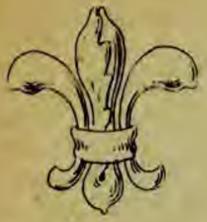


*College Copy*

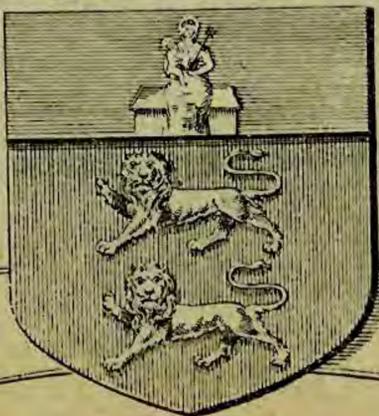
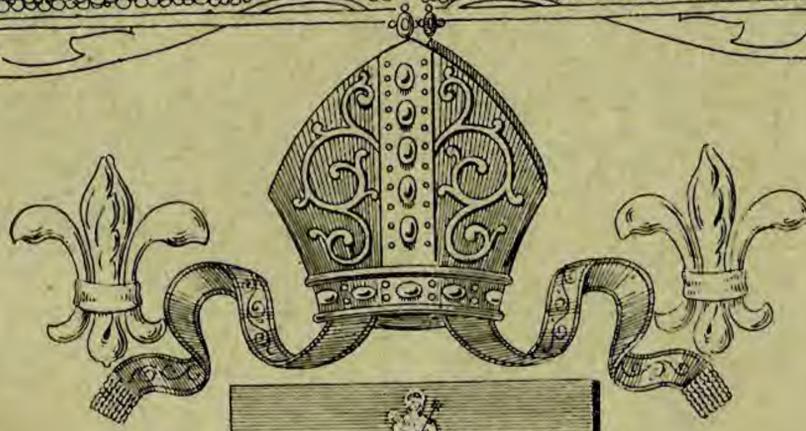
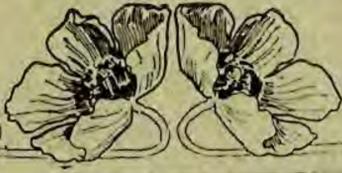


LINCOLN



Diocesan Training College

MAGAZINE



April,

1913.



**THE COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.**

*Aim of Association.*

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

*Its Constitution is as follows :—*

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

**RULES OF MEMBERSHIP.**

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

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

**COLLEGE PRAYER.**

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

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

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

Members receive the College Magazine free of charge, and are entitled to wear the College Association Badge. The Card of Membership and the Badge, 3/1, or in silver 5/3 (pendant), 6/3 (brooch), including postage, can be obtained through the Secretary, Miss Elwell.

## ASSOCIATION CORRESPONDENTS.

*College*

<i>Years.</i>	<i>Name of Correspondent.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
1864-1896	Miss Elwell ..	Training College, Lincoln.
1897	Miss E. Ayres ..	17 Milman Road, Lincoln.
*1898	Miss W. M. Brown ..	233 Monks Road, Lincoln.
1899	Miss Ada Brown ..	32 Stafford Avenue, Melton Mowbray.
1900	Miss Alice Mackintosh	"Whynscar," Yarborough Road, Lincoln.
1901	Miss Jessie Drake ..	c/o Miss Cotton, 78 Curzon Street, Long Eaton, Nr. Nottingham.
1902	Miss Edith Barker ..	239 Monks Road, Lincoln.
1903	Miss Ada Doodson ..	15 Charles Street, Bolton Road, Pendleton, Manchester.
1903	Miss Elinor Stewart ..	Holly Bank, Croston, Lancashire.
1904	Miss Mary Hoole ..	18 Mount Street, Lincoln.
1904	Mrs. W. F. Frith ..	Wilmhurst, Manor Rd, Aylesbury
1905	Miss Ida Gibbon ..	Oak Dene, Bolton Road, Irlams o' th' Heights, Manchester.
1905	Miss Jessie Stringer ..	24 North Parade, Lincoln.
1906	Miss Gertrude Border	25 Sibthorp Street, Lincoln.
1906	Miss Edith Jordan ..	17 Alcester Road, Moseley, Birmingham.
*1907	Miss Annie Royce ..	c/o Mrs. Marsden, Colt Lane, Birdwell, Nr. Barnsley
1907	Miss Edith Hurry ..	"Whynscar," Yarborough Road, Lincoln.
1908	Mrs. J. L. Stubbs ..	108 Station Road, Swinton, Manchester.
*1908	Miss Winifred Marden	21 Montrose Avenue, Redland, Bristol
*1909	Miss Margaret Heath ..	9 Hewson Road, West Parade, Lincoln.
1909	Miss Lottie Reddish ..	Ivydene, West Skirbeck, Boston.
1910	Miss Evelyn Cockshaw	Lindum; Gilda Crescent Road, Eccles, Manchester
1910	Miss May Redfern ..	33 Saxon Street, Lincoln.
1911	Miss Ella Pigott ..	"Cymba," Burton Rd., Lincoln.
1911	Miss Louie Williams ..	4 Sandy Grove, Pendleton, Manchester
1912	Miss Dorothy Clubb ..	77 Mildenhall Road, Clapton, London, N.E.
1912	Miss Dorothy Kemp ..	10 Church Lane, Lincoln.

\* Please note change of address.

**EDITORIAL NOTICE.**

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

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

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

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

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

---

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

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

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

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

## PRINCIPAL'S LETTER.

TRAINING COLLEGE,

LINCOLN.

March 10th, 1913.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I hope I may address you thus on the score of a bond in our love for College, which is surely laying hold on the hearts of us new-comers, as it has laid hold on so many hearts in the past.

The most important topic is the resignation of Miss Margaret Elwell, which is to take effect at Midsummer.

All who have had the privilege of association with Miss Elwell, as pupil or fellow-worker, will understand what a great loss College will sustain by her resignation ; but they will probably agree that this natural feeling of keen regret should not blind us to the fact that a rest has become a real necessity for one who, from the very strength of her sympathy, and the generosity of her service for others, tends to overtask her powers.

During the short time that I have known Miss Elwell, I have had the opportunity of learning from her one great lesson. You know how persistently she refuses to see the worst in us, what insight she has for the best in us : so that for her the best is brought out, just as it is said that Michael Angelo "saw" his masterpiece, the "David," in a piece of rough unhewn stone, and then seized his tools and liberated, as it were, the statue he had seen.

It would be well if such a blindness and such a vision might come to us all—a blindness to the failings of others—and such insight as would make us discern in each pupil entrusted to our care, the perfect image which God would carve out by us His tools.

Since the last magazine was issued, we have welcomed among us, as chaplain, the Rev. J. Tull, M.A. (Oxon.).

Almost as soon as you get this we shall all be looking forward to the Whitsuntide Re-union, when I hope to have the pleasure of meeting many of you for the first time. Till then, "good-bye."

Yours very sincerely,

W. TODHUNTER.

## WHITSUNTIDE RE-UNION.

March is only just well on the way, and it seems very early to be talking of Whitsuntide, but this year everything is early—flowers, the sprouting of hedges, the singing of birds. Easter itself is within a day as early as it can be, and the invitations to the Whitsuntide Re-union must be printed and posted before the Easter holidays. It will be a great convenience if intending visitors will reply in good time—if at all possible before April 18th. Miss Elwell will be glad if replies are not sent during the Easter holidays (March 18th to April 11th). It is also most important that if any one is prevented from coming after having accepted the invitation, the earliest possible notice should be sent.

Invitations are being sent out to:—

1. The two years who have left most recently, viz., 1911 and 1912.
2. All Association Members living in Lincoln.
3. The Correspondents of the various years.
4. All Association Members previous to and including 1885.
5. The Students of 1903–1904.

If at all possible the students of 1908 will be included later, and we should like again to call attention to the request of the Principal that any student not coming within the invited sections, but who for any reason wishes to be present this year, will write to Miss Elwell, who will at once forward her an invitation.

Programmes will be sent later to those who accept the invitation.

---

 OLD STUDENTS' PAGES.

## MARRIAGES.

OKE—COOPER. On July 30th, 1912, at the Parish Church, Harworth, William Oke, eldest son of Tom Oke, Lifton, Devon, to Frances Cooper (Lincoln, 1904–6), younger daughter of Mrs. Cooper, The Glen, Harworth.  
50 Danecroft Road, Herne Hill.

HANSFORD—DENT. On September 6th, 1912, at St. Martin's Church, Stubton, Charlton Hansford, of Moreton, Dorset, to Mary Dent (Lincoln, 1899–1901), of Fulbeck, Lincolnshire.  
School House, Pattishall, Towcester.

TAYLOR—HALSTEAD. In Christ Church, Nokomis, Saskatchewan, by the Rev. A. M. Harding, Ernest Stanford Taylor, to Edith Mary, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Halstead, of the Nokomis Post Office. (Mrs. Halstead will be remembered by students of 1883–4, as Florence Mary Dobson).

HOLDER—MOULDS. On December 26th, 1912, at Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Elton, Nottingham, Henry James Holder to Margaret Ellen Moulds (Lincoln, 1908-10).  
Lower Spillmans, Rodborough, Stroud, Glos.

---

#### ENGAGEMENT.

The following announcement is copied from the *San Francisco Chronicle* of January 1st, 1913 :

"The engagement has just been announced of Miss Laura King (Lincoln, 1906-8) to F. P. Curti. Mr. Curti has been for some years connected with a pioneer firm of this city. It is understood that the marriage will take place in the early spring. After a wedding tour through the East and Europe, the couple will reside permanently in San Francisco."

---

#### BIRTHS.

On October 5th, 1912, at 88 Mornington Road, Norwich, to Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Limner (Elsie Drake, Lincoln, 1899-1901), a son, Bernard George.

On October 6th, 1912, at Melsungen, Germany, to Heinrich and Marianne Hopf (Marianne Thomson, Lincoln, 1897-8), a daughter, Kate Lydia Thomson.

On October 28th, 1912, at 265 Western Road, Sheffield, to Frederick and Mary E. Tilbrook (Mary Arscott, Lincoln, 1900-2), a son, Wilfrid Arscott.

On November 7th, 1912, at 244 Rochdale Road, Royton, Oldham, to Kershaw and May Hadfield (May Kent, Lincoln, 1892-3), a son, Philip Newton.

On January 27th, 1913, at 107 Beeches Road, West Bromwich, to Miles and Florence Summerton (Florence Aughtie, Lincoln, 1889-90), a daughter, Mildred Ada.

On February 17th, 1913, at Corby, Grantham, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Leeson, a daughter, Magdalene.

---

#### DEATHS.

On Saturday, January 25th, 1913, at 27, Bolingbroke Grove, Wandsworth Common, S.W., suddenly, Bertha, elder daughter of George and Bertha Crapper (Bertha Wright, Lincoln, 1876-7).

"A heart-rending affliction has fallen, with awesome suddenness, on the home of our friend and former Warden, Mr. George Crapper.

"His elder daughter, Bertha, a true and constant helper of St. Luke's, had been ailing slightly, but was apparently none the worse on Saturday, January 25th. She was upstairs, when her sister heard her fall, and, hastening to her room, found her very ill; and in ten minutes life was fled.

"Our sincere and prayerful sympathy are with the family, always united in warm affection; but specially our hearts feel for

Mrs. Crapper, herself far from strong, whose constant companion and loving right hand Bertha has been since she left school. She is laid to rest at the village of Flegg Burgh, near Great Yarmouth, her mother's home."

*(Copied from St. Luke's Parish Magazine, Wandsworth.*

It is with deep sorrow that we record the death of Rhoda Brunning (Lincoln, 1909-11) on February 21st, 1913. She had been ill for several months, but it was quite hoped that she would eventually recover. Quite recently very serious symptoms showed themselves, and exhausted by the previous illness she was unable to rally, and her pure and gentle spirit passed peacefully away during sleep. Her sweet and unselfish disposition had made her much beloved by her College friends. For her, released from the weary suffering, 'Fast in Thy Paradise, where no flower can wither,' we give thanks, while our hearts go out in deepest sympathy to those to whom her loss means so much.

---

RE-APPOINTMENTS.

Miss Alice Brooks, Alexandra Park Council Juniors, Stockport.  
Head.

Miss Bessie Burrans, Titchfield Infants, Hampshire. Assistant.

Miss Jessie Linnell, Holy Trinity Girls, Coventry. Assistant.

Miss Amy Moore, Crosby Council Infants, Scunthorpe.  
Assistant.

Miss Agnes Short, Dowsby, Bourne, Head.

Miss Elsie Clifton, Hilda St. Girls, Grimsby. Head.

Miss Winifred Westland, Langley Girls. Head.

Miss Kate Brooks, Crosby Council Girls, Scunthorpe. Assistant

Miss Kitty Marriott, Green Road Council Infants, Dodworth,  
near Barnsley. Head.

Miss Annie Palin, Welholme Road Girls, Grimsby. Assistant.

Miss Lucy Andrews, Richmond Street Council Infants, Oldham.  
Assistant.

Miss Violet Brown, Wakefield Cathedral Infants. Head.

Miss Vera Banks, Lodge Estate Girls Council, West Bromwich.  
Assistant.

Miss Annie Royce, Birdwell Girls Council, near Barnsley. Head.

---

Miss Winifred Penzer has obtained the full Higher Fröebel Certificate.

Miss Jennie Miller has been successful in Part I. of the Higher Fröebel, with First Classes in Mathematics and Singing.

Miss Ivy Moss has completed Part I. of the same examination, with the exception of Handwork.

Miss Mabel Fountain has obtained the LL.A. Diploma of St. Andrews University.

Our congratulations to all.

## PRESENTATION.

"The breaking up of Miss Cookson's (Eastgate) Infant School, Lincoln, on Thursday, was emphasised by a presentation to Miss M. J. Grundy, the retiring head mistress, after over thirty years' noble service. In handing over the present, which consisted of a silver teapot, sugar basin, milk jug, and half-a-dozen spoons, from scholars past and present, teachers and friends, together with a tray from the Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Purey-Cust, the Vicar spoke of the very high esteem in which Miss Grundy was held by her scholars, and wished her health and happiness for many years to come. Miss Grundy briefly thanked all those who had so kindly contributed towards the present, remarking on the great kindness which had been shown to her during her connection with the school."

---

Miss Lucy Parry (Lincoln, 1907-9) is now teaching in Kalgoorlie, Western Australia.

---

*Letter from Miss Yeates.*

ASSIOUT,  
EGYPT.

*February 18th, 1913.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I am sorry not to have written to you before, but somehow I am growing old, and time flies in Egypt. If you look in your map of Egypt you will find the place where I am now staying is about 400 miles south of Alexandria. I was sent for here to take a temporary post as governess in place of a friend who died suddenly. This is a native household belonging to one of the richest families in Assiout. The house is very large, and furnished most luxuriously, and with, of course, servants innumerable in and out of the house. Assiout lies on the banks of the Nile; the part near the river is occupied with fine houses and gardens, and beyond are two public parks, well-kept and with fine trees, both English and Arabic, and they are much appreciated. The native town has long narrow streets lying near to the foot of the mountains. We lie between two ranges of the mountains which run north and south through Egypt. The river is very beautiful, wider even here than the Thames at its widest, and spanned by a barrage which is considered a wonderful feat of engineering skill. We drive along the banks of the river nearly every day, and as you may imagine I love it already. I am hoping to go to the mountains shortly, perhaps before I close this. I do not think that geologically they are particularly interesting, but they are still the haunts of robbers, and there are still many old "Ders"—walled, or in one way or other fortified and hidden villages belonging to the Copts who for ages, as Christians, have been terribly persecuted, even to the last few years, and when persecution arose they fled as well as they could to these hidden mountain or desert homes. I have been

to a desert "Der," and if I return to Fayoum, the Coptic Priest is going to take me to a mountain one. Many of the churches in these Ders are very old and very interesting, and possess many curious old relics.

The rich Egyptians (and there are many) have very fine houses, with rooms and decorations fit for palaces, but they are all new, and they have none of the nice old furniture, pictures, old treasures, etc., that we find in an English home. Their gardens are carefully kept, but stiff, and lacking the beautiful and varied flowers of even an ordinary English garden, and close by these magnificent houses and gardens will be Arab mud huts—often with holes only for doors, and probably possessing nothing in the way of furniture, etc., beyond perhaps a stool, and perhaps a bit of matting, and a few primitive cooking utensils. In a hut of this kind there will be two or more women, a tribe of children, a sheep or two, lambs, and poultry innumerable, and besides there will often be a cow or gamous. The neighbouring district here is extremely fertile; there is a kind of clover called "bercune," which is much used for cattle and horses, and I was told they get eight crops a year.

There is no English Church here, but the Americans have an English (Presbyterian) service on Sunday evenings, and I go to that. The nearest English Church is nearly 300 miles away, but a clergyman is coming up to take a church service once a month; it will be very nice.

The weather just now is like beautiful English spring weather; they tell me it will soon be very hot, but there is no rain to fear. When the heat come it gets unbearable—then all the Europeans have to leave for the sea or some cooler climate.

Mosquitos never seem to really die out here, even in winter, but I am told later the flies are very troublesome, and we always have to use fly whisks.

Every Friday an excursion boat comes up the Nile from Cairo. I suppose it takes about a fortnight to come and return. We are always interested in watching the tourists, most of whom have donkeys, and go up the mountains or round Assiout. The Arabs try to sell them curios and Assiout shawls (the manufacture of which is a great industry here). Many of the things they try to sell, I am sorry to say, are only rubbish, for the Arab is as untrustworthy to-day as he has ever been, notwithstanding his smiling face and his persuasive voice and manner.

Though you are nearly all personally strangers to me, I think of you all very, very often. Some day perhaps I will write to you some of my recollections of those far-off days when the College was new, and I was young. I fear I may never meet you in this world, but my heart and best wishes are with you all. May God give you His blessing.

Ever affectionately yours,

MARY YEATES.

(Lincoln, 1862).

*Part of a letter written to Miss Elwell by Sister Madeline (Maude Bourne) in 1912.*

THE CHILDREN'S HOME.  
PARKERVILLE,  
WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

It is four years on Friday since I left Marston before sailing. It seems a lifetime, and yet how quickly the time does pass; last Christmas seems only just gone, and now here is another. It never seems that it is Christmas to me—burning sun and brilliantly blue skies, no snow, or fog, or dull, gloomy days, and, above all, no roaring fires, cannot seem like dear old Christmas. I often think I should just love to sit by a good blazing fire again. Well, you would like to know something of my life at Parkerville. The Homes are twenty miles out of Perth, quite in the bush. We are quite a village to ourselves. I will begin at the entrance gate—one mile from the station. Just inside is our chapel, a jarrah wood building, plain outside, but beautiful inside—an apse chancel with coloured windows above; every thing about the altar is beautiful, almost or I believe quite all are presents. Our communion silver, one clergyman said, is the most beautiful in Western Australia. Our children form the choir, girls on one side, boys on the other; the girls wear a dress very much like the girls of the Foundling Home in London. They sing very well; we have fully choral services, and we have had choral celebrations. I am sacristan, organist, and choir mistress. We have morning prayers with sung psalms every day at 9.20, and evening at 6. In the morning the church is quite full, all the children down to three years old come; in the evening only the bigger ones, over nine. On Sunday the service is for children in the morning at 11; Morning prayer, but we sing a hymn instead of the Te Deum, and if the psalms are very long we do not sing all. Then Sister Jane gives an address. In the evening at 7.30 we have evening service, and it is for grown-up people, only the choir children come.. It is the only church in Parkerville, so we get those of the village who are church people; a good many are Romans. A very large number of West Australians are Romans; there are convents, schools, and monasteries all over Western Australia. Until our community opened schools out here there were no schools at all for upper and middle-class girls, except the Roman convent schools, both day and boarding, and as great numbers of people out here live in hotels and boarding houses they could not have governesses easily.

Well, I must not spend so much space over all the buildings or I shall not find an envelope large enough to hold my budget. To the right of the chapel, further back, is Beaconsfield, and there is the office where I work, the infirmary, Sister Jane's and Sister Sarah's rooms. To the left of the gate on a line with the chapel, is Lady Bedford Home, a lovely Home with two large

nurseries, one for three and four year old children, the other five to seven. A beautiful verandah goes round three sides where the children can play when wet or too hot; on one they have the kindergarten school. There is also at this Home a bathroom, and the dispensary, and three bedrooms. Still further to the left is the Padbury Home, and here are thirty mites from one year to three years. Sister Kate is Queen of the Home; the children worship her. If any one offends them, won't let them go where or do what they want, you may hear a baby voice threaten: "I'll tell K. on you." The disrespectful babies always call her "K."

Nearly a month since I began this and Christmas is over. I must not stop to tell you about it, because I said this letter should be a description of our village. The next line of buildings further back still, begins just opposite the chapel; it is the school, a nice brick building. At one end are two bedrooms, one is mine, the other is the school-mistress's, to the left opposite Padbury, is the dining hall, one large hall for the children, and two smaller ones for all the Sisters and workers. At the end of the dining hall is the kitchen with the store room opening from it. I do dislike the storeroom; it is my greatest worry. I am housekeeper, and it is most dreadfully difficult to calculate exactly what to order for such a family—sometimes so much more of some particular thing is used, then we run short of it, and I get grumbled at by one or another; everybody is sure to want whatever it may be if we are out of it. If the bills are too high I am told not to be so extravagant; if I economize I am called "mingy." I say "stores" will be found written on my heart, like "Calais" on Queen Mary's, if anybody takes the trouble to look. But I manage to survive it all somehow.

Nearly two months since I began this epistle. I think I had better leave the other two houses—S. Nicholas, with its 26 children (girls, eight to eleven years; boys, seven to nine), and Guildford, behind on the top of the hill, with twelve darlings of five to eight, and Cocky, who seems to belong to me, because when I came here he was a very neglected member of the establishment, and after Sister Kate had found him several times without food or water, she asked me to take charge of him. I am very fond of birds, so I did, and he has got to be so tame and full of fun—I lend him now to the Guildford children because they are so good to him—he is pure white. He looks up at strangers very innocently, and says: "Scratch Cocky, poor Cocky!" and if the stranger does so, he turns and nips the finger, then goes off in shrieks of laughter. When I cover him up at night he says: "Cocky go to prayers"—then he talks to himself: "Good-night, Cocky, good-night; pretty boy." We have cows, calves, pigs, a horse, two dogs, scores of cats, (wild ones which make unearthly music at night, eat the poultry, and get into dining rooms and kitchens, and in every way prove a great nuisance,) ducks, geese, guinea fowl, and poultry.

I was professed on January 31st, with two other sisters. I have

been a novice three years, but it was nicer to wait for them than be alone, and also I have been so little with Sister Vera who represents the Mother Superior, and the two were here at the College all the two years. Now I will really stop. I have sent you a paper with a very nice account of the Homes written by a lady who is staying with us for a short time, a friend of Sister Kate ; she writes for papers. Now I will say good-bye.

Ever your loving friend,

SISTER MADELINE.

---

### REMINISCENCES OF LINCOLN DIOCESAN TRAINING COLLEGE.

*(Reprinted by permission, from an article by Canon Rowe, in the "Lincoln Diocesan Magazine").*

This last year 1912, having been the jubilee year of the opening of the Training College by the Diocesan Board for the Training of Teachers for the Elementary Schools, it has been thought that a few reminiscences of the life and work of the College during those fifty years, and more especially during the last twenty years, may be of interest to readers of the "Diocesan Magazine," and may, at the same time, serve the purpose of recalling the former state of things, out of which the new *régime* has been gradually developed, before those recollections may be consigned to the oblivion which is the usual fate of all such matters. And this will be of still more interest in view of the great changes in the administration which have already taken place, and those which, judging from Lord Haldane's announcement, seem likely to take place in the near future.

It is not my purpose to write an account of the College, but rather to recall the great changes which have taken place in its life and work. Fifty years ago Canon Hector Nelson started with thirteen students. This number shortly afterwards increased to forty, as many as the buildings could accommodate. These, after a time, became known to outsiders as the "forty thieves," the Principal being Ali Baba, but it need hardly be said this name was not given in consequence of any mental aberration in that direction, but simply owing to the numbers corresponding to the well-known story—though there is a tradition that women are not allowed to sit in the stalls in the Cathedral, because on a certain memorable occasion the forty went and took possession of those stalls to the detriment of the Canons. Such, or similar traditions, as is well known, attach themselves to all such institutions, and, after having been talked about for a sufficient number of times, come to be regarded and spoken of as well established facts.

To come to real facts, those early students had in many respects a hard life, but it must not be supposed that this was in any way due to want of management on the part of the Principal; on the contrary, it is a marvel how he contrived to bring about such excellent results in that training with the very poor and scanty means he had to work with; and it is not too much to say that, during those thirty years, he not only turned out excellent women and excellent teachers, but he laid the foundation of the high tone and high principle for which the students of the College have always been distinguished.

There was also another great drawback to College life in those days. There were no means of any kind for out-door recreation, except a walk up and down the roads, or once or twice a week a visit to the shops down-hill; as was the case with other things, it was thought that women did not need it, and it was better for them to have to rough it, and to learn to do without comforts. Possibly there was some half-forgotten truth in that, in the light of the way in which in these superior days the pendulum has swung so far in the opposite direction. It has also to be remembered that in those days students paid no fees of any kind, and, consequently, that the expenditure had to be cut down as much as possible, though this has to be carefully looked to at the present day, when Government think that £35 a year is quite enough for the maintenance of each student, including board, lodging, laundress, medical attendance, training, teaching, and all other incidental expenses, such as lighting and warming, recreation grounds, practical teaching, etc., etc.

All this only shows how much room there was for great improvements in the conditions of life under which students were expected to live, as well as in the methods of training and in their own education and general equipment for their work. And a very great change has taken place within the last twenty years in almost every respect in the accommodation provided for them, in their food, arrangements made for warming and ventilating the College, in their class-rooms, opportunities for private study, out-door games, methods of teaching, opportunities for practical teaching, in fact, in every part of their life.

The attention of the governing bodies having been drawn to the necessity for providing much better accommodation, and such as shall lend encouragement to more refined ideas and feelings, they threw themselves heartily into this work, and the result is that, in all such points, the College at Lincoln takes a high position amongst the Colleges, and the teachers who go forth from it are well known for their high tone and refined bearing as well as for their good sense and powers of practical teaching.

With regard to the education and training of the students, the entire aim is not simply to prepare them for passing examinations, but to show them how to teach themselves,

and to guide them into the way of finding out things for themselves, both indoors and out-of-doors, through studying nature itself, and through having plenty of time allowed them for private study and reading under the guidance of the members of the staff. Thus, when they become teachers in turn, they will be ready to adopt similar principles and methods in teaching the children in our schools.

These reminiscences of College life would not be complete without a few words about the College chapel and the services. The chapel was built in 1874, with a double tier of seats facing north and south, and therefore opposite to one another, with a few separate stalls at the west end. In 1901 it was found necessary to enlarge it by the addition of a north aisle, and the cost of this, including a new organ, amounting in all to about one thousand pounds, was defrayed by the untiring efforts of Miss Elwell, backed by the generous support those efforts met with from past students. The east window was given by the students of the years from 1862 to 1892 as a remembrance of Canon Nelson's great work, and as a token of their great respect and love for him. The stained windows, the oak screen, the panelling in the body of the chapel, and the credence table are all gifts from past students and their friends. The reredos and the oak carving in the sanctuary were put up by Canon Rowe and many friends in memory of his wife, who died on January 25th, 1904. The chapel has for many years been the centre of the whole life of the College, and so is not only very dear to all, both staff and students, but is felt to be the imperishable link which binds all, both past and present, into one, and makes them feel that there, in all its sacred memories, and their loving union with God in Jesus Christ, lies the secret of the real well-being of themselves and their much loved College.

A. W. R.

---

### A VISIT TO THE TAJ MAHAL

*(A further extract from the diary of Mrs. Laurence Graeme, whose description of the Coronation Durbar appeared in our last number).*

S—— and I started for Agra, Saturday, December 30th, 1912, reaching Agra on Sunday, December 31st, at night. We went to the Hotel Cecil, a most comfortable and luxurious hotel, managed by a fat Englishwoman of the superior housekeeper type—a most welcome sight.

Directly after breakfast we hastened to accomplish our heart's desire, and drove to the Taj Mahal. When I say that long before I ever thought I should come to India, I have always wanted to see it, and that ever since I first heard of it, I have been expecting more and more of it, and that my expectations are *more* than fulfilled,

I feel I can't say much more, and yet, though it is almost impossible, I must try to describe it. We went through a huge red sandstone entrance, with a museum upstairs, into the grounds, which stand on the banks of the Jumna, and are beautifully laid out with fine trees and shrubs, and flowers, and broad paths stone-flagged, with water tanks down the middle. The length of the grounds, from the entrance to the Taj itself is about a quarter of a mile, and it seems a much shorter distance when one walks along, lured on by the Taj, which, at first sight, from that distance looks absolutely pure white. It is a large building, all of pure white marble, with three domes on the top, and, though so huge, even before one is near enough to see the wonderful carving, it gives an impression of lightness, as if it was scarcely a real building, but a vision that might vanish at any moment—as some one ably described it, it is like a white butterfly in the sun, just going to fly away. When we got near, the effect of lightness was even more wonderful, as we could see the details of the wonderful carving. All round, outside, on a level with the eye, are large panels of marble in one piece, about one to one-and-half yards, and on each is a perfectly simple spray of flowers, carved in deep relief, so that they really look as if you could pick them. Although we went there three times, I cannot even now say what colour the Taj is. The first impression is one of pure and dazzling whiteness, and though that is no false impression, there is just something that saves it from looking cold, and I think it is that the panels above described and other places with much carving and trellis-work of marble, look so like ivory that the warmth of that effect must be from the lights and shadows on the carved marble, which give a feeling of warmth and life to it without colour. Then again, there is so often in white marble just a suspicion of grey shadow, and though I could not say that was perceptible, I am sure it must be the case.

Over the entrance doorway there is a lot of flower-work, done in inlaid semi-precious stones in the same design as those in the Delhi Fort, as both buildings were planned and built by the same man. Inside there is a little entrance hall, before you go into the central room where Mumtag Mahal's tomb lies, an octagonal screen of openwork carved marble, that looks like ivory. Each side is about five yards long and six feet high, and each side has three panels of the openwork marble (about two inches thick), and most beautifully finished off at the top. In the centre lies a plain white marble tomb, inlaid with precious stones, and to the side of this lies a larger tomb—that of Shan Jehan (her husband). He had not intended to lie near to his beloved. He had built a tomb for himself within view of the perfect place that love and art had designed for her, but something happened to this, and he was buried in the Taj by his son. It is pathetic to think, that after her death, and after he had finished his masterpiece of beauty, he was imprisoned by his son in the fort, and from the window of his prison

could see the pearly domes of his wife's tomb. You have a curious feeling that it is *not* a tomb in the sense of immortalizing death, but a great and living love, which is made all the more impressive by the fact that it is in the East, and for a woman. You do not remember in the least that you are looking at the tomb of a heathen woman, but you feel in the presence of something sacred and noble, as if you were in church, or as if you were listening to really beautiful music. The ubiquitous Lord Curzon has hung a lamp over the tomb, a most beautiful old carved brass one, it is true, but to my mind utterly out of place, particularly when at night lighted with electricity. There are several venerable Rajputs in charge, and they sing weird little dirges rather like Gregorian chants, to show the wonderful echo. On the tombs are flowers which the attendants give to the visitors. I succumbed to one, but it seemed a reversion of the proper order of things! It would have been interesting to stand there for hours and watch the demeanour of the natives who flock to the place. Some walk right in and do *puja* (worship) to the tombs; others would not venture inside, but from the doorway threw flowers and coins. Whether they are doing reverence to Shan Jehan as a great ruler, or whether they are impressed by the solemnity and beauty of the place, I could not say. We went again after church on Sunday evening to see it by moonlight, and the lightness and ethereal effect was wonderful.

On Monday, January 1st, 1912, we went to the Taj again, and took several photographs which have come out well. I am glad we went again, as there is so much to take in. In spite of my saying it is not dazzling, I know that one morning, a very extra bright day, we could hardly look at it against the blue sky, but I am loth to say this, as it sounds so staring, and gives a false impression, but we longed for our smoked glasses. The surrounding gardens are lovely, so peaceful, green, and quiet.

PENELOPE GRAEME.

---

### ESSAY ON SHELLEYS "ODE TO A SKYLARK"

THERE is a tendency, almost a custom, at the present day to criticize Shelley, and yet he is the poet above all others who should never be criticised. With the first word almost of criticism comes the dawn of doubt, and all the magic of Shelley's poetry fades into the light of common day. We cannot justify all the poet's deeds, because we cannot understand all the principles and theories which he believed to be right, and consequently acted upon. There is another side, however, of this wonderful creator of poetry which no one wishes to criticise—a side which all must needs wonder at and admire—his passionate worship of beauty, expressed in perfect song. With regard to this may be quoted words written by E. F. Benson, which seems to describe Shelley very aptly, and to put him beyond the pale of all criticism. He says that the passionate

worship of beauty in whatever sort manifested, is no less a direct invocation than prayer and the bent knee. "For the passion for what is beautiful is no less than the passion for the only Beautiful, and by such as feel that, all that is filthy is as unerringly condemned as it is by those who call 'filthy' by another name—'sinful.'" In a word, it seems that when Shelley tries to explain little bits, as it were, of the Infinite, he contradicts himself and gropes in the dark, but when he is content to play in the field of the World's beauty, he writes a perfect poem and calls it "The Cloud," or "The Sensitive Plant," or "To-Night," or "To a Skylark."

The very first lines of the poem "To a Skylark" reveal Shelley's spirit—the child-like spirit, "which believes in love, believes in loveliness, believes in belief," which sees in Nature an endless fairy-story, and in life an eternal romance.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!  
Bird thou never wert.

Like a cloud of fire  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

is a perfect description of Shelley himself. With him there is no impassable barrier between earth and heaven. He can

float and run;  
Like an embodied joy, whose race is just begun.

It has been urged, especially with regard to this poem, that the profusion of fancy and imagery dazzles and confuses us, and the instances generally given are the stanzas which liken the skylark in turn to a poet, a high-born maiden, a glow-worm golden, a rose, "embowered in its own green leaves," and a sound of vernal showers. Yet these are the most perfectly beautiful lines in the whole poem, and lift us without any effort of our own beyond the narrow confines of our own world into the blue, aerial heights where Shelley sings, and where the possibilities of the various musical instruments we know so well, grow stale as we listen enraptured to the sound of vernal showers on the twinkling grass. "Chorus hymenæal" or "triumphal chaunt" do indeed seem all but an empty vaunt when matched with the skylark's ethereal song. As a matter of fact, Shelley cannot overdo his imagery because it is in this faculty that his magic lies. He uses it not merely as a means of expression or of adornment, but for its own sake, from pure delight and sheer enjoyment. The power is so spontaneous that it never jars. As long as we read to enjoy we feel the poetry of the whole thing; it is only when we pause to consider and analyse the setting that we are apt to say, "This is beautiful language, and nothing more."

It is interesting to compare this poem with Wordsworth's "Skylark." Wordsworth's ethereal minstrel sings with as much

witchery as Shelley's, but Shelley's is a "scorner of the ground," while Wordsworth's returns to its nest upon the dewy ground. The two poems are exactly typical of the writers. Wordsworth had a less passionate but a profounder love of nature than Shelley. Wordsworth saw the clouds that gather round the setting sun, and "knew" that they "took a sober colouring from an eye that hath kept watch over man's mortality," while Shelley, watching the golden lightening of the sunken sun "dreamed" of things more true and deep than we mortals know. It would be an injustice to Wordsworth, rather than to Shelley, to say, in comparing the two, that Shelley had not the deep purpose and high seriousness of Wordsworth. He had, but he expressed it in a different way. Wordsworth sang in his shady wood; Shelley in his privacy of glorious light.

MARY V. LAKE,  
Second Year

LES MÉSAVENTURES D'ÉTUDIANTES ANGLAISES  
EN ROUTE POUR SUIVRE UN COURS DE VACANCES.

PERSONNAGES.

DOROTHY ( <i>C listes</i> )	} <i>Quatre amies étudiantes</i> <i>Anglaises</i>	} DOROTHY KEMP MAUD BORDER VIOLET LAMAN EMILY SHOESMITH
MAUD " "		
VIOLET		
MAUD		
EMPLOYÉ DE L'OCTROI .. .. .	.. .. .	.. " "
MARCHAND DE BICYCLETTES .. .. .	.. .. .	MARGERY CARLESS
SERGENT DE VILLE .. .. .	.. .. .	.. DORIS BUCK
MARCHANDE AMBULANTE . . . . .	. . . . .	.. VIOLET LAMAN
AUTO-MOBILISTE .. .. .	.. .. .	.. GWYNN MIELL
FEMME D'AUTO-MOBILISTE .. .. .	.. .. .	MARGERY CARLESS
MARCHANDE AMBULANTE .. .. .	.. .. .	.. VIOLET LAMAN
PROPRIÉTAIRE D'HÔTEL .. .. .	.. .. .	.. DORIS BUCK
CONCIERGE .. .. .	.. .. .	MARGERY CARLESS
GARÇON .. .. .	.. .. .	.. GWYNN MIELL
MADAME LA PROPRIÉTAIRE DE PENSION .. .. .	.. .. .	.. GWYNN MIELL
COMMISSIONNAIRE .. .. .	.. .. .	.. DORIS BUCK
AMIE ANGLAISE .. .. .	.. .. .	.. M. TURNER

SCENE I.—AU PORT DU HAVRE.

(*En quittant un petit bureau au quai. Inscriptions de noms sur un livre officiel et paiement de 60c.*)

MAUD.—Voilà enfin notre affaire. Un permis de circulation de bicyclette à chacune. Nous pouvons circuler par toute la France, maintenant, n'est-ce pas ?

DOROTHY.—Pendant trois mois seulement. Lisez là-haut, “valable pour trois mois.” Lisez plus loin, “cyclistes domiciliés à l'étranger.” C'est nous alors, nous Anglaises.

EMILY.—Qu'est-ce qu'on vous a demandé, Dorothy? Vous avez dû subir un véritable interrogatoire.

DOROTHY.—Nous avons dû donner nos noms, nos prénoms et notre nationalité.

MAUD.—Oui, figurez-vous, nos prénoms, noms de baptême!

VIOLET.—Pourquoi donc, ce ne sont pas ses affaires! C'est drôle ça, il me semble. Vous auriez dû lui dire que vous vous appelez Jacqueline, ou Joséphine, ou Angéline, ou Micheline.

MAUD.—Ah non! car ça vaut “une inexactitude de déclaration” et voyez au verso de cette carte une loi qui menace que (*elle la lit*) “toute contravention à cette obligation sera punie du doublement de taxe,” et je ne veux pas payer, quand même!

EMILY.—Evidemment vous devez toujours porter ce papier timbré. C'est fort précieux ça, un permis à 60 centimes signalé par un timbre de la République. Gardez-le bien.

VIOLET.—(*Lisant le permis de Dorothy*). Mais lisez, lisez donc! Il n'est pas suffisant de vous en faire la porteuse pour le présenter “à toute réquisition de l'autorité compétente” mais “le titulaire” —c'est vous, vous savez—“devra donner sa signature chaque fois qu'elle lui sera réclamée.”

DOROTHY.—Même cela ne suffit pas à ces fonctionnaires. Un d'eux m'a longuement interrogée au sujet du cycle—du numero au cadre, numero aux moyeux, mais surtout de la marque. “Quelle marque, quelle marque?” dit-il, et je n'y en ai plus.

EMILY.—Qu'est-ce que c'est, la marque? Que veut dire ça?

VIOLET.—C'est le nom de la bicyclette comme Humber, Raglan, etc. Mais il y a longtemps que la marque a disparu de la vôtre, Dorothy. Quand on l'a ré-émaillée and re-nickelée, on l'a complètement effacée, je crois.

MAUD.—En vérité je pense qu'il croyait dénicher une anarchiste avec un appareil horrible en guise de cycle. Ah! comme on se doutait de cette pauvre machine-là.

*(Embarcadère de Honfleur au Havre. Bateau manqué. Sirène. Un bateau vient de partir).*

DOROTHY.—Ah! Ecoutez la sirène, Regardez! le bateau eet déjà parti. Que faire! Mon Dieu, vous savez que c'est le dernisr aujourd'hui.

EMILY.—Oh! ces détestables douaniers! c'est leur faute, à eux. D'abord le facteur n'a pas pu trouver ma malle, and puis il a insisté pour qu'on l'ouvrît, et moi, j'en avais perdu la clef.

MAUD.—Ne nous inquiétons pas de ça à présent?

VIOLET.—De fait, non! Ce n'est pas la peine. Il faut faire attention à ce qu'il vaudrait mieux faire.

DOROTHY.—Tout de même, je voudrais m'en plaindre à la direction.

EMILY.—Et moi aussi. On doit retenir les bateaux jusqu'à ce que la visite de douane soit finie.

MAUD.—De préférence, ma chère, préoccupez-vous de quelque nouvelle disposition de notre voyage. Pour ce bateau là, c'est fini, nous ne saurions le faire rentrer.

DOROTHY.—Mais nous voilà à des milles et des milles de notre destination. Je vous le demande un peu, que faire ?

VIOLET.—Vous deux, les cyclistes, vous pouvez monter à bicyclette et y arriver assez vite. Pour nous il faut chercher un logement quelque part pour la nuit et remettre la fin de notre voyage jusqu'au lendemain.

EMILY.—Bien conçu ! mais vous devez partir tout de suite. Le soir avance un peu. Nous nous occuperons des bagages. Nous les mettrons en consigne.

VIOLET.—Avant de partir cherchez la carte cycliste pour vous renseigner sur la route. Ah ! c'est par là. Regardez la ligne rouge qui serpente tant.

EMILY.—Dépêchez-vous. Je veux bien que vous vous mettiez en route aussi promptement que possible. Il commence à faire nuit

DOROTHY.—Une petite minute et vous nous verrez filer, filer, filer. Gardez-vous bien.

MAUD.—Au revoir. Gardez-vous de vous égarer. A demain.

VIOLET.—Et vous, soyez discrètes et fort prudentes jusqu'à ce que nous soyons là pour vous veiller. Faites bien attention où vous vous orientez. Allez doucement.

EMILY.—N'accentuez pas trop l'allure par peur de vous faire remarquer de la police. (*A Violet*). Allons nous occuper de ces colis. Il faut chercher la consigne.

## SCENE II.—CYCLISTES EN ROUTE.

(*Piqûre et perte d'écrou. Un timbre sonne. Un cri se fait entendre*).

DOROTHY.—Tenez, Maud ! Attendez ! Faites halte un peu. Revenez. Je vous en prie.

MAUD.—Qu'est-ce que vous avez ? Une piqûre ! Quel ennui ! C'est bien dommage.

DOROTHY.—Ah ! non, je ne crois pas. Ce n'est que dégonflé. Le pneu est tout à fait tombé, absolument mou. Touchez le. Comme les cailloux l'ont fait cahoter le long de cette route. Quelles secousses ! Plusieurs fois je faillis me jeter à terre et enfin ma machine a butté tout d'un coup contre un caillou et me voilà à terre.

MAUD.—Eh bien ! Il faut le regonfler. Où est votre pompe à air ? Est ce que ce n'est pas la roue d'arrière ?

DOROTHY.—Si, si, si ! C'est toujours celle-là où l'air échappe. Je ne crois pas qu'on puisse serrer suffisamment l'écrou. Vous, vérifiez le, voulez-vous ? Ah ! Ça va mieux à présent

MAUD.—(*Ouvrant la sacoche et cherchant une clef de serrage*). Attendez, j'ai toujours peur un peu de mes pédales depuis ma chute de la semaine dernière, tant elle a secoué toute la machine. Ah ! quelle bêtise, je n'y ai jamais mis de clef. Voilà, burette d'huile, et d'autres choses inutiles. Vous en avez une, n'est-ce pas ? Puis-je chercher dans votre sacoche ? Ah ! en voilà une. Merci bien ! Allons !

DOROTHY.—Mais Maud, figurez-vous ! Ça doit être une piqûre en fin de compte ! mon pneu reste tout mou et plat. Assurément il doit être crevé quelque part.

MAUD.—Vous savez en faire la réparation, n'est-ce pas ? Moi, je n'ai pas la moindre idée de ce qu'il faut faire.

DOROTHY.—C'est inutile d'essayer. Moi, je n'ai jamais de succès dans ces choses là, quoique je fasse tout mon possible.

MAUD.—Tenez, deux minutes pour que je visse cet écrou. . . . Mais il s'est perdu ! Quel désastre ! Rien à faire que de chercher un fabricant de bicyclettes ou un réparateur quelconque.

DOROTHY.—Voyez là-bas un atelier. Une serrurerie ! Non ! quelle chance ! je crois bien que c'est un marchand des accessoires de bicyclettes. Bien sûr, on y trouvera soit le patron, soit un ouvrier qui saura faire les réparations des deux.

MAUD.—Comme nous sommes bien tombées sur notre affaire. Regardez là-haut, au dessus de la vitrine. Lisez l'enseigne : Comptoir Général des Cycles, Accessoires et Réparations. Evidemment un atelier qui s'occupe exclusivement de cycles. Passons y tout de suite. Moi, j'y irai chercher le marchand. Attendez ici.

(*Voix du marchand et de Maud se font entendre à la cantonade. Entrée des deux*).

DOROTHY.—Bon jour, Monsieur.

MARCHAND.—Bon jour, Mademoiselle. Que désirent, Mesdemoiselles ?

MAUD.—Nous ne savons pas au juste, Monsieur, mais il faut de petites réparations à nos bicyclettes, à toutes les deux.

MARCHAND.—Ah ! oui, Mademoiselle, je vois bien. Voilà un rayon qui s'est cassé et le cadre est courbé. Ça pourrait faire arriver un accident assez grave. Est-ce que le frein marche bien ?

DOROTHY.—Oh ! oui ! je ne me doute de rien qu'une simple piqûre.

MARCHAND.—Cela se fait facilement le long de cette route pierreuse que vous avez traversée, surtout si on laisse aller à toute vitesse le pneumatique.

MAUD.—Mon amie adore filer, filer comme le vent depuis qu'elle a sa roue libre. Dorothy, est-ce que vous marchiez sans

dû serrer le fien, les pieds sur les repose-pieds quand vous avez dû arrêter ?

MARCHAND.—C'est ce qui est assez dangereux Mademoiselle, dans les rues encombrées. Mais au dehors de la ville, c'est autre chose. Presque tout le monde descend de cette montée là-haut à une vitesse un peu imprudente, et avec une rapidité vertigineuse.

DOROTHY.—Comme c'est délicieux, une course comme ça, une longue pente où on peut rouler sans devoir éviter à chaque moment, piétons, voitures, tramways. Mais qu'est-ce que j'ai fait au guidon, Monsieur ?

MARCHAND.—Vous n'avez pas remarqué qu'il est tordu ? Voyez la poignée droite qui tourne un peu derrière et la garde-crotte qui est courbée un peu, et cette pédale qui est faussée.

MAUD.—Mon Dieu ! Quoi de plus ! Comme cette chute l'a endommagée ! Nous n'avons fait attention qu'au pneu.

MARCHAND.—Il faudra laisser les bicyclettes chez nous pendant une ou deux heures. Il faut s'assurer que les chaînes sont en bon ordre. Je ferai réparer les machines le plus promptement possible. Ayez l'obligeance de revenir dans une heure et demie. J'espère pouvoir vous les remettre.

DOROTHY.—Voulez-vous me dire l'heure qu'il est ? Merci bien. On ne sera pas plus longtemps qu'une heure et demie, j'espère. Il faudra bien nous remettre en route ou jamais nous n'arriverons à notre destination.

MARCHAND.—(*Examinant la machine de Maud*). La vôtre est tout en ordre Mademoiselle ; sauf le manque d'écrou. C'est un pneu de très bonne marque. Le Humber à roue libre mérite bien sa réputation mondiale. Je ferai rapidement exécuter les petites réparations, Mademoiselle, et je pourrais faire livrer les bicyclettes chez vous si vous allez rester quelque temps à un de nos hôtels.

DOROTHY —Merci, Monsieur, mais nous reviendrons les chercher.

MARCHAND.—Comme vous voulez, Mademoiselle. Au revoir, Mesdemoiselles.

DOROTHY ET MAUD.—Au revoir, Monsieur. (*Maud*) Ah ! voudriez-vous bien monter ma selle un peu. Je crois marcher mieux comme ça. Je n'y étais pas bien en venant ici.

(*L'octroi. L'employé arrêtant les cyclistes*).

EMPLOYÉ.—Allons ! arrêtez, Mesdemoiselles. Il faut descendre ici. On ne passe pas. Tout passage est interdit sans examen, sans inspection.

MAUD.—Mais pourquoi donc, Monsieur ? Nous sommes pressées. Cela va nous retarder inutilement.

EMPLOYÉ.—Cela ne me fait rien. Comme employé du gouvernement, j'ai ma consigne, et je l'exécute toujours, quand même. N'avez-vous rien à déclarer ?

LES DEUX.—Ah ! non, non, Monsieur. Rien du tout. Rien, rien.

EMPLOYÉ.—Bon ! Vous pouvez passer alors.

DOROTHY.—Quelle idée ridicule ! Une vraie folie ! Il prétend que nous pourrions transporter des marchandises à bicyclette.

MAUD.—Quel ennui, j'aurais voulu dire à ce brave homme tout au nez comme il est énervant de nous retarder de cette façon pour un rien.

DOROTHY.—Comme ils adorent ces fonctions de gouvernement. Je n'ai rien vu de si comique.

MAUD.—Oui c'est une vraie comédie. Toujours des perceptions d'administration.

DOROTHY.—Droits, impôts, taxes, contributions prélevés, sur tout, sur les denrées et même sur nos montures.

MAUD.—Quelle pratique agaçante ! L'autorité ! partout l'autorité.

*(Arrêt par Sergent de Ville. Lampes non-allumées).*

SERGEANT DE VILLE.—Arrêtez, Mesdemoiselles. Faites halte. Où allez-vous comme ça sans lanterne ?

DOROTHY.—Mais nous sommes tellement pressées. Il fait si tard. Nous n'avons pas eu le temps de nous arrêter pour allumer les lampes.

SERGEANT.—C'est ridicule, ça. Vous savez que vous êtes en contravention. Selon le règlement on doit allumer tout au moment du coucher du soleil, c'est à dire à 7h.30m. ce soir, donc je dois vous arrêter, il faut faire mon service. J'ai ma consigne, bien entendu.

MAUD.—Mais, Monsieur, vous voyez que nous ne pouvons pas connaître les règlements de votre pays, nous ne sommes en contravention qu'à notre insu.

SERGEANT.—Pourtant c'est grave, Mesdemoiselles, et avant que je vous permette de repartir, il vous faudra me donner vos noms, prénoms, et qualités, ainsi que votre adresse. *(à Dorothy)* Mademoiselle ?

DOROTHY.—Kemp—Dorothy—*(épelle lentement)*. Etudiante Anglaise. Training College, Lincoln. Ah oui, Miss !

MAUD.—Border—Maud—*(épelle lentement)*. Etudiante Anglaise. Training College, Lincoln. Maintenant nous pouvons allumer nos lampes et partir, n'est-ce pas ?

SERGEANT.—Attendez encore, Mesdemoiselles. Avez-vous des permis de circulation ? Inutile de vous impatienter. Il me faut exercer mes fonctions.

LES DEUX.—*(à part)*. Toujours des réquisitions, des réclames de nos noms.

DOROTHY.—Ah oui ! Monsieur, voilà le mien, nous nous y sommes inscrites au port d'arrivée.

MAUD.—Voilà également le mien. Et cela vous suffit-il ?

SERGEANT.—Pas encore ! Il faut savoir les numéros, et les marques de vos bicyclettes. J'ai toujours ma consigne, Mesdemoiselles, et les cyclistes ne doivent jamais circuler sans leur numéro.

DOROTHY.—Nos numéros sont là, Monsieur, attachés au guidon.

SERGEANT.—Eh bien ! Tout ça est en règle. Les lampes allumées, vous pourrez passer donc. Mais faites attention aux lois, si vous êtes encore en contravention, on s'occupera de vous arrêter et de dresser un procès-verbal contre vous. L'agent de police doit faire son service, et une nuit au violon serait assez désagréable. (*Sergent sort*).

MAUD.—I should think so indeed. Fancy making acquaintance with a French lock-up ! Mais écoutez ! Qu'est-ce qu'il y a là-bas ? Quel tapage ! Un auto-mobile qui passe. Quels cris, cris de femme ! Qui est-ce ?

(*Entrée d'automobiliste et marchande ambulante avec le sergent de ville*).

MAUD.—Ah ! cette marchande ambulante qui nous a passées, il y a quelques minutes, ainsi qu'un automobiliste.

DOROTHY.—Ah oui ! et notre brave gendarme est de retour. Regardez le bonhomme. Encore un arrêté. Comme il s'en fait un plaisir. Ne croyez-vous pas déjà entendre, " J'ai toujours ma consigne."

MAUD.—C'est toute une compagnie qui a l'air d'avoir été en contravention. Qu'est-ce qu'il y a ? Qu'est-ce qu'on fait ?

AUTO-MOBILISTE.—Ma foi ! C'est insupportable. Je ne saurais imaginer rien de plus agaçant que ces arrêts et justement quand l'auto roulait gaîment sur une belle route unie d'une si jolie vitesse. De nuit, on se croit ne pas trouver d'obstacles.

MARCHANDE.—Là, là, Monsieur ! Vous autres, vous croyez bien la route à vous, n'est-ce pas ! Peste ! il faut vous faire savoir qu'il y a d'autres qui la réclament. Vous ne pensez qu'à vous.

MADAME.—Quelle insolence ! mon mari ne veut mécontenter personne.

AUTO-MOBILISTE.—(*A la marchande*). Ah ! si, si, si, Madame ! Voulez-vous bien finir. C'est une vraie scie. Je vous demande pardon. Je vous offre mille excuses d'avoir renversée votre camion. Je le regrette extrêmement. Je vous assure que je ne vous ai pas entendue.

MARCHANDE.—Là, là, là ! A quoi bon, les excuses, les regrets, les prétextes ! On prétexte toujours.

MADAME.—Comme elle crie, cette femme là, et des choses si inconvenantes !

MARCHANDE.—Vous voyez que vous avez tout gâté. Regardez donc là-bas, toutes mes marchandises à terre, complètement renversées. Je vous préviens que j'en porterai plainte à la police.

MADAME.—Quelles bêtises et quelle vilaine femme ! Elle est bien méchante.

AUTO-MOBILISTE.—(*A la marchande*). Faites comme il vous plaira, Madame. Que ne vous écartiez-vous quand j'ai sonné la trompé ! Vous en aviez bien le temps.

MARCHANDE.—Vous dites ! Pas vrai. A quoi sert-il de parler de ça à présent. Sont-ils bêtes ces auto-mobilistes ! Ils s'attendent à ce que tout le monde se gare quand ils passent.

MADAME.—Dites-lui de se taire. J'ai ces scènes en horreur. C'est affreux.

MARCHANDE.—Mais quelle chance ! Voilà le gendarme. Je vais me plaindre à lui. Oui, Monsieur, je vais lui en porter plainte contre vous.

AUTO-MOBILISTE.—Ce n'est pas la peine, Madame. Mais faites-le si bon vous semble. Vous n'écoutez point mes excuses.

MARCHANDE.—Pas si bête, ma foi ! mais voici le gendarme qui s'en occupera. J'ai de la chance de tomber sur lui. Vous n'allez pas vous sauver si vite de la justice, Monsieur.

AUTO-MOBILISTE.—Du calme, Madame, du calme. Je proteste que vous êtes fort déraisonnable.

SERGEANT.—(*Avec son cahier officiel*). C'est vous qui avez renversé tout cela, Monsieur ? Quel gâchis ! Mais quand on file de cette façon, 100 kilomètres par heure, c'est peu étonnant. Vous autres, vous allez toujours d'une véritable allure de diable, une course furibonde ! En fin de compte vous n'en êtes jamais satisfaits, et vous essayez de l'accentuer tous les jours. Ah ça ! vos noms, prénoms, et qualité ?

AUTO-MOBILISTE.—Landry—Robert—Commis voyageur.

SERGEANT.—Dites donc, Monsieur, où est votre plaque de contrôle, vous savez que tout auto-mobiliste est tenu de l'apposer sur son auto. Se promener sans cela, c'est se mettre en contravention. C'est grave, Monsieur.

AUTO-MOBILISTE.—Oui, Monsieur, je le sais. L'administration est furieusement pressée de dépister quelqu'un d'étourdi, de prendre quelqu'un en flagrant délit. Je vous affirme que ma plaque y était au moment de partir, et si elle n'y est plus, (*haussement d'épaules*) il faut s'en prendre au bouleversement.

MAUD.—(*La plaque à la main*). Excusez-moi, Monsieur, mais nous venons de trouver cette plaque sur la route, et nous la croyions à vous.

AUTO-MOBILISTE.—(*En saluant*). Je vous remercie infiniment, Mesdemoiselles. Vous n'aurez pas dû vous donner la peine de me la remettre. Je ne saurais vous remercier. (*Au Sergent*). Cela suffit-il de vous contenter, Monsieur ?

SERGEANT.—Ah oui, Monsieur. Tout est en règle pour ça, mais il y a toujours ces dégâts de Madame. Il faudra de l'arbitrage.

AUTO-MOBILISTE.—Je crois pouvoir en régler les comptes avec Madame. Autrement s'il faut absolument que vous en dressiez un procès-verbal, je suis tout à vos ordres. (*Donne un pourboire*).

SERGEANT.—En ce cas, Monsieur, il vaudrait mieux que vous vous y arrangiez.

AUTO-MOBILISTE.—Passez chez moi demain, Madame. Vous connaissez bien mon hôtel.

MADAME.—Mon mari se fera un plaisir de vous compenser.

AUTO-MOBILISTE.—Veuillez-venir à 10h. du matin, je pourrai bien vous recevoir. Ne craignez pas d'y rien perdre. Comptez sur moi.

DOROTHY.—Pardon, Madame. Do you speak English?

MADAME.—Not much. Some words. I can understand a little.

DOROTHY.—I do not want the policeman to understand what I say. We are rather bewildered with these officials and their regulations. First customs officers, then excisemen, then policemen. We are wondering what functionaries—"fonctionnaires"—will attack us next.

MAUD.—Yes, and they all want to know our surnames, our Christian names, and our "qualities,"—qualités! What we *do*, I suppose, not our virtues and our shortcomings. Whatever will they ask us next? But, Madame, will you direct us to Honfleur—

MADAME.—Ah! but it is long. You cannot come there to-night. Oh! I cannot you tell in English. Il est trop tard, Mesdemoiselles. Vous aurez beau essayer d'y arriver. Vous devez descendre à un hôtel pour la nuit et continuer votre course demain. Demandons à mon mari.

DOROTHY.—Vous le croyez, Madame. Il vaut mieux rester que de nous égarer complètement dans l'obscurité, car il fait actuellement nuit.

MAUD.—Oui! et il pleut un peu en ce moment. Il fait aussi du vent depuis que nous sommes ici.

DOROTHY.—A la bonne heure. Ténèbres, pluie, vent, c'est un peu trop. Restons ici. Madame, voudriez-vous bien nous recommander un hôtel, pas de premier ordre, ce n'est pas nécessaire, mais tranquille et à prix modeste. Propre et bien tenu, naturellement.

MADAME.—Il y en a un tout près, Mesdemoiselles. Allez tout droit d'abord, puis tournez à droite et vous le verrez. Il n'y en a qu'une dans cette rue là c'est le plus proche.

DOROTHY ET MAUD.—Merci, merci, bien Madame. Nous allons le chercher tout de suite. Au revoir, Madame.

MADAME ET MONSIEUR.—Au revoir, Mesdemoiselles.

## SCENE III.—ARRIVÉE DES CYCLISTES À L'HÔTEL

(*De nuit. On sonne et on frappe sur la porte et le plancher.*)

MAUD.—Personne de levé! Tout le monde déjà couché! Il n'est pas assez tard pour ça. Holà! holà! Monsieur.

GARCON (*en bâillant*).—Qui est ce qui m'appelle? Ouh-ah! Je n'y ferai pas attention. Je ne vais plus me soucier de voyageurs. Il est déjà tard et j'ai grande envie de dormir. (*Frappe*). En effet je n'en puis plus, je suis tellement fatigué. On ne fait que travailler du matin au soir.

DOROTHY.—Ah! voilà quelqu'un! Monsieur! Monsieur! s'il vous plaît.

GARCON.—On y va. On y va. Hé! Qu'y a-t-il, Mademoiselles? Que voulez-vous? (*a part*). Quel tracas!

DOROTHY.—Il nous faut une chambre. Tout simplement pour la nuit.

GARCON.—Je crois que nous n'en avons plus, qu'elles sont toutes prises. Mais attendez que j'aille chercher le patron. Ah bon! voici le concierge.

CONCIERGE.—Bon soir, Mesdemoiselles! Vous voulez une chambre! Mais attendez, je vous en prie jusqu'à ce que j'aie fait plus de lumière. (*Au garçon*). Encore une bougie, Eugène. (*Aux Anglaises*). J'ai peur que tout ne soit pris ici. Nous avons eu tant de monde cette semaine.

MAUD.—Mais, Monsieur, il faut nous mettre quelquepart, car vous savez que les dames ne peuvent courir les rues au milieu de la nuit.

CONCIERGE (*hésitant*). J'essayerai de vous arranger quelque chose avec Monsieur le patron. Il n'est pas encore couché. Je vais le prévenir.

GARCON.—Permettez-moi de me charger des bicyclettes. Je vais les garer, les mettre en remise.

PROPRIÉTAIRE.—Bon soir, Mesdemoiselles! Je crois avoir place. Mais je regrette n'avoir rien de très confortable à vous offrir. Je n'ai qu'une petite chambrette au quatrième, fort simple, peu élégante, basse de plafond, mais que voulez vous! c'est bas de prix et elle donne sur la cour tout au midi. Exposition splendide. (*Au concierge*). Faites venir la bonne pour faire voir cette chambre à ces dames.

DOROTHY.—Il importe peu qu'elle donne sur la cour, et qu'elle ait une belle vue si c'est propre. Voilà l'essentiel. Cela vaut tout.

PROPRIÉTAIRE.—Veuillez vous inscrire avant de vous coucher, Mesdemoiselles? (*Au concierge*.) Vous veillez à cela, s'il vous plaît. Ah non! je resterai moi-même. Vous! faites venir la bonne.

CONCIERGE. Ah oui! Monsieur! Voilà le registre, Mesdemoiselles. Je vais appeler la bonne. (*Il sort*).

PROPRIÉTAIRE.—Ce n'est qu'une précaution de police, une mesure de sûreté, Mesdemoiselles.

MAUD (*Lisant*).—“Nom de famille, prénoms, âge, profession, domicile habituel dernière résidence, durée du séjour, but du voyage.” (*Dorothy murmure*).

DOROTHY (*Maud écrit*). Quelle impertinence ! Quoi encore ? Voilà toutes vos qualités en détail, après avoir dû les donner en gros ! Je me demande pourquoi on ne se renseigne pas de toute l'histoire de ma famille. C'est par trop fort.

PROPRIÉTAIRE.—Cela vous gêne un peu de devoir mettre par écrit ces petits détails. Mais c'est très peu de chose, une affaire d'une petite minute.

MAUD.—Mais, Dorothy, remplissez le bulletin et laissez de reprocher aux Français leurs règlements de police.

PROPRIÉTAIRE.—Oui, Mademoiselle, ne vous en prenez pas à nous autres Français. Ce n'est qu'une habitude du pays.

DOROTHY (*Écrivant*). Un peu de mon histoire particulière pour cette honorable police de France ! Je trouve leurs questions pen discrètes, quand même.

CONCIERGE (*Rentre*). Voulez-vous vous donner la peine de monter avec la bonne, Mesdomiselles ? Elle vous montrera votre chambre, numero 10, quatrième étage.

PROPRIÉTAIRE.—Vous avez des colis, Mesdemoiselles, de petites valises peut-être ? Vous voudriez les avoir chez vous en haut ?

MAUD.—Oh oui ! attachée aux bicyclettes. A vrai dire ce ne sont que deux tout petits colis, paquets c'est à dire. Nos grands bagages sont au Havre.

PROPRIÉTAIRE.—Le concierge veut bien s'occuper des paquets.

CONCIERGE.—Ah oui ! Veuillez attendre un petit moment, Mesdemoiselles, que je dise à Eugène d'aller les chercher dehors. (*A Eugène*). Eugène, allez vite chercher les paquets de Mesdemoiselles. Ils se trouvent aux bicyclettes. Montez-les. (*A Mesdemoiselles*). Vous êtes prêtes à monter, Mesdemoiselles ? Suivez-moi, ie vous prie et servez-vous de ces bougies.

#### SCENE IV.—ARRIVÉE A LA DESTINATION. PENSION GOULLEY.

COMMISSIONNAIRE (*A la cantonade*). Ou tourne par ici. Ah ça ! nous allons tout droit. Tenez ! la voilà, Mesdemoiselles, à droite. Est-ce que je dois sonner ? (*Il sonne et Madame se montre à la porta*). Des Anglaises, Madame, qui cherchent votre pension.

VIOLET.—Pardon, Madame ! C'est, Madame Goulley, la propriétaire, sans doute.

MADAME.—Oui, Mesdemoiselles. Et vous c'est, Mademoiselle Laman et Mademoiselle Shoemith n'est ce pas ! Je m'attends à vous voir depuis hier. Entrez Mesdemoiselles. (*Elles entrent*). J'espère que vous allez bien.

EMILY.—Oui, Madame, merci, mais excessivement fatiguées de la traversée.

COMMISSIONNAIRE.—On veut les bagages au dedans, Madame ? Vous voulez que je les monte en haut.

MADAME.—Merci ! pas nécessaire, la bonne les montera tout à l'heure. (*Aux Anglaises*). Si vous payiez tout de suite le commissionnaire, il pourrait s'en aller.

VIOLET.—Ah ! cela vaudrait mieux. Emily vous avez de la monnaie, des pièces françaises. Payez-lui la course, voulez-vous ? J'ai la tête toute embrouillée.

EMILY.—Voilà mon porte-monnaie, mais je crains qu'il n'y ait pas suffisant de monnaie française et la monnaie Anglaise n'a pas cours en France, je crois. Combien, Monsieur ?

COMMISSIONNAIRE.—Quatre francs, Mademoiselle, s'il vous plaît. C'est le prix.

EMILY (*Hésitant*). Mais, c'est sûrement trop. Ce n'était qu'une toute petite course de plusieurs minutes. Quelques mètres seulement.

COMMISSIONNAIRE.—C'est toujours le prix, et les bagages sont lourds, très lourds.

MADAME.—Permettez-moi d'arranger ça à votre intention.

Ça, c'est exorbitant, ce que vous réclamez là, Monsieur. Il y a un tarif. Ce n'est qu'un franc, et un pourboire en plus.

COMMISSIONNAIRE.—Les colis sont excessivement lourds, Madame.

MADAME.—Tenez ça et partez vite. Si vous insistiez encore, j'en porterai plainte au commissaire de police.

COMMISSIONNAIRE.—C'est fort peu pour une course pareille. On ne se rend pas compte du poids énorme. Ça a été un vrai fardeau ! (*Ou paie et il part*).

EMILY.—Il vous remercie infiniment, Madame. Que c'est aimable de votre part de vous préoccuper de tout cela. Ce sont si désagréable, ces disputes-là. J'ai ces discussions en horreur.

VIOLET.—C'est un véritable vol, 4 fr. par course de 3 minutes ! On croit que les Anglais sont tous millionnaires.

MADAME.—Je suis bien contentes que vous soyez arrivées saines et sauvées. Vous avez dû descendre là-bas au port, hier soir, sans doute ?

EMILY.—Oui, oui, Madame, nous avons dû y traverser toute sorte de petites crises.

VIOLET.—Vous avez bien reçu notre carte postale qui annonçait hier comme jour d'arrivée !

MADAME.—Oui, oui ! La voilà. C'est pourquoi je vous attendais toute la journée.

EMILY.—Que c'est délicieux de nous trouver au bout de ce voyage ennuyeux. Pourrions-nous monter à nos chambres à présent ?

MADAME.—Assurément ! De suite. J'y ferai installer vos bagages, mais d'abord vous voudriez vous rejoindre à vos amies n'est-ce pas ?

VIOLET.—Nos amies ! Est-ce possible ? Elles sont déjà là ? Ah ! elles sont arrivées les premières. Par exemple ! Mais à quelle heure inouïe se sont-elles levées ?

EMILY.—Quelle idée ! Jamais je ne les ai vues si matinales.

MADAME.—Elles sont ici depuis 8h. du matin. Je crois bien qu'elles ont dû partir à 6h. donc le lever a dû avoir lieu à 4h. ou 5h. peut-être.

VIOLET.—Où sont-elles ? Il me tarde énormément de les revoir.

MADAME.—Par ici. Le déjeuner y est servi. Elles sont déjà à table. Venez donc dans la salle à manger, s'il vous plaît. C'est heureux qu'on n'ait pas encore desservi.

(*Entrée dans la salle à manger où les deux cyclistes déjeunent.*)

EMILY.—Maud ! vous ici déjà !

VIOLET.—Dorothy ! Comment ! Dites douc ! Est-ce possible ? Vous vous êtes levées de très bonne heure ce matin. C'est incroyable.

EMILY.—Violette se sert de toute expression de surprise qui puisse fournir la langue, en gamme chromatique, ascendante n'est-ce pas ? Comme ça !

MAUD.—Nous sommes tout en train de déjeuner. Mettez-vous donc à table.

MADAME (*Mettant 2 couverts de plus*). Oui, Mesdemoiselles ! Je vous en prie. Vous pourriez vous faire part de vos expériences tout en déjeunant. Je mets encore deux couverts. Voulez-vous du café au lait ou du chocolat ? Le chocolat est déjà fait.

VIOLET.—Tant mieux ! du chocolat alors. Mais d'ordinaire, du café au lait s'il vous plaît. Mais ne vous dérangez pas de le faire exprès ce matin.

(*Dorothy et Maud fait des mimiques en commençant le récit de leurs mésaventures à Emily. Toutes se mettent à table. Murmures de : " Auto-mobiliste, Sergent, Marchande-ambulante, La ! la ! Consigne."*)

VIOLET.—Laissez donc de raconter tout ça et servez-vous du chocolat. Le voilà. Madame ne nous a pas fait attendre. Veuillez me servir aussi s'il vous plaît. J'ai grand'faim.

MADAME.—Est-ce que j'ai déposé tout ce que vous desirez, Mesdemoiselles ? Beurrier, pot de chocolat, sucrier. Ah ! pas de petits pains. (*Elle sort*).

EMILY.—Excusez-moi de regarder curieusement vos bols de chocolat, mais n'a-t-on pas de tasses ici ?

DOROTHY.—Si fait ! mais ce n'est que le thé qui s'offre dans les tasses. Donc, Maud en a une. Remarquez aussi nos cuillers énormes ! véritables cuillers à soupe. Les cuillers à thé se réservent exclusivement pour le 5 o'clock.

MAUD.—Comme on les trouverait comiques au Collège si un beau matin nous en mettions un comme partie de chaque convert.

MADAME (*A Violet*). Voudrez-vous un œuf à la coque? (*A Emily*). Et vous, Mademoiselle? Je sais bien comme les pensionnaires manquent leur déjeuner Anglais ici.

EMILY.—Merci, Madame! pas ce matin. Nous ferons un repas tout à la française.

VIOLET.—Oh! oui! Je veux m'accoutumer aux habitudes du pays.

(*Coup de sonnette. Madame sort et rentre vite*).

MADAME.—Voilà une dépêche, un télégramme pour vous, Mademoiselle. Miss Laman.

TOUTES.—Une dépêche! De qui? Ouvrez-la vite. Un véritable petit bleu français!

VIOLET.—Pensez donc! (*lit*) "Une amie anglaise vous rejoindra aujourd'hui." Mais pas de nom! Qui donc? Qui est-ce? Quel mystère absurde! Et d'où est-il?

LES AUTRES.—Vous devez vous tromper. Regardons-la! Assurément on a dû y mettre un nom. Non! Quelqu'une a fait la traversée de l'Angleterre la nuit dernière. La dépêche vient du Havre. Elle doit être déjà ici. Elle peut entrer à tout moment.  
(*Coup de sonnette. Entrée d'une amie avec commissionnaire.*)

(*Salutations joyeuses*).

M. TURNER.

QUOTATIONS.

"Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks."

"To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love, and to work, and to play, and to look up to the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbour's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can with body and spirit in God's out-of-doors—these are little guide-posts on the footpath to peace"

"It learnt that holiness is an infinite compassion for others; that greatness is to take the common things of life and walk truly among them; that happiness is a great love and much serving."

“ Know well, my soul, God’s hand controls  
 Whate’er thou fearest ;  
 Round Him in calmest music rolls  
 Whate’er thou hearest.

‘What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,  
 And the end He knoweth.  
 And not on a blind and aimless way,  
 The spirit goeth.’”

“ O may I join the choir invisible  
 Of those immortal dead who live again  
 In minds made better by their presence !  
 May I reach  
 That purest heaven, be to other souls  
 The cup of strength in some great agony,  
 Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,  
 Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,  
 Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,  
 And in diffusion ever more intense.  
 So shall I join the choir invisible  
 Whose music is the gladness of the world.’”

---

## TWO POEMS.

### I.—A NOVEMBER MORNING.

Sweet breezes through the open casement come,  
 The tardy daylight steals across the sky ;  
 Soft twitterings of waking birds are heard,  
 And bleat of sheep from pastureland hard by.

The robin perched upon an apple bough,  
 A patch of crimson ’midst surrounding brown,  
 Bursts into song, the while the missel-thrush,  
 Forth pours his notes, in spite of Autumn’s frown.

The pheasant from his roost, with startled cry,  
 Whirs upward, and across the waking wood ;  
 The squirrel, agile, brisk, leaps lightly down  
 In search of dainties for his store of food.

Thus Nature heralds in the Autumn day,  
 Thus calls her creatures to their daily round.  
 Thus, following on the stillness of repose,  
 Come soft gray light, swift movement, mingled sound.

## II.—SPRING'S APPROACH.

Just a touch of sunshine bright.  
 Bursting through the cloud-bank gray,  
 Earth, so lately chill and old,  
 Seems once more grown young and gay.

Just a tinge of tender green  
 Where the hedge was bare and brown ;  
 Just a group of snowdrops fair  
 Blooming spite of Winter's frown.

Just a breath of perfumed air  
 Born of sunshine and moist earth,  
 Just a hint of warmth and joy  
 Heralding the Springtime's birth.

Bursting buds upon the gorse,  
 Catkins on the hazel bush,  
 While below the cuckoo pint  
 Glossy green leaves upward push.

Music with the earliest dawn,  
 Busy life throughout the day,  
 Tell of happy Spring's return,  
 While silent Winter steals away.

A. C. FINCH.

---

TRAINING COLLEGE,  
 LINCOLN.

MY DEAR STUDENTS, PAST AND PRESENT,

I have written many things to you in our College Magazine—never anything so hard for me to write as this. For the "parting of the ways" which one has known must come, is now in sight, and my long and happy work at Lincoln will cease. I have sent in my resignation to the College Committee, and it will take effect in July.

I should have wished, if it could have been, to speak to you by other means than print, but any other way seems impossible, as far as most of you are concerned, and this one time I must say something, though it will only be a little, of what is in my heart.

You who know me will understand something of what this parting means, and will mean to me; I can hardly imagine as yet, after all these years, life apart from Lincoln. And still I feel, as I remember all the blessings which have been mine, that through and above all the inevitable pain of parting and the sadness of fare-

well, must be heard the clear note of thanksgiving. I think of the sympathy and support and the generous freedom in my work, given by Canon Nelson and Canon Rowe, and continued without stint by Miss Todhunter. I recall my faithful colleagues, and one, whom I need not name, above all the rest, who has shared and helped my work for so many years.

And what shall I say of the long roll of dear friends, whose true and loyal affection has made the years bright—an affection which never failed me when I needed it most? I call to mind the joys of our common life and work: our beautiful chapel services, our music, our happy Re-unions, and it seems to me that for no one, could work have been more happy and more blessed. Anxieties and sorrows there have been, and the sympathy and help of staff and students were always ready. Failures and mistakes there have been, and the generous love which understood and forgave was never wanting. For all these things, my friends, I thank God and you.

It is good to feel that now, as ever, the loyalty and affection for their College of "those who have been trained within its walls" may be counted on. May I say for myself, though indeed it is hardly needful, that I shall count it one of my greatest joys to continue my Lincoln friendships, and to be of service, if I may, to Lincoln students? And, in closing, I will, both for you and myself, utter the prayer which has always seemed to me to include all that was needed for our life and work:—

"Help us yet again and ever. So order events, so strengthen our frailty, as that day by day we shall come before Thee with this song of gratitude, and in the end we be dismissed with honour."

With my love.

I am,

Ever your affectionate friend,

MARGARET ELWELL.

#### NOTICES.

Miss Turner and Miss Frances Elwell have kindly consented to act as Joint Editors of the Magazine and Association Secretaries, after Miss Elwell's retirement in July. Up to July communications should be addressed as before, to Miss Elwell.

Canon and Mrs. Rowe, who are living at 3 St. Giles' Avenue, Lincoln, will be glad to see old students who are able to call, any Sunday afternoon.

After July, Miss Elwell's address will be The Rowans, Beverley, East Yorks.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

*Staff.*

The Rev. J. T. Tull, M.A. Oxon, has been appointed Chaplain and Lecturer at the College.

Miss E. B. Row, who was trained under Madame Osterberg, and holds the Physical Training College Certificate, has been appointed to succeed Miss Segar.

Miss Segar left us at the end of the autumn term, and will be married at Easingwold on April 23rd. We are all glad to think that her new home will be in Lincoln, not far from the College, and that we may still look forward to her taking an active interest in our games. She has done much by her enthusiasm to put the right spirit into the games' side of our College life, and as will be seen in the account in this number, with splendid success in the results.

We all join in wishing her very much happiness in her married life.

Miss Segar received the following presents before she left:— Silver clock, from the students; brass inkstand, from the Hockey Eleven; brass gong, from the Norwood students; silver butter-knife, from the Norwood servants; other presents from the various members of the staff.

*Oxford University Extension Lectures.**English Novelists.**Lecturer's Report.*

“ I was surprised by the high average excellence of the papers sent in by this centre—the most interesting and intelligent of all that I have lectured at during the term.”

R. ASHE KING.

*Examiner's Report.*

“ Some of the papers in this examination reached a high standard of merit, and the general level of attainment was creditably high. The papers were as a rule well written, sensible, accurate, and well informed, which is perhaps as much as one has a right to expect. At the same time it must be said that the uniformity of merit in the bulk of the papers was partly due to a lack of individual acquaintance on the part of the candidates with the works of the authors discussed and to the unanimity with which they seem to have adopted the opinions and even the metaphors of the lecturer. This is being fair neither to the lecturer nor to themselves.”

GEORGE S. GORDON, *Examiner,*  
*Magdalene College, Oxford.*

*List of Successful Candidates.**Prize-winner*—Beatrice A. Smith.*Passed with Distinction.*

Gwendoline Atherton	Emma Searby
Winifred Bateman	Gladys Stocks
Freda Chisholm	Clarice Woodward

*Satisfied the Examiner.*

Kathleen Allen	Winifred Hewson
Elizabeth Bartram	Mary Lake
Margaret Bentley	Ethel Martin
Helen Bingham	Alison Penzer
Dorothy Bradley	Jessie Pinches
Helen Brewster	Martha Redfearn
Maud Brockbank	Ethel Rodgers
Hilda Bown	Ethel Singleton
Eva Buswell	Sissie Smith
Ellen Fountain	Violette Sparrow
Kate Franks	Hilda Tooley
Nelly Gambles	May Unwin
Dora Hartley	Annie Weeden
Doris Hayes	Mildred Yates

The Extension Lectures this term are being given by E. L. S. Horsburgh, Esq., B.A., on "The Stuart Period."

---

The Principal entertained the Second Years in the Common Room on the Saturday evening before the Sheffield and Grimsby School Practice. Light refreshments were served, and a very pleasant two hours was spent in music and "drawing-room" games.

---

*The Second Year Dramatic Society.*

The first performance of the Dramatic Society was given on Saturday evening, November 16th, by the Second Year Students, as a welcome to the Juniors. Tennyson's "Princess" was the play chosen to be performed—an admirable choice both on account of the fanciful picture it afforded of College life, and also for the scope it allowed for originality in staging and acting.

Every advantage was taken of this freedom for the production of charming and picturesque effects. No attempt at elaborate scenery was made, but the curtains of dark green formed an excellent background for the orange and violet robes of the students and the glittering armour of the knights. A separate chorus always presents a certain amount of difficulty to the stage-manager, but in this case it was grouped easily and naturally, and showed no sign that it

had been "managed." The delightful songs sung by this chorus were much appreciated, and added greatly to the dramatic value of the play.

The plot of the play is briefly this : Princess Ida, the daughter of King Gama, has founded, with her father's reluctant consent, a college for women, regulated by the most stringent rules, the chief of which declares that any man who enters the college does so at the risk of instant death. The Prince to whom Ida was betrothed in infancy, together with his two friends, Cyril and Florian, enters the college disguised as girls. Florian's sister, Psyche, a student in the college, recognises them, and entreats them to withdraw. Their conversation is overheard by Melissa, the daughter of the vice-principal, Lady Blanche, and she, by her blushes and confusion, betrays their secret to her mother. Lady Blanche has long nursed a jealous hatred of Psyche, and she thinks this a good opportunity of humiliating her rival. Cyril prevails upon her to respect their secret, but by his rough and boisterous conduct Cyril himself exposes what they wish to hide. The students rush excitedly away, and in the confusion Ida falls into the river. The Prince rescues her, only for her to learn that the King of the Northern Empire, the Prince's father, has taken Gama prisoner, and that he intends to hold him as a hostage till Ida shall not only deliver up the prince unharmed, but also promise to marry him.

Ida scornfully commands the Prince to leave the palace and never to let her see him more. He retires to his father's camp, where an agreement is made that Ida's three brothers shall meet the Prince, Cyril, and Florian, to settle the question. In the combat all are wounded, and by Ida's orders they are taken to the college to be nursed. Psyche confesses her love for Cyril, and by her emotion moves the proud heart of Ida, who later yields herself to her lover, the Prince.

For a play of this description to be successful, it is necessary that some one with real dramatic ability shall be found for the central figure. Violette Sparrow's rendering of Princess Ida was both dignified and convincing. The struggle that went on in her mind between her love for the prince and her fierce loyalty to the life that she has laid out for herself, was real and enthralling. She appeared cruel and unwomanly to others, but in reality she was herself the chief victim of her cruelty, and her final surrender to the Prince was all the more touching on account of her previous sufferings.

Of the lesser characters, chief honours were due to Ethel Singleton, for her realistic portrayal of the sharp-tongued and shrewish Lady Blanche ; to Marjorie Thurtell, for her spirited interpretation of the gay and reckless Cyril ; to Cissie Smith, for her excellent singing as the Prince ; to Edith Lockwood, for her regal and martial performance as the " King of the Northern Empire " ; and to Annie Weeden, who, as " King Gama," kept

the audience in roars of laughter. The contrast between the appearance of the two Kings reminded one very forcibly of Landseer's picture of "Dignity and Impudence." Winnie Bateman and Kitty Franks, as Melissa and Psyche, looked charming, the latter weeping most naturally and pitifully. Ellen Fountain, Madge Bentley, and Gladys Stocks presented a very warlike and chivalrous appearance as Gama's three sons, while Jenny Stafford showed a touching amount of brotherly affection as Florian.

At the conclusion of the play Madge Bentley (the secretary of the Dramatic Society) passed a vote of thanks to Miss Turner and Miss Bedford for their assistance in the production of the performance. This was seconded by Gladys Stocks, and the whole of the audience.

Miss Todhunter then thanked the company for their delightful performance, and said that she would always be sure of being able to entertain her guests, with such a considerable amount of talent ready at hand.

WINIFRED SULLIVAN.

*First Year.*

On November 27th most of the Staff and a large contingent of students attended the Lincoln Musical Society's concert. The programme included selections from Wagner's "Meistersingers" and Coleridge Taylor's romantic and picturesque "Tale of Old Japan." The performance, under Dr. Bennett's conductorship, was a very fine one, and the audience was a record one in the annals of the Society's concerts.

On Saturday, November 30th, we welcomed the members of the Sheffield "Lincoln Students Club." Miss Todhunter and the Staff were "At Home" in the Common Room, and the time, occupied by many introductions, tea, and talk, sped pleasantly along. Later the visitors explored the new library, and were received by the Principal in her own house.

The following were present:—Mrs. Marriott (the indefatigable secretary), Mrs. Tomlinson, Miss Emily B. Barker (president), Misses Frances Wells, Annie King, Mary Antcliffe, Minnie Potts, Margaret Antcliffe, May Hulse, Lottie Gallimore, Jennie Leonard, Maud Jubb, Annie Village, Mary Caine, Sarah Ainley, Elsie Dawtry, Marjorie Lomax, Agnes Garrett, Alice Charters, Edith Moseley, Eveline Nicholson, Beatrice Marshall, Alice Dawson, Blanche Sampson, Edna Binns, Kittie Marriott, Edith Southwell, and Miss Edith Barker.

*French Evening.*

With pleasurable recollections of previous "French Evenings," we eagerly looked forward to December 11th, when the Second Year French Class were to give their entertainment. Nor were we disappointed.

The programme consisted of extracts from two comedies, "Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier" and "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon." Poirier, wealthy, but of humble birth, has as son-in-law the penniless Gaston, Marquis de Presles, and the exhibition of the somewhat strained relations between them occupied the earlier scenes presented. The part of Monsieur Poirier, who cannot, or will not, understand his gay son-in-law, was admirably acted by Jessie Pinches, whilst Amy Pigott was good as Verdelet, the staunch ally of Poirier. Ella Lyon, as the inconsequent spendthrift Marquis, who has married Poirier's daughter for financial reasons, was exceedingly good, and found an able supporter in Jenny Stafford, as Hector, Duc de Montmeyran. Kitty Franks interpreted delightfully the charming and vivacious character of Antoinette, who, romantically in love with her husband, is responsible for the reconciliation between the Marquis and Poirier, and the deliverance of Gaston from his importunate creditors, chief of whom is Chevassus (A. Weeden), whose sudden change from insolence to obsequiousness, was very amusing. But Antoinette's greatest triumph is in turning her husband's indifference into love as romantic as her own, and it was with a charming scene between the two that the play ended.

The dresses had evidently been the subject of much thought and care, and added considerably to the general effect. Poirier, Verdelet, and Gaston were very dignified in lace ruffles and powdered wigs, whilst the uniform of the duke struck a contrasting note. Antoinette's "toilette" of crimson satin, with a wonderful shawl and hat, was much admired.

The second play, "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon," was of a more distinctly amusing character. Patty Redfearn made an excellent Perrichon, who evoked much laughter by his alternating fits of self-complacency and agitated flurry caused by the responsibility of having six packages and a Panama hat to look after, as well as his wife and daughter. Maud Brockbank made a dignified Madame Perrichon, and Connie Travis was a charming Henriette. The parts of the rival lovers, Daniel and Armand, were admirably represented by Jennie Arscott and Miss Searby (in the absence of Ethel Hutchinson), and much amusement was provoked by the contrast between them; Daniel, dapper and trim in a silk hat and immaculate tie; Armand, with a wig and French "imperial," which added the finishing touches to a "get up" which was most effective. Gwen Atherton was good in the two parts of Le Commandant Mathieu, and Majorin, whilst Mary Lake needed to be something of a lightning change artist to perform so effectively the parts of the domestique, the aubergiste, and the facteur.

A vote of thanks to the actresses was proposed by the Principal, and this was followed by one to Miss Turner. With the accordance of these an enjoyable evening ended.

L. W.

---

On Saturday, December 14th, the Principal was "At Home" to the Head Teachers of Lincoln, and a large number accepted her invitation. Tea and coffee were served in the dining-room of the Principal's house, and later the party adjourned to the Lecture Hall, where the French class repeated scenes from the plays they had previously acted.

---

Through the kindness of Mrs. Hicks we had the pleasure in the Autumn term, of hearing an address by Miss Moberley on the work of the S.P.G., and especially on the part which it is playing in the present development of China and Japan. Miss Moberley pointed out to us that if the women of the East received Western education and Western social ideas without the moral support of Christianity, the result would be disastrous, and she impressed upon us, as educated women, the duty of making ourselves conversant with the conditions and needs of our fellow women in China and Japan. Miss Moberley's enthusiasm communicated itself to her audience, who gave hearty evidence of their appreciation of her kindness and of her powers.

E. M. B.

---

College Missionary Work received an encouraging and delightful stimulus on the evening of February 13th, when the Rev. A. R. Matthew, who has recently returned from Central Africa, gave us an account of the work of the Universities' Mission in Nyassaland, and especially of that of his own station of Likoma.

It would be difficult to say what part of it we enjoyed most. The beautiful series of lantern slides was so well arranged that we received a comprehensive idea of the country and its people, and of the work of the Mission in hospital, workshop, and school.

The lecturer's racy little anecdotes were delightful, and our admiration for the building power of the natives as evidenced by their beautiful Likoma Cathedral, was only equalled by that for their mathematical genius. Indeed some of us are still puzzling over their favourite bovine problem.

In thanking Mr. Matthew for his most enjoyable lecture, and Miss Nelson for her kindness in bringing about this visit, the Principal also encouraged the Missionary Circle to further efforts by generously offering the gift of a guinea if the College could raise the remainder of the £7 necessary for the yearly support of the "whole" of our African boy, instead of the "half" of him, which is the utmost we have yet been able to do.

E. M. B.

The Lord Bishop of Lincoln preached in the College Chapel at evensong, on the second Sunday in Advent.

---

On Wednesday, December 18th, the College Musical Society, under the direction of Miss Bedford, sang very beautifully a large number of carols to an appreciative College audience in the Common Room.

---

Miss Hetty Lee, who has done such pioneer work in the great Sunday School Movement, now so familiar to most of us, paid a visit to Lincoln, January 20th to 24th. Following somewhat the plan adopted on her first visit to Lincoln, in 1910, she held preparation classes of various types, and gave demonstration lessons to children of varying ages. These were followed by discussions on points which arise out of the lessons, or difficulties that arise in the organisation of the Sunday School. As college people are renownedly busy, Miss Lee very kindly paid us a visit, and described the work she is doing and its peculiar need. She dealt very largely with the subject of grading, and showed how foolish it is to attempt to adapt certain stories to the mind of the small child, and pleaded strongly for the departmental assembly. While there is much to be said for the corporate act of worship at the opening and close of Sunday School, it must be allowed that the hymn and prayer suitable for children of twelve and fourteen are not suitable for those of four and six years, and habits of inattention and irreverence are developed. The need for definite Church teaching is becoming more apparent, and there must be many more churchwomen among our teachers who would volunteer if Sunday Schools after the type described by Miss Hetty Lee were more common.

---

A. M. B.

Miss Todhunter, the Hon. Edith St. Leger, with the Training College G.F.S. Associates and Members, invited the Lincoln G.F.S. Members to a party at the Training College on Wednesday, January 29th. Upwards of a hundred and fifty sat down to an early supper in the College Dining Hall, and then the whole party adjourned to the Drill Hall, which had been specially decorated for the occasion. Dancing and games were entered into with great spirit, and a very delightful evening was spent, delightful both to the entertainers and the entertained.

---

#### *Shrove Tuesday Dance.*

This was memorable as being the first occasion of testing the suitability of the Drill Hall for a ballroom. An enthusiastic band, led by Miss Searby, had been busy for some days in bringing the floor into proper condition. Others skilfully undertook the decoration of the room, and the result was a very enjoyable dance under the most delightful conditions of space. "Ettie" distinguished herself in preparing a delicious supper, and Steele and her band of helpers in the

dining hall also contributed very largely to our enjoyment. Mr. and Mrs. Tull, Mrs. Rowe, Miss Mildred Vaughan (whom we were delighted to welcome home again from New Zealand), and the Staff of the Practising Schools honoured us with their presence.

*Lecture.*

---

On Saturday, March 2nd, Mr. Forth gave a most interesting lecture to us on "Historic Lincoln," illustrated by very beautiful lantern slides, the work of Mr. Cox, who with Miss Martin manipulated the lantern. The lecture was specially planned for this particular time, as the Second Year students during their fortnight of school practice, are taking parties of children to see the beauties of their own cathedral.

At the close of the lecture, a very hearty vote of thanks to the two "Lincoln worthies," who had given us such a treat, was proposed and carried with acclamation.

*Examinations.*

---

We have been having what might almost be described as a surfeit of these luxuries; much as students of well-regulated minds, of course enjoy them! The visiting examiners, with the important exception of Miss Dickson, have been and gone. Mr. Gordon has examined the Science, Mr. Geoffrey Shaw the Singing, and Mr. Tunnaley the Drawing. The Religious Knowledge examination comes next week, and on Tuesday, March 18th, we hope to go off with glad hearts for our Easter holidays, looking forward also to a happy summer term, when the garden will be at its best, and the work much freer from interruptions than has been possible this term.

*Girls' Friendly Society.*

---

On November 22nd we again had the pleasure of a visit from Miss Griffiths, whose enthusiasm and love for the work of the Society is well known to Lincoln students.

Ths aims of the Society, its rules, its work amongst all classes of girls, its benefits to invalids, to travellers, to tired workers, its success in ascertaining the conditions of continental positions for girls, were all touched upon by Miss Griffiths in a way which aroused our sympathies and active co-operation.

Concluding with a special message to teachers, Miss Griffiths said: "What is it that moves and inspires us in a gathering of the young? It is that they have their lives before them, and what lends real interest and pathos to the scene is the feeling that one is standing by the well of hundreds of lives, that the bursting up of that spring will lead on to the river of Time which will find its way at last to the ocean of Eternity. A gathering of the young always reminds me of the verse, 'We went forth to the spring of the waters.' You are going forth to cast salt into the spring of the waters. You are going forth, and with head and heart and hands you are going to

help other girls to help their own time to take the right stand. To you is given the opportunity of casting in the salt that is to preserve and purify the waters."

The Principal thanked Miss Griffiths for her inspiring address, and said that if we made up our minds to use our influence in raising the standard of purity around us, we could do it. If we determined to set our minds against anything not good in Art, Drama, and Literature, and never to take our part in anything that was not high-minded and pure, we who were gathered there could raise the whole tone of our surroundings wherever we might go."

At the service held in the College Chapel on January 23rd, the following were admitted as members of the G.F.S. :—*Students*—Isabel Armstrong, Gwen Atherton, Dorothy Bradley, Lottie Brown, Grace Burt, Ada Coop, Ada Hallam, Isabel Humphries, Florence Kesteven, Gladys Lennon, Martha Lewis, Hilda Marsh, Fannie Metcalf, Alice Moxon, Bertha Pearce, Ethel Pottage, Annie Weeden, Joyce White, Norah White, Ada Woolcock. *Maids*—Violet Leverington, Florrie Smith, Lilian Ward, Jenny Ward, Maud Walsh.

E. M. B.

### *The New Library.*

Past Students will rejoice with us over the formation of a very real Reference Library. For some time the accommodation in the Lecture Hall has been inadequate, and it has now been found possible to use two communicating rooms, one in the Principal's house, and the adjoining room which is definitely within College walls. The rooms are on the first floor, with windows facing north, and looking over the Principal's garden and the recreation ground. They are furnished with small dark green tables and chairs, and in a short time it is hoped to have the cupboards, which have been transferred from the Lecture Hall, stained dark green to harmonise with the paper and linoleum. At present we have over fifteen hundred books, provided chiefly by the generosity of the Committee, who make an annual grant, and also by those very loyal friends of the College, who take this way of keeping their memory green. Various publishers have been very kind in sending specimen copies of books suitable for use in school, and we shall always be grateful for suggestions of new books that past students know will be useful. The rooms are open for the use of students at any time on any day. In order that every one may know definitely when they may expect to use it, a time-table has been made showing the hours at which it is reserved for special sections, and the appreciation of the present students is shown by the constant use they make of it. Amidst all the many beautiful opportunities that are provided for us in College, we should like to think that the Library may in future be numbered. The view from the window which to some may be an inspiration, the quiet times, the inexpressible joy of listening, as Ruskin says, to the great teachers and entering into their thoughts

and finally entering into their hearts, may then find expression in the prayer that has been selected as a motto for the room: "Shew Thy servants Thy work, and their children Thy glory."

A. M. B.

*Additions to Fiction Library.*

The Master's Violin; Love Letters of a Musician; Old Rose and Silver; The White Shield—*Myrtle Reed*. Kingfisher Blue—*Halliwell Sutcliffe*. The Heather Moon—*C. and A. M. Williamson*. The Lion's Skin—*Rafael Sabatini*. A Bachelor's Comedy; The Pilgrimage of a Fool—*J. E. Buckrose*. Erica—*Mrs. de la Pasture*. London Lavender—*E. V. Lucas*. Anton of the Alps—*W. Victor Cook*. The Lady of the Decoration, and The Lady Married. A Man's Man; A Safety Match; The Right Stuff—*Ian Hay*. The Upas Tree, The Rosary (second copy)—*Mrs. Barclay*. Dividing Waters; The Rajah's People—*I. A. R. Wylie*. Hero of Herat—*Maud Diver*. Anne of the Barricades—*Crockett*. Master and Maid—*Mrs. Allen Harker*. A Sicilian Marriage—*Douglas Sladen*. Meadow Sweet—*Orczy*. Romance of Billygoat Hill—*Alice Hegan Rice*. A Make-Shift Marriage—*Mrs. Baillie Reynolds*. Quest of the Golden Rose—*Oxenham*. Corporal Cameron—*Ralph Connor*. The Bondage of Riches—*Annie Swan*. Woven of the Wind—*Swan*. The Turnstile—*A. E. W. Mason*. The Anglo-Indian—*Alice Perrin*. Honey, My Honey—*Katherine Tynan*. Rose of the Garden—*Tynan*. Pollyooly—*Jepson*. The Story of Elizabeth; Miss Angel; Miss Williamson's Divigations; Mrs. Dymond—*Miss Thackeray*.

A donation of £5 has again been sent from the Staff and Students to the funds of the Page Hall Orphanage, Pitsmoor, Sheffield.

*Gifts to the College.*

Two beautiful brass Plant Vases, from Miss Alice Whiteley. Flowers, from Miss Laura Wilkinson and Mrs. Whitehall Catton. Flowers for Chapel, from Miss Annie Farrar. A beautifully embroidered "Corporal," Anonymous. Whympers "Rambles Among the High Alps," Mrs. Sparke. Set of "Purificators," worked by Miss Mildred Todhunter. Photogravure, Raphael's Gran' Duca Madonna, Miss E. M. Nelson. Framed portrait of Alexander Leslie Melville, Esq., by Mr. Arthur Leslie Melville. Set of framed Holbeins to illustrate Tudor History, by Miss Todhunter. Small reproductions of the following:—Princess Elizabeth (Van Dyck), Dawn (G. F. Watts), Philip III. of Spain (Velasquez), Two Cherubs (Florentine School)—Miss Todhunter.

Various interesting pieces of hand work have been done and given by the students themselves, notably a College Post-box, by Elsie Baguley, and mottoes for the Lecture Hall and Library, by Gladys Henry, Nellie Gambles, and Edith Lockwood.

## COLLEGE ASSOCIATION BALANCE SHEET.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31ST, 1912.

RECEIPTS.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
599 Subscriptions at 2/6 .. ..	74	17	6		Printing April and October Magazine, including blocks for illustrations, envelopes, book for addresses, addressing envelopes, and postage .. .. .	56	9	5
Donation to Magazine Fund, College Committee .. ..	2	2	0		Donation to Church Teachers' Benevolent Society .. ..	30	0	0
Sale of Magazines to Non-Association Subscribers .. ..	11	4	6		Correspondents' (years 1897-1912) expenses .. ..	3	3	9
Balance from 1911 (late subscriptions), viz. :—					Miss Elwell, Postage .. .. .	1	15	6
Church Magazine Fund .. ..	4	10	0		Flowers and Books to Invalid Members .. .. .	0	17	10
Church Teachers' Benevolent Society .. .. .	3	16	0		Donation to Old Student .. .. .	0	5	0
Association Fund .. .. .	1	15	6		Donation to Universities' Mission to Central Africa (for support of child) .. .. .	1	1	0
					Balance in Bank (late subscriptions), viz. :—			
					Church Teachers' Benevolent Fund .. .. .	3	8	0
					College Magazine Fund .. .. .	1	5	0
	£98	5	6			£98	5	6

COLLEGE NOTES

Examined and approved,  
M. TODHUNTER, *Principal.*

MARGARET ELWELL,  
*Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.*

The Magazine Club takes the following magazines and papers :—The Studio ; Bookman ; Punch ; Great Thoughts ; Church Family Newspaper ; Lincoln Diocesan Magazine ; Harper's ; Scribner's ; Chambers' Journal ; Cornhill ; Windsor ; Cassell's ; Woman at Home ; Treasury ; Girls' Own Paper ; Girls' Realm ; Associates' Journal ; Quiver.

The College Committee provide :—The Weekly Graphic ; Daily Graphic ; Daily Telegraph ; Spectator ; Lincolnshire Chronicle ; Lincolnshire Gazette ; School World ; Musical Times ; School Music Review ;

The Editor begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of magazines from the following Colleges and Schools :—Homerton, Home and Colonial, Warrington, Grahamstown, Saffron Walden, Sheffield (The "Crescent"), Cheltenham (St. Mary's), St. Mark's, Avery Hill, Sheffield (The "Holly Leaf"), Chota Nagpore Quarterly Paper, Lincoln High School.

## HOCKEY.

		1ST ELEVEN MATCHES.		GOALS.	
			FOR		AGAINST.
1912.					
Nov.	2nd.	College v. Nottingham University..	4	..	0
"	9th.	College v. Newark .. .. .	5	..	1
"	13th.	College v. Lincoln High School ..	8	..	0
"	21st	College v. Sheffield University ..	13	..	0
"	23rd.	College v. Sheffield Training College	1	..	4
"	25th.	College v. Lincoln Ladies' .. .. .	4	..	3
Dec.	7th.	College v. Miss Wood's XI. (Sheffield)	5	..	0
1913.					
Jan.	25th.	College v. Nottingham University	8	..	0
Feb.	1st.	College v. Weelsby .. .. .	3	..	1
"	15th.	College v. Gainsborough .. .. .	3	..	0
"	22nd.	College v. Newark .. .. .	7	..	0
March	1st.	College v. Sheffield Training College	3	..	0
"	10th.	College v. Lincoln Ladies' .. .. .	5	..	3
"	8th.	College v. Sheffield University ..	5	..	5
		SECOND ELEVEN MATCHES.			
1912.					
Nov.	2nd.	College v. South Lincoln .. .. .	3	..	0
Dec.	14th.	College v. Hardcastle Grammar School .. .. .	1	..	6
1913.					
Mar.	1st.	College v. Boston Pupil Teachers' Centre .. .. .	0	..	3
"	8th.	College v. South Lincoln .. .. .	2	..	2

## HOUSE MATCHES, ETC.

1912.		(Winner placed first).			
Oct.	2nd.	Second Year v. First Year	..	4	0
„	7th.	Sheds v. King	.. ..	1	0
„	9th.	Nelson v. Wickham	.. ..	9	0
Nov.	14th.	Sheds v. Nelson	.. ..	4	3
		Sheds v. Wickham	.. ..	4	0

*The First Eleven.*

- S. Smith (left wing). Fast and keen, but difficult to play with, as she doesn't pass easily.
- M. Giles (left inside). Combines well, and plays very nice hockey. 1912—M. Segar\* ; 1913—B. Row (centre forward).
- M. Thurtell (right inside). Has improved very much ; is keen and persevering in tackling, but does not combine well.
- K. Franks\* (right wing). A good player, with an easy and happy style, but is inclined to keep the ball too long.
- D. Sammons (left half). A useful and hardworking half, but is apt to pass always in same direction.
- G. Stocks\* (centre half). Has made a good and energetic captain ; plays a nice game, and apparently never tires.
- H. Bown (right half). Uncertain and plays too much with one hand, but has improved since beginning of autumn term, and was very good in the first Lindum match.
- M. Bentley\* (left back). Is good, but must guard against rough play. The two backs work well together.
- E. Lockwood\* (right back). Sure ; has a good eye, and hits cleanly, but does not always look where she is passing.
- G. Lennon (goalkeeper). Is steady, dependable, and does not lose her head.

*Second Eleven.*

- |                               |                                  |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| A. Thomas (left wing).        | H. Cocking (centre half).        |
| M. Grimshaw (left inside).    | W. Hewson (right half), captain. |
| M. Armitage (centre forward). | E. Butcher (left back).          |
| W. Sullivan (left inside).    | M. Entwisle (right back).        |
| E. Searby (left wing).        | F. Metcalf (goal-keeper).        |
| H. McCabe (left half).        |                                  |

\* In the first eleven last season.

The outstanding feature of this season's play is the 1st XI. victory over Lincoln Ladies, many of whom are County players. In the return against them, on March 10th, the College will feel the loss of Miss Segar, but they are a plucky and enthusiastic team, and will "play up and play the game."

The 2nd XI. have been unfortunate in having several of their matches scratched, but have enjoyed some good practices with the South Lincoln Club.

The outside houses commonly known as "Sheds," deserve

special mention for doing so well and winning the Shield in the House Matches.

It was decided by voting, December 2nd, 1912, that members of the Staff should play both in House and College Matches.

RESULT OF VOTING.

<i>House Matches.</i>				<i>College Matches.</i>			
For .. ..	91			For.. ..	89		
Against ..	1			Against ..	3		
<i>Hockey Captains—</i>				OFFICERS FOR GAMES.			
1st Eleven ..	..	..	..	..	..	G Stocks	
2nd „ ..	..	..	..	..	..	W. Hewson	
3rd „ ..	..	..	..	..	..	F. Chisholm	
1st Year ..	..	..	..	..	..	D. Sammons	
<i>House Captains—</i>							
King .. ..	..	..	..	..	..	G. Stocks	
Wickham ..	..	..	..	..	..	M. Thurtell	
Nelson ..	..	..	..	..	..	K. Franks	
Sheds.. ..	..	..	..	..	..	E. Lockwood	
<i>Net-ball—</i>							
1st Team ..	..	..	..	..	..	A. Penzer	
1st Year ..	..	..	..	..	..	A. Thomas	
<i>Badminton—</i>							
Captain ..	..	..	..	..	..	G. Henry	
						E. B. Row.	

NET BALL.

So far as practice is concerned, "Net Ball" has fulfilled the promise of enthusiastic play which the opening of the season gave. On some occasions it has even been necessary to organise two games in the afternoon in order to allow all the girls who wished to do so to take part. The consequence is that the quality of the play has improved.

It is to be regretted, however, that the players have not given a better support to their indefatigable captain in her efforts to find opportunities for more of the House Matches. In spite of the busy term it should have been possible to play off more than two of these. The results of the two are as follows:—

Nelson v. Wickham ..	Nelson ..	..	..	13; 12
Wickham v. Upper King ..	Wickham ..	..	..	10; 6
				E. M. B.

BADMINTON.

HOUSE MATCHES.

Second Year v. First Year ..	Second Year ..	..	..	2; 1
Wickham v. Nelson ..	Wickham ..	..	..	2; 1
Sheds v. Nelson ..	Sheds ..	..	..	3; 0
				B. R.

## College Year.                    ASSOCIATION MEMBERS.

Before 1897—Elizabeth Lowndes (Mrs. Edwards), Margaret Blair (Mrs. Collitt), Sarah Ann Wright (Mrs. Dawber), Mary Rawding (Mrs. Smith), Harriet Mounteney (Mrs. Stallibrass), Rebecca Haynes (Mrs. Hemsley), Annie Elizabeth Whitworth (Mrs. Hutchinson), Sarah Pearson, Alice Kent (Mrs. Howe), Elizabeth Brummitt, Sarah Elizabeth Sutcliffe (Mrs. Watson), Sarah Thorpe (Mrs. Shelton), Margaret Elwell, Emma Shotton, (Mrs. Edward Done), Fanny Utting (Mrs. Norman), Annie Georgina Selvage, Martha Ann Greaves, Ellen Crowther (Mrs. Ralphs), Clara Brummitt, Fanny Burton (Mrs. Milner), Selina Goodwin, Sarah Marjason (Mrs. Gilliatt), Annie Harrington (Mrs. C. J. Robbins), Elsie Robb (Mrs. A. Logsdail), Hannah Bell, Ellen Wilson (Mrs. Hoades), Flora Ford, Lucy Humphreys, Selina Dix, Alice Whiteley, Maud Bourne, Annie Morley (Mrs. Clayton), Maud Etchells (A.T.S.), Jane Platt (Mrs. Dean) (A.T.S.), Ann Hague (Mrs. Holden), Mary Turner, Jessie Bourne, Amy Beddoe, Susannah Brown, Eliza Crossland (Mrs. Barratt), Margaret Parratt, Essie Ruth Conway, Florence White, Eliza Bass, Mary Ellerington (Mrs. Blamey), Eunice B. Turner, Ada Ward (Mrs. Colley), Annie Glover, Ada Mary Whitehead (Mrs. W. G. Wright), Caroline Smith (Mrs. Richardson), Hannah Thomason (Mrs. J. W. Shaw), Frances Annie Elwell, Mary Clayton (Mrs. Marriott), Jane Martin, Frances Wells, Rosa Preston, Emma Johnson (Mrs. Hamer), Frances Calver, Emma Wilkinson, Jessie Hutchinson (Mrs. T. Layne), Sarah Dawes, Eleanor Castle (Mrs. Yates), Florence Aughtie (Mrs. Summerton), Mary Heape, Ada Pepperdine, Kate Barker, Mary Bell, Emily G. Mayall (Mrs. Taylor), Gertrude Whattam (Mrs. Mackinder), Laura A. A. Wilkinson, Emily Whetton, Kate Hoggard (Mrs. Slater), Mary Gossling (Mrs. Wolstenholme), Margaret Moreton, Albina Elston, Agnes Radford (Mrs. Hobson), Kathleen Huddleston, Agnes Short, Edith Dawes, Lucy Gill (Mrs. Tomlinson), Gertrude Radford, May Kent (Mrs. Hadfield), Elizabeth Robinson, Eleanor Johnson (Mrs. Chester), Ada Aughtie, Emma F. Whattam, Sarah Calver, Eliza Dyson (Mrs. F. T. Clarke), Minnie Potts, Margaret Freeborough (Mrs. Foster-Williams), Frances Crombie, Alice Greening, Frances Bishell (Mrs. Banks), Ruth Wooddin (Mrs. Eayrs), Bessie Dawson (Mrs. Whitfield), Mary Wileman, Annie Meadows, Annie Harvey, Rosa Hill (Mrs. Horton), Mary Crowther, Ethelen King.

1897 Kate Whattam, Edith Hales (Mrs. Gossop), Eleanor Walker, Annie Taylor (Mrs. Charles Woods), Marian Trevitt (Mrs. Stevens).

1898 Alice Falkinder (Mrs. Handley), Marianne Thompson (Mrs. Hopf), Minnie Sells, Margaret Harrison, Harriet M. Coales, Jane Eggleston, Minnie Rimmington (Mrs. Russon), Ada Rimmington, Rose Naylor (Mrs. Tom Carter), Winifred Brown, Emily Ayres, Eleanor Walpole (Mrs. Gough).

1899 Ada Brown, Bertha Wilding (Mrs. Moxon), Florence Howard, Annie Amelia Harrison, Augusta Tanner, Margaret A. Glenn, Susannah Dewis (Mrs. Pendlebury), Helen M. Simons, Lily A. Mottram (Mrs. B. Clark), Ethel Rose Stapleton (Mrs. Hunter), Marian S. Grundy (Mrs. Watson), Alethea Hildred, Emily Wales (Mrs. T. Wayman), Mildred Vaughan, Ada Miriam Johnson, Alice Child, Gertrude Stallibrass (Mrs. A. C. Clark) Edith Mary Hibbitt, Grace Harlock, Mary Simmonds.

1900 Alice Mackintosh, Rose Knowlson, Alice Perkins, Georgina Walker, Amy Wright, Lucy Roberts, Daisy Jenner, Annie Bird (Mrs. Frank Derry), Edith Newton (Mrs. Williams), Alice Shirley (Mrs. Garner), Florence Scarlett.

- 1901 Annie Bugg, Ethel Bimrose, Cerise Cameron, Margaret Cooper, Kate Chapple, Mary Dent (Mrs. Hansford) Jessie Drake, Henrietta Griffiths, Florence Harrand (Mrs. Southwick), Clarice Hughes, Emma Austen, Alice Langford, Ethel March (Mrs. Umeauff), Elsie Piper (Mrs. Vaughan), Elizabeth Pendlebury, Ethel Riley, Jessie Wilson (Mrs. N. R. Hilton).
- 1902 Katherine Antcliffe, Mary E. Arscott (Mrs. Tilbrook), Edith Barker, Gertrude Bradwell, Mary Brewer (Mrs. Glossop), Emma Brewin, Mabel Bromhall (Mrs. Meech), Ethel Budd, Mary Burley, Phœbe Bury, Frances Clarke, Elsie Dawtrey, Annie Drury, Eleanor Donson, Minnie Fèvre, May Hulse, Maud Johnson, Gertrude Judd (Mrs. Burnicle), Marjorie Mullins (Mrs. Longden), Helen Pearce, Sarah Parkes, Mary Parkes, Margaret Partridge, Annie Porter (Mrs. H. J. Watson), Ethel Radford, Annie Roberts, Annie Schofield, Sarah Shepherd (Mrs. A. W. Woods), Isabella Shiach, Ruth Spencer, Lilian Underhill, Kate Webb, Ethel Willdig.
- 1903 Graëme Armstrong (Mrs. Luke Dixon), Ada Ashton, Emily Barker, Elsie Beeching, Edith Berry, Elsie Botterill (Mrs. Stewart), Edith Burley, Margaret Clarke (Mrs. Vaughan Jones), Lilian Corbett, Mary Croasdale, Ada Doodson, Amelia Gascoigne (Mrs. Berry), Irene Gelsthorpe (Mrs. S. G. Turner), Rosa Gouldthorpe, Margaret Heritage, Jenny Hendry (Mrs. Hornsby), Amy Holroyd, Gertrude Holroyd, Elsie Hunt, Julia Jarvis, Ada Johnson (Mrs. Braithwaite), Beatrice Leighton, Gertrude Machan (Mrs. Frank Hepworth), Elsie Newill, Ethel Ogden, Ethel Peacock, Gertrude Pearson, Helen Marden (Mrs. Sanderson), Agnes Marriott, Edith Millard, Jane Pollard, Mary Rawcliffe, Gertrude Salt, Christine Skinner, Celia Smith (Mrs. Ringham), Florence Stephenson, Elinor Stewart, Mabel Stuttle, Margaret Toulmin, Annie Turner (Mrs. Thickett), Maggie Walker, Nellie Walker, Bessie Watson, Annie Waugh, Frances Wilkinson (Mrs. Henry Strong), Florence Williams, Ruth Wilson (Mrs. A. E. Jones), Edith Wood
- 1904 Mary Antcliffe, Margaret Arscott, Bertha Bannister, Eveline Best, Emily Mary Brown, Violet Brown, Gwendoline Clapp, Frederica Clissold, Maud Collitt, Florence Davies (Mrs. Hargrave), Ethel Dent, Alethea Durant, Mabel Fountain, Ethel Gibbs, Edith Halliday, Mabel Hamm, Mary Hoole, Eleanor Ives, Sarah Kenworthy (Mrs. Kirk), Ethel Maguire, Ethelind Morris, Alice Muddimer, Hilda Oliver (Mrs. Arthur Smith), Edith Parlett, Elsie Penzer, Janet Pressick, Rachel Rawsley, Kate Richardson, Edith Sheckell (Mrs. W. F. Firth), Gertrude Smith, Florence Tipping, Theodora Trotter, Rose Wade, Eva Waller, Winifred Waller, Ethel Ward, Maud Weaver, Elsie Wilkinson, Constance Williams, Emily Wood.
- 1905 Elizabeth Bailey, Helena Bott, Ethel Brickell (Mrs. Lee), Elizabeth Bunting, Elizabeth Burge (Mrs. Lewis), Ada Clarke, Elizabeth Comer, Florence Dawe, Bertha Dickens, Ethel Drury, Ethel Fox (Mrs. C. Lord), Ida Gibbon, Lilian Gibbs, Dorothy Gibson (Mrs. Deighton), May Gibson (Mrs. Stamp), Lily Gouldthorpe, Jennie Greenep, Ida Hartley, Margaret Harvey, Lilian Henchcliffe, Ethel Heslop, Eva Hinton (Mrs. A. Dodd), Ellen Hornsby, Mabel Househam, Jessie Jones, Charlotte Langford (Mrs. Stephens), Jessie Linnell, Laura Mann, Rose Mawer, Beatrice Mortlock, Mabel Noble, Violet Nuttall, Elizabeth Polwarth, Madeline Reader, Lily Richardson, Isabel Rigby,

1905—*contd.*

Lilian Rosson, Hilda Seymour (Mrs. Layton), Louise Shirley (Mrs. P. W. Goodwin), Gertrude Sivil (Mrs. Feakes), Maud Stimson, Jessie Stringer, Erica Stuart, Lucy Thurlby, Edith Tomlinson, Dorothy Walker, Gertrude West, Louisa White, Sarah Winnall.

1906 Violet Bedford, Jessie Birchenough (Mrs. Plowright), Gertrude Border, Alice Bristow, May Burgess, Minnie Callender, Alice Charters, Katherine Close, Frances Cooper (Mrs. Oke), Bessie Corfield, Christabel Crossland May Fenton, Charlotte Gallimore, Isobel Greene, Gertrude Hipwell, Florence Hotham, Olive Jackson, Lilian Jones, Edith Jordan, Maud Jubb, Louie Langford (Mrs. Barlow), Gertrude Leeming, Violet Lynn, Irene Marden, Kerr Maxwell, Ina McWhan, Viola Moore (Mrs. Ailsop), Beatrice Newbould, Esther Newton (Mrs. G. E. Perry), Kate Oldfield (Mrs. Clew), Mary Palmer, Ellen Perks, Mary Pinck, Ethel Podmore, Elsie Preston, Violet Searby, Annie Spencer, Caroline Spencer, Edith Sutton (Mrs. Lockyer), Jessie Thomson, Gladys Thornton, Louie Vezey, Edith West, Ruth Wilkinson (Mrs. Clear), Amy Wyatt.

1907 Sarah Ainley, Margaret Antcliffe, Edith Atkin, Katherine Bice (Mrs. W. E. Newell), Mary Caine, Muriel Carr, Emily Clayton (Mrs. Tingley), Mary Cook, Maud Cotton, Mary Coxon, Frances Crompton, Blanche Davey (Mrs. A. L. Robinson), Florence Dixon, Beatrice Dobson, Mary Dodgson (Mrs. Melhuish), Elizabeth Doodson, Mildred Ellisson, Agnes Garratt, Marion Golby (Mrs. Tite), Mildred Gosling, Bessie Hague, Ethel Henry, Ada Hinton, Elsie Hollom, May Hopper, Edith Hurry, Metta Jabet, Mary Jackson, Nora Kimbell, Florence Milner (Mrs. McClelland), Marie Moore, Clara Mountford, Wilhelmina Nunn, Mary Palin, Louisa Peart, Maud Pell, Marion Percy (Mrs. E. L. Driver), Dorothea Playl, Annie Reddish (Mrs. Leaman), Magdalen Ross, Annie Royce, May Shapley, Alice Smith (Mrs. Thomas Goulding), Frances Thomas, Florence Tue (Mrs. Baron), Edith Wand, Gertrude Watson (Mrs. W. F. Morriss), Lilian Westland, Margaret Wickham, Margaret Wilson, Daisy Wyatt, Alice Yeomans.

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

1909 Mary E. Atkin, Margaret Baker, Emily Baldock, Beatrice Bambridge, Jennie Beevers, Nellie Beevers, Ethel Bellamy (Mrs. Gromke), Gladys Blake, Jessie Brooks, Maud Broome, Mary Clarke (Mrs. Stacey), Laura Clifton, Eveline Codd, Dora Davison, Florence Dickens, Ivy Ellis, Ruth Flowers, Ethel Fountain, Edith French, Bertha Freshney, Helen Grosvenor (Mrs. Barron), Margaret Heath, Etta Hollywood, Eva Hudson, Rosa Jackson, Clara Jordan, Daisy Kingan, Ettie Kirby, Ivy Kirk, Edith Milner, Edith Mobley, Winifred Moss, Grace Neale, Florence Neaverson, Mabel Newton, Elsie Norris,

1909—*contd.*

Maria Ogden, Kate Ogle, Margaret Parks, Lucy Parry, Lottie Reddish, Gladys Reville, Winifred Searby, Dorothy Staniforth, Amy Stimson, Dorothy Taylor, Annie Village, Ellen Wales, Alice Walkden, Florence Watson, Lucy Watson, Florence Webb, Mary Wilkinson, Emmie Winkup, Alice Wood, Dora Wright, Jessie Wright.

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

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

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

