about, Ha! Ha!
- Vlad. You'd have been frightened yourself, Tanya. Its no joke to meet the bannik. Did you never hear about old Peter, old Vassili's father, who got his death of fright through going into the bath-house when the bannik was having his bath? The demon dropped hot bricks on him, and splashed boiling water all over him, and he died the next day. The Domovoi is different; a brave man can look at him and take no harm. *(He sees that T. is still laughing)* But what do girls know about such things? *(goes out)*.
- Tan. All the same, he's not so brave as he pretends.
- Paul. *(Scornfully, to Olga.)* You may dance with Volodya as often as you like.

SCENE VII—TABLEAUX,

SUMMER. ST. PETER'S DAY. EARLY MORNING. HAYMAKING
BEGINS.

TABLEAU I.—OUTSIDE THE COTTAGE.

(Departure of whole village for hayfield, carrying implements. Grandfather Nikolai with baby Pashnka on his knees, seated on doorstep, talking to Jill).

My brother, my friend, my little father, my sweetheart!
What now, what now! Abide thee here, while thy
masters go to the far-off hay-field. That's right, pretty
pigeon, and thou little daughter, why movest thou! Rest
quiet little one, little darling lapinka "

Croons, "Lullaby":

"Lie you still, baby dear, lie you still,
Maybe you'll hear the silver bells and the golden bells,
The swinging bells and the singing bells."

TABLEAU 2.—LATER IN SAME DAY. AT THE HAYFIELD. MOWING.
(Peasants mowing rhythmically—wearing different coloured shirts: scarlet, blue, white, green—Singing “Song of the haulers on the Volga”.

TABLEAU 3.—NIGHT. NEAR HAYFIELD.

(Peasants singing and slumbering; out of doors; one man saying his prayers in a loud sing-song, others lying on improvised beds of hay; they sing on for hours, beginning with “Ah! beloved night.” “Amid a lowland valley”).

SCENE VIII—SUMMER FÊTE. ST. ANNE’S DAY (JULY 26),
 EVENING. HOLIDAY DANCE OUT OF DOORS. NEWS OF
 MOBILISATION.

(Stephan, Anton, Andrei, Anna in foreground, other leisurely arrivals. Men gravely doff hats, sound of singing in distance: “Firgrove, my firgrove.”)

Stephan Truly, truly they are long in coming. Where are the rest? Thou comest alone! Where is little Feodor?

Anton Ah! little father, he cometh not to the dance, his foot is still bound up. He has had a bad sore, but it is nearly well. I took him to the wise woman, the baboushka and she said a few words and the pain stopped.

Andrei Oh! I know. I was kicked by a horse and the pain was terrible. I drank a lot of vodka and it did no good and then I went to the baboushka and she put ointment on the place and spoke away the pain. That is much better than doctors, they only cut one about.

Anna We know it is best to be cured like that—village fashion.

Anton Hast seen the baldness of that doctor who comes from the far off town? Is it illness that did it or nature?

Andrei That did I ask him and I said, “Should’st try an ointment; but he says he has tried many and strong ointments, tar, onion, and paraffin, and none avail, so there is nothing to be done.

Anton No! There is nothing to be done. It is God’s business.
(Fragments of earnest conversation audible as Pauline, Loe, and Matronya approach)

Pauline *(Mysteriously.)* She poisoned him with magic, she is a witch. She knows a word.

Leo I tell thee, I know, I know it most surely, but I do not think she is altogether a witch.

Pauline She is very awful. She is a hundred and fifty years old and has sixty cats.

Matr. Thou tellest us much silliness with thy devil stories.

Anna You talk too long of pains and doctors and the Wise Woman. The kind saint gave us this day for a holiday and all want to enjoy it and begin the dance.

(Marfa and Vladimir approach)

Leo Yes, we fain would begin, Prithee, why do we delay?

Stephan We do but wait the coming of the others.

Marfa Thou knowest all the cousins from beyond the river come always to the dance. But they are late, it may be they come not to-night.

Leo Let us sing until all are here.

(Peasant song: "Long ago in Kazan City")

Stephan They come, *(dancers enter)* let us begin the dance,
(Dance begins).

Olga *(Rushes in calling out)* Stay! Stay! Great news. A mounted messenger—A Cossack.

(Dance Stops)

Anton What news is this?

Stephan Speak daughter! What is thy news?

Olga For the love of God, listen. The Cossack Alexis has galloped fast and far to bear us this news.

Andrei But you tell us not the news, stupid one.

(Alexis the Cossack messenger enters in riding dress—a great red flag hanging from his shoulders and flapping in the wind. Calls out "War! War!")

Alexis God and all His saints be with us! Germany has declared war on our holy Russia. Austria is fighting our brothers the Serbs.

(Excited throng gather round breathlessly. Alexis and Stephan put the red flag on a tall pole at end of street.)

Ejaculations Hear him! War! War! War! Yea it was to be! God's will be done! It is His decree! His blessing on our arms! God save the Czar! Hurrah for Russia! Holy Russia!

Vladimir What sayest thou? Austria is fighting our brothers the Serbs? We must defend them to the last drop of our blood. *(Excited conversations. Indolence and leisureliness have vanished).*

Alexis Hearken yet, little brothers, to the word of the little Father the Czar. His great army must gather and must swell to such a size that we roll back this big tide of enemy soldiers and all our fighting men must go. There is his decree and the secret instructions. Your headman will read the decree to all the village. Say Stephan, you can read can you not? *(Stephan gives signs of assent and takes the order and instructions).*

Stephan Yea, that can I.

(Women listen tearfully and murmur to each other).

Marfa They might have waited. Who will get in the harvest? We shall starve in the winter.

Stephan We bow our heads. We know well we must go, we, our little brothers and our sons, to defend our Holy Empire and our Holy Czar with our life blood. No enemy shall

tread the sacred soil of our fatherland unless he first pass over our dead bodies.

Leo Thy message is welcome, Alexis. We rejoice at this decree
We rejoice to shed our blood for our home land. Holy
Russia is our dear Mother, we must obey and save her truly.

Anton But thou sayest not when we must march. Still, time
matters not, our hearts are ready.

Andrei If it be to-morrow, we will ask the good priest to give us
the blessing of our Church and all the Saints in the early
morning ere we start. You will bless us and our holy
cause father, wilt you not?

Priest Truly my children. I will bless you. We will wait not
for the morning light, but now let me bless you, and I
will pray that you may be victorious in this holy war.

(They kneel and the priest blesses them)

Vladimir Thus will our holy cause be truly blessed and the triumph
of Holy Russia made sure.

Marfa We bow, our heads, but surely it is not yet that we
need go, a fortnight, a month will it be, before the great
armies of the great father can gather!

Alexis I have spoken. Hinder them not, there must be no
delay. The journey is long and to-morrow's sun must
see the little brothers on the march. The day wanes
and I must away now to far off villages with my message.
The old men must abide at home and guard you.

Nicholai We bow our heads, for though we are only stupid men
and know but little why there is a war, we know that
the Germans will fight against us and we must beat them,
no matter what it costs. Though I am an old, old man,
I would go myself if I could.

Anna Almost you seem glad to go! Think of the price of
victory, the deaths of our husbands, our sons and brothers.

Vladimir No, we are not glad to go. Who would be glad to go to
war? But we go willingly, we are willing to pay the
price of victory. We must win! We must win!

*(All gives signs of assent; exclaim "God save the Czar" then burst
into song, "The Song of Glorification").*

Matr. Hist thee, hist! We are forgetting the little master.
(To Alexis) We forget your thirst and hunger.

Alexis Nitchevo, Nitchevo!

Matr. Wait but a moment until the samovar be brought that you
may refresh yourself with the warm tea.

(Turns and calls out: "Quick with the samovar").

Marfa Already Pauline is bringing it, she knew well how great
was your thirst.

*(Table and samovar brought outside—lemon, sugar,—tea made and
pot put on samovar. Matronya to Pauline "Take care, thou clumsy
one").*

Pauline Sit there and rest awhile and drink the steaming tea. There is still time before the day wanes. See, Matronya and Stephan will drink with you and meanwhile you will tell them more.

Stephan Is it your pleasure to tell us what you think of this war. Why are we doing this thing?

Matr. Know you when it will end?

Stephan A foolish question truly.

Alexis Who shall say little mother! Perhaps if God allows, it may not be long. We must wait God's good time.

Matr. Drink yet more.

Alexis Nay, nay, I thank you. Hold, hold, good mother now must I go. Farewell to you, farewell to all, farewell, farewell. Ah! yonder I see a fresh horse is ready, it is well.

(Cries of farewell from all, then of "Down with Germany." "Bravo Russia, Holy Russia." "God save the Czar;" ending with singing of NATIONAL ANTHEM.)

M. TURNER & M. DOBSON.

Literature in the Elementary Schools

Views of an Old Student on the teaching of literature.

I think there must be very few teachers and true educationists who are not wholly delighted at the large place that the study of literature is beginning to take in our schools. And surely it is a subject that deserves an important place. Our English literature takes its stand in the forefront of the world's writings. To read therein is an education in itself—that is, if one reads as Ruskin suggests, asking oneself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself?"

Children need guidance, encouragement, and help until they can read in this way for themselves, then they will be able to go on alone and talk with Queens and Kings, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time; they will be able to ponder upon and to some extent assimilate the wisdom and the beauty of the great thoughts and ideals of noble minds and thus influence their own thoughts and actions and probably those of countless others besides. And I think if we can give a child a real love for and appreciation of true literature we have done something—little, perhaps, but something—towards flinging a good stone that will make bright circles on the world's waters.

General intelligence, good general knowledge, the ability to write good English and to maintain an easy and cultured conversation are powers all worthy of cultivation and development, and nothing, it is frequently suggested, forms a better basis for such

requirements than a careful and systematic study of literature. True, but not for one moment would I urge that point of view alone as a plea for a wider study of books. That, I believe to be the reason why we shall be allowed to give a larger amount of time, and encouraged to devote boundless enthusiasm and untiring care to the subject, and we must see to it that in so doing we keep it on the higher plane.

Now to us, as educationists, the various methods of teaching subjects are always interesting and I trust you will bear with me and find it of some little interest if I try to give you an idea of the method we have adopted for literary study in the school where I am an assistant.

To begin with I must tell you that this method is not followed in all the schools of the city. It is known as the "New Method," the "Discussion Method" and "Mr. A's Method" (Mr. A., H.M.I. is very interested in this method and is suggesting and encouraging its use in all the schools in his district).

Less than three years ago H.M.I. visited the school and finding that the Headmaster and several members of the staff were interested in literature and were trying to cultivate an appreciation of it in school, he suggested that some of us should visit schools where this method had been tried with a view to adopting it. We did so, and found the method of procedure somewhat as follows: A poem was chosen, usually a narrative poem that did not present too many difficulties, and the children were allowed to have the book containing it for a day or two in order to study it privately. Then, on a certain day, it was discussed by the class. Volunteers took certain stanzas, explained them as fully as they could to the class, and then answered questions raised by fellow scholars. Uncertain points were threshed out by various girls, the teacher only coming to their aid when discussion, dictionaries, encyclopedias, etc., failed, or when (and this tends to become a weak spot in the method), the discussion degenerated into a mere quibbling over a word or an unimportant detail, and thus became a distinct waste of time.

One could not help feeling that the girls were extremely interested, very alert, and quick to appreciate different points, far more so than if the points had been poured into them in lecture style. Nor could one fail to acknowledge that the method was a success in these schools, but these were better class schools in good neighbourhoods, where the scholars would have books to help them, very probably parents to appreciate their efforts, and, what is still more important, a certain amount of inbred culture, grammar and literary instinct. Our school was in a slum district; the children were mostly little drudges at home, with little or no time, no books, and no encouragement to study; whilst it was very unlikely that they had ever spoken a complete sentence in grammatical English outside the school. Could we do any-

thing ; could we encourage them to study for study's sake ; could we help them to express their thoughts when obtained ? We decided to try.

I started with a class of Standard VI girls. I had taken poetry with them previously on the old lines of part lecture, part question and answer, so that I knew the girls and their capabilities. I also knew that, in their quiet way, the majority of them liked the poetry lesson.

As it happened the approved syllabus for literature for the year was the study of some of Tennyson's poems, so that for this year the choice was somewhat limited. Now the great aim was to make the girls study, each one for herself, and to make them talk after the study. Therefore, as far as possible, I chose poems or selections containing incidents or stories, easy ones at first, such as " King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," " The Poet's Song," and " The Lady of Shalott," followed later by extracts from the " Idylls of the King " (cyclostyled copies for each pupil) such as " The Coming of Arthur " (Bley's account of the babe on the ninth wave), " Arthur's Coronation " (Queen Bellicent's description to King Leodogran), " The Hall at Camelot " (Sir Percivale's account in *The Holy Grail*), and " Morte d'Arthur." These extracts were afterwards committed to memory and dramatised. I found the children were never tired of the Arthurian stories and were delighted with the beautiful blank verse in which they are written.

By the end of the year these girls had made great progress, and (perhaps what was more important at that juncture) I had begun to be sure that the method was workable even with our disadvantages, to know the pitfalls and how to avoid them, and to be ready to try again with a new class with fresh enthusiasm, wider knowledge and new plans.

This time I was not limited to the works of any particular poet, but had the option of choosing any poem or extract I thought suitable. Narrative poems were chiefly chosen because they naturally appeal to the children, and at the same time form a better basis for discussion than a mere descriptive or didactic poem. I found that one of the best ways of encouraging children to talk naturally was to choose, at first, some very simple, short poems such as are to be found in Stevenson's " Garden of Verses " describing a child's game or make-believe ; then to ask a child to tell the story of the poem in her own way ; finally to invite the class to suggest other childish games or make-believes. Usually by the time they have appreciated the humour and imagination of such little poems as " The Pirate Story " or " The Land of Counterpane," a few will have forgotten their diffidence and will be ready with some ideas.

Following on from these simple poems, I found that poems that were capable of being compared and contrasted were much liked. Quite animated discussions have arisen in attempts

to decide, according to their limited, but ever increasing power of appreciation, which was the better of two such poems as "Lucy Gray" and "The Sands of Dee" or "Fidelity and Helvellyn." As we progressed and the poems got harder we found there were many points needing study, criticism and decision—the suitability of metre, the use of simile, metaphor, alliteration or onomatopœia, the amount of hidden meaning—and gradually, slowly perhaps, but surely, the girls began to be able to recognise and appreciate good literature.

Another plan I found helpful was to give, occasionally, questions to be answered on paper. These were corrected, marks allotted, and the best papers read aloud by their authors. These questions were set after a poem had been studied but before it was discussed in class. For example, after "Fidelity" and "Helvellyn" had been studied the girls were asked to answer the following questions, to answer any one of which would require something more than a cursory reading of the poem. Which poem do you consider the better, and why? Which poet do you think was a lover of dogs? What do you think was the chief idea in Wordsworth's mind when writing "Fidelity?" What would you say was the main theme of Scott's poem? The answers were extremely varied, often wrong, frequently amusing, but deeply interesting as shewing what were the ideas in the little student's minds. They also proved to be very good foundations for the discussion which followed.

I should like to quote some answers from papers I have by me but I fear I have already wearied my readers.

I feel I must however tell you about one girl. At the beginning of last year she came to me from Standard V. Apparently she was dull and heavy. Her previous teachers thought her so. Soon I found her begin to take a very small part in the discussions and at the same time her composition, which had been extremely poor, began to show signs of improvement and of real thought. Some of her ideas and imagery were quite poetic though almost always at that time, marred by being expressed in ungrammatical, badly-constructed sentences, full of spelling errors.

That girl developed into one of the best scholars in the class in all subjects connected with literature and her general work improved wonderfully. I believe that her sudden awakening was due to the interest aroused in her on finding that she had a few ideas worth expressing. From that she began to try to transmit them to paper and hence the writing, spelling, grammar and reading lessons all took on an added interest.

The following is an extract from another girl's account of an educational visit to a large stretch of natural woodland and moorland a few miles from school.

"Afterwards we went into the woods—the tall, dark mysterious-looking woods; ah! no wonder Robin Hood liked woods—the dark, tree-filled woods where men like he could have

many adventures ! The tall pine trees stretched far above as if touching and shielding the sky. The sky was blue with little fleecy clouds here and there. Sometimes the sun would shine brightly ; then it would go behind a cloud as if playing at hide and seek."

I think this also shews a literary touch.

Towards the end of last school year we studied an extract from Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies." For this purpose I allowed each of the girls to take a book containing a slightly abridged copy of "King's Treasuries" and "Queen's Gardens" home for the week-end. Afterwards I found that many of the girls, in their scanty leisure, had read the whole book and I was delighted and not a little astonished to find that they had specially noted and were ready to talk about some of the most beautiful and striking passages. This reading, apart from the one short extract, was done quite voluntarily and the remarks and criticisms thereon were spontaneous and unsolicited..

I have tried to tell you a little of the way we study literature. I wish I had a readier pen. This year I am taking three upper girls' classes, all at different stages, and we are trying always to get the gold from the word-ore and endeavouring also, however feebly, to walk with the Kings and Queens of the world of books.

NORA LAMPITT (*née* KIMBELL).

Teaching the Mentally Defective

In this article I am going to touch only very briefly on the more saddening and sordid side, and shall deal principally with the pleasanter aspect. Everyone knows that the problem of the mentally defective is a great, and as yet unsolved one. Whether it ever will be solved in the future, one cannot tell. There are a great many people in Parliament and elsewhere who talk loudly about not interfering with the liberty of the British subject, however defective, and protest strongly, against any curtailment of the independence of our unfortunate brothers and sisters. If these champions of liberty taught for a year or two in a special school, I fancy at the end of that time, their views would be considerably changed. Some of the things that have come to my notice are simply appalling, and it is a wise plan which prevents anyone under 24 from entering the work. This rule was only made this year, so I applaud the caution somewhat ruefully, when I look back upon the youthful, and light-hearted ignorance with which I commenced. One has only to read up the heredity of these children to realize how deep the mischief lies. A detailed record is kept of each child, its parents, its character and capabilities. Here is a fair sample of the family record. John Rogers, aged 13 years. Can read Infants' Second Primer. Writes his name, copies simple sentences from the B.B. Arithmetic : $7+5$, $10-6$, 3 lbs. of potatoes at 3d. per lb. *Manual* :

weak, clumsy attempts. *Character*: steals, untruthful, easily led, sly, affectionate, medium grade. *Family*: Mother feeble-minded; Father drinks; Grandmother died in asylum; Grandfather, consumption; Brothers, two, one attending normal school; Sisters, one dead, other at home delicate.

And now I think I have said enough about that side, which though it may not predominate, is always in the background. The work is interesting, in spite of the fact that children of 12 and 13 find great difficulty in recognizing that r-a-g is "rag," and that a drawing of a tiny daisy should not be larger than the drawing of a marguerite they did the week before. Of course they are not all alike—some of them are almost sensible, and not always the elder ones either. I sent Albert for an egg the other day—he is 15, and is a big strong boy with a bass voice and looks as if he ought to shave his upper lip. I gave him 2d. but said it might cost a 1d. He returned minus the egg, and gave me back the money without a word. "Could'nt you get one?" I asked in surprise. "No, Miss," he growled "they was 1½d., and you give me 2d., so I had to come out."

On the whole the boys are the more interesting I find. The girls are often aimless chatterboxes. However I once had the misfortune, or good fortune, to come across two sisters, who for ingenuity, resource and brazen effrontery would be hard to beat. Edna, the eldest, was a thin under-sized restless girl, with a coolness and self-possession to be envied. She was the terror of the neighbourhood. Respectable mothers forbade their children to play with her, but she had a certain fascination for them, and generally succeeded in joining their games. After terrorizing them by fearsome faces, she would run off with their dolls, hoops and tops before their outraged owners could scream.irate mothers would come to school full of wrath the next morning, to be met by an innocent and wistful-eyed Edna whom no cross-examination could entrap. I believe she was fond of me, but that did not prevent her from transferring a shilling from my pocket to hers. However she appeased, what we may call her conscience, by bringing me two chocolate babies in a cradle bought with the money she had taken from me. She was much pleased with her own generosity and often reminded me of it.

Her sister Minnie was an elfish looking child with the most beautiful grey eyes, full red lips, and an impudent nose. Her favourite trick was to wait until I had given all commands then to ask plaintively "What have we to do?" She would be told to write in ink and would enquire gently: "Must we use pencil?" It was often very hard to catch her, because any reproof would bring tears into the pretty eyes and the scarlet mouth would droop at the corners, until one's back was turned.

We took the children to the Zoo one day and had a glorious time. James, who was fond of experimenting on his own person

with a pair of scissors, insisted on putting his finger in some animal's mouth. Luckily it was a kind one, and did not bite deeply. As we entered the lion house, Roland, who had been in a state of uncontrolled rapture, sniffed the air long and deeply. "Is'nt it a beautiful smell miss?" he cried with ecstasy. Henry, a small shrill voiced child liked "de geranium wid de long neck," and Billy was fascinated by "de big fing wid de mouf like a suff." After thoughtfully considering the monkeys Robert said gravely: "Are'nt they like us miss?" and had to be coaxed before he would leave them.

Many of them are very peculiar looking, one boy has a cone shaped head, another a deep cleft down the centre; one has a twisted mouth; another a very heavy lowering expression, small eyes close together. They practically all have the narrow sloping forehead common to the defective, but there are a few exceptions, children who, from their appearance, seem perfectly normal and these are often the worst cases.

As messengers they are not to be relied on. When memory fails invention steps in, and sometimes the results are ludicrous. I sent a boy aged 12 to ask a teacher for the key of the stock cupboard. He gravely knocked at the door before going out of his classroom, and returned with the startling message: "She's biling it now." He forgot the answer he was told to bring, but had noticed that the teacher was instructing her class as to the boiling of a cabbage, hence his reply.

As to lessons, we teach the three R's, drawing, singing, games and manual work of all kinds. We tell them stories, and encourage them in their turn to relate any they know. Singing is our best subject and you will be surprised to hear that our repertoire includes Mendelssohn's Part songs, folk songs, national songs and anthems, and a few songs from the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Our hours of labour are from 9-30 to 12, and in the afternoon from 1-30 to 3-30. We are used to being told we have an easy time, by people who have never tried this work, so we only smile to ourselves. All the same the office of teacher is no sinecure, but I would not change it now. I daresay when I have reached the age of side-curls and mittens I shall still be here. My greatest sorrow then, will be, that no longer shall I be able to take part in their games, which I enjoy so much. Perhaps, one day, I will write a book of reminiscences but for to-night I must rack my weary brain for a new game to-morrow. They never forget my promises, but are not so particular with their own.

EDITH SULLIVAN.

Old Students' Page

Students of 1908-10 will be pleased to join with us in hearty congratulations to one of their old colleagues, Winifred Barton, on her success in the L.L.A. Examination of 1916, in which she won honours in English Literature, Education, and Political Economy.

* *

We are very pleased to hear N.U.T. members of Lincolnshire have recently shown their keen appreciation of and their gratitude for Miss Selvage's long services as member both of the Society's Executive and of its Benevolent Fund Council in a most generous way as the extracts from local newspapers reproduced below will prove.

The Lincolnshire branches must have been very loth to part with so valuable and experienced a representative.

All Lincoln Students, old and new, will be proud to note that Miss Selvage's name figures in our list of Association Members proving that they may claim her as a Lincolnian.

"At a recent meeting of the Grimsby Association the members presented Miss Selvage with a silver cake basket as a recognition of her work for the past twenty years, first as member of the N.U.T. Executive, and secondly as member of the Benevolent and Orphan Fund Council."

"The Louth and East Lincolnshire Teachers' Association of the N.U.T. has presented to Miss Selvage, of Hainton, an oak bureau on her retirement from the Benevolent and Orphan Fund Council."

"The Spilsby Association of the N.U.T. has presented to Miss Selvage, of Hainton, a silver-mounted Crown Devon salad bowl and servers on her retirement from the Benevolent and Orphan Fund Council."

* *

A letter from Port St. Mary, Isle of Man, brings news that Carrie A. Hodgkinson (1899-91) gave up teaching eight years ago and that her sister, Mrs. H. M. Jones (Hannah Mary Hodgkinson) an earlier Lincoln Student (1873-4) now resides in Canada. Old acquaintances and friends will doubtless be glad to know her address: c/o. E. K. Jones, Esq., Barrister, Lacombe, Alberta.

* *

The sad news of the deaths of two old students are recorded elsewhere, but their old colleagues in each case will like to have the few further details that have reached me.

Annie Farrar sends word that Mary Fishwick died from cancer for which she had to undergo an operation some two years before her death, and of which she imagined herself cured.

Ethel Ogden tells us that Annie Schofield suffered for eight long years from an incurable disease and was absolutely helpless during its last stages.

is sure that all old Lincoln Students who are members of the N.U.T. will be delighted to avail themselves of the opportunity of supporting the candidature of a Lincolnian of such wide experience.

Miss Conway's eminent fitness for the work goes without saying, and her frank programme bespeaks a most sympathetic understanding of the chief weaknesses in the administration of elementary education as they affect both teacher and taught, and an intention fearlessly to combat these difficulties. All old students who know Miss Conway will join with us in a very hearty wish for her success, a success which would mean much to women teachers, for as yet only once since the foundation of the Society has a woman held this important office.

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

Years.	Name of Correspondent.	Address.
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
1904	Miss Mary Hoole	.. Cymba, Burton Road, Lincoln
*1904	Miss Rose Wade	.. 48 Monks Road, Lincoln
1905	Miss Ida Gibbon	.. Oak Dene, Bolton Road, Irlam o' th' Heights, Manchester
1905	Miss Jessie Stringer	.. 24 North Parade, Lincoln

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|---|-------|---|----|--|
| { | *1906 | Miss Bessie Corfield | .. | South Norris, East Preston,
Worthing |
| { | 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 Gertrude Hipwell | 8 | Watkin Terrace, Northampton |
| { | 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 |
| { | 1916 | Miss Doris Cockshaw
(Acting Correspondent) | | "Lindum," Gilda Crescent, Eccles,
Nr. Manchester |
| { | 1916 | Miss Harriett Allman | .. | Beeford, Nr. Driffield, E. Yorks. |

* Please note changes of Correspondents.

To Students, 1914-16

The Secretary of the Association (Miss Turner) was under the impression that the out-going Students had elected their Head-girl Doris Cockshaw, as one of the two correspondents required for the Association work for their year. As head-girl she had already carried out the work necessary at the end of term, but so that the election may be in order, the Secretary would be glad if every student would send a card to say whether or no she wishes her to continue as Correspondent. In the meantime she is put on the list as Acting Correspondent.

With regard to the voting for the other Correspondent, only forty-three votes out of a possible fifty-six have been received before going to print. Of these Harriett Allman has the highest total, fourteen votes, Bertha Foster follows with seven, and Dora Reade is the third with six.

Re-Appointments

Miss Helen Cary, Penn Street Mixed School, Amersham, Bucks. Head.

Miss Cecilia Antcliffe, Thornton-in-Lonsdale, C.E. School, Ingleton, Yorks. Head.

Miss Ethelind Morris, St. Hilda's Infant School, Heaton Park, Manchester. Head.

Miss Helena Little, Central Girl's School, Kendal. Head.

Births

On December 27th, 1915, at 34 East Street, Ilkeston, to Percy and Bessie M. Cox (*née* Hague, 1905-7), a son, Sidney Ronald.

On January 1st, 1916, at 127 Belvoir Road, Coalville, Leicester, to William J. and Amy E. Newbury, (*née* Peake, 1908-10), a son.

On April 4th, 1916, at Rodborough, Stroud, Glos., to Henry J. and Margaret E. Holder (*née* Moulds, 1908-10), a daughter, Margaret Edith Mabel.

On April 28th, 1916, at Johannesburg, S.A., to Harold and Magdalene Shewring (*née* Ross, 1905-7), a daughter, Margaret Patricia. Box 3403. Johannesburg, S.A.

On August 4th, 1915, at Fern Villa, Birley Carr, Nr. Sheffield, to Sydney and Dorothy Ward (*née* Staniforth, Lincoln, 1907-9) a daughter, Joan Yvonne.

On January 31st, 1916, at 265 Western Road, Crookes, Sheffield, to Frederick and Mary S. Tilbrook (*née* Arscott, Lincoln, 1900-2) a son, Frank.

Marriages

MESNEY—BANKS. On April 26th, 1916, at St. Paul's Church, Freemantle, W.A., by Rev. F. W. Bowen, Valentine Weller Mesney, son of the late Captain Mesney, Tottenham, London, to Daisy, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Banks, of Wragby (1908-10). Southern Cross, Western Australia.

HOBSON—YEOMANS. On May 17th, 1916, at St. Cuthbert's Church, Sheffield (by license) Cadet James E. Hobson (Artists' Rifles, O.T.C.), only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Hobson, Burngreave, to May Isabel, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Yeomans, Barnsley Road, Sheffield (1910-12).

DICKINSON—WARREN. On August 5th, 1916, by the Rev. Canon Wanstall, Vicar of all Saints, Lincoln, Herbert Dickinson, to Hettie Warren (1908-10).

WORLAND—KIRK. On April 26th, 1916. at St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. Cyril E. Ham and Rev. J. Kaye, Rector, Arthur M. V. Worland, to Margery Kirk (1909-11).

SHELTON-DOBSON-MARRIOTT—On March 9th, 1916, at Crookes Church, Sheffield (by special license), Sapper Leslie Shelton-Dobson, R.E., of Grimsby, to Kate Marriott (Lincoln 1909-11).

GLOVER-HICKS—On September 16th, 1916, at All Saints Parish Church, Rotherham, W. A. Glover to Elsie Annie Hicks. 30 Abbey Walk, Halifax.

Deaths

Mary Elizabeth Fishwick, died of cancer, August 25th, 1915, at Beechside, Standish, Wigan (Lincoln 1890-91).

“She has done splendid work at Standish. She took a very active part in the Church work there and was deservedly very highly esteemed. Standish Girl's School of to-day is a witness to her tact and great ability.” (*Extract from the letter of a colleague*).

Annie Schofield, of Todmorden, died September 5th, 1916, at Greywood Lane, Romiley, Cheshire, aged 34 years (Lincoln 1899-02).

“Just as September was opening there passed to her rest one whom all our readers will remember with affectionate esteem. Miss Annie Schofield had long been a teacher at the National School, where, spite of declining health, she laboured at her task with quiet, daily heroism. She and her parents were constant worshippers, and it is scarcely twelve months since her father's sudden death in the Parish Church at a Special Service of Memorial for our Fallen Soldiers. Since then, she, with her mother, had removed to Romiley, in Cheshire, and there in her brother's house, after much suffering patiently borne, Annie Schofield fell asleep. The funeral service on September 5th, was taken by Mr. Keeling, who had frequently ministered to her during her trying illness, and was attended by her former colleagues and fellow-worshippers. To those who mourn the loss of a good daughter and sister we tender our heartfelt sympathy. Her life here with us was short, and known perhaps to few, but it has been a noble and inspiring life. To God be the praise.” (*Extract from Todmorden Parish Magazine*).

Association Members

College Year

- Before 1897—Elizabeth Lowndes (Mrs. Edwards), Margaret Blair (Mrs. Collitt), Sarah Ann Wright (Mrs. Dawber), Rebecca Haynes (Mrs. Hemsley), Annie Elizabeth Whitworth (Mrs. Hutchinson), Sarah Pearson, Alice Kent (Mrs. Howe), Elizabeth Brummitt, Sarah Elizabeth Sutcliffe (Mrs. Watson), Sarah Thorpe (Mrs. Shelton), Margaret Elwell, Fanny Utting (Mrs. Norman), Annie Georgina Selvage, Martha Ann Greaves, Ellen Crowther (Mrs. Ralphs), Clara Brummitt, Fanny Burton (Mrs. Milner), Selina Goodwin, Sarah Marjason (Mrs. Gilliatt), Elsie Robb (Mrs. A. Logsdail), Hannah Bell, Flora Ford, Lucy Humphreys, Selina Dix, Alice Whiteley, Maud Bourne, Annie Morley (Mrs. Clayton), Jane Platt (Mrs. Dean) (A.T.S.), Ann Hague (Mrs. Holden), Mary Turner, Jessie Bourne, Amy Beddoe, Susannah Brown, Eliza Crossland (Mrs. Barratt), Essie Ruth Conway, Eunice B. Turner, Ada Ward (Mrs. Colley), Rose Dyson, Annie Glover, Ada Mary Whitehead (Mrs. W. G. Wright), Caroline Smith (Mrs. Richardson), Frances Annie Elwell, Mary Clayton (Mrs. Marriott), Jane Martin, Frances Wells, Rosa Preston, Emma Johnson (Mrs. Hamer), Emma Wilkinson, Jessie Hutchinson (Mrs. T. Layne), Eleanor Castle (Mrs. Yates), Florence Aughtie (Mrs. Summerton), Mary Heape, Ada Pepperdine, Laura A. A. Wilkinson, Emily Whetton, Mary Gossling (Mrs. Wolstenholme), Margaret Moreton, Albina Elston, Agnes Radford (Mrs. Hobson), Edith Dawes, Lucy Gill (Mrs. Tomlinson), Gertrude Radford, May Kent (Mrs. Hadfield), Elizabeth Robinson, Minnie Potts, Ruth Wooddin (Mrs. Eayrs), Mary Wileman, Annie Meadows, Annie Harvey, Mary Crowther, Ethelen King.
- 1897 Kate Whattam, Edith Hales (Mrs. Gossop), Annie Taylor (Mrs. Woods).
- 1898 Alice Falkinder (Mrs. Handley), Marianne Thompson (Mrs. Hopf), Minnie Sells, Harriet M. Coales, Jane Eggleston, Ada Rimmington, Rose Naylor (Mrs. Tom Carter), Winifred Brown (Mrs. Gibson), Emily Ayres, Eleanor Walpole (Mrs. Gough).
- 1899 Ada Brown, Annie Amelia Harrison, Augusta Tanner (Mrs. Guy), Margaret A. Glenn, Lily A. Mottram (Mrs. B. Clark), Ethel Rose Stapleton (Mrs. Hunter), Alethea Hildred, Mildred Vaughan, Ada Miriam Johnson (Mrs. Waugh), Alice Child, Gertrude Stallibrass (Mrs. A. C. Clark), Edith Mary Hibbitt, Grace Harlock, Mary Simmonds.
- 1900 Alice Mackintosh, Rose Knowlson, Alice Perkins, Georgina Walker, Amy Wright, Daisy Jenner, Annie Bird (Mrs. Frank Derry), Florence Scarlett.
- 1901 Annie Bugg, Ethel Bimrose, Cerise Cameron, Margaret Cooper, Kate Chapple, Jessie Drake, Florence Harrand (Mrs. Southwick), Clarice Hughes, Alice Langford, Elsie Piper (Mrs. Vaughan), Elizabeth Pendlebury.
- 1902 Katherine Antcliffe, Mary E. Arscott (Mrs. Tilbrook), Edith Barker (Mrs. Pearce), Mary Brewer (Mrs. Glossop), Emma Brewin, Phœbe Bury, Elsie Dawtrey, Minnie Fèvre (Sister Minnie Theresa), Maud Johnson, Gertrude Judd (Mrs. Burnicle), Marjorie Mullins (Mrs. Longden), Helen Pearce, Mary Parkes, Annie Porter (Mrs. H. J. Watson), Sarah Shepherd (Mrs. A. W. Woods), Isabella Shiach, Kate Webb, Ethel Willdig.

- 1903 Ada Ashton, Emily Barker, Edith Berry, Edith Burley, Lilian Corbett, Mary Croasdale, Ada Doodson, Amelia Gascoigne (Mrs. Berry), Rosa Gouldthorpe, Jenny Hendry (Mrs. Hornsby), Amy Holroyd, Gertrude Holroyd, Ada Johnson (Mrs. Braithwaite), Beatrice Leighton, Gertrude Machan (Mrs. Frank Hepworth), Gertrude Pearson, Helen Marden (Mrs. Sanderson), Agnes Marriott, Jane Pollard, Gertrude Salt (Mrs. Bennion), Celia Smith (Mrs. Ringham), Florence Stephenson, Elinor Stewart (Mrs. Broome), Margaret Toulmin, Annie Waugh, Frances Wilkinson (Mrs. Henry Strong), Florence Williams.
- 1904 Mary Antcliffe, Margaret Arscott (Mrs. Loach), Bertha Bannister, Emily Mary Brown, Violet Brown, Gwendoline Clapp, Maud Collitt, Alethea Durant, Mabel Fountain, Ethel Gibbs, Mabel Hamm, Mary Hoole, Sarah Kenworthy (Mrs. Kirk), Ethel Maguire, Hilda Oliver (Mrs. Arthur Smith), Janet Pressick, Rachel Rawnsley, Kate Richardson, Edith Sheckell (Mrs. W. F. Firth), Gertrude Smith, Theodora Trotter, Rose Wade, Eva Waller, Ethel Ward, Maud Weaver, Elsie Wilkinson, Constance Williams.
- 1905 Elizabeth Bailey, Helena Bott, Elizabeth Burge (Mrs. Lewis), Ada Clarke, Florence Dawe, Ethel Drury, Ethel Fox (Mrs. C. Lord), Ida Gibbon, Lilian Gibbs, Lily Gouldthorpe, Ida Hartley, Margaret Harvey, Lilian Henchcliffe, Ethel Heslop, Jessie Jones, Beatrice Mortlock, Madeline Reader (Mrs. Naylor), Isabel Rigby, Lilian Rosson, Louise Shirley (Mrs. P. W. Goodwin), Maud Stimson (Mrs. J. V. Howard), Jessie Stringer, Erica Stuart, Edith Tomlinson, Louisa White.
- 1906 Jessie Birchenough (Mrs. Plowright), Gertrude Border, Alice Bristow, May Burgess, Minnie Callender, Bessie Corfield, May Fenton, Gertrude Hipwell, Olive Jackson, Lilian Jones, Edith Jordan, Maud Jubb, Gertrude Leeming, Violet Lynn, Irene Marden, Kerr Maxwell, Viola Moore (Mrs. Allsop), Beatrice Newbould, Kate Oldfield (Mrs. Clew), Ellen Perks (Mrs. Cole), Mary Pinck (Mrs. Phillips), Ethel Podmore, Elsie Preston, Violet Searby, Annie Spencer, Caroline Spencer, Edith Sutton (Mrs. Lockyer), Jessie Thomson, Gladys Thornton (Mrs. Doubtfire), Louie Vezey, Ruth Wilkinson (Mrs. Clear), Amy Wyatt.
- 1907 Margaret Antcliffe, Katherine Bice (Mrs. W. E. Newell), Mary Caine, Muriel Carr, Mary Cook, Maud Cotton, Florence Dixon, Elizabeth Doodson, Mildred Ellisson (Mrs. Whiting), Agnes Garratt, Marion Golby (Mrs. Tite), Mildred Gosling, Bessie Hague (Mrs. Cox), Ada Hinton, Elsie Hollom, May Hopper, Edith Hurry, Metta Jabet, Mary Jackson, Nora Kimbell (Mrs. Lampitt), Florence Milner (Mrs. McClelland), Marie Moore, Wilhelmina Nunn, Louisa Peart, Maud Pell, Marion Percy (Mrs. E. L. Driver), Annie Reddish (Mrs. Leeson), Magdalen Ross (Mrs. Shewring), Annie Royce, May Shapley, Alice Smith (Mrs. Thomas Goulding), Florence Tue (Mrs. Baron), Edith Wand, Lilian Westland, Daisy Wyatt, Alice Yeomans.
- 1908 Edith Aliband, Annie Bailey (Mrs. J. Lees-Stubbs), Emily Bielby, Hannah Burton, Lilian Clifton (Mrs. Walter Watson), Mary Cox, Vera Cross (Mrs. Cook), Ada Evans, Edith Farmer, Dorothy Field (Mrs. English), Nancy Flowers, Amelia Gillatt, Katie Hebblewhite, Annie Hutchinson, Maude Jackson, Katharine Johnson, Jennie Kitchen, Lena Little, Jessie Maguire, Winifred Marden, Phyllis Paget, Alice Payne, Clara Poole, Etta Powell, Jessie Pritchett, Elsie Roberts, Gertrude Rowe, May Samuels, Kessie Sanders, Katie Searby (Mrs. A. Stammers), Nora Seward, Elsie Shoubridge, Gertrude Spencer, Jean Stewart, Ethel Stokes (Mrs. Wardle), Emily Taylor, Edith Thompson, Winifred Westland, Edith Whitehead, Annie Whitham, Hilda Willett, Rose Wilson (Mrs. R. Kaspar).

- 1909 Mary E. Atkin, Beatrice Bambridge (Mrs. Neaverson), Jennie Beevers, Ethel Bellamy (Mrs. Gromke), Gladys Blake (Mrs. Butler), Maud Broome, Mary Clarke (Mrs. Field), Laura Clifton, Eveline Codd, Florence Dickens (Mrs. Foster), Ivy Ellis (Mrs. Sutherland), Ruth Flowers, Lilian Fountain (Mrs. Robinson), Edith French (Mrs. Betts), Helen Grosvenor (Mrs. Barron), Margaret Heath, Eva Hudson, Rosa Jackson, Clara Jordan (Mrs. Fisher), Ettie Kirby, Ivy Kirk, Edith Mobley (Mrs. H. T. Eggleston), Grace Neale, Florence Neaverson, Maria Ogden (Mrs. Smithers), Margaret Parks (Mrs. Archer), Lucy Parry (Mrs. Anderson), Lottie Reddish (Mrs. Foulkes), Winifred Searby (Mrs. Binsted), Amy Stimson, Annie Village, Ellen Wales, Alice Walkden, Florence Watson, Mary Wilkinson, Dora Wright, Jessie Wright.
- 1910 Lucy Anderson, Mabel Auber, Nellie Baker, Daisy Banks (Mrs. Mesney), Florence Bannister, Winifred Barton, Florence Belton, Maude Burnham (Mrs. Gulley), Beatrice Burrell, Marie Butt, Daisy Butterworth, Mary Byron-Scott, Helen Cary, Lily Cleve, Evelyn Cockshaw, Elsie Coppen, Jennie Donson, Minnie Drew, Gladys Fell, Molly Field (Mrs. Fryer), Annie Fort, Florence Hague, Elsie Hall, Maud Hartshorne, Annie Herrick, Gertrude Hipwell, Edith Howarth, Lily Isaac, Lilian Knight (Mrs. Ayres), Clara Lacey, Frances McCormack, Evelyn Merchant, Jennie Miller, Margaret Moulds (Mrs. Holder), Eveline Nicholson, Emily Parratt, Amy Peake (Mrs. Newbury), Winifred Penzer, Lilian Preston, May Redfern (Mrs. Templer), Emma Richardson, May Robson, Olive Scott, Olive Smalley, Elsie Stevenson, Clarissa Stokes, Helen Streader, Annie Sutcliffe, Maud Till (Mrs. Dickenson), Dorothy Ward, Hettie Warren (Mrs. Hill), Annie Watts.
- 1911 Elsie Adderley, Elsie Allen, Edith Archer, Alice Atkin, Vera Banks, Edith Barwell, Edna Binns, Constance Brayford, Helen Carless, Kathleen Crawshaw, Alice Dawson, Sarah Dickinson, Elsie Edwards, Annie Gouge, Hebe Gray, Bessie Guy, Mary Hardwick, Edith Hardwick, Louisa Hardy, Jessie Herringshaw, Annie Hicks, Mabel Jabet, Gertrude Jeans, Bertha Jenkyns, Margery Kirk (Mrs. Worland), Majorie Lomax, Annie Lovell, Kate Marriott (Mrs. Shelton-Dobson), Teresa McCormack, Muriel Mills (Mrs. Huxley), Amy Moore, Elizabeth Oulton, Annie Palin, Ella Pigott, Jean Polwarth, Bessie Rowson, Blanche Sampson, Tilly Stanley, Greta Taylor, Gertrude Walker, Leila Walsh, Alice Walton, Dorothy Webb, Brenda Willett, Edith Wood, Florence Wright.
- 1912 Lucy Andrew, Cecilia Antcliffe, Clarice Armitage, Mabel Atkinson, Iris Banks, Ethel Bennett, Dorothy Binner (Mrs. Thornton), Maud Border, Dorothy Bown, Annie Bowskill, Eleanor Brown, Winifred Brown, Doris Buck (Mrs. Wood), Mary Button, Margery Carless, Gladys Castle, Edith Chambers, Hilda Clifton, Dorothy Clubb, Matilda Cooke, Bessie Craven, Christabel Cutts, Edith Dobson, Gladys Drewry, Margaret Ette, Mabel Evans, Marjorie Gilliat, Beatrice Goodin, Laura Hooper, Jessie Hudson (Mrs. Crosby), Dorothy Kemp, Violet Laman, Rose Laycock, Elsie Lawson, Alice Lowther, Mabel Martin, Nellie Moreton, Lily Moss, Edith Musson, Beatrice Pack, Jessie Parry, Elsie Periam, Maggie Podmore, Elsie Power, Janet Reade, Ethel Robson, Ethel Sergeant, Emily Shoesmith, Emily Shrewsbury, Gladys Smethurst, Dora Staples, Janet Tate, Phyllis Taylor, Lydia Village, Phyllis Warner, Mabel Wheldon, Effie Wilcock, Mary Williamson, Edith Wright, May Yeomans (Mrs. Hobson).

- 1913 Kathleen Allen, Jennie Arscott, Gwendoline Atherton, Elizabeth Bartram, Constance Bingham, Dorothy Blamey, Dorothy Bradley, Helen Brewster, Maud Brockbank, Eva Buswell, Florence Carter, Freda Chisholm, Hilda Cocking, Marion Cockshaw, Mary Cooling, Bridget Cooper, May Fish, Kate Franks, Nelly Gambles, Elsie Garlick, Dora Hartley, Doris Hayes, Gladys Henry, Winifred Hewson, Florence Kesteven, Mary Lake, Edith Lockwood, Ella Lyon, Ethel Martin, Alison Penzer, Shirley Piggott, Amy Piggott, Jessie Pinches, Ethel Pottage, Ethel Rodgers, Emma Searby, Madeline Shires, Beatrice Smith, Sissie Smith (Mrs. Buxton), Jennie Stafford, Gladys Stocks, May Thompson, Hilda Tooley, Constance Travis, May Unwin, Annie Weeden, Joyce White, Clarice Woodward, Mary Wragg, Mildred Yates.
- 1914 Charlotte Brown, Elsie Butcher, Edith Crosby, Norah Jabet, Martha Lewis.
 Marian Armitage, Isabel Armstrong, Clara Bagot, Elsie Baguley, Blanche Bannister, Elizabeth Binns, Florry Burrige, Grace Burt, Dora Carrington, Edna Clarkson, Mabel Coltman, Ada Coop, Clarice Crawshaw, Ethel Darnell, Muriel Entwisle, Florence Farmer, Margaret Giles, Mary Grimshaw, Eva Hakes, Ada Hallam, Mabel Higgs, May Holloway, Mabel Howe, Isabel Humphries, Dorothy Johnson, Winifred Larder, Annie Laughton, Gladys Lennon, Mabel Lynch, Hilda Marsh, Hilda McCabe, Edith Mellor, Fannie Metcalf, Alice Moxon, Gladys Needham, Dorothy Nichols, Mabel Ogle, Alfreda Ollerhead, Bertha Pearce, Ethel Pexton, Maud Pitcher, Louie Poole, Florence Rampton, Dorothy Sammons, Doris Shipman, Carletta Shrewsbury, Lilian Staveley, Elsie Street, Winifred Sullivan, Edith Tear, Annie Thomas, Mabel Topham, Nora White, Lizzie Wightman, Jessie Wilson, Ada Woodcock.
- 1915 Constance Barr, Katherine Beard, Mary Brooks, Dora Burrows, Bessie Burton, Florence Clayton, Cora Coates, Lydia Collier, Dorothy Dickenson, Marjorie Field, Elsie Gill, Olive Goy, Olive Hutchinson, Isabel Kay, Mabel Lawrence, Annie Lidster, Mary Lawson, Alice Magnall, Frances Millhouse, May Mitchell, Ellen Newbound, Dorothy Pepper, Florence Peters, Edith Pratt, Rebecca Rees, Henrietta Reynolds, Emily Roberts, Edith Stevens, Alice Storey, Edith Surfleet, Edith Sullivan, Nellie Tate, Dorothy Taylor, Ellen Vincent, Eva Walsh, Lilian Watt, Nora Williams, Agnes Wood.
- 1916 Violet Adcock, Eleanor Alcock, Harriett Allman, Ethel Bainbridge, Alice Barker, Nellie Barrett, Celia Burrows, Margaret Butler, Maud Chapman, Dorothy Clayton, Doris Cockshaw, Barbara Cooper, Elsie Dale, Margaret Dixon, May Edmundson, May England, Noeline Evans, May Fairhurst, Clarissa Forman, Muriel Forster, Bertha Foster, Maud Foster, Lilian Garner, Amy Geary, Evelyn Green, Annie Hale, Kate Huggins, Stephanie Hunt, Maggie Hunter, Alice Jackson, Annie Jackson, Edith Jamieson, Francis Knights, Phyllis Lever, Olive Lidington, Clarice Loughton, Beatrice Lowery, Nellie Masters, Annie Nicholson, Dorothy Nixon, Lilian Parkinson, Sarah Peck, Barbara Picton, Bertha Radford, Elsie Ramsden, Dora Reade, Bertha Richards, Doris Schofield, Marjorie Shires, Ethel Smith, Edith Speakman, Dorothy Storey, Fanny Tooley, Doris Tweed, Miriam Urry, May Walker, Vera Willett.

The above list is only printed annually, in the October number.

Chapel Offertory Balance Sheet

JUNE, 1915, TO JUNE, 1916

RECEIPTS

	£	s.	d.
Offertories for the year	16	1	8

£16 1 8

M. TURNER, *Treasurer*

EXPENDITURE

	£	s.	d.
Flowers for the Altar	2	0	0
Candles	0	5	8
Sacramental Wine	1	9	9
Wafers	0	9	6
Tapers	0	0	6
Repair of Carpet Sweeper	0	1	9
Cheque Book	0	1	0
Account Book	0	1	8
Quarterly Intercession Papers	0	8	0
Chapel Music	1	7	7
Surplice	1	4	0
Girdle	0	5	0
Donation to St. Hugh's Home) Special Collection,	0	13	3
) Harvest Festival	0	13	3
Carriage of Harvest Offerings	0	1	0
Donation to Universities Mission, Central Africa	1	1	0
S.P.G.	1	1	0
Chota Nagpore Mission, S.P.G.	1	1	6
S.P.G. (Women's Work)	0	10	6
Church Missionary Society	1	1	0
National Society	1	1	0
Sheffield Orphanage	1	1	0
Waifs and Strays	0	5	0
Clergy Orphans' Corporation	0	5	0
Balance for Chapel Improvement Fund	15	19	5
	0	2	3
	15	19	5
	0	2	3
	16	1	8

£16 1 8

Examined with vouchers and found correct,
W. TODHUNTER, *Principal*.

