

College Copy

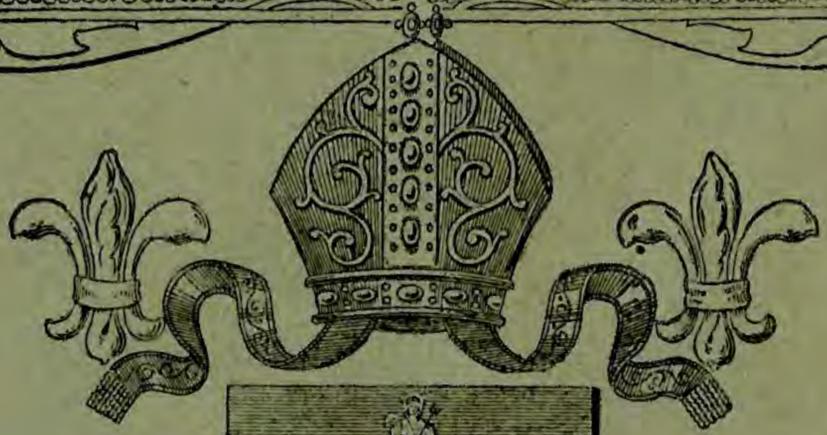


LINCOLN



Diocesan Training College

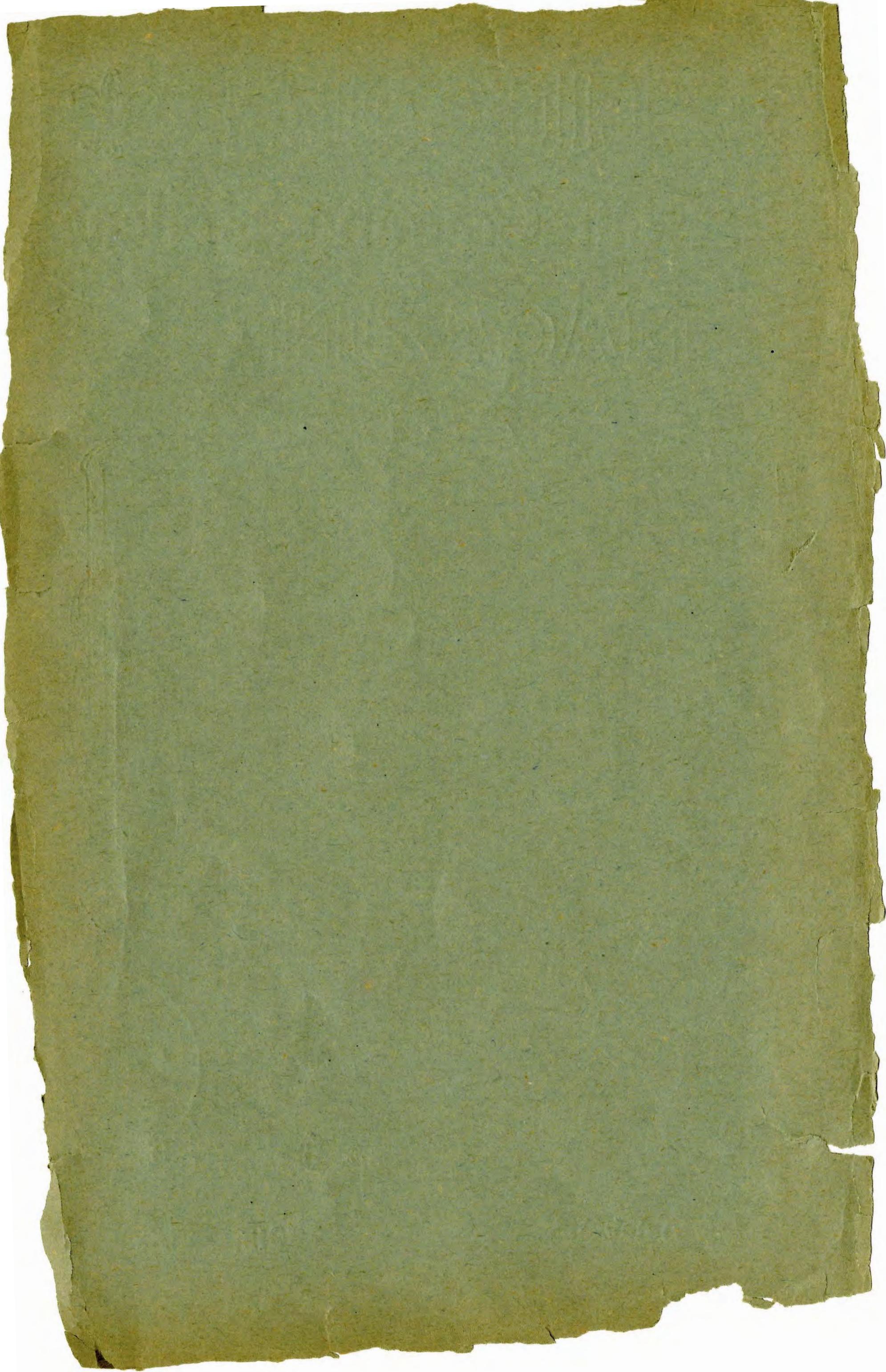
MAGAZINE



October,

1915.





Principal's Letter

MY DEAR STUDENTS, PAST AND PRESENT,

The days are evil, and we seem to be only at the beginning of the suffering to which our race and Empire are called at this time.

We Englishwomen are sheltered behind a living rampart from the horrors of war, and so we must be ready to endure hardness, sparing ourselves no pains that

“under God we may possess

Man's strength to comfort man's distress.”

There are strenuous times ahead, and as teachers our duty is to train the children who are at present in the schools so that it may be said of them in their day and generation that they too are

“renowned for their deeds, as far from home—

For Christian service, and true chivalry,—

As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry

Of the world's Ransom, blessed Mary's Son.”

Ours it is to redeem the time for them, not only by training the individual child in self-control and delight in simple things, but also by thinking and working so that the social conditions which have made these things increasingly difficult for the youth of England in the immediate past may be in future impossible. I hope that we may have faith and courage to help each other to such an end.

Yours very truly,

W. TODHUNTER.

Principal's Notes

It is a great joy to see a friend, even if it is *only* seeing

“When a much-loved friend is nigh,
And we sit silently,
That silence is not solitude.”

But presence is not wholly (or perhaps mainly) physical, and the reality of the letters which I have received from some of the old students makes them seem quite near, though they are miles away as space counts.

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E. Pottage, who is now head mistress of Bole School, writes, “Do you know I can see the towers of Lincoln cathedral from our hills on a clear day, and it makes me feel that I am not far from College after all.”

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A. Storey quotes a remark about Lincoln made to her by the inspector which we cannot (even blushing)ly reproduce. The letter continues, “I am thinking of you all, and can hardly believe that I am not coming back too for another happy two years.”

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Those of us who remember *notre géante* are not surprised to hear from A. Boucher: “the head master must have thought that I was rather athletic-looking, as he asked me to take the drill for the three upper standards.”

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E. Vincent is evidently heart and soul in an engrossing school. “I have a lovely class of 24 children (all girls) and we take as many lessons as possible in the open air. Miss Butterworth would have revelled in the outdoor excursions we have had: a river, lakes, a bog, and brooks on the hills are all within ten minutes' walk of the school. Each class has a hobby, and mine are at present hunting for all kinds of insects. We are developing a box of various kinds of caterpillars, and yesterday the head mistress and I had quite a lively game destroying some wasps we had reared in school. For one lesson per week the children vote on what they shall be taught. I rather dread that lesson because one never knows what is going to happen next. . . .”

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F. Clayton says that after every play-time ten or so of her babies in an admission class are generally missing, “and have to be trundled back when they are discovered in other classes.”

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I confess to a lurking sympathy with the small boy in F. Millhouse's class who announced to his neighbour that “you don't put capital G to Germans, as they are not worth it.”

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G. Seymour gives a vivid picture of the family joy when her brother sent home a card from his Major-General: "Your commanding officer has informed me that you have distinguished yourself by conspicuous bravery in the field."

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We get another war picture from G. Binner, whose address is Mortimer Street, London, W., and who was in the air-raid: "The crash that wakened us was the worst I have ever heard. We all thought the house had fallen in; we stayed in the basement some time, and then my sister and I went into the road and saw two of the Zeppelins quite plainly. One was nearly overhead and it really was a glorious sight. All our flash-lights were on it, so it looked like a great glow-worm in the sky."

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Thanks for interesting letters are due to H. Reynolds, E. Pratt, E. Surfleet, E. Alderson, A. Wood, and many others.

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War Work

PRESENT staff and students have given much of their free time to assistance in registration.

Miss Bower, writing from Stradishall Place, Newmarket, to thank the knitters of socks last year, says:

"I warmly thank the ladies of the Training College for their beautiful work. My brother-in-law, Colonel Mercer, will be very grateful for them. . . . You may have seen in the newspaper that the Third Dragoon Guards had a special notice from the Commander-in-Chief for their gallant defence of the trenches. All the drafts which have gone out to this regiment from Canterbury have been supplied with a jersey, a pair of socks, and a muffler. I am sure that your kind and willing workers will like to know that they had their part in this."

The total amount collected by students in their boxes for the war last year was £1 6s. 7d. Of this, ten shillings went to the Boutham Hall Hospital, ten shillings to the rest-house for the wives and mothers of wounded, and the remainder for cigarettes for the two Lincoln V.C.'s.

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Gifts to College

WE are very grateful for the following gifts from:
The Rev. Canon Rowe, two books for chapel use;
The G.D.A., altar linen;
Captain Lowe, a valuable encyclopædia for the Library;
Miss Violet Brown (1902-1904), an elegant hockey stick, with which we hope to continue to "play the game."

Certificate Results

CERTIFICATE results being on a new system this year it is difficult to judge how we compare with past years. Special congratulations to the following :

- E. Alderson, who passed with credit in Hygiene, English, Geography, and Advanced History.
- M. A. Brooks, who passed with credit in Teaching, Hygiene, English, Mathematics, and Science.
- F. E. Clayton, who passed with credit in Hygiene and Mathematics, and in Advanced Education, English, and French.
- E. G. Donkin, who passed with credit in Hygiene, Geography, Mathematics, and Botany.
- M. A. Field, who passed with credit in Hygiene, Geography, Music, Mathematics, and Science.
- A. Hall, who passed with credit in Advanced Education, and with distinction in Hygiene.
- I. Kay, who passed with credit in Mathematics, History and French, and with distinction in Hygiene.
- M. Laurence, who passed with credit in Hygiene, History, and Science, and in Advanced English.
- A. Lidster, who passed with credit in Teaching, Music, English, and Science, and in Advanced History.
- H. Makins, who passed with Distinction in Drawing.
- D. Taylor, who passed with credit in Hygiene, Music, Geography, and Science, and in Advanced Education, and Drawing.
- In any case

“ 'tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, endeavour to deserve it.”

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Benevolent Fund

THIS young Fund (it is only a year old) has already had a call on its generosity. Miss Selvage, of Hainton, having reported a case of great need of a very old student, the correspondents of the Association voted unanimously that a sum of £5 be granted for relief. Miss M. Elwell and Mrs. Broome made further generous donations, and the need is now temporarily met. Any further particulars may be had on application to any of the correspondents, to Miss Turner, or to the Principal.

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The Principal will be very pleased to see all correspondents, on Saturday, December 4th, to lunch at 1.15 p.m., to decide on a method of administering the Fund. Hospitality for the night is offered for those from a distance.

Will those who accept this invitation please send word to that effect during the week preceding the date fixed, saying if hospitality is desired.

Chaplain's Notes

THE students of the years 1910-12, 1911-13, 1912-14, have been anxious to follow the example of their predecessors and to add in their turn to the adornment of the chapel. But it was felt that this year such expenditure would be out of harmony with the feelings aroused by the war; it seemed that a donation to the Red Cross Society in relief of pain and suffering would be a much more appropriate thank-offering for spiritual blessings. The proposal was taken up with enthusiasm; the total amount contributed during these years was £31 5s., and of this a sum of £30 has been paid to the Red Cross Funds. The manner in which this gift is to be commemorated in the College (for which the remainder of the money is available) will, by the desire of the Committee, not be decided until after the end of the War. The following letter of acknowledgment has been received:

" 19th October, 1915.

" Dear Sir,

" On behalf of the Joint War Committee I have to acknowledge the receipt of your generous and welcome gift to our Fund received through your kind agency. It is a great help to us in our work for the sick and wounded soldiers and sailors, and, in enclosing a formal receipt, I beg that you will accept for yourself, and convey if possible to all who are associated in making the gift, our grateful and sincere thanks.

" Yours faithfully,

" ROB. A. HUDSON,

" *Chairman of the Joint Finance Committee.*

" *British Red Cross Society.*"

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 10TH was observed as a Harvest Festival. The chapel was very effectively decorated with flowers and vegetables and fruit; the white pillars and the surrounding red brick formed a picturesque setting for the gifts which had been offered in so generous a spirit that much ingenuity was required to give to each its proper place; but thanks to the willing co-operation of many zealous workers everything was fittingly arranged so as to express the end of all such decorations of the House of God—the offering of praise and thanksgiving—without detracting from the reverence of our worship. Few of us imagined that the chapel could be so prettily decorated without losing anything of its ordinary grace and beauty. The services were a Celebration of the Holy Communion at 8, and Evensong at 7. The offerings and the alms were divided equally between the St. Hugh's Home for Waifs and Strays and the County Hospital.

J. T. TULL.

Editor's Notes

OLD Students will much regret to hear of the sad case of need mentioned in the Principal's Notes, and will doubtless be interested in further details. The Student in question was "one of the first batch admitted to Lincoln Training College," and is now over seventy years of age. For some years past she has been engaged in teaching in native schools in Egypt, and also as a governess, but owing to her great age and her failing memory she has been obliged to give up her employment and is entirely incapacitated from continuing to earn her living, consequently she has recently been sent home by the British Consul. Unfortunately "she has lost all chance of a State pension owing to the fact that she has been out of the country more than six years."

We hear from one of her former colleagues that a banking account has been opened with the donations received.

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Students of 1887-9 will be deeply grieved to hear of the death of one of their number, Sarah Dawes. The news came as a great shock to me, for I did not then know what I have learnt since, that she had been suffering for some time and had been obliged to resign her post. The end, which came on Monday, September 13th, seemed very sudden to her dear ones, for only the previous Saturday she had been well enough to go out for a drive.

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The first half of the Students of 1909-11 have elected Mabel Jabet as their correspondent in place of Louie Williams, whose sad death was recorded in our last number.

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"What splendid work Jennie Kitchen must be doing. Our Year should feel proud of her. . . . Have you heard that Alice Payne is probably appointed as storekeeper in a Hospital?" are allusions which bring to mind the great upheaval the war has made in the lives of some of our Students, as in so many others. '08 will be interested to know that we often see Jennie in her V.A.D. uniform, as she is attached to the Lincoln Military Hospital, and that May Shapley is doing similar work in Leicester, and further that Jean Stewart is trying hard to persuade her family to permit her to do likewise. Mildred Vaughan is another V.A.D. who gave valuable help last winter to the Lincoln Boutham Hospital, and is now attached to the Woolwich Hospital.

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

M. TURNER.

College Notes

Inspectorial Visits

The College was visited during the month of May by two of His Majesty's Inspectors; on Wednesday, May 5th, H.M.I. Mr. Scott inspected the drawing, and about a fortnight later was followed by H.M.I. Mr. Hinton, for Science, and H.M.I. Mr. Shaw for the examination in Singing. The address given by Mr. Shaw at the close of the Singing Examination was most inspiring and will do much to encourage the girls in their efforts to develop a love of good music in their pupils.

On June 3rd and 4th, Miss Wark paid a second visit in order to see the College at work, and on June 8th, Miss Shearson closed the series of visits with her examination in Oral French.

Changes in College

During the present term certain changes have been made which will doubtless prove interesting to many former students. We are at present trying a plan to secure greater convenience on the domestic side, by giving one side of the house to Seniors and one to Juniors, and of arranging for meals being taken at Second Year and First Year tables.

Another change is one that has been made in the evening time-table. We stop work at 7.30, have supper immediately, and in that way hope to secure more time for united social life.

We now no longer penetrate to the precincts of the Laundry, and thus gain a further extension of possible "social time."

N.U.T. Address

ON Friday, May 14th, Miss Conway, a member of the Executive Committee of the N.U.T., and an old Lincoln student, addressed us once again on behalf of the National Union of Teachers. Her arguments were as telling as ever, and were graphically illustrated by various "true stories" of actual experiences of different teachers, and of the timely and useful help given by the Society. The opportunity thus afforded to out-going students to realise the possibility of joining so all-important a Society is of incalculable value.

Lectures on Life in Ancient Greece

ON two successive Friday evenings in the middle of June, the Principal gave us most interesting lectures on "Life in Ancient Greece," illustrated by lantern slides. The vivid descriptions transported us thither without the least effort on our part, carried us far back down the ages and then revealed to us the life of those past days in so life-like a manner that we felt ourselves sharing in it and wished that there were half-a-dozen, instead of only two opportunities of enjoying so fascinating an experience.

An Open Day

ON Saturday, June 5th, 1915, through the kindness of the Principal, Lincoln teachers were invited to an "Open Day" at the Training College.

The exhibition of handwork done by the students was most interesting, and to many of us gave most valuable suggestions as to what might be attempted in our schools. The Exhibition was in two sections, handwork for seniors, and handwork for juniors, and those interested in either branch had ample opportunity for seeing how the work in the one was merely the continuation and amplification of the work in the other. Exhibits were to be seen in needlework of all grades, raffia and light woodwork, modelling in cardboard, etc. New ideas in the making of charts and diagrams were put forward. These comprised schemes in geography and history, nature calendars, weather charts, and plans for school gardens. It would have been possible to spend all the time in this room, and yet not see all there was to see.

We next repaired to the garden, to witness a display in physical exercises by the students. These were arranged to suit the needs of children of various ages. Games followed, and here so much that was new was given to us that one cannot remember all. There were singing games, relay contests of all descriptions, ball games, etc. Many of these proved to be old favourites, but it was most refreshing to see something quite new. Perhaps the games played were more suitable for older children, but many of them could be adapted for younger children.

Following this display, the students gave a delightful exhibition of country dancing. Those of us who had tried to teach similar dances in school soon discovered how greatly costume and background helped to make this form of exercise a success. The programme was a varied one: English, Swedish, and Norwegian dances having been chosen.

Tea in the Principal's garden followed, and after this an informal meeting was held for the discussion of various aspects of the students' practice in the elementary schools. Nothing of a definite nature could be arrived at, because many were not prepared on the spur of the moment to state their views on such a big question.

Suggestions were made by the Principal and other members of the College staff that it might be possible to organize courses in handwork and physical exercises during the coming session for Lincoln teachers.* If only it is possible to do this, a long-felt want would be met, and many will be only too thankful to avail themselves of the opportunity.

Our best thanks are due to the Principal for her kind hospitality, and for giving us the privilege of being present upon such an interesting and instructive occasion.

CLARICE E. HUGHES (1899-1901)

*Classes for Handwork (Senior and Junior) and for Physical Exercises now meet at the College on Saturday mornings, and are well attended.

The Performance of "The Critic"

GREAT was the excitement which prevailed when the news went round that "The Critic" (*Sheridan*) was to be performed at last. It was a long-deferred treat, held over from the Easter term owing to the inroads made on our time by the activity of the 'Flu Fiend, and by that Inspector-haunted nightmare, the Seniors' final school practice. We returned to Lincoln after the Easter holidays wondering what new thing would happen to postpone the event; but on the second day of term, the fiat went forth that it was to take place on the following Saturday. Non-members of the Dramatic Society were delighted at the prospect, but consternation reigned among those unlucky performers whose costumes were not ready!

"I *must* get a black coat from *somewhere*, and there isn't one in the property-box that will fit me!" wailed one unfortunate.

"I've a pair of trousers to make—I mean trunk-hose—and a ruff, and a feather for my hat," groaned another.

"I'm not sure of all my words; what *will* Miss Turner say?" chimed in a third.

But, as is generally the way with students, these particular students groaned first, and afterwards fell to with a will to surpass expectations. Tremendous operations, involving the use of large scissors, sewing-machines, and other sewing-tackle, took place at all hours—before breakfast, in the afternoon, and in the precious interval after Evening Chapel. We, who are somewhat inexpert (to put it mildly) in these matters, regarded the results of these *extra* "special efforts" with something akin to awe!

Finally May-day arrived, and in the evening, after having duly assisted sundry present-day students to transform themselves into eighteenth century gentlemen, we repaired to the Drill Hall. We *knew* that the College Dramatic Society would surpass itself (especially as it comprised the cream of *both* years), and we were not disappointed.

The first scene (a room in Dangle's house) brought us into the midst of a domestic quarrel. Dangle (Gertrude Donkin), who aspires to be a critic and whose over-ruling passion is "theatrical politics," is the victim of a severe attack from his wife (Edith Sullivan). She, far more interested in the political situation and impending invasion, hotly upbraids her husband on the score of lack of patriotism, telling him that his passion for plays and players is positively ridiculous. Mr. Dangle is distinctly getting the worst of the argument, and is doing his best to assume a lofty dignity, when the arrival of Mr. Sneer puts a temporary end to hostilities.

Sneer (Mollie Brooks), "whose jest is always at the expense of his friend," fools Dangle to the top of his bent, drawing out of him a very willing description of what Sneer describes as his "volunteer fatigue" and "solicited solicitations." The two are in the midst of a discussion of a new idea for making the stage "a court-

of-ease to the Old Bailey," when Sir Fretful Plagiary (Katherine Beard) is announced. We are prepared for Sir Fretful's little peculiarities by a swift, scathing description from Sneer. "He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty; and then the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any of his works can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations . . . he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks like scorched parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism." Dangle fully agrees—"though he is my friend." On the appearance of Sir Fretful, the disinterested pair at once begin to lay a trap for him, into which, needless to say, he falls headlong. Sneer, in particular, brings forward a "small objection" to Sir Fretful's latest tragedy, and follows it up by pretending to quote, with malicious exactness, a newspaper attack on that same tragedy. Sir Fretful, while feigning excessive amusement, grows hotter and hotter, until finally his rage boils over. Seething visibly with wounded vanity, he protests that he was never more diverted in his life—that Mr. Dangle's supposition that he is hurt is most affronting. Sneer's cool, cutting: "Why so warm, Sir Fretful?" is the last straw; he retires in a perfect tornado of rage. Sneer and Dangle indulge in mutual enjoyment of Sir Fretful's exhibition of temper. Then Sneer once more turns his attention to finding the weak spots in Dangle's armour, this time in connexion with his ability as a musical critic. Dangle professes to be a connoisseur in music, but owns to "a bad ear!"—an admission which prepares us somewhat for his performance in the next scene. He, with Sneer, repairs to the drawing-room, where they find poor Mrs. Dangle struggling to carry on conversation with some Italian musicians, Signor Pasticcio Ritornello (Harriet Allman) and Signore Pasticcio Ritornello (Ethel Smith and Dorothy Storey), and a French interpreter (Isabel Kay) whom Mr. Dangle, would-be "admirable linguist," finds harder to be understood than the Italians! The latter sing trios, Dangle beating hopelessly out of time. After Sneer has been tortured by this display of musical talent, Mrs. Dangle, the interpreter, and the Italians withdraw; and we are promptly introduced to Mr. Puff (Alice Magnall), "practitioner in the art of puffing, or, to speak more plainly, professor in the art of puffing." This gentleman learnedly proceeds to initiate his hearers into the mysteries of the art of puffing, and when the flow of his eloquence is finally stemmed, the three separate, to meet again in the course of the morning at the theatre, where Puff's new tragedy, "The Spanish Armada," is being rehearsed.

We next see them at the theatre before the curtain; and Puff explains the plot of his tragedy—a needful preliminary to the action! The curtain rises, revealing Tilbury Fort. Sir Walter Raleigh (Dora Reade), and Sir Christopher Hatton (Mabel Laurence), whom we know by his manner of turning out his toes, enter, deep

in conversation. In blank verse, in which Puff attempts to be "plain and intelligible," and only succeeds in reaching the limit of banality, they discuss the threatened Spanish Invasion. This is to enlighten the audience—obviously! Puff proudly heralds the approach of Lord Leicester (D. Tweed) and the Governor of Tilbury Fort (Harriet Allmann), by promising his companions "some better language," full of "trope, figure, and metaphor." The dialogue which follows certainly abounds in metaphor of an astounding character. The critics watch the departure of the noble knights with ill-concealed relief, while Puff exults over the progress of his tragedy. Soft music is heard, and the heroine, Tilburina (Doris Cockshaw), accompanied by her confidante (Nance Ellerby) enters—"inconsolable to the minuet in Ariadne!" In perfectly excruciating verse, Tilburina bewails her hopeless love for Don Ferolo Whiskerandos, the son of the Spanish Admiral. In the midst of a heart-rending peroration, the Governor arrives. The Roman father chides his daughter for loving her country's enemy, and a verbal fencing-match in "small-sword-logic" ensues, after which the Governor departs, declaring that the governor's duty shall triumph over the father's love. Tilburina obediently bids "fond passion" farewell, and is in the midst of swearing allegiance to Duty, when Don Ferolo Whiskerandos (Dorothy Taylor) rushes in, and the critics are favoured with Puff's idea of a pathetic love-scene. Concerning this scene, a remark of Whiskerandos in another connexion is apt—"the less is said the better"!

Here came a welcome pause between the acts, in which the audience rocked with laughter over Puff's tragedy, and between the spasms "enthused" over the splendid acting.

Act III introduces us to a Court of Justice, wherein Puff's beloved discovery scene takes place. The Justice (Amy Hall) and a constable (Emily Roberts) discuss a certain youth (Mary Walker) of "most opprobrious fame," who is to suffer banishment for his crimes. While the constable goes to bring him in, the Justice's lady (Nora Williams) rushes in, the picture of agitated maternity. She has seen the afore-mentioned youth on his way to the Court and has an unaccountable feeling that he is her long-lost son Tom. The Justice owns to similar feelings, and questions the youth; in a very short time, both the Justice and his lady are convinced that this is indeed their son. How they arrive at the conclusion is an inexplicable mystery to everyone but themselves! The re-united family faint alternately in each other's arms and depart. A mysterious Beefeater now enters, evidently in a state of hopeless love (with Tilburina); he begins to soliloquise, but is observed, and withdraws. The venerable Lord Burleigh (Dorothy) appears, goes slowly to a chair, and sits down. He comes forward, solemnly shakes his head, and goes out, having preserved a majestic silence during the whole of his brief sojourn on the stage. Puff

explains that a minister with the whole affairs of the nation on his shoulders has no time to talk! The two nieces (Dorothy Dickenson and Dorothy Nixon) of Sir Christopher and Sir Walter now arrive, each in love with Whiskerandos, and each detests the other as her rival. Whiskerandos appears on the scene and the nieces attempt to strike him with daggers; the two uncles rush in and draw their swords in defence of their nieces, while Whiskerandos draws two daggers against the two nieces. The Beefeater returns and commands them, in the Queen's name, to drop their weapons. The uncles, with their nieces, retire. The Beefeater, stung by Whiskerandos's taunts, reveals himself as the identical captain who had taken Whiskerandos prisoner! They fight and Whiskerandos dies. In an incredibly short time, the Governor enters "with his hair properly disordered"—and no wonder! His Spanish prisoner is slain and in consequence his daughter is distract! He rushes out, whereupon enters "Tilburina stark mad in white satin with her confidante stark mad in white linen"! It is plain to be seen that Tilburina is quite mad!—and the faithful confidante whose part is always to do as her mistress does, is likewise quite mad! Tilburina goes off—to throw herself into the sea, so Puff pathetically remarks. That gentleman now bustles round to see that all is ready for his grand procession.

The original procession of English rivers was replaced by a Patriotic Procession (Miss Turner's idea). The countries of the Allies, headed by Constance Barr as Britannia, were represented by white-clad students draped in flags. The Procession moved to the strains of the National Anthems of the allied nations (played by Barbara Cooper).

Afterwards, in spite of the fact that we had been helpless with laughter all night, we rallied sufficiently to make the roof ring with hearty cheers for Miss Turner and the Dramatic Society. *Everybody* deserved individual congratulation, and when the actors descended from their lofty pinnacle to join us in the Dining Hall, *everybody* got it, from the greatest to the least.

FLORENCE CLAYTON.

The First-Year Concert

ONE of the most enjoyable events of our last term at College was, beyond doubt, the delightful concert given us by our First Years on June 19th.

For some time before the concert we found that our "daughters" were always very much occupied during their free time, and when the day arrived we all scanned our programmes with great eagerness as soon as we received them. When the curtains were drawn back the First Years were all grouped upon the platform, and when they sang with great zest, as the opening chorus, the good old "Lincolnshire Poacher," we settled down to have a thoroughly enjoyable evening. Then followed a stately gavotte, in which the

graceful movements and picturesque costumes were so pleasing that the whole dance had to be repeated for us. A performance by the First-Year orchestra—a most original and droll production—was the next item. The solemn faces of the performers as they worked away with their varied instruments—musical boxes, combs, and the like—contrasted so much with their fantastic costumes that the audience laughed throughout the performance and wanted to have more. The conductor himself provoked fresh peals of laughter with every expressive movement of his baton—an object familiar to us all, which had certainly been promoted for the occasion—and towards the end he became lost in such musical ecstasy that the gradual disappearance of the members of his orchestra was quite unnoticed by him. The next item explained for me the demands I had heard for burnt cork and similar substances. Just showing over a great sheet stretched across the platform were the heads of ten little nigger boys. Then we heard of their different adventures, which resulted in their disappearing one by one. As an untimely fate claimed each of these victims the remaining nigger boys vanished momentarily in sympathy with their fellows but re-appeared with remarkable quickness at the words, “One little, two little, three little . . . ten little nigger boys.” We were all very sorry when the one with the gigantic yellow bow returned no more, and we were ready to weep over the pathetic fate of the last, who fell into the fire bucket. In answer to demands for the student who had adapted the old negro jingle to College conditions, Harriet Allmann appeared and was deservedly applauded. Then the beautiful rendering of the trio, “Dear England,” by S. Hunt, E. Smith, and D. Storey, was much appreciated by all. The last item of Part I was called “Drill,” and, to our great surprise, when the eight pupils marched on the stage, it appeared as though their feet were turned the wrong way. The reason was soon apparent, however, for the faces of the performers were those of none of our “daughters,” but were masks fastened on the backs of their heads, while their hair hung over their faces. Great credit was due to the class for the efficient way in which, under such circumstances, it carried out commands of the instructress (B. Foster), such as “Arms forward raise,” and played “How are you, my fair maid?”

During the interval, B. Cooper played brilliantly a pianoforte solo from Chopin, and then followed the play, “The Rose and the Ring,” by Thackeray, which shows the adventures of different members of the Court of Valeroso XXIV, the usurping King of Paflagonia, while under the influence of the magic rose and the ring. The confusion caused when the ring was lost and passed through the hands of many people was a source of great fun, and the splendid acting of the different parts made the play entirely enjoyable. Harriet Allmann’s acting of the part of Valeroso, the usurping king, was excellent. We saw the king as a cool and unscrupulous

man, master of his own household, practical, and able to discuss with great relish the merits of his breakfast sausages in spite of the fact that he has just heard most startling news. Edith Sullivan, as Countess Gruffanuff, caused bursts of laughter whenever she appeared, and all were unanimous in praising her most skilful acting. Her attempts to be dignified and to be thought a great lady, her appearance with her hair in curl papers, and her efforts to win Prince Giglio at any cost, were equally laughable. Her husband, Jenkins Gruffanuff, was well acted by Barbara Picton. Jenkins was turned into a door-knocker by Fairy Blackstick, and had to stand motionless for some considerable time with his head through a screen, and this ordeal must have required a special effort from the performer. The rival princes, Giglio (M. Fairhurst) and Bulbo (B. Foster), were admirably played, and when Giglio won the much-wronged Betsinda, charmingly acted by D. Cockshaw, everyone was delighted. D. Nixon made a very stately Queen, and A. Jackson gave a delightful interpretation of the young Princess Angelica. The dignified acting and beautiful dress of Fairy Blackstick were also much admired. In fact, all the characters played their parts so well that the splendid success of the whole concert testified to the efficient work of the stage managers and the committee.

A delightful ending to the evening was provided by the singing of the "Good Night Song," composed by B. Foster, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." The composer was enthusiastically applauded at the close of the song, and we all left the Drill Hall feeling very very proud of our "First Years" and, in the words of their song, we Second Years all say to them,

"Success we all now wish to you,
Good Luck to everyone,"

during your second year at College.

M. MITCHELL.

Soirée Française. June 23rd

THE French evening this year was marked by a feature which will make it long remembered—the presence of a particularly appreciative and critical audience, consisting of some eighty or ninety Belgians. Never has the Belgian National Anthem, "Brabançonne," been sung here with more enthusiasm than at the opening of that entertainment. There followed scenes from Molière's "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*," where the success of the acting, the clearness of the utterance, and quality of accent were evident from the enjoyment of the witty sallies and brilliant repartee, shown by those best able to judge, as they laughed with the author at the affected pedantry of his age, which he lays bare in the persons of the ridiculous *Précieuses* (I. Kay and M. Brooks) and their equally absurd lovers (D. Taylor and E. Roberts); which he parodies again in the burlesque figures of the valets (R. Rees and E. Walsh) who, posing as marquess and viscount, quite outshine their masters in the ladies' favour.

Scenes from the "*Bourgeois Gentleman*" provided further illustration of Molière's humour and were highly appreciated. The episode presented was that where the wealthy but uneducated M. Jourdain (R. Rees) places himself in all seriousness in the hands of the humorous *Maitre de Philosophie* (I. Kay) and tries to learn again his alphabet by a new and strangely bewildering phonetic method. Our sympathies were with Madame Jourdain (E. Roberts) who saw her husband the dupe of a trickster and failed to be overawed even when he informed her that she had been speaking prose all her life, whilst the unrestrained laughter of the maid (A. Magnall) at her master's absurdity was irresistibly infectious.

In the third dramatic piece—Miss Turner's play, "*Visite aux Magasins*"—we were introduced to a party of English girls in Paris intent on that most exciting of shopping expeditions—the purchase of hats! Startling were some of the fashions, still more so the prices, but the articles were Parisian, so what else mattered?

The acting was interspersed with delightful songs, evidently familiar to a large part of the audience—"Ma Normandie" and four "*Chants de l'Enfance*."

Refreshments appeared after the singing of the National Anthem, and then followed perhaps the happiest part of the evening for visitors and actors alike. For about an hour the hall echoed to a joyous babel of different tongues, French and English, Anglo-French and Franco-English, mixed with baby prattle which may have been Flemish, or French, or English, or all three.

L. WATSON.

* * *

Towards the close of the spring term the Principal invited members of the College French Circle to meet at tea a delightful family of Belgians, thus affording them a most valuable opportunity for French conversation.

Reports of Recreative Societies

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

College Debating Society

WE regret that the number of debates for this winter was so small in comparison with that of the previous winter, but this decrease can be accounted for in many ways. The attention of the whole of England during these months was taken up with the war, and here as elsewhere time that is usually occupied in other ways was given up to the making of soldiers' comforts. Then the periods of school practice of both First and Second Years, with their extra work and earlier dormitory bell, seemed to follow so closely on one another, that few weeks were really free.

The first debate, which was held in the Library on December 9th, was concerned with the war. "That this war proves the

need for conscription in England," was proposed by Dorothy Storey (First Year) and opposed by Gertrude Amott (Second Year). At the end of a lively debate the votes were taken by the chairman (K. Beard) and resulted in 6 votes for and 48 against the proposition.

The second debate was held on February 11th, the subject for debate being that "The Passing of the Daylight Saving Bill would be beneficial to England." This was proposed by Rebecca Rees and opposed by Lydia Collier. Fewer people than before contributed to the open debate, probably because the subject was not very well known. At the end of the debate the chairman (E. Walsh) found that 26 had voted against the proposition and 14 for.

There were only two debates, but these were exceptionally well attended, 54 attending the first and 40 the second debate.

Our special thanks are due to those who undertook to read papers, and also to Mr. Tull and Miss Dobson, who took such an interest in, and contributed so well to, the subjects for debate.

We wish the Society every success during this coming winter.

The Reading Society

THE Reading Society was formed as usual last winter, but owing to ill-health in College, and the juniors being "in school," the meetings were very few.

Three papers were read: "Christina Rossetti," by Isabel Kay; "H. G. Wells," by Gertrude Amott; and "W. W. Jacobs," by Edith Sullivan. The "readings" were all very enjoyable, and fairly long extracts were read from a number of the works of these authors.

The members made the most of the opportunities presented, and knitted body belts, did rafia work, and sewed. Miss Watson and Miss Dobson made fine "overseers," and to both of them much of the success of the Society was due.

Mabel Laurence represented the Senior Year on the Committee, and Violet Adcock the Junior.

The good news has come through that Edith Speakman is the Secretary this year. May the Society be more popular than ever! Good luck to it!

The Musical Society

THE Musical Society proved to be very popular, for 68 members were enrolled.

During the first term, a very successful Patriotic Concert was given to the Blind Visitors to the College, the proceeds of which were devoted to the providing of Christmas Boxes for some of our soldiers in France.

In the next term the Society supplied a fitting finish to the rendering of the "Critic" by the Dramatic Society in the form of a procession and tableaux, in which all our Allies were represented.

The success of the Society was undoubtedly due to the untiring efforts of the President, Miss Bibby.

Dramatic Society, 1914-15

THE year 1914-15 witnessed a complete change in the formation of the Dramatic Society. Hitherto the Society had been composed solely of senior students, but at the first meeting held to discuss the College Recreative Societies the resolution was moved and carried that the Dramatic Society should be formed of all students seeking membership. All other rules remained as in former years. Fifty-seven names were enrolled in the list of members.

The following committee was elected :

<i>President and Stage Manager</i>	..	Miss Turner
<i>Treasurer</i>	A. Magnall
<i>Secretary</i>	M. Brooks
<i>Representative Member</i>	K. Beard

Unfortunately the Society was unable to produce as many plays as it would have wished. The only performance was that of Sheridan's "Critic," which was given on May 1st, 1915. It had been decided to produce this before Christmas, and then again on Shrove Tuesday, but on each occasion unforeseen events made production impossible. The description of the performance, which will be found in the Magazine, will speak as to the success of the production.

Mr. Foster Fraser's Lecture on Russia

ON Friday, October 1st, many of us went to the Corn Exchange to hear a very interesting lecture by Mr. Foster Fraser on Russia as seen since the outbreak of war. We understood that the lecturer had just recently returned from a visit to that country—indeed, some of the pictures shown on the screen were photographs taken by himself during that visit. Those of us who had read his book, "Across Siberia," knew how well he must be acquainted with Russia and the Russians; but the lecture showed us still more how well he understood and how deeply he had studied that nation.

Mr. Foster Fraser began his lecture by saying that one of the many things this war has taught us, is how to study the characteristics of the different nations engaged in it. Of Russia, at least, we hold different views from those we held fifteen months ago. At that time, we thought her a cruel, barbaric nation just emerging from savagery. Now we know her to be idealistic and self-sacrificing, and we are fired with the desire to know more of her. Her people are a complex race. They are kind and brutal; fascinating and exasperating; dreamy, impractical, and enthusiastic. They are the most modest race in the world. A Russian never boasts.

From their Slavonic origin the Russians retain the musical and poetical side of their character. "Their souls are saturated

with poetry." The original Slavs were, however, invaded by the Tartars, a bloody, barbarous, and belligerent race; and from the Tartars the Russian has inherited the more barbarous and brutal traits of his character, and got his system of government.

Yet the Slavonic part of him has the preponderance. He is essentially a dreamer, impractical and easy-going. Perhaps that is why Russia has never produced a race of great men. Few names stand out in red letters in her history, and those have unquestionably their black side. That of Peter "the Great" is no exception to this.

Thus, it is even so late as the twentieth century that Russia is emerging from her savagery. Yes, she is "too easy-going"; and so this war has found her ill-equipped for the colossal struggle—a struggle in which she is fighting not only Germany, but *herself*. She is fighting for better conditions of life, and for a marked progression towards modern civilization in its widest and best sense; but let her at the same time hold tight to her Slavonic poetical spirit. Let her not lose her music in her modernism.

One of the noblest traits in the character of the Russian is his great love for his country. He is, if possible, more patriotic than the Englishman. He rarely thinks of trade or empire; all his best and highest thoughts are for "Holy Russia." His race is one of the most religious races in the world. The Russian is extremely devotional; religion dominates him. The most common everyday action he turns into an act of piety. We saw the shrines in the sides of the streets, and at every odd corner, in the pictures of Petrograd and Moscow that were shown to us. Moreover, the Russian soldier marching out to battle does not sing jovial songs, but solemn hymns. Unlike the English "Tommy Atkins," he has no ripples on the surface of his great depths. Again, the last act of the soldier about to depart for the fighting-line is not to drink the health of his friends in some tavern, but to buy a crucifix or some sacred amulet from one of the numerous stalls in the streets of his town.

The abolition of vodka-drinking has indeed been extremely beneficial to Russia. Before its abolition many people seemed to look upon the Russian as a drunken wretch. This was not really true; they seized upon the instance and called it the rule. As a matter of fact, Russia was second to Norway in being of all the nations in Europe the least given to the drinking of alcohol.

Besides the pictures of the Russian towns (their towns are like "overgrown villages"), we also had a glimpse of village life in Russia.

Home industries are apparently very prevalent. The pictures showed us Russian peasants making toys. Perhaps, in future, England may buy more of these from Russia than from another country which shall be nameless.

Then the peasant's love of music is wonderful. We heard

some typical Russian songs on the gramophone ; weird old tunes, wailing minor melodies, throbbing with passion, beautifully but quaintly rhythmical. The boatmen's song, drawing nearer and then gradually dying away as the boat was rowed along, was particularly impressive. Its last weird cadence rang in our ears long after the song was ended.

Then the kinema showed us some typical and quaintly pretty Russian dances, and some very interesting and clever Russian sports.

We also had a glimpse of the famous Nijni-Novgorod fair, which, we were told, has still been held in spite of the war.

Another picture was shown of the interior of a Siberian prison. The lecturer emphasized the fact that rapid steps were being taken to relieve prison life, and to make the punishments—and organization—less brutal.

A photo of the church of the famous Ivan the Great was shown—the church whose architect had to be killed so that Ivan might be sure that no other church should be built from the same design. The church, too, where the coronation of the Tsars takes place, was shown to us. Curiously enough, the Russian Tsar crowns himself, no one else being considered worthy to crown the "Little Father."

At the close of the lecture we saw some very interesting kinema pictures of the Russian Royal Family. We watched one very amusing film of the young Tsarevitch drilling with his fellow-cadets, during which he was conspicuous for his rather appalling disobedience to commands.

The lecture closed with the singing of the grand old national anthem of the Russians, followed by "God Save the King."

H. E. ALLMAN.

A Blackberry Ramble—1

EMPHASISED by the Government's appeal for the War Loan, and stimulated by many newspaper exhortations and injunctions, "economy" seemed to be the keynote of much of our conversation during the holiday, and we were therefore neither surprised nor dismayed to hear the same refrain from our House Mistress on our return. We responded for the first fortnight with the smiling amiability of those who have no option in the matter, but this quickly developed into keen appreciation of her point of view and a zealous furthering of her endeavours when she suggested a blackberry picnic to provide cheap jam for the College. Certain members of the staff are known to express a preference for "savouries" rather than "sweets," and others are averse to too much *physical* exertion, but one and all voted in favour of a day in the open, for it is not often that picnics come one's way in the autumn, and seldom is one furnished with so good an excuse for play.

We set out, then, on Saturday, October 2nd, some driving

and others cycling, for Branston Moor where, we had been told, blackberries grew in profusion. We never found the moor—some sceptics suggested that perhaps Lincolnshire did not possess such a thing—and we began to think we should never find the berries. But at last somebody gleefully announced from the hedge: "Here are some really *black* ones!" and we were stimulated to renewed efforts.

We were called off, however, in the midst of our first enthusiasm, and all sat down on the grassy roadside to eat the picnic lunch provided by Miss Davies, carried in the trap by "Naughty Boy," and reinforced by a refreshing cup of tea from the farm-house near.

The picking began in earnest afterwards, and though we spent only a short time over it, the fruit, when weighed, proved to be nearly 5 lb., not *quite* the highest total, as it turned out, but nothing to be ashamed of.

But the wind was blowing cold and the afternoon waning, so we packed ourselves and the blackberries into the trap, intimating to "Naughty Boy" that we wished to get home quickly. The hedgerows, however, proved too interesting, and we had several pauses, once to gather trailing hops for the forthcoming Harvest Festival, and once again because we had taken the wrong turning, while the cyclists of the party seemed to be constantly dismounting for fresh spoils. We got back to College in time for a cosy "five o'clock," refreshed and stimulated by our day in the open and curious as to the result of other people's wanderings.

We had seen many promising baskets of blackberries in various parts of the building, and a happy inspiration came about the supply of apples to go with them, and so an American apple-paring party was announced for 8.30 in the Library. Papers were spread on the tables, kitchen knives brought in, and the paring began, amid much fun and laughter. But no sooner begun than over, or so it seemed, for fast as the tongues wagged, faster went the fingers, and soon the pile of apples on each table had been peeled and sliced and people were looking round for more worlds to conquer. A call was made for the blackberries and they were brought to the daïs, in baskets, bags, basins, papers, even converted biscuit tins with string handles, and appropriately placed at Miss Davies's feet. We were then invited to guess the total weight, the prize for the winner being a pot of the new jam. What a bustle ensued! and what a babel of tongues! No chance to make careful mathematical calculations in such a confusion, so wild guesses were jotted down and papers handed in. Most people had guessed either too much or too little, of course, but as various members of the staff weighed the sticky mass the idea grew that the majority had underestimated, and there was a triumphant burst of applause when the total was displayed on the board—75½ lb.!

Another red-letter day was over, leaving its happy memories with us, but this time we had also the satisfaction of the Boy Scout who has done his "good turn," and the pleasure of anticipation for the future.

A. BIBBY.

A Blackberry Ramble—2

OCTOBER 2nd was a glorious frosty morning; all members of L.T.C. rose early, and prepared to scour the country in search of blackberries. From the hour of ten to eleven, students were to be seen sallying forth armed with lunch baskets. Some wended their way towards Reepham or Washingborough, and some towards Skellingthorpe, each senior having under her wing a shy little junior.

One of the parties which set out for Skellingthorpe had the company of Jill—our latest arrival—down to the river, and she was so delighted that she absolutely refused to return; she seemed to love frisking about in the long grass. The river bank was quite deserted, and looking back towards Lincoln, we saw the Cathedral towering high above the city and river, standing out boldly against the clear blue sky. When we arrived at the ferry the ferryman wondered to see such a host, until it was explained to him that these young damsels were on Government work, but, alas, he could not comprehend how blackberries could possibly be connected with the Government, and indeed, it was not to be expected that he should understand the connexion between an augmented jam supply at the College and Government economies.

After having gathered a good many blackberries from the hedges, most of the girls became aware of an aching void, and so wisely retired behind a hedge to lunch. We dined after the manner of our early ancestors, despising the use of modern dining implements. To the ordinary lunch of sausage, cheese, and bread were added sprats, which were manipulated by the aid of a little tissue paper wrapped around each tail, but, sad to say, the oil still oozed forth, down the sleeves of the consumers. After lunch the girls separated in search of berries, and in one field they came upon a shooting party. As we stood quietly watching their proceedings, the dead silence was broken by the sound of a gun shot. The flutter of startled birds left us in no doubt as to the effect of the sportsman's sure aim—one more victim was to be added to the day's bag, which for the moment, however, was not a bag, but a stick from which the spoil was suspended. Passing along the road towards Skellingthorpe Church the party encountered an old, white-haired man with a scythe cutting the long grass by the wayside. He called out a cheery greeting, and smiled, making one think of the "Roadmender" of Fairless, he seemed so peaceful and happy. Arriving at Skellingthorpe the girls had afternoon tea at the inn, and then returned to Lincoln by the same way. As they came along by the common a mist was seen to be just rising and looked as though it were enfolding the Cathedral, and bearing it higher and farther away.

Another party set out along the Wragby Road in the direction of Langworth. The scenery along this road is, as old students

well know, rather monotonous, a few tall trees along the edges of the fields being the only outstanding feature. The first halting place was a heap of stones, where the girls sat down to have lunch. After lunch they continued along the same road, and as they approached Langworth the scenery began to improve.

Arriving at the village of Langworth the party learnt from the innkeeper that Newbly Woods, which are situated a few miles farther along the road, would be a good 'hunting ground' for blackberries. Following his directions, they continued along the road, and at last, after crossing a field and climbing a gate, they arrived at the woods. Most of the trees were nut-trees, and the ground was covered with brambles, so that the berries were quite hidden away under the leaves. All round there were little dykes, covered over with clusters of willow herb, and scattered about were trunks of trees newly cut down. The girls dispersed to gather blackberries, but kept in touch with one another by coo-ees which echoed among the trees. The party gradually worked round in a circle until they unexpectedly came to the entrance of the woods. They walked back to Langworth Station, and were just in time to get the train for Lincoln. At Reepham Station they were joined by another party, and so had a merry journey back.

The day was brought to a close by all members of L.T.C. arming themselves with knives and proceeding to the library to peel the apples necessary for the jam—the object of the expedition. It was found that 75 lb. 10 ozs. of blackberries had been collected, and that H. Allman and K. Huggins had gathered the highest individual amounts, of 1 lb. 15 ozs. and 1 lb. 14 ozs; whilst the highest party total, that of 10 lb., went to Norwood. As a result of a guessing competition D. Tweed and A. Binner both won, guessing 75 lb. 8 oz. After a little dancing everyone retired for the night in a happy frame of mind.

E. SPEAKMAN.

Scholarships

THE two Scholarships, each of the value of five guineas, offered by the Principal:

- (a) For the student who, during her first year, proves herself most eligible for the post of Assistant Curator of the Library;
- (b) For the student who reaches a sufficiently high standard in Music to enable her to act as Assistant Organist in the College Chapel;

have been awarded to (a) Doris Tweed, (b) Stephanie Hunt.

Owing to their special helpfulness the following students were also mentioned for (a) D. Clayton, D. Nixon, E. Green, B. Richards, M. Edmundson, A. Barker, M. Foster; and two others considered for (b) were H. Hunt, and E. M. Robinson.

Certificate List, 1915

Name	Subjects in which Student passed with Distinction	Subjects in which Student passed with Credit in the Advanced Course	Subjects in which Student passed with Credit in the Ordinary Course
Alderson, Evelyn H	.. Hy E G
Amott, Emma G. M
Barr, Constance M	.. S
Beard, Katherine E. B D
Binner, Gladys E...
Boucher, Amy C. H	.. Hy
Brooks, Mary A. T* Hy E Ma S
Burrows, Florence D. Hy
Clayton, Florence E. T E F	.. Hy M
Coates, Cora
Collier, Lydia G. B	.. Hy M
Collins, Gertrude M. H
Dickenson, Dorothy M. D	.. Hy G S
Dixon, Winifred J. Ma
Donkin, Elsie G. Hy G Ma B*
Drakes, Florence M.
Ellerby, Annie B. G
Field, Marjorie A. Hy G M Ma S
Foster, Louisa D. M G
Gill, Elsie C. S
Goodall, Emma E H*
Goy, Olive Hy
Hall, Amy Hy	.. T
Harrison, Nellie I.
Higgs, Ethel M.
Hutchinson, Olive M. Hy G B*
Kay, Isabella Hy	.. F	.. M H
Laurence, Mabel E	.. Hy H S
Lidster, Annie H	.. T* M E* S
Lowson, Mary J.
Magnall, Alice R. Hy G S
Makins, Hilda M. D
Millhouse, Frances M. Hy
Mitchell, Janet L. M. Hy G
Pepper, Dorothy M. Hy M
Peters, Florence E. M. Ma
Pratt, Edith M. Hy
Rees, Rebecca J. Hy S
Reynolds, Henrietta E. H. H
Roberts, Emily M. Hy M S
Seymour, Gladys J. M
Stevens, Edith F. E
Storey, Alice C.
Surfleet, Charlotte E. Hy S
(h) Tate, Nellie B. Hy M
Taylor, Dorothy T D	.. Hy M G S
(h) Varlow, Ethel W.
Vincent, Ellen H	.. Hy
Walsh, Eva
Watt, Lilian M

Name	Subjects in which Student passed with Distinction	Subjects in which Student passed with Credit in the Advanced Course	Subjects in which Student passed with Credit in the Ordinary Course
Whitaker, Clara M. M	..
Wilcox, Edith M. B	..
Williams, Nora L. Hy
Witty, Hilda B	.. M Ma
Wood, Agnes M.
Burton, Bessie M.† Hy
Newbound, Beatrice E.† Hy M G
Sullivan, Edith† E	.. Hy H
(h) Cank, Millicent B.‡

INDEX TO LETTERS

B—Botany
D—Drawing
E—English
F—French
G—Geography
H—History

Hy—Hygiene and Physical Training
M—Music
Ma—Mathematics
S—Elementary Science
T—Teaching

(h) Health

* Passed with credit in Ordinary, having failed to reach 'credit' standard of Advanced.

† Certificated One-Year Student

‡ Ex-Student

Officers for the Year

HEAD STUDENT.—Doris Cockshaw.

PREFECTS :—

Eleanor Alcock
Harriet Allman
Alice Barker
Maud Chapman
Dorothy Clayton
Evelyn Green
Stephanie Hunt

Alice Jackson
Frances Knights
Barbara Picton
Bertha Radford
Fanny Tooley
Mary Walker

CHAPEL WARDENS.—*Second Year* : Maud Chapman, Fanny Tooley.**Students Admitted September, 1915**

NAME	SCHOOL IN WHICH A STUDENT, PUPIL, OR ASSISTANT TEACHER	QUALIFICATIONS
Appleton, Nellie	.. Southcoates Avenue and Courtney St. Council Girls, Hull Prelim. Cert. 1913
Arnold, Susannah	.. Church Infants, Normanton Oxford Senior 1915
Astbury, Margaret B.	.. Bridgemere C. of E. Oxford Senior 1910
Bingham, Gladys	.. Carter Knowle Council Mixed, Sheffield	Prelim. Cert. 1915, Distinctions in English and French
Binner, Alice	.. Sincil Bank, Council Junior, Lincoln	.. Oxford Senior 1913
Blakeley, Evelyn	.. Not a P.T. Prelim. Cert. 1915

NAME	SCHOOL IN WHICH A STUDENT, PUPIL, OR ASSISTANT TEACHER	QUALIFICATIONS
Butler, Florence E.	Bracebridge C. of E. Girls, Lincoln ..	Prelim. Cert. 1915
Campion, F. Mabel	Fletton Council Mixed, Peterborough	Prelim. Cert. 1907
Canham, Annie I.	St. Swithin's Girls, Lincoln	Oxford Senior 1914
Carter, Eva M.	Church Close Council Girls, Hartlepool	Oxford Senior 1915
Chamberlin, Elsie ..	Tower Road Council, Boston	Prelim. Cert. 1915, Distinc- tions in History and Geo- graphy
Clark, Gwendoline M.	Eldon Lane Council, Bishop Auckland	Camb. Senior 1914
Cobb, Annie L. ..	Not a P.T.	Prelim. Cert. 1915
Corden, Elsie ..	C. of E. Girls, Horncastle	Prelim. Cert. 1915
Cunnington, Edith	Barkerend Council, Bradford ..	{ Oxford Senior 1914 Prelim. Cert. 1914
Cutting, Edith ..	Holme Hill Council Girls Senior, Grimsby	Camb. Senior 1914
Davison, Eva F. ..	St. Martin's Boys, Lincoln	Oxford Senior 1914
Dobson, Doris M. ..	Broughton C. of E.	Prelim. Cert. 1915, Distinc- tion in Geography
Dodds, Janet ..	Ropery Road Council, Gainsborough	Camb. Senior 1914
Dutton, Edith ..	Post St. Council, Hadfield-in-Man- chester	Prelim. Cert. 1915
Ellis, S. Bertha ..	Brant Broughton, C. of E.	Prelim. Cert. 1915
French, Rita A. ..	Not a P.T.	Camb. Senior 1914
Geary, Elsie ..	Derker Council, Oldham	Prelim. Cert. 1915
Harris, Charlotte E.	St. Swithin's Girls, Lincoln	Oxford Senior 1914
Harrison, Edith M.	Spring Hill Council, Lincoln	Oxford Senior 1915
Hart, Florence E.	St. Andrew's Infants, Lincoln	Oxford Senior 1913
Henderson, Beryl A.	Spring Hill Council, Lincoln	Oxford Senior 1913, Higher Cert., 2nd Class Honours, 1914
Hobson, Edith M.	Woodside Council Infants, Sheffield ..	Prelim. Cert. 1915
Hodson, Alice ..	Practising Infants, Lincoln	Prelim. Cert. 1915
Hunt, F. Hilda ..	Not a P.T.	Oxford Senior 1915
Kilner, Florence M.	Waterloo Infants, Oldham	Prelim. Cert. 1915
Marshall, C. E. ..	Padfield Council Mixed, Glossop ..	Prelim. Cert. 1914
Marshall, Dorothy ..	Philadelphia Council Infants, Sheffield	Prelim. Cert. 1915
Martin, Madeleine R.	Stanley Council Girls Senior, Co. Durham	Oxford Senior 1914
Moody, Doris C. ..	Runcorn Parish Church Girls' ..	Oxford Senior 1915
Myatt, Minnie G. E.	St. Peter's C. of E., Farnworth, Bolton	King's Scholarship 1899
Oldham, Phyllis M.	All Saints' Girls, Stamford	Prelim. Cert. 1915
Padley, Sarah E. ..	Wincobank Council, Sheffield	Prelim. Cert. 1915
Pattison, Ada	{ Western Council Infants and Juniors, and Wellington Quay Council Junior, Wallsend	King's Scholarship 1899
Pearson, Agnes M. E.	Walkley Council Infants, Sheffield ..	Prelim. Cert. 1915
Pearson, Kathleen F.	Not a P.T.	Oxford Senior 1914
Roberts, Ivy L. ..	St. Peter-at-Gowt's Girls, Lincoln ..	Oxford Senior 1913
Robinson, Elizabeth	Stanton Hill Boys, Grantham	Prelim. Cert. 1907
Robinson, Ethel M.	North Somercoates and Hainton C. of E. and Grainthorpe Council	{ Prelim. Cert. Camb. Senior
Schofield, Hilda M.	Not a P.T.	Prelim. Cert. 1915
Sheffield, Annie ..	St. Thomas's C. of E., St. Anne's-on-Sea	Oxford Senior 1915
Simister, Bertha A.	Chapel Street Council, Manchester ..	Oxford Senior 1914
Sinclair, Jessie ..	Springfield Junior Council, Sheffield ..	Prelim. Cert. 1915
Stevenson, Annie M.	Wellington St. Mixed Council, Oldham	Prelim. Cert. 1914
Stevenson, Jennie	West Liverpool St. Council, Salford ..	Prelim. Cert. 1915
Stirland, Grace ..	P.T. Higher Broughton Council, Salford Assistant, Grecian St. Girls, Salford	Victoria Matric. II 1909

NAME	SCHOOL IN WHICH A STUDENT, PUPIL OR ASSISTANT TEACHER	QUALIFICATIONS
Sugdon, Edith M. . .	St. Nicholas' Council Infants, Beverley	Oxford Senior 1915
Taylor, Dorothy . .	St. Clement's C. of E., Ordsall, Salford	Victoria Matric. II 1913
Walker, Winifred . .	Halton Bank Council Infants, Pendleton	Victoria Matric. 1914
Waring, Muriel C. . .	C. of E., Pinchbeck	Prelim. Cert. 1915
Watson, Winifred	St. Faith's C. of E. Infants, Lincoln . .	Oxford Senior 1914
Whittaker, Mary . .	Seedley Council Infants, Salford . .	Victoria Matric. II 1914
Wood, Edith . .	Hackforth and Hornby, Bedall, Yorks. and Catterick Endowed, Yorks. . .	Joint Board Matric. II 1913

Appointments of Students who left July, 1915

- Alderson, Evelyn—St. James's Infants, Northampton.
- Amott, E. Gertrude—Birmingham.
- Barr, Constance—Tickton C. of E., Beverley.
- Beard, Katherine E.—Mansfield.
- Binner, Gladys—White Lion Street Juniors, L.C.C., Pentonville Rd.,
- Boucher, Amy C.—St. George's Mixed, Wigan. [London.
- Brooks, Mary A.—St. Andrew's Infants, Ancoats, Manchester.
- Burrows, F. Dora—Leeds.
- Burton, Bessie—Chapman Street, Grimsby.
- Clayton, Florence E.—London Street Infants, Salford.
- Coates, Cora—Crowle Street Infants, Hull.
- Collier, Lydia G.—Mapplewell Boys', Barnsley.
- Collins, Gertrude M.—Birmingham (Supply).
- Dickenson, Dorothy M.—St. Augustine's Council Infants, Norwich.
- Dixon, Winifred J.—Washington, near Durham.
- Donkin, E. Gertrude—King's Cross L.C.C., London (Supply).
- Drakes, Florence M.—Holm Hill Juniors, Grimsby.
- Ellerby, Annie B.—South Shields.
- Field, Marjorie A.—Bull Close Council Infants, Norwich.
- Foster, Louise D.—Lingdale Girls' Council, Boosebeck, N. Riding,
- Gill, Elsie C.—Carlton Road Council Infants, Boston. [Yorks.
- Goodall, Emma—Burmington Mixed, Warwickshire.
- Goy, Olive A.—Balby Church Lane Council, Doncaster.
- Hall, Amy—Harold Street Junior Boys, Grimsby.
- Harrison, Nellie I.—Birmingham.
- Higgs, Ethel M.—Spring Hill Infants, Lincoln.
- Hutchinson, Olive M.—South Anston Council, near Sheffield.
- Kay, Isabella—Lancashire County Council Mixed, Milnrow (Supply).
- Laurence, Mabel—West Liverpool Street, Salford.
- Lidster, Annie—Sincil Bank Council Mixed, Lincoln.
- Lawson, Mary—Louth Ferriby, Mixed, C. of E.
- Magnall, Alice R.—Grecian Street, Salford.
- Makins, Hilda M.—Rosemary Lane, Lincoln.
- Millhouse, Frances M.—Tower Road Council Mixed, Boston.
- Mitchell, J. L. May—Wood Street Council Girls, Doncaster.
- Newbound, Ellen—Acock's Green Council Boys, Birmingham
- Pepper, Dorothy M.—Church Walk Infants, Kettering.

- Peters, Florence E. M.—Tower Road Council Mixed, Boston.
 Pratt, Edith M.—Park Council, Boston.
 Rees, Rebecca J.—Warrington Road Council, Wigan.
 Reynolds, Henrietta E. H.—Greenstead Road Council, Colchester.
 Roberts, Emily M.—St. Andrew's Senior Mixed, Lincoln.
 Seymour, Gladys J.—Newcastle Avenue Infants, Worksop.
 Stevens, Edith F.—Tamworth Council Girls.
 Storey, Alice C.—St. Luke's Infants, Miles Platting, Manchester.
 Sullivan, Edith—Manchester.
 Surfleet, C. Edith—Macaulay Street Girls, Grimsby.
 Taylor, Dorothy—Lambert Street Council Infants, Hull.
 Tate, Nellie B.—Wincobank Council Infants, Sheffield.
 Varlow, Ethel W.—Brown Hill Council, Wombwell.
 Vincent, Ellen—St. Luke's Far Moor Girls, Orrell, near Wigan.
 Walsh, Eva—Atherton, near Wigan.
 Watt, Lilian—Usworth Colliery Council Mixed, Durham.
 Whitaker, Clara K.—St. James's Mixed, Burnley.
 Wilcox, Edith M.—Newcastle Avenue Infants, Worksop.
 Williams, Nora L.—Salford
 Witty, Hilda—Lynnfield Council Infants, West Hartlepool.
 Wood, Agnes, Great Ormsby, Yarmouth.

Missionary Circle

It is a great pleasure to be able to report that the usual £7 has been raised for the support of Jusuf at Msalabain, and also that the funds of the Circle show a balance of £1 4s. towards next year's work.

This is particularly encouraging when one considers that the needs of our soldiers and sailors have also made many claims upon us during the last year, and also that no plays or concerts for the funds have been given. The thanks of the Circle are especially due to those members who increased their contributions "because of the war."

The Circle continues to flourish in College. The monthly meetings have been attended by all resident members. At one of these, letters describing the school life at Msalabain were read and we were amused to find that residential life (in respect of bells and time-tables, at least) is much the same all the world over. At another meeting the Rev. Chaplain very kindly read us extracts illustrating missionary work in South America, and we had glimpses not only of the difficulties and needs of missionary life but also of some of its humours.

We made our Corporate Communion on the First Sunday after Trinity.

The following is an extract from our latest letter about Jusuf:
 "All our white missionaries in the Archdeaconry of Magila and also of Korrgwe and Rovuma are interned. The women are all together at a place called Mwapwa, and the priests and laymen

in two other camps which are not named in the cable we received from the Bishop. . . .

“ But we hope that our African clergy and teachers are being allowed to continue their work and thus that your boy with the rest is going on with his studies much as boys in England are in spite of the war. *We* cannot get news of them and *they* cannot get news of us—but we *can* help them still in this their time of great difficulty.”

E. M. BUTTERWORTH.

Games

CRICKET

June	14th	King v. Nelson King, 67 ; Nelson, 11
„	17th	Lincoln High School v. College High School, 68 for 3 wks. ; College, 57 for 7 wks.
„	23rd	King v. Wickham King, 61 ; Wickham, 10
„	24th	Lincoln High School v. College College, 74 for 4 wks ; High School, 55 for 3 wks.
„	25th	1st Year v. 2nd Year 1st Year, 68 ; 2nd Year, 47

1st XI Captain—K. Beard.

Winners of Shield—King House (Captain, K. Beard).

Cricket colours were awarded to—V. Adcock, B. Foster, P. Lever, N. Masters, and B. Picton.

The Captain for 1915–16 is B. Picton.

BADMINTON

At the beginning of the season there were not many players, especially among the juniors, but the game became much more popular later on. This year house matches were played for the new shield. The matches proved rather a difficulty as the drill hall seemed to be in great demand—for first year concert practices notably—whenever required for badminton. Owing to this all the matches were not played. The results were as follows:—

King House won 41 games out of possible 42.

Nelson House won 8 games out of possible 39.

Wickham and Sheds won 8 games out of possible 39.

Thus King won the shield. Besides these matches two others were played :

1. “ Present ” v. “ Past,” at Whitsuntide, resulting in a decided victory for the “ Present,” the score being 6—0.

2. Seniors v. Juniors.—The junior players—P. Lever and B. Picton—put up a good fight, but were beaten 3—0 by the senior players—M. Lawrence and D. Dickenson.

The Captain for 1915–16 is May Edmundson. “ Good Luck ” to her and may Badminton be the game.

DOROTHY DICKENSON (*Captain*).

Chapel Offertory Balance Sheet

JUNE, 1914, TO JUNE, 1915

RECEIPTS		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Offertories for the year	14	14	6	Flowers for the Altar	1	3	0
Special Lenten offerings	0	3	6½	Candles	0	6	0
					Sacramental Wine	0	19	2
					Wafers	0	3	9
					Special Service Forms	0	3	6
					Quarterly Intercession Forms	0	8	0
					Special War Intercession Forms	0	4	0
					Cleaning Materials	0	1	0
					Embroidery Silks	0	0	2
					Donation to Belgian Refugees	1	1	0
					Universities Mission, Central Africa	1	1	0
					British and Foreign Bible Society	0	10	6
					Chota Nagpore Mission, S.P.G.	1	1	6
					S.P.G.	1	1	0
					S.P.G. (Women's Work)	0	10	6
					Church Missionary Society	1	1	0
					National Society	1	1	0
					Waifs and Strays	0	10	6
					Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals	0	10	6
					County Hospital	1	1	0
					Sheffield Orphanage	1	1	0
					Donation to the Blind	0	10	6
					Postage and Cheques	0	1	11
							14	11	6
					Balance for Chapel Improvement Fund	0	6	6½
							14	18	0½

£14 18 0½

M. TURNER, *Treasurer*

J. T. TULL, *Chaplain*

A Quartet of Holiday Courses

Geography

"A THREE weeks' Geography Course at Aberystwyth under the auspices of the Provisional Committee for Regional Survey!" It sounded rather inviting—at least Aberystwyth did, and regional was not an unfamiliar word. *Survey* raised a qualm or two: visions of complicated instruments would arise now and then and suggestions of involved mathematical calculations *would* occasionally make themselves heard in a querulous, Why-work-all-the-year-round? sort of voice, but in the end curiosity, or ambition, or the lure of the mountains—perhaps a combination of all three—triumphed, and the beginning of August found me in sheltered, sunny Aberystwyth.

When it was discovered that Regional Survey was only a glorified name for systematic "local study," the last doubt fled, and about forty of us prepared to give Aberystwyth the time of its life.

We spent the first morning or two in examining surveys which had already been made in other districts: Saffron Walden, Bingley, and King's Langley were among these, and the celebrated "Lambeth Survey."

The latter was particularly interesting as it is entirely the work of primary school boys in a slum district in London. These boys spend much of their time perforce in the streets, and their class teacher, Mr. V. Bell, started the Survey in order to give them a definite occupation in their own district and also to take them farther afield. The work had evidently been of absorbing interest to the boys and in a few months they had mapped their own district on several large separate maps to show schools and boroughs and recreation grounds, occupations and factories and dwellings, etc. They had unearthed old maps from bookstalls and libraries, they had collected old prints and newspaper cuttings. They had accounted for the presence of slums here and of parks there, they had accounted for the names of streets and of buildings and even of public-houses. They had made lists of the commodities bought and sold in the shops and markets.

All this work had been used as avenues of approach to wide knowledge in the history and geography of their own country and its relations with the rest of the world. A practical proof of the value of the work had been evident at once in the decrease in truancy. The desire to rove, which is very strong in some of these boys, had found a legitimate outlet and a natural means of expression in the organized study of their surroundings.

After discussing these surveys in the exhibition room we decided amongst ourselves as to how we should divide up the work of the Aberystwyth survey amongst us. No definite time was fixed for the work, which was destined therefore to belong to that

period—dear to the heart of all students—the period of *one's own time*.

Considering the allurements of the rest of the course, it was rather surprising that any survey work was done at all. There were fascinating lectures every morning on the humanistic geography of Europe, which nobody could have been induced to miss; there were lectures in map reading and in climatology, which nobody wanted to miss because "I'm teaching it, you know"; there were varied lectures in the evening, which you didn't miss because you never knew what you might miss if you did miss one; there were perilous excursions to Pens, and gorges, and bridges, which in your wildest dreams you never missed—unless you missed your train, in which case you probably missed your lunch too (it being in the bag of your punctual friend, where on such occasions it is usually apt to be).

Considering the allurements of the time-table, then, it was startling to see at the end of the course the amount of regional study which had been done. There were maps of the vegetation of the land and the vegetation of the shore; of the old town and of the new; of industries and factories; of churches, chapels, and schools. There were lists of place names; there were photographs; there were sketches of historic remains—of castle and ditch and mound; there were extracts from old town records; and there were interesting accounts from all the "surveyors." One old inhabitant had been discovered who had made a practice for years of photographing any building which was to be pulled down: his picture gallery was a treasure trove to the Survey.

Needless to say, after this, we were all intent upon Regional Survey in our home districts. Nevertheless I find that it will take at least eight of the 25" ordnance sheets to make a survey of Lincoln on the same scale as that of Aberystwyth, which needed only one. Such is life! Never as easy as it sounds!

E. M. BUTTERWORTH.

Phonetics

IF the readers of the Magazine are bored with phonetics I hope they will blame the editor and not me, for it is she who has set me the difficult task of writing on the subject a second time.

Like Oliver Twist I asked for more—phonetics, but the Board of Education did not, like Mr. Bumble, stare aghast, but graciously granted my request, so I spent another enjoyable fortnight in London this summer, attending a course of lectures at University College.

I was pleased to find that three of my acquaintances of last year had also discovered unsatisfied appetites for phonetics, and had, like me, returned to the feast. This brought with it the advantage that we, with one or two other more advanced students, could form a separate class for some part of the time, to do more

advanced practical work than the rest, and being a very small class we were able to get to know each other and our lecturers much better than we should otherwise have done. It also meant that one's turn to try to make outlandish noises came with distressing frequency, and it was not a very great consolation to be told that the natives of Central Africa or the Channel Islands made these sounds quite easily and naturally.

Nevertheless these vocal gymnastics did not absorb all our energies, for, finding that we were enjoying ourselves very much, we must needs begin to question our consciences and exercise our minds as to the *morals* of phonetics. Personally I like things to have morals, and other members of the class seemed to be like-minded, yet upon mere casual consideration it appeared that our aims in the application of phonetics were immoral, or at best a-moral. For what were our aims, and what use were we going to make of our knowledge? First it *seemed* that we were aiders and abettors in a conspiracy to force the pronunciation of a certain class—namely, those in authority—upon everybody else, under pain of being stigmatised as uncultured if they did not acquire it. Secondly, it seemed, we were going to try to help our pupils to cheat the afore-mentioned people in authority—to help them, for example, to give a London Education Committee the impression that they were *not* born in Lancashire or Lincolnshire. How were we to salve our consciences? We were deeply grateful to two of our number—“two grave and reverend seniors”—who decided that those were not the chief objects or results of teaching phonetics. One of them suggested that the chief value of the study was as a training in close observation, and that when people were led to notice that their speech differed in various ways from that of others and to find that their own pronunciation was not always that which is accepted as right, they might also begin to notice wherein their behaviour in other respects differed from that of other people and to question themselves as to whether they were always right in that. The other declared, still more to our satisfaction, that she believed that phonetics had a great moral value as a training in toleration, and indeed one of the things most frequently impressed upon us in the lectures was that we must not be in too great haste to condemn, as affected or uncultured, pronunciations which happened to differ from our own, because many variations were to be found even among educated people. Having settled that vexed question we went on enjoying ourselves with easy consciences.

At the same time I must confess that the ardour of the enthusiastic phonetician sometimes leads him into strange and dubious courses. I know, for example, from his own confession, that he will sometimes take singing lessons from various people, “just to see what absurd things they will tell him,”—they the while innocently thinking he has come to be instructed. I believe, too, that he hails with delight the sound of a speech defect in one of his pupils,

simply because he enjoys the prospect of exercising his skill in curing it.

Seriously, however, this last is a very useful part of his work. One of the most interesting lessons we had was a demonstration of what can be done in this way. One Saturday morning a dozen small boys and girls with various speech defects were brought from some of the London schools, and the lecturer in charge of the course took each in turn and showed how he would set about correcting his faulty utterance. Naturally the children varied very much in their capacity for responding to the treatment and what we saw was only the very beginning of what might be a long and slow process. A difficult case was that of a child who always substituted "t" for "k," and "s" for "sh." She was a pretty little girl with ringlets and a white frock, and, being unable to read, she was asked to recite something, so she stood up on a chair and announced "I'm the pitser of my mother." One bright little boy, however, was hailed as "a born phonetician." He had recently come from Canada, and his class-teacher seemed to think him very bad. He could not read at all, and when asked to count began, "On, two, tee, tore, tie." Yet when his instructor said to him, "Now look at me and say it like this," he gazed at his lips with rapt attention and forthwith produced a perfect "f" and "th."

I will not attempt to describe the pleasures of the dictation exercises, when we had to try to recognize the constituent elements of the most weird agglomerations of sounds—of a compound, for example, made up of nine consonants with not a single vowel—for they were truly beyond description.

But now all these joys are things of the past, and I am afraid that I shall never be allowed to experience them again, unless it be when I am old and greyheaded and the Board of Education have forgotten that I have already had two helpings.

M. DOBSON.

A Nature Course at Swanley

To anyone who wishes to spend a delightful fortnight I cannot do better than recommend a Nature Study Course at Swanley. We gathered there during the recent summer holidays to the number of about thirty students, all with varied interests; some, for example, were keenly interested in gardening but took no pleasure in chasing elusive linnets and chaffinches, which could be heard but would not be seen, through hedges and over ditches; others could, and did, spend two hours along a piece of road which normally took fifteen minutes to walk, in a search for wayside flowers; whilst those to whom it was of small account whether a small yellow flower, looking remarkably like a dandelion, was a hawkweed, or a hawkbit, or a hawk's-beard, stood by and yawned and wished that they were near a pond or stream so that they might fish for water insects in its muddy depths.

But we all had our turn, whether we preferred botany, horticulture, entomology, or ornithology, and each subject was worked at theoretically in lectures, and practically when we went on expeditions. Perhaps the most amusing of the expeditions were those in search of birds. These sometimes took place in the gardens and grounds adjoining the College, sometimes at a greater distance, but for the moment we will recall one of the garden excursions. We were divided into two groups of about fourteen students, and each group had a member of the staff as leader. We all carried bird glasses or opera glasses of various shapes and sizes, and absolute silence or whispers only were enjoined as soon as we had started out. Presently would come a whisper from the leader, "There's a greenfinch on that tree over there." Whispers back from the crowd, "Where?" "On the right-hand side near the top of the third tree beyond the potting shed." Up went all the glasses in the direction indicated, some of us were lucky enough to find the sought-for bird, some were not, and in the meanwhile it had flown. Its course was carefully watched until it again alighted, this time in a rosebush at some distance, and then began a procession on tip-toe along gravel paths and even across flower beds until we were within sighting distance, and then—away it flew again. [Patience is essential if one wants to see birds; many of us found that out for the first time at Swanley.] Once more we watched our greenfinch with anxious eye lest it should fly too far, but again it alighted within the College bounds and again the procession started. This time, however, our course lay between rows of cabbages so that not only had we to walk on tip-toe but also in Indian file and with eyes glued upon the distant bush. Either we were quieter or else the greenfinch was less on the alert, for this time we were more lucky, and came sufficiently close to see it clearly with the aid of glasses.

And then, joy of joys, it began to utter its monotonous call-note, so we heard it too. After that we really felt we had learnt something.

Having seen and heard a greenfinch we next turned our attention to other garden inhabitants, clambered through barbed wire and down a bank on to the road after a starling, up the bank and through more barbed wire after a pied wagtail, over a fence into a fruit plantation in search of a blackbird, all the time with eyes strained upon every bush and tree lest we should pass some strange new bird upon the way. In fact, our desire to see some fresh bird became so great that before the end of the afternoon, we saw birds where no birds were, or else mistook our most common friends for rare species never seen in the British Isles. As we reached home, one member of the party seized my arm in great excitement, "Look, look, over there, what is that curious bird?"

"Where?"

"Over in that field." I turned my glasses that way.

"I can't see anything."

"Yes, in the corner, standing on that black shed."

This time I found it; it was a common or garden black hen walking on top of the chicken house!

Every other day we went on a field excursion, sometimes on foot to spots not many miles distant, at other times in brakes to grounds of exploration which were farther afield. We must have been an amusing spectacle to passers-by as we started out on these expeditions. Thirty females, not including the staff, of whom there were five, all in very strong boots and very short skirts, gathered on the road outside the College, and among them one solitary male (a member of the staff and the only representative of the other sex) giving directions. In bundles on our backs we carried mackintoshes, our pockets bulged with packets of sandwiches, tomatoes, pocket flasks, and entomological tins, over our shoulders were slung vascula and bird glasses, whilst in our hands we grasped fishing nets; truly we might have been setting out on some world-famous expedition. And to add to the other paraphernalia, one member of the party always brought her umbrella. She had a curious affection for that umbrella, in fact it never left her; it accompanied her to lectures, it came round the garden after birds though the sun was shining brightly, it was even held in one hand while she planted out cabbages with the other (though on that occasion I confess it was raining), and finally, the day being over, it spent the night in her bedroom.

But to return to the field expeditions. As on more local excursions, we were divided up into two parties, and each party had its leader, botanical or zoological, according to the subject we were studying. Generally, we worked at plants and their associations in the morning, and it was on these occasions that we were glad of strong boots, since many a time we were ankle-deep in water in our search for bog plants. The afternoon was devoted to birds or fishing, and we arrived home to tea about 5 p.m.

It must not be supposed, however, that all our time was spent in roaming about the garden or over the countryside. On the days alternating with these expeditions, we were kept very hard at work. Roll-call was taken punctually at 9 a.m., and from then till 11 o'clock we did practical gardening, sowing seeds, pricking out, transplanting, trenching, and so on. At 11 o'clock there was a most welcome break for a quarter of an hour, after which roll-call was again taken as an introduction to a lecture which lasted till 1 o'clock! How our brains reeled and our fingers ached by the end of it! At 2.30 p.m. there was another roll-call—we were not given a chance of escaping—and the afternoon was spent partly in taking notes, and partly in individual work such as sketching insects and identifying flowers. The day, as far as work was concerned, was over at 4.30 p.m., unless there happened to be a lecture on gardening, but these usually occurred after our return from an expedition.

By the end of the fortnight we all felt that, thanks to the energies of our staff, we had accumulated much information and knowledge, and we only hoped that when we came to impart it to others they would prove as apt and intelligent pupils as we had done!

D. A. COUNSELL.

School of Folk-Song and Dance

THE Annual Summer Session at Stratford-on-Avon was held this year from July 31st to August 21st, and students could attend for either one, two, or three weeks. I decided upon the first week, and on arriving at Stratford on the Saturday afternoon I imagined that half the population of Great Britain had also made up their minds to spend their holidays in Shakespeare's town. Strangely enough, a voice greeted me with "Hullo ——" (an old college nickname) the moment I landed upon the platform, and it was with relief that I attached myself to this welcome friend. Our combined efforts to induce porters to obtain us some sort of conveyance were of no avail, so we finally abandoned our luggage and walked in search of our rooms. My friend was not a stranger to the town, and after depositing me safely with one of my landladies she promised to call and pilot me to the Council Schools for the opening class that evening; I say "landladies," because most of us ate at one house, slept at another, and if we were lucky, took our baths at another.

At 5 o'clock, the dancers—including myself—assembled at the schools and made a search for the room allotted to us—several classes were conducted at the same time, different grades working each in separate sections. Having found the right room I interested myself in watching the arrival of my fellow-dancers, the costumes being particularly exciting; almost everyone had a gymnastic costume, but the style and colours were extremely varied; we had studies in brown, scarlet, mauve, saxe-blue, grey, and navy blue; some were of such length that they reached almost to the ankles of the wearers, others so brief that it was a case of "Since that I am so soon done for, I wonder what I was begun for." In this room I discovered more old friends and made other new ones, mostly "birds of a feather," and as we were asked to keep the same sets for the different dances, I am afraid we talked a good deal of "shop." After the class we all assembled in the parish parlour, where we were welcomed by the director, who then gave us a most interesting lecture on the origin of some of our singing games. At the close of the lecture we hurried away, to dress at the one house, to eat at the other, and arrived breathless at the theatre just as the curtain was going up. During "The Taming of the Shrew" we forgot that we were tired, but at the end of the play our one desire was to find our beds as quickly as possible.

On Monday morning we were at the schools ready to begin

work at 9 o'clock; our time-table, which was practically the same for each day, was as follows: 9—10, Morris dancing; 10—10.45, folk-songs; 10.45—11, demonstration by the staff; 11—11.15, interval for refreshments; 11.15—12.15, country dancing; 12.15—1, sword dances or singing games; 5—5.30, Morris jigs; 5.30—6, country dances; 6 o'clock, a short lecture by the director. Some of the Morris dances are extremely vigorous, and by the second and third days it could be noted that several of the dancers were walking painfully and were finding especial difficulty in getting downstairs—the chemist, I believe, did quite a good trade in Elliman's embrocation.

Unfortunately, Mr. Cecil Sharp was unable to be with us all the time, so that several of the lectures had to be abandoned; the one which was given at the Memorial Theatre on each Friday afternoon was extremely enjoyable. Mr. Sharp spoke to us of the origin and value of the three main types of folk-dance found in England: the sword, the Morris, and the country dance, and some of each type were most beautifully illustrated by the staff. Mr. Sharp also told us some of the amusing experiences that he and his friends enjoyed while collecting the songs and dances from the remote villages of Northern England and the Midland Counties, and some very excellent photographs of the old folk were shown by lime-light.

Our time was so occupied that we saw very little of the town and its environs, but we felt that we could not leave without a visit to Shakespeare's house and Anne Hathaway's picturesque cottage at Shottery.

The river was a great attraction and we should have liked to give more time to punting and the enjoyment of its charms, but before we had carried out half our numerous plans I was in the train speeding for London.

E. B. Row.

G.D.A. Week in College

"Caritas Christi Urget Nos."

OUR College is put to many uses, not amongst the least of which has been the housing of the G.D.A. (Girls' Diocesan Association), who came to us for a week at the beginning of the summer holidays, July 19th—26th. The College was even more lively than usual. The library was a common room in which everyone talked a great deal; there was a bookstall at one end of it covered with books of theological, social, and missionary interest. The drill hall was used for lectures, which even Jill attended, and on one of the evenings we had some splendid music over there. The chapel was filled with flowers from end to end, and there were always beautiful lilies on the Altar and before the Annunciation

window. The organ at its loudest was hardly loud enough for the lusty voices that sang there from time to time. But we were not always filling the chapel with sound ; for half an hour every evening there was perfect stillness whilst we all waited in silence before God, and often during the day some of us were to be found there alone, and in two's and three's, in the stillness.

The G.D.A. is an Association of grown up girls, members of the Church in England, who have privileges of education and leisure. Probably not many of them would be able to call themselves "of leisure" now, for it is just these girls who are taking the lead all over the country, in every place where help is needed. Most of them came from such work, and returned to it again after the "Week," some even coming from France, where they were nursing, looking after canteens, etc. The Association was thought of and started in the first instance in the Diocese of London, to be a link between the poor of London and the girls who could help them if they were only shown the need and the way to meet it. But it now exists in 24 Dioceses (there are branches in New Zealand and South Africa as well as in the Dioceses of our own country), and it is not now primarily for special social service, but also, and chiefly, for the bringing together of girls who have more or less the same interests, that they may realize more fully the meaning of their membership in the Church, and be ready to work for Her greater honour and glory in any capacity, by study, prayer, or work, in the Diocese in which they live, and which their membership involves, and for the possibility of showing other girls of the same sort the reality of the demand which Christ makes upon their whole lives through the Church. Their motto appears at the top of this paper : "The love of Christ constraineth us."

From time to time, the G.D.A.'s in each Diocese meet together for what is called a "Week," for worship, study, prayer, and discussion, and for getting to know one another better ; but this year it was decided to have a "United Week," and members from almost every Diocese came to Lincoln. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury had expressed his wish to be with us, but he was prevented by his many pressing claims. Our Chaplains were the Rev. Hyla Holden, late Chaplain to the Archbishop, the Venerable the Archdeacon of Sheffield, and the Rev. Dr. McNeile, of Sidney Sussex, Cambridge ; and amongst the speakers were Miss Frere, and Miss Baker-Wilbraham, both of India, Miss Lonsdale, and Miss Pearson, head of the Lady Margaret Hall Settlement in London. The Lord Bishop of the Diocese very kindly visited us on two occasions.

Life was certainly strenuous and purposeful during that week ; we had the inestimable privilege of a daily Eucharist, and on Sunday our own Bishop was the Celebrant, and very kindly gave us an address. On the same evening—the last—we had a procession round the garden from the library, and into the Chapel through the

small west door, singing "Jerusalem, my happy home" (the long version) all the way. We sang it all through twice, and would not have hesitated to have begun again had we not all then been in our places in Chapel.

Life, intensity, thoughtfulness, keenness, marked every hour, and we have reason to believe much was done that is already bearing rich fruit.

K. I. HIND.

Guernsey

GUERNSEY, the second largest of the Channel Islands, is one of the nicest places in which to spend an Easter or a summer holiday; that is, of course, for those who do not mind a sea passage which is often a very rough one indeed.

There are two ways of reaching the island, via Weymouth or via Southampton; the former route has the shorter sea passage—nominally four and a half hours instead of six and a half, a great advantage to many. On the other hand the train journey from London is three hours longer. During this war time the Weymouth route is decidedly the better, as these boats (or rather boat, as all but one, the "Ibex," have been taken by the Government for mine sweeping) are leaving at their usual time at night, 1.45 a.m., and arriving at 7 a.m., unless delayed by fog or rough weather, while the Southampton boats are not allowed to leave the harbour till daylight, and have to go outside the Isle of Wight instead of down the Solent, which takes one and a half hours longer.

The tickets to Guernsey and to Jersey are the same price, hence it is wise to book to the farther island, Jersey, as then that island may be visited with the same ticket, without extra outlay.

On nearing Guernsey it is worth while going on deck just before the boat arrives, especially if it is a fine sunny morning, to get the first view of the town of St. Peter Port, which is built on a hill and is a very pretty sight with the sun shining on the red roofs of the houses.

There are two good hotels in the town, besides three country ones and the usual boarding houses and lodgings.

Guernsey is an ideal place for picnics and excursions, the coast being very broken. There are numbers of little bays, many within easy walking distance of the town; others reached by 'bus, bicycle, or carriage. There are no trains in the island, but trams run between St. Peter Port and St. Sampson's. The bathing is good; there are numerous bathing places, and most of the bays have a good stretch of sand at low tide. There are no bathing machines at the bays—undressing takes place behind any convenient pebble. The south side of the island has high cliffs and steep paths down to the bays, the north side is quite flat. The cliffs are very beautiful, being covered with gorse and heather nearly

down to the sea—which is said to be as blue as the Mediterranean—and nothing could be more beautiful than the Guernsey coast on a fine summer's day. Sailing and rowing boats may be hired, there are also excursion steamers to the other islands: Alderney, Sark, and Herm. The latter has a shell beach. Sark is especially pretty, and is called the gem of the islands.

There are many things of interest in the town of St. Peter Port. The church, St. Peter's, dating from the 13th century, is a very fine example of the Norman work of that date. There are two museums with many local finds of interest. Victor Hugo's house, with the old oak and tapestry. Castle Cornet, which has a very interesting history, and up to very recent times was the only fortress in the island. The markets, too, are considered very fine, there are three under one roof—vegetable, meat, and fish. Saturday is the market day, when everyone, high and low, rich and poor, goes to do marketing with large baskets. Visitors always enjoy this Saturday marketing, and have an opportunity of hearing the patois, as many of the country people then come into town.

The home rule and customs of the island are most interesting, but would require an article to themselves, as indeed would the folk-lore. The currency of the island is interesting to English visitors. Guernsey issues a local copper coin which is equivalent to one-tenth of a French franc. The English penny piece being taken as an equivalent would suffer a depreciation, and is therefore not used. The British shilling is equivalent to twelve and a half of our pence and twelve of our pence form a nominal local shilling (no coin). Thus we speak of a shilling meaning twelve of our pence and have no coin to represent it, and a British shilling is a different thing worth twelve and a half pence. The following is legal tender in the island:

1. French, Belgian, Italian, and Spanish silver (not copper).
2. Gold of all European countries.
3. French, English, and Guernsey bank notes.

English is the language usually spoken over most of the island, but the people in the country parishes still speak the old Norman-French, which is also the official language of the island, although for official purposes modern French is used.

E.W.C.

Magazines and Newspapers.

The Committee supplies the following for the staff:—Diocesan Magazine, Lincolnshire Chronicle, Spectator, Times, and another daily paper, and Musical Times.

The following are provided for the students:—Weekly Graphic, Punch, two daily papers, two sixpenny magazines.

Our "Penner Read'n'"

To the country school-ma'am fall many unexpected and disconcerting rôles, but I think I may answer for my fellow-rurals that we are generally able to rise to the occasion. I, for example, never expected to blossom forth as a concert-singer, and yet I did that once a month for two whole winters. Lest any old Lincolnians cherish rueful memories of my singing, I hasten to assure them that such an honour was not of my seeking, but that I and my luckless victims somehow survived the ordeal. It was really Mr. Dunkerton's fault, too, for being short of "seconds" the year I entered college he sent me along with some other nondescripts to fill the gap, and that is how I came to be able to sing alto at our "Penner Read'n's."

Village concerts have not infrequently provided mirth-provoking themes for the superior townsman, but ours at any rate were a real blessing to the isolated population of a small Norfolk village, six years ago. They really were very, very comical; quite as comical as the caricatures of village concerts we have sometimes seen given to more "enlightened" audiences. We laughed ourselves at them, but as many of the members of the audience became in turn performers, our merriment was quite good-natured and hurt nobody's feelings.

It was the vicar's brilliant idea that all the performers should be drawn from our own village, though our audience was always cosmopolitan. Our artistes ranged from the vicar himself, a white-haired old gentleman of over seventy, to the tinies from the babies' class in our school. Among our more brilliant lights was the parish clerk, a crabby old man whose chief business on Sundays seemed to be that of running naughty little boys in hob-nailed boots from the very bottom of the church to the very top and planting them forcibly and firmly on the front seat. His wife Elwina (you spell it with a wee), who was attired in the tightest of tight jackets, with the fullest of leg o' mutton sleeves, and the smallest of small sailor hats, was always a member of the audience when her John was assisting, and she always listened complacently and admiringly while he sang his interminable folk-songs in his funny old quavering Norfolk voice. The same Elwina had a soul above such mundane things as clothes, and cheerfully appeared in the astounding garments above mentioned, while her neighbours wore Merry Widow hats; one could easily understand this attitude after hearing Elwina discourse on some of the visions she had been privileged to see from time to time.

Then there was Albert. Albert was one of my night-school boys and a favourite; he was a great hobbledehoy of nineteen, with fiery red hair and freckles which were thrown strongly into prominence by the light reflected from a pair of awful yellow "buskins," he called them, which stiffly encased his legs and which

met a pair of yellowy boots of an entirely different shade. His speciality was the very latest popular sentimental song of the day, which he sang with an upward look and a very nasal voice. Another shining light from the evening school was a certain Fred, who prided himself on his independence of thought and harried my professional soul by insisting, in spite of all demonstration, that the world was flat. His contribution to the concert on one occasion was a reading in his own local dialect from "Giles's Trip to London." What Giles really did on that memorable visit we never knew, but we conclude that his adventures were somewhat comical, for our reader was so overcome himself by them that every two or three words were punctuated by his splutters of laughter, in which the audience by and by joined with a right good will, and Fred, mopping his perspiring face with a huge red handkerchief, rolled exhausted from the platform, still convulsed with mirth.

For the "read'n'" part of the entertainment, however, our favourite was the vicar, and whenever he appeared we settled down to enjoy a thoroughly good laugh and some really funny poem or story. Once, however, our childlike trust in his power to tickle our risible faculties led to a catastrophe. It was the season of Lent, and the "Read'n'," so the vicar decided, must be solemn as befitted the occasion; his contribution was a pathetic story of the effects of drink on the life of a London slum-dweller. Unfortunately there were elements of humour in the poem which the vicar had overlooked, for he forgot that the vagaries of inebriated humanity are looked upon as a legitimate cause for merriment by some misguided people. When the usual shouts of wild hilarity greeted his delivery, the vicar looked first surprised, then deeply pained, and then, his face blazing with righteous indignation, he hurled one more verse at them with the scathing comment, "And would you laugh at that?" Yes, they did, louder than ever, if possible. But by this time the vicar understood, and swallowing his wrath, he was soon beaming on his flock with his usual kindly smile.

Our reciters must, of course, be mentioned, and two of them stand out most clearly in my memory. One was Miss B—, who felt that her education at a small private school, and a few elocution lessons, gave her an entirely unique position in our midst. She relied very much on the dictum of the great dramatist and suited the action to the word and the word to the action, with the result that some of her contortions were very wonderfully conceived. For example, there was a hair-raising poem about a mad dog in which the hero encircles himself many times with a double chain; our elocutionist gave us the scene in a most realistic manner and writhed frantically as, in dumb show, she wrapped the fetters round and round her body from head to foot. In order to instruct our ignorant minds in the way things were carried on at really elegant concerts, this same lady once prevailed upon her fiancé

to hand her gracefully on to the platform ; in a state of agitation at such an unusual office the poor youth fell over his feet and sprawled across the floor, while his lady love was pitched to one side of the stage, and a chair to the other. In direct contrast was Miss Nellie H—, who was very nervous, and whose low voice penetrated only to the first few rows ; the back rows had to be satisfied with a view of two tightly clasped hands, two eyes fixed heavenwards, and a body that rocked to and fro in mechanical time to the verses. I was near enough to hear one poem in which the concluding stanza of each verse ended jerkily with : “ Billy’s dead’n—Gone to glory—So is little—Sister Nell.”

And now I come to the real gem of our performances, our crowning glory, our *chef d’œuvre* : our quartets. There was some confusion in the minds of our audience as to the meaning and pronunciation of this word, and as the singers sometimes numbered five and sometimes seven and eight I am not sure if the many repetitions tended to clear matters up at all. In a quartet proper, Miss H—, my talented young assistant, took the soprano, and I sincerely hope her pure sweet voice atoned for the shortcomings of the rest of us ; I came next with the alto, while the miller sang tenor, and the vicar took bass. I fancy our attitudes would present points of interest to the audience ; I could not see myself, of course, but I know the vicar wagged his head furiously and the miller turned up his eyebrows and turned down his mouth corners in a very queer fashion. However, as I said, it was only occasionally that a quartet was limited to four performers, for the vicar’s daughter usually helped whichever was the weakest part, and sang soprano, alto, and tenor with equal facility and impartiality. I have even heard her trying to help the bass out of difficulties.

Once we decided to give a round and it was long remembered in the village. The time of the thing was decidedly “ catchy ” (no pun intended), and so, after several of us had come in at the wrong places, the round began to sound like a barrel-organ played backwards. Our audience listened politely for a time, I suppose they were fairly used to discordances from us, but finally it dawned on even them that something was amiss and the knowledge written on their faces made us feel mightily uncomfortable. Then the vicar gave the pre-arranged signal which was to bring us all simultaneously to a stop ; however, no one heard it but himself, so we proceeded minus one part ; now the vicar’s next door neighbour noticed his silence and stopped abruptly, followed very soon by the next, till finally one unfortunate being, my unconscious self, found herself singing the one and only solo she has ever given or intends to give.

About our soloists in general I prefer to say little, and to draw the veil of oblivion over their efforts. Suffice it to say that every sentimental song of the popular variety that has ever bored concert audiences for the last thirty years was dragged from its dusty grave

to do duty at our "Penner Read'n's," and received there a more cheerful welcome than it could have hoped for elsewhere. I have left the children till last, but their parents would, I am sure, have placed them first. They always took a good share in the programme, and any trouble which we took in school to prepare a few items was repaid many times over when we saw how proudly the mothers of Gal Nellie, and Boy Biller looked upon the little efforts of their offspring. I wonder sometimes if Charlie Chaplin and his tribe have ousted from the minds of the inhabitants of this little Norfolk Arcadia all recollection of their former "Penner Read'n's," and if they still have any taste for such simple pleasures. Well, I at any rate shall remember them always.

ANNIE M. ROYCE.

A Maluhini* Cattle-Driving in Hawaii

HALEAKALA Ranch "Drives" are eagerly anticipated by all the ranch folk and also by any outsiders who are at all likely to be invited to join in them. My first experience was during the summer drives last August, but as I had only just begun to ride I was unable to take part in the best runs, though even then I had what seemed to me thrilling experiences. Luckily I was invited again just after Christmas, and this time went most joyfully, having gained confidence in myself and my horse.

The ranch covers some fifty thousand acres of land, extending from 1,500 feet up the mountain side to the summit, 10,000 feet, and down into the crater. The house is at about 2,000 feet elevation, with a glorious view of the ocean, Puunene valley, and, beyond, the West Maui Mountains.

Rounding up the cattle in some of the pastures is a work of skill and patience owing to the nature of the land. Viewed from a distance the mountain side looks barren and smooth with a few wrinkles here and there, but the reality as one explores it foot by foot proves to be infinitely more than this. The wrinkles develop into precipitous gulches, very rocky and quite terrifying to a person who has only been accustomed to the paved streets of a town. Trees, bush, and tall grass are also astonishingly plentiful. It is hardly the country in which one would choose to learn to ride, but one certainly gets over nervous qualms pretty quickly on learning how sure-footed the mountain horses are, and how easily they tackle the climbing. Then, too, here everyone rides astride and skirts are taboo, so that the riding costume is a help rather than a hindrance.

All the cattle are rounded up once a year in the farthest paddocks, and twice in the nearer ones, for counting, branding, etc. The work is very strenuous for the horses, about 200 being used during the two weeks of drives.

*Hawaiian word for a "tenderfoot."

Some paddocks are much more difficult to drive than others. Piiholo, where we began, though only six hundred acres, took three days to clear, so many cattle managed to get away each time. This paddock is full of guava bushes, from ten to twenty-five feet high, which afford good hiding for the cattle.

Our party, consisting of about twenty cowboys, the rancher and his family, myself, and a few other visitors, set out one afternoon at 3 p.m. After about three miles' ride we came to a beautiful gulch. This we negotiated in Indian file, winding slowly down the bank, across the stream at the bottom, and up again on the other side at a gallop, the horses seeming already to scent the fray. For a short way we followed a trail cut the preceding week by some of the boys. This ended abruptly and the party scattered in pairs in all directions. I followed the rancher to a high knoll overlooking the others, and soon the coo-ees of the cowboys, the cracking of their whips, and the crashing of the cattle through the bushes could be heard in all directions. These cattle know perfectly well what a drive means, and they do not intend to get into a round-up if they can help it. Were it not for the two facts that they are afraid of a mounted man, and cannot run quite so fast as a horse, I do not know how the cattle business would be conducted. Here and there amid the foliage we would see a pair of horns, the animal keeping very still in the midst of the bushes, having been missed by the cowboys and hoping thus to escape. Now came our turn. We galloped down and charged through the bushes at them, full speed, driving them on in a glorious chase. The cattle run very easily, often with springy jumps, or a long, easy lope that a domestic cow would stare at in wonder. The horses thoroughly enjoy the excitement and dash through seemingly impenetrable thickets, and on through bog and rock, up and down gulches, as keen on the business as their riders, and apparently tireless. Two or three times I thought we must be swept from our horses by the branches, which are very strong and tough, or at least lose a limb, but we all came through whole with only bruised knees and arms to show. As the sun went down we secured the cattle in a small enclosure for the night and made for home.

The next morning we set out at 4 a.m. for the same paddock to get in the cattle that had escaped the previous day. This time the work was more scattered and the cowboys showed us some fine roping when the animals got away in the open. We drove over some very wild gorges, and one almost proved too much for me. My partner and I were separated from the rest and came to a very deep and precipitous gully. Going down I felt bad enough, thinking every moment must be my last, but when we had crossed the stream and started the opposite ascent it was worse, for my horse refused to follow the other, which was soon out of sight behind the trees above. Then it was that I

learned that tales of horses able to "turn on a half-dollar" are not so "tall" as I had imagined, for my horse did something very like it and scrambled somehow up a sheer cliff, with scarcely any foothold, to safety at the top.

When all the cattle were collected together the herd was driven slowly home for the branding, and after lunch we gathered on the walls of the pens to watch the proceedings. It would be impossible for anyone to get lost going to the pens, for the bellowing of the captives could be heard for miles. All were in one pen at first and at pretty close quarters, so that they looked a seething mass of horns. Two men sat on a high fence by a narrow passage which gave access to two other pens. The cattle were driven along this passage in single file so that the men could count them and also see the brand and ear-marks. Those already branded were let through to one pen and the unbranded into the other. When all had thus been sorted the branding began. A fire had been lighted at one end of the pen and irons heated. About six cowboys on horseback, working in pairs, roped in the calves and brought them to be branded. One boy roped the head of an animal and another the hind legs, wrapping the rope two or three times round the horn of the saddle, then pulled the calf up to the fire. Two men held the calf down while the brander ran forward and pressed the iron smoothly against the flank. A smoke and the smell of scorching hair arose. In the meantime the marker had cut off the tip of the left ear. The men let go and the calf retired to the crowd while another took its place.

This branding and ear-marking is absolutely necessary and is not so cruel as it seems. The fragments of the ears are entirely cartilaginous and the scorching hardly penetrates below the tough outer skin, only enough to kill the roots of the hair, besides which it must be remembered that cattle are not so sensitive as the higher nervous organisms. A calf generally bellows when the iron bites, but as soon as released he almost invariably goes to feeding or looking idly about, never even taking the trouble to lick his wounds.

Occasionally a very husky yearling would manage to scramble up when caught, and one dashed into a group already absorbed in branding. The tangle of horses, men, calves, and ropes caused hot irons, hot language, and dust to fill the air. There is a good deal of excitement in watching the calves dodge the lassos of the cowboys, especially when there are only a few calves left unbranded. These would dodge, turn, and twist, their companions seeming to help them by pushing themselves between the cowboy and his intended captive. It was really marvellous to observe the accuracy with which the noose would fly, past a dozen pairs of horns, to settle firmly about the neck of the desired animal. Once a calf that had escaped the year before jumped a six foot fence and was off down the road like lightning and very nearly escaped altogether.

Late the same afternoon the cattle were driven back to Piiholo,

and the next day the same business was gone through again with another paddock.

Some of the drives are much more spectacular than others. One, over large expanses of rolling hillside, was particularly so. We brought in seven hundred that day, and it was a beautiful sight to see the cattle pouring over the hills from all directions, now and then disappearing into a ravine, only to scramble out the next moment, pace undiminished, all making toward a common centre to be driven home *en masse*.

There is often real danger when driving the more remote paddocks, where the cattle are very wild, for a bull or cow will sometimes turn to attack a cowboy and grave injury may be done. Fortunately the animals seldom realize their power and a shout and a waving arm will scare them off.

Compared with the drives in the cattle-lands of the United States, where perhaps five thousand head of cattle will be rounded up in one day, these island drives seem small, yet we get all the essentials of the bigger affairs, and the exhilarating chase, the thundering of hoofs, the bellowing of cattle, and the picturesque cow-calls, all serve to make an indelible impression of a most wonderful experience.

VIOLET A. SEARBY.

Association Notes

Editorial Notice

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

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

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

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

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

M. TURNER

Association Correspondents

College

<i>Years.</i>	<i>Name of Correspondent.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
1864-1896	Miss Elwell ..	The Rowans, Beverley, Yorks.
1897	Miss E. Ayres ..	17 Milman Road, Lincoln
1898	Mrs. Gibson (W. Brown)	243 Monks Road, Lincoln
1899	Miss Ada Brown ..	38 Thorpe Road, Melton Mowbray
*1900	Miss Alice Mackintosh	30 Union Road, Lincoln
1901	Miss Jessie Drake ..	c/o Miss Cotton, 78 Curzon Street, Long Eaton, Nr. Nottingham
1902	Mrs. Pearce (E. Barker)	Wayside, Swallowbeck, Lincoln
{ 1903	Miss Ada Doodson ..	35 Acresfield Road, Pendleton, Manchester
{ 1903	Mrs. Broome .. (Elinor Stewart)	.. Penshurst, Hill Cliffe, Warrington
{ 1904	Miss Mary Hoole ..	Cymba, Burton Road, Lincoln
{ 1904	Mrs. W. F. Frith .. (E. Sheckell)	.. Wilmhurst, Manor Rd, Aylesbury
{ 1905	Miss Ida Gibbon ..	Oak Dene, Bolton Road, Irlam o' th' Heights, Manchester
{ 1905	Miss Jessie Stringer ..	24 North Parade, Lincoln
{ 1906	Miss Gertrude Border ..	25 Sibthorp Street, Lincoln
{ 1906	Miss Edith Jordan ..	17 Alcester Road, Mosely, B'ham
{ 1907	Miss Annie Royce ..	c/o Mrs. Marsden, Colt Lane, Birdwell, Nr. Barnsley
{ *1907	Miss Edith Hurry ..	30 Mount Street, Lincoln
{ 1908	Mrs. J. L. Stubbs .. (Annie Bailey)	108 Station Road, Swinton, Manchester [Bristol
{ 1908	Miss Winifred Marden	33 Elliston Road, Redland,
{ 1909	Miss Margaret Heath ..	9 Hewson Road, West Parade, Lincoln
{ 1909	Mrs. Foulkes .. (Lottie Reddish)	.. 4 Grosvenor Road, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne

{	1910	Miss Evelyn Cockshaw	Lindum, Gilda Crescent Road, Eccles, Manchester
	1910	Mrs. Templer (M. Redfern)	.. 19 Albert Crescent, Lincoln
{	1911	Miss Ella Pigott	.. "Cymba," Burton Rd., Lincoln
	1911	Miss Mabel Jabet	.. " " " "
{	*1912	Miss Dorothy Clubb	.. 53 Norcott Road, Stoke Newington, London, N.
	1912	Miss Dorothy Kemp	.. 10 Church Lane, Lincoln
{	1913	Miss Marion Cockshaw	Lindum ; Gilda Crescent, Eccles, Manchester
	1913	Miss Dora Hartley	.. 18 Newport Terrace, Lincoln
{	*1914	Miss Ada Hallam	.. 159 Monks Road, Lincoln
	1914	Miss Gladys Lennon	.. Glen House, Rivelin, Sheffield
{	1915	Miss Katherine Beard	.. 72 Argyle Street, Mansfield

* Please note change of address

Re-Appointments

Miss Louisa Hardy, Burton, near Lincoln. Head.
Miss Ethel Pottage, Bole, Gainsborough. Head.

Births

On January 25th, 1915, at 1614 Alberni Street, Vancouver, B.C., to Arthur and Ruth Jones (*née* Wilson), a son, Francis Arthur.

On June 3rd, 1915, at Penshurst, Hillcliffe, Warrington, to James Spears and Elinor Broome (*née* Stewart) (1901-3), a son.

On July 23rd, 1915, at Claremont, Manor Court Road, Nuneaton, to Charles H. and Edith N. Betts (*née* French) (1909), a daughter, Margaret Louise.

On July 30th, 1915, at Franklin, Montana, U.S.A., to John and Helen Barron (*née* Grosvenor) (1907-9), a daughter, Isabel Helen.

Marriages

DENSON-HOBBS—MEATS. On October 24th, 1914, at St. Stephen's Parish Church, Lewisham, by the Rev. Robert Dunn, Morris Denson-Hobbs to Edith Mary Meats (1901-2).
103 Barat Ash Road, Lee, London, S.E.

LAMPITT—KIMBELL. On April 7th, 1915, at All Saints', Naseby, Northants, Francis Henry Lampitt (Cheltenham) to Nora Mary Kimbell (1905-7).
731 Chester Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

HUXLEY—MILLS. On April 23rd, 1915, at St. Mary's, Aldridge, Alfred John, the only son of Alfred Huxley, to Muriel Louisa, second daughter of Edward Newbold Mills.
57 Bradford Street, Walsall.

KILLIP—GALLIMORE. On July 27th, 1915, at St. Helen's Church, Escrick, Robert Lewin Killip, of Crookes, Sheffield, and Peel, Isle of Man, to Charlotte Gallimore (1904-6).
24 Parker's Road, Broomhill, Sheffield.

BUXTON—SMITH. On August 19th, 1915, at Christ Church, Cotmanhay, Ilkeston, by the Vicar, the Rev. F. Walford, H. Buxton to Sissie Louisa Smith (1911-3).
Vernon House, 79 Heanor Road, Ilkeston.

Death

Sarah Maria Dawes, the dearly loved daughter of Sarah and the late William Dawes, died 13th September, 1915, at 66 Burngreave Road, Sheffield, and was buried on 16th September, 1915, in Burngreave Cemetery, by the Rev. T. Couch.

Lincoln Students' Club, Sheffield

THE Secretary of the Club (Eveline Nicholson) sent the following for publication in the April number of the Magazine, but unfortunately it arrived too late, all printing arrangements having been completed before the College went down for the Easter holidays.

BALANCE SHEET

RECEIPTS				EXPENDITURE			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
By Balance from 1914	4	0	8	Caretaker, Bow Street	0	4	0
30 Subscriptions at 1s.	1	10	0	Sheffield Relief Fund..	1	1	0
Profit from Committee's				Belgian Relief Fund..	0	10	6
Tea.. .. .	0	0	10	Church Teachers' Benevolent Fund ..	1	0	0
				Postage	0	18	0
				Balance in hand ..	1	18	0
	£5	11	6		£5	11	6

Audited and found correct, L. VILLAGE.

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1915-16

<i>Ex-President</i>	Miss Potts
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A Letter from Mrs. Curti—The world's Fair

29 PALM AVENUE,
SAN FRANCISCO, U.S.A.,
September 23rd, 1915.

MY DEAR MISS TURNER,

If it is true that I may really occupy a little space in our Magazine, I will just love to tell you all I know of this wonderful Exposition.

Precisely at noon on February 20th, 1915, the Panama-Pacific International Exposition was officially opened by President Wilson. It is to be closed on December 4th.

The site chosen overlooks the beautiful Golden Gate, supposed in many ways to resemble the Golden Horn at Constantinople. Passengers on ships approaching San Francisco harbour have undoubtedly one of the finest views of the World's Fair. The grounds are most artistically laid out, and the plan of the buildings is very sensible indeed.

The first thing almost that strikes the visitor is the abundance of flowers. Much time and energy have obviously been devoted to the laying out of the flower-beds, trees, and shrubs. They *are* so pretty and so well looked after. No sooner has one blaze of colour had its day than another species of flower springs up to replace its predecessor. The tulips in spring were particularly attractive. Dainty flower-beds nestle round each building, thus adding much to its grace and beauty. The Palace of Horticulture displays innumerable beautiful floral specimens. Personally, I found the section devoted to ferns the most interesting, but of course the gigantic palms and the exquisite colouring and fragrance of the many flowers claim unbounded admiration. The building itself has a huge glass dome, larger, it is said, than the dome of St. Peter's, Rome. At night this is illuminated from within by means of searchlight projectors, which throw figures of ever-changing form and colour. This makes a most fascinating picture.

The fountains everywhere are very pretty indeed and add considerably to the beauty of the grounds, the so-called "Fountain of Energy" is the largest, I believe, and it well portrays the spirit of San Franciscan strength, energy, and progress.

Dotted everywhere in the courts and along the avenues are many beautiful statues, which include the work of celebrated sculptors and afford ample study for those interested in this art. The entire Exposition is crowded with subject-matter for students of every class. All kinds of demonstrations are given to spectators: young farmers are shown how to test grain or fertilize soil; housewives, how to tell good from bad eggs; teachers, the different methods of teaching geography; mothers, how to feed their children, and so on.

The buildings are devoted to the following : Machinery, Mines, Metallurgy, Varied Industries, Education, Agriculture, Fine Arts, Horticulture, Liberal Arts, and Transportation. Besides these, almost every country in the world, as well as each State of America, is represented in a separate building of her own.

The Palace of Education and Social Economy contains exhibits of the comparative educational systems of all nations taking part, and a complete demonstration of the educational work in the United States from Kindergarten to University. The latter is most interesting. The young American is educated along lines very similar to those of the young Briton. The so-called "standards" of our public schools are known as "grades" out here in all schools, public or private. The average age in the various grades seems to me to be older than that in the corresponding standards at home, but then again the American school embraces a somewhat wider schedule of training, thus giving the child a broader range of knowledge—but considerably retarding progress in what we consider the main essentials of education. The boy studies wood-work besides drawing, Latin besides French, chemistry besides nature study ; while the girl has to think out not only decimal problems, but economies of the pantry-shelf, not only how to hem evenly, but how to wash a woollen jersey without shrinking. In this way it naturally takes the child longer to pass through the grades.

The Palace of Machinery is the largest wooden-frame building in the world—967 feet in length, 367 in width, and 121 in height ; it contains approximately nine acres of floor space. In this building, some months before the Fair opened, a big dance was held. It was called "The Ball of All Nations ;" twenty thousand people were present, and the sight was one never to be forgotten. Needless to say the crowd was too dense to literally "dance," but it was a gorgeous spectacle. In wine alone it is said \$100,000 was spent that night (this seems terrible extravagance, by the way). Six bands played in different parts of the building.

In the Palace of Varied Industries, the various nations of the world display their artistic products ; in the Mines Building the mineral resources of the world are exhibited, likewise their conversion into metal and their manufacture into raw material for the various industries.

The Palace of Fine Arts contains a wonderful collection of paintings and sculpture from all parts of the world, and three hours go like three minutes to the visitor to this exhibit. Among the finest contributions are those from the Philippine Islands. The room allotted however, fails to show them to their greatest advantage. The building itself is the arc of a circle in form, and the "Rotunda" or rounded building in the centre stands within a small lake, which reflects its beautiful classical outlines. It is hard to realize that

the site of the entire Exposition was a few years ago but a marshy waste now transformed into so many spots of beauty.

Along the water front are the Palaces of Transportation and Agriculture. The view from the Esplanade is one that cannot be surpassed and is hard to equal. From the Marina noted aviators fly at stated times. One of the latter—Art Smith, a boy of nineteen—recently broke many records in the annals of aviation. He would make about twenty revolutions in his aeroplane at one flight. At night a tiny tail of fire mapped out his flight, which seemed a series of loops across the sky. Others—Pettirossi and Niles—are at present amazing thousands of interested spectators. The Palace of Manufactures is in the Italian Renaissance style of architecture. It contains the finished products of many nations, displaying to advantage the utility, luxury, and taste in which each country excels. In the Festival Hall, which has a seating capacity for three thousand persons, organ recitals, operas, and concerts are frequently held. Here is placed a huge pipe organ—the seventh in size in the world. It is built in the French theatre style of architecture, with one large dome and various minor domes, profusely decorated with statuary.

The Palace of Liberal Arts is decidedly one of the most attractive buildings of the Exposition. One section is devoted exclusively to the study of children from earliest infancy to the end of school-days. The right and the wrong methods of feeding, training, educating, and developing the child are demonstrated with marked clearness. Naturally the baby corner filled several happy hours for me. The cooking of the baby-food by a fascinating lady-demonstrator, the examination of numerous little mites brought to the doctors there for the purpose by enthusiastic parents, the building of the playroom practically all by hand, the correct and the incorrect ways of dressing the child, and many other details help hundreds of mothers every day. Then the later stages of child-life in the home and in the school are illustrated; good and bad methods generally adopted in ventilation, environment, character training; how to detect the beginning of illness or the root of bad habits for timely prevention, and so on. Other sections of this building are devoted to the illustration of the lives of the soldier, the sailor, the hunter, and the fisher respectively; the homes of the aborigines of the earth are modelled to life with life-size figures seemingly engaged in daily occupations.

The State buildings we found very interesting, but naturally not as distinctive as the foreign pavilions. Of the latter, Canada and France undoubtedly rank foremost in beauty and interest. In the Canadian building, the large panoramas of various provinces are remarkably realistic. One section is set apart for the study of Canadian animal life, and another to the special products of the Dominion. The French building is decidedly "Frenchy," from

the fashion show to the exquisite tapestries. One room contains many precious relics appertaining to Napoleon, another several noted French paintings and sculptures, while everywhere the exquisite daintiness and pronounced elegance so characteristic of the people, pervade every corner of the building. Japan takes a prominent part in the World's Fair. In addition to her separate building, she owns a concession called "Japan Beautiful," which is even more elaborate than the building proper.

One of the leading features of the Exposition is the well-known "Tower of Jewels," facing the Great South Garden. The tower rises to a height of 433 feet; it is of pyramid shape, and decorated with statuary of singular beauty. Above the great columns on either side of the archway are four figures—the soldier, the priest, the philosopher, and the adventurer, moving types of the Renaissance. Within the archway are canvases commemorating the completion of the canal. The tower is adorned with thousands of glass jewels and, particularly at night when the searchlights and other concealed lights are flashed on the tower, the effect is truly marvellous. Of the several courts perhaps the "Court of the Four Seasons" has the precedence in beauty and colouring, it is surely a masterpiece in architecture which will live long after the Exposition has passed into history. The court is surrounded by a colonnade, in each of the four corners of which are niches, containing groups of statuary: "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," and "Winter." Artistic fountains abound. At night the reflections in the lagoons seem like scenes from Fairyland. In the "Court of the Universe" are the "Fountains of the Rising and Setting Sun." In design and decoration this court is made to represent the meeting-place of the hemispheres; two great triumphal arches are on the extreme left and right, the one representing the nations of the east and surmounted by a statuary group, the figures symbolising life in the Orient, while the other arch has a group of the same proportions, symbolical of life in the Occident. The mural paintings throughout the courts merit sincere admiration. The Court of Abundance is devoted more or less to music, dancing, and acting, it is dotted with beautiful flower-beds, and is perhaps one of the most restful spots in the grounds.

The main amusement street, called "The Zone," is over half a mile in length. This is the noisy quarter of the Fair, but crowded nevertheless with many interesting and instructive concessions, such as "Dayton Flood," "Panama Canal," and "Yosemite." Here, also, are groups of villages from Mexico, the Hawaiian Islands, the West Indies, and other parts. To see the *real* natives from these places engaged in the original native occupations is a source of considerable interest to the many visitors to the Zone.

May I remark, in conclusion, that it is not only the marvellous exhibits that make up the Exposition, but also the vast concourse

of people—from all parts of the world—who stream constantly through its various entrances. This to many of us is the source of much interest and delight. Within the acreage of the Fair grounds one meets every denomination of mankind, every nationality, every type of face, costume, and character. The truth of the statement: "There are no two individuals alike," is clearly borne out by a single visit to this, the greatest fair the world has ever seen.

A last word about California and my own little home. Sometimes I feel far away from dear friends and old surroundings, and yet, perhaps, I have chosen to settle down in one of earth's most charming corners. We certainly enjoy a wonderful climate, the scenery is singularly beautiful, and a kinder-hearted people it would be hard to meet. Everywhere one discerns the spirit of energy and progress, everyone seems on the alert, each one eager to do his best morally, socially, and intellectually, with cheerfulness and sincerity. The American people have ever been associated closely with the dollar, but I think their reputation as a money-seeking race is ill-deserved. Money is certainly present among them and in many cases in abundance, but it is probably the result of unbounded enterprise and, in the first place, sheer hard work. No one who has lived a year or two in California could fail to recognize the big-heartedness of its people, the warmth of each handclasp, the welcome to each home. An atmosphere of wholesome freedom exists, each man and woman lives according to his or her own principles without fear of criticism or conventionality, nevertheless, with the Christian fear of God and fellow-sympathy for mankind.

As for ourselves, we have a dear little home and a dearer little son, now a year and a half old. Any student of L.T.C. can ever be sure of a hearty welcome at the above address. Miss Searby's visit to us is stored among my happiest memories. Now I can hardly keep you longer. My letter is too long already. I think of all my fellow students of 1906-1908 many many times, and look forward some day to a happy Re-union, when I can tell you much more than is possible on paper. With all my love of California and growing affection for those around me, there is ever but one England, ever but one Lincoln, and ever but one Home, Sweet Home.

With love to you all,

Very affectionately yours,

LAURA P. CURTI,

née LAURA KING.

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