

MILDREDS INHERITANCE, JUST HER WAY AND ANNS OWN WAY (ILLUSTRATED EDITION (DODO PRESS) pdf

1: Mildred's Inheritance Just Her Way; Ann's Own Way by Annie F. Johnston - Free at Loyal Books

*Mildred's Inheritance, Just Her Way and Ann's Own Way (Illustrated Edition) (Dodo Press) [Annie Fellows Johnston, Diantha W. Horne] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Annie Fellows Johnston () was an American author of juvenile fiction, most well-known for the Little Colonel series.*

I do not know what it came from,â€” probably from sugar maples; just shaking out their fringe-like blossoms,â€”but it was the first breath of May, and very welcome. April has her odors, too, very delicate and suggestive, but seldom is the wind perfumed with the breath of actual bloom before May. I said it is Warbler time; the first arrivals of the pretty little migrants should be noted now. Hardly had my thought defined itself when before me, in a little hemlock, I caught the flash of a blue, white-barred wing; then glimpses of a yellow breast and a yellow crown. I approached cautiously, and in a moment more had a full view of one of our rarer Warblers, the Blue-winged Yellow Warbler. Very pretty he was, too, the yellow cap, the yellow breast, and the black streak through the eye being conspicuous features. The Ruby-crowned Kinglet was piping in an evergreen tree near by, but him I had been hearing for several days. The Kinglets come before the first Warblers, and may be known to the attentive eye by their quick, nervous movements, and small greenish forms, and to the discerning ear by their hurried, musical, piping strains. How soft, how rapid, how joyous and lyrical their songs are! Very few country people, I imagine, either see them or hear them. The powers of observation of country people are not fine enough and trained enough. They see and hear coarsely. Have you seen and heard the Kinglet? If not, the finer inner world of nature is a sealed book to you. When your senses take in the Kinglet they will take in a thousand other objects that now escape you. It is not a bird of the trees and woods. I sometimes see it on the lawn. The last one I saw was one April day, when I went over to the creek to see if the suckers were yet running up. The bird was flitting amid the low bushes, now and then dropping down to the gravelly bank of the stream. Its chestnut crown and yellow under parts were noticeable. The past season I saw for the first time the Golden-winged Warblerâ€”a shy bird. The song first attracted my attention, it is so like in form to that of the Black-throated Green Back, but in quality so inferior. The first distant glimpse of the bird, too, suggested the Green Back, so for a time I deceived myself with the notion that it was the Green Back with some defect in its vocal organs. A day or two later I heard two of them, and then concluded my inference was a hasty one. Following one of the birds, I caught sight of its yellow crown, which is much more conspicuous than its yellow wing-bars. One appreciates how bright and gay the plumage of many of our Warblers is, when he sees one of them alight upon the ground. While passing along a wood road in June, a male Black-throated Green came down out of the hemlocks and sat for a moment on the ground before me. How out of place he looked, like a bit of ribbon or millinery just dropped there! The throat of this Warbler always suggests the finest black velvet. Not long after I saw the Chestnut-sided Warbler do the same thing. We were trying to make it out in a tree by the roadside, when it dropped down quickly to the ground in pursuit of an insect, and sat a moment upon the brown surface, giving us a vivid sense of its bright new plumage. When the leaves of the trees are just unfolding, or, as Tennyson says. They come in the night, and in the morning the trees are alive with them, The apple trees are just showing the pink, and how closely the birds inspect them in their eager quest for insect food! It came down within two feet of my face, as I stood by the pane, and paused a moment in its hurry and peered in at me, giving me an admirable view of its form and markings. It was wet and hungry, and it had a long journey before it. What a small body to cover such a distance! The Black-poll Warbler, which one may see about the same time, is a much larger bird and of slower movement, and is colored much like the Black and White Creeping Warbler with a black cap on its head. The song of this bird is the finest, the least in volume, and most insect-like of that of any Warbler known to me. It is the song of the Black and White Creeper reduced, high and swelling in the middle and low and faint at its beginning and ending. When one has learned to note and discriminate the Warblers, he has made a good beginning in his or her ornithological studies. Burroughs, the agriculturist, this apparently worthless bit of

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ground promised a rich return after it had yielded to successive attacks of brush-knife, grubbing-hook, plough, and spade. To Burroughs, the literary naturalist and nature-lover, this secluded hollow in the woods offered a retreat to which he could retire when his eyes wearied of the view of nature tamed and trimmed, from his study on the bank of the Hudson. In the spring of the muck swamp was a seemingly hopeless tangle of brush and bogs, without sign of human habitation. One year later its black bed was lined with long rows of luxuriant celery, while from a low point at one end of the swamp had arisen a rustic cabin fitting the scene so harmoniously that one had to look twice to see it. In a future number we hope to present a photograph of the exterior of Slab Sides, with an account of the birds its owner finds about it. Part of its interior is well shown by our photograph of Mr. Burroughs seated before the fireplace, in which, as head mason and stone-cutter, he takes a justifiable pride. Here, from April to November, Mr. Burroughs makes his home, and here his most sympathetic readers may imagine him amid surroundings which are in keeping with the character of his writings. With photographs from Nature, by the Author. ANYONE having an earnest interest in both natural history and photography can find no more delightful and profitable way of spending leisure hours than by prying into the secrets of Dame Nature with an instrument capable of furnishing such complete and truthful information as the camera. Delightful and fascinating, because it not only gives Worthy purpose and charming zest to all outing trips, but yields results that tell in no uncertain way of things and incidents that it would be well nigh impossible to preserve in any other manner. There is no department of nature-study in which the camera cannot be turned to excellent account, and while records of lasting and scientific value are being made, the devotee of amateur photography has at the same time full scope for the study of his art. What may, perhaps, be considered the greatest value, albeit an unrecognized one, of the present widespread camera craze, is the development of a love for the beautiful and artistic which may result, and along the line of study here suggested may surely be found abundant material to stimulate in the highest degree these qualities. In the present and subsequent articles, it is intended to illustrate by pictures actually taken in the field by the veriest tyro in the art of photography, what may be accomplished by any properly equipped amateur in the way of securing portraits of our native birds in their wild state and amid their natural surroundings. Supplemental to such portraits are the more easily taken photographs of the nests, eggs, young, and natural haunts of each species; the whole graphically depicting the most interesting epoch in the life-history of any bird. Words alone fail to tell the story so clearly, so beautifully, and so forcibly. And, best of all, this can be accomplished without carrying bloodshed and destruction into the ranks of our friends the birds; for we all love to call the birds our friends, yet some of us are not, I fear, always quite friendly in our dealings with them. To take their pictures and pictures of their homes is a peaceful and harmless sort of invasion of their domains, and the results in most cases are as satisfactory and far-reaching as to bring home as trophies lifeless bodies and despoiled habitations, to be stowed away in cabinets where dust and insects and failing interest soon put an end to their usefulness. It is not intended, of course, to reflect in any way upon the establishment of orderly and well-directed collections, for such are absolutely necessary to the very existence of the science of ornithology. Indeed, it is impossible for anyone to be intelligently informed as to the many varieties of birds, and their wonderful seasonal changes of plumage, without having actually handled specimens. The growth of avian photography has been of short duration, only a few years in this country and not much longer in England, where it seems to have had its inception. But there are already one or two good books dealing with the subject; and a goodly number of ornithological works of recent date, and especially the pages of the journal literature of the day, bear excellent testimony to the merit and beauty of this method of securing bird pictures. Attention, however, has thus far been directed chiefly to obtaining illustrations of nests and eggs and captive birds, to the neglect of the more difficult but more interesting occupation of securing photographs of live birds in their wild state. Herein lies the chief fascination of this branch of photography, for good photographs from life of any of our birds, even the most common, are still novelties. The successful bird photographer must possess a good camera, including a first-class lens, with at least an elementary knowledge of how to get the best results from it; some acquaintance with field and forest and their feathered inhabitants,

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and a fund of patience, perseverance, and determination to conquer that is absolutely inexhaustible. No matter how well equipped in other respects, this latter requisite cannot be dispensed with. As to the technique and many details of the art of photography, the writer is still too much of a novice to speak very intelligently. Suffice it to say, that the general principles governing other branches of photography are to be consulted here. One great difficulty to be encountered is that there is little opportunity to arrange the lightning or background of the object to be photographed, and as the latter is apt to be either green foliage or the dull ground, with the camera very near the object, the beginner will be much perplexed to determine the proper stop and the right time of exposure. With the usual appliances a wide open stop will be found necessary with the rapid exposure required, and this will detract in a disappointing manner from the beauty of the negative as a whole. But every determined student will try in his or her own way to lessen these defects, and will find in failure only increased incentive to discover better methods and better appliances. Cameras and lenses especially devised for this kind of work are promised in the near future. A rapid telephoto lens is a great desideratum, and there is reason to believe that in the near future such an one will be available. Those to be had at present increase the time of exposure too much to be generally useful in bird work. Many kinds of plates have been used, but any good rapid plate will do. For those who are willing to take the additional care necessary to handle them successfully, rapid isochromatic or orthochromatic plates are undoubtedly to be preferred, as they preserve quite clearly the color values. To this end a rather detailed account is given of just how each of the following groups of photographs was secured. One of the greatest of these field difficulties is that the camera is rarely focused upon the bird to be taken, but is either snapped at random or focused upon some spot to which the bird is expected to return. The latter, in the great majority of cases, is the nest; at other times a much-used perching-place or feeding-ground. Success depends, therefore, very largely upon the nature, disposition, and habits, especially nesting habits, of the particular bird being dealt with. The nest being the lure usually employed to bring the bird within range of the camera, it will follow that the nesting season is the time of year when most of this work must be done. Thus, spring and early summer are the harvest time of the bird photographer, and as it happens that these, of all the seasons, are the most delightful in which to be afield, the bird-lover, with glass, camera, and note-book, can leave care behind and find contentment. Leaving general considerations, let us first study a series of photographs that well illustrates what charming and dainty little pictures can sometimes be secured with most trifling effort. The subject of these photographs, the little Black-capped Chickadee, or Titmouse, "Parus atricapillus", the scientists call him, "is familiarly known to almost every one who has given even casual attention to birds. Its generally common occurrence throughout the United States, cheery, happy disposition, and lively notes as the little band, for they usually travel in companies, goes roaming through woodland and 10 copse, endears it to all. Soon, down by the lake or brook-side, or in some moist woodland glade, where birch and willow trunks long since dead and soft with age stand sheltered among the growing trees, the little Blackcap and his chosen mate pick out a cozy retreat. This, perhaps, is some deserted Woodpecker den, decayed knothole, or more often it is a burrow of their own delights and cares of wedded life. Before very many days, eight or ten at most, the old stumps exhibits unmistakable signs of being animated within, and in a wonderfully short time the little nestling are as large as their parents, and full, indeed, is this family domicile of the youngsters are cleaner and brighter than those of their hard-worked, food-carrying parents. It was just as this stage in their progress that the little family, whose portraits are here shown, was discovered one late June day, snugly ensconced within the crumbling idly in a little boat through one of the many channels of the Mississippi river, which cup up into innumerable islands, the heavily wooded bottomland of eastern Houston county, Minnesota. Being in search of the nest of numerous Prothonotary Warblers, which were flashing hither and thither across the channel, we skirted the shore closely, tapping on all likely-looking stubs. A little investigation showed the nest to be too high for setting up the camera satisfactorily, as the tripod legs sank deep in the mud and water. But our kit included a saw for just such an emergency, and sawing off the soft stub at the proper height, it was lowered gently until the hole came just on a level with the camera, placed horizontally and at a distance of about three feet.

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Propped with a forked stick, it rested quite securely on the soft bottom. After focusing carefully on the opening in the stub, attaching to the camera fifty feet of small rubber tubing with large bulb, in place of the usual short tube and small bulb, setting carefully the trigger and other accessories of our harmless gun, and covering the whole camera with a hood of rough green cloth, the lens alone visible, we retreated to a convenient vantage point among the small willows close by. But a few minutes elapsed before the old birds were on the spot peering at us and the big green object from all sides. In an incredibly short space of time, considering the great liberties that had been taken with their habitation and door yard, they became resigned, and one of the birds, which we assumed to be the female, flew straight to the stub, and, with a last suspicious glance at the great glistening eye so near at hand, disappeared into the hole with a large brown worm in her bill. But that momentary delay was the looked-for opportunity, and all-sufficient; for with a quick squeeze of the bulb, click went the shutter, and in the twenty-fifth of a second the bird was ours; shot without so much as knowing of a drop of blood, and preserved lifelike and true to nature for all time to come. From this time on the birds came and went without hesitation, the only serious delays in our operations being due to the drifting clouds, which now and then obscured the sun and rendered the light too weak for the rapid exposures necessary.

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2: University of Oxford - Wikipedia

Mildred's Inheritance Just Her Way; Ann's Own Way by Annie F. Johnston. Free audio book that you can download in mp3, iPod and iTunes format for your portable audio player.

Annie Fellows Johnston Release Date: November 22, [EBook] Language: English Character set encoding: A Boy of Galilee," etc. Illustrated by Diantha W. With faces turned to the shore which they might never see again, the lusty-throated emigrants were sending their song of "Farewell to Erin" floating mournfully back across the water. The pitiful way she looks back to land would make me homesick, too, if I were not already on my way home, with all my family on board, and all the fun of the sophomore year ahead of me. A young English girl, dressed in deep mourning, who had been standing near them, followed them with a wistful glance; then she turned to look over the railing again at the old woman on the coil of rope. Drawing her heavy black veil over her face, she hurriedly made her way to her deck-chair, and sank down to sob unseen, under cover of its protecting rugs and cushions. This was the first time that Mildred Stanhope had ever been outside of the village where she was born. The only child of an English clergyman, the walls of the rectory garden had been the boundary of her little world. She could not remember her mother, but with her father for teacher, playmate, and constant companion, her life had been complete in its happiness. She had been like one in a confused dream ever since. Here she sat for the first three days, staring out at the sea, with eyes which saw nothing of its changing beauty, but always only a daisy-covered mound in a little churchyard. All the happiness and hope that her life had, ended in that. If Muffit could have known, that cold, reserved manner hid a heart hungry for one friendly word. It was the third day out before any one spoke to her. She had been warned against making the acquaintance of strangers, but one look at the gentle-voiced, white-haired lady who took the chair next her own, disarmed every suspicion. The lady was dressed in deep mourning, like herself, and she had a sweet, motherly face that drew Mildred irresistibly to her. Before the day was over the two were talking together like old friends. When she saw how the girl grieved for her father, she tried to draw her away from her sorrow by questioning her about her future. I have never seen Uncle Joe or any of his family, and everything must be so strange and queer in America. Now, if they lived in India I would not dread going half so much; for there would be something homelike in feeling that I was still under the protection of our queen. I cannot bear to think of leaving the ship, for it will be like leaving the last bit of home, to step from under the dear old Union Jack. Thousands of travellers go every year to see the inscription over its door. Once, over two hundred years ago, an awful plague swept the town, and every family in it lost one or more of its household. Only this one house was spared, and in grateful memory of its escape there was carved over the door the inscription: The " beautiful thought has helped me over many times of perplexity and sorrow, and has become the inspiration of my life. Because we can trace it back to that place, I have grown to love every stone in the quaint old streets of Chester. But they are set to the same tune, you know, and to alien ears, who cannot understand our tongue or our temperament, they must sound alike. How much of her new-found courage was due to the presence of her helpful counsellor Mildred did not realize until she came to the parting. They were standing at the foot of the gangplank in the New York custom-house. If you get lonely and discouraged, think of the motto in my wedding-ring, and take it for your own. There was no one in sight who bore any resemblance to the description he had written of himself. She stood there until her trunk was brought up, and then sat down on the battered little box to wait. An hour went by, and she began to look around with frightened, nervous glances. A half-hour more passed. The crowds had diminished, for the officials were making their custom-house examinations as rapidly as possible. All around her the sections were being emptied, and the baggage wheeled off in big trucks. The newsboys and telegraph agents had all gone. A great fear fell suddenly upon her that her uncle was never coming, and that she would soon be left entirely alone in this barnlike, cavernous custom-house, with its bare walls and dusty floors; and night was coming on, and she had nowhere to go. She was groping in her pocket for a handkerchief to stop the tears that would come,

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despite her brave efforts to wink them back, when some one spoke to her. It was the pretty college girl whom the others had called Muffit. It is here at last, thank fortune, so that we shall not be delayed much longer. Mamma and I have noticed you waiting here, and wondered if you were in the same predicament. Papa says that he will be so glad to help you in any way he can, if you need his assistance. When Mildred Stanhope told Mrs. Rowland her name, that motherly woman exclaimed, "Oh, Edward! She shall just come to the hotel with us and stay until we hear from her uncle. We might have hurried off and never known anything about you. Rowland shall telegraph to your uncle, and we will keep you with us until he comes ". The next two days were full of strange experiences to Mildred. The rush and roar of the great city, the life in the palatial hotel, with its seeming miles of corridors and hundreds of servants, bewildered her. In response to Mr. Call for letter Blank Hotel. The letter, which was brought up an hour later, bore the same signature. It had been written at the request of Mrs. Barnard by her minister. Barnard had intended to take his niece, Mrs. Barnard supposing that her husband had given Mildred that address in case of any slip in making connections. The kindly old minister seemed to realize the unhappy position in which the young girl was placed, and gave minute directions regarding the journey she would have to take alone, while Mr. Rowland arranged for her comfort in the same fatherly way he would have done for his own Mildred. The longing for the spring in her old English home lay in her heart like a throbbing pain. Oh, if you could only tell me what to do! Everybody thought that your Uncle Joe was a rich man, and so did we till we got the business settled up. We have to move in a smaller house next week. One afternoon she sat by her window, looking out on the early April sunshine, trying, with the hopelessness of despair, to form some plan for her future. God had seemed so very far away since she came to Carlsville. She prayed as she had always done before, but her prayers seemed like helpless little birds, unable to rise high enough to carry her pleadings to the ear of the great Creator who had so many cries constantly going up to him. She had not realized before how big the world was and how small a part her little affairs played in the plan of the great universe. A longing for some closer communion than she had known before drew her toward this church, of which Derrick Jaynes was the rector. The door was unlocked, and the slender black figure slipped in unobserved. The last time she went some one was in the church. A burst of triumphant melody greeted her as she noiselessly opened the side door. She met the florist coming out, for he had just completed the decorating, and the place was a mass of bloom.

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Everybody thought that your Uncle Joe was a rich man, and so did we till we got the business settled up. We have to move in a smaller house next week. One afternoon she sat by her window, looking out on the early April sunshine, trying, with the hopelessness of despair, to form some plan for her future. Its gray stone walls, with masses of overhanging ivy, reminded her of the one she had loved at home. God had seemed so very far away since she came to Carlsville. She prayed as she had always done before, but her prayers seemed like helpless little birds, unable to rise high enough to carry her pleadings to the ear of the great Creator who had so many cries constantly going up to him. She had not realized before how big the world was and how small a part her little affairs played in the plan of the great universe. A longing for some closer communion than she had known before drew her toward this church, of which Derrick Jaynes was the rector. The door was unlocked, and the slender black figure slipped in unobserved. The last time she went some one was in the church. A burst of triumphant melody greeted her as she noiselessly opened the side door. She met the florist coming out, for he had just completed the decorating, and the place was a mass of bloom. All around the chancel stood the tall, white Easter lilies, waiting, like the angels in the open tomb, with their glad resurrection message—"He is risen! It was the white-haired old minister. You do not know, but I have been in correspondence several times this winter regarding you, with a Mr. He wrote me when you first came that his wife and daughter were deeply interested in you, and wanted to be kept informed of your welfare. This morning I received a letter which needs your personal answer. I am very busy now, but shall try to see you Monday in regard to it. In the dim light of the great stained-glass windows she read that poor Muffit had over-taxed her eyes, and that they were so badly affected she could not go back to school for the spring term. In looking for some one who could be eyes for their Mildred, so that she might go on with her studies at home, they had thought of this other Mildred, the little English girl, whose low, musical voice had been so carefully trained by her father in reading aloud. By one of these strange providences which we never recognize as such at the time, Mr. She had offered to read the magazine article which he was particularly anxious to hear, and they had been charmed by her beautifully modulated voice. Now the letter had been written to offer her a liberal salary and a home for the summer. Mildred gave a gasp of astonishment. It was not the almost miraculous finding of what she had come to seek that overwhelmed her. It was a feeling that swept across her like a flood, warm and sweet and tender; the sudden realization that a hand stronger than death and wise above all human understanding had her in its keeping. She dropped on her knees at the flower-decked altar-rail, with face upturned and radiant; no longer lonely; no longer afraid of what the future might hold. She had come into her inheritance. Into her heart the great organ had pealed the gladness of its exultant Easter message, and in the

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deep peace of the silence which followed, the fragrance of the lilies breathed a wordless "Amen! Avery is going away! There were so few goings and comings in sleepy little Westbrooke, that the passing of the village omnibus was an exciting event. It had been four years since the first time they watched her go away, a nineteen-year-old bride. Since then they had visited her, severally and collectively, in her elegant apartments in Washington, but this had been her first visit home. Married life had been all roses for Marguerite. The girls had bidden each other good-bye the night before, but Marguerite stopped in the midst of her final embracings to call out, "Good-bye, again, Judith. Remember, I shall expect you the first of February. Her husband, a distinguished, scholarly man, lifted his hat once more and stepped in after her. The door banged behind them, and, creaking and swaying, the ancient vehicle moved off in a cloud of dust.

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4: Books by Annie Fellows Johnston (Author of The Little Colonel)

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The head of the university had the title of chancellor from at least 1250, and the masters were recognised as a universitas or corporation in 1264. In addition, members of many religious orders, including Dominicans, Franciscans, Carmelites and Augustinians, settled in Oxford in the mid-thirteenth century, gained influence and maintained houses or halls for students. Among the earliest such founders were William of Durham, who in 1227 endowed University College, [30] and John Balliol, father of a future King of Scots; Balliol College bears his name. Thereafter, an increasing number of students lived in colleges rather than in halls and religious houses. Among university scholars of the period were William Grocyn, who contributed to the revival of Greek language studies, and John Colet, the noted biblical scholar. With the English Reformation and the breaking of communion with the Roman Catholic Church, recusant scholars from Oxford fled to continental Europe, settling especially at the University of Douai. These, to a large extent, remained its governing regulations until the mid-seventeenth century. Laud was also responsible for the granting of a charter securing privileges for the University Press, and he made significant contributions to the Bodleian Library, the main library of the university. From the beginnings of the Church of England as the established church until 1801, membership of the church was a requirement to receive the BA degree from the university and "dissenters" were only permitted to receive the MA in 1801. Wadham College, founded in 1259, was the undergraduate college of Sir Christopher Wren. Wren was part of a brilliant group of experimental scientists at Oxford in the 1660s, the Oxford Philosophical Club, which included Robert Boyle and Robert Hooke. Students[edit] Before reforms in the early 19th century the curriculum at Oxford was notoriously narrow and impractical. Sir Spencer Walpole, a historian of contemporary Britain and a senior government official, had not attended any university. He says, "few medical men, few solicitors, few persons intended for commerce or trade, ever dreamed of passing through a university career. Among the many deficiencies attending a university education there was, however, one good thing about it, and that was the education which the undergraduates gave themselves. It was impossible to collect some thousand or twelve hundred of the best young men in England, to give them the opportunity of making acquaintance with one another, and full liberty to live their lives in their own way, without evolving in the best among them, some admirable qualities of loyalty, independence, and self-control. If the average undergraduate carried from University little or no learning, which was of any service to him, he carried from it a knowledge of men and respect for his fellows and himself, a reverence for the past, a code of honour for the present, which could not but be serviceable. He had enjoyed opportunities He might have mixed with them in his sports, in his studies, and perhaps in his debating society; and any associations which he had thus formed had been useful to him at the time, and might be a source of satisfaction to him in after life. Jones argue that the rise of organised sport was one of the most remarkable and distinctive features of the history of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. It was carried over from the athleticism prevalent at the public schools such as Eton, Winchester, Shrewsbury, and Harrow. During the First World War many undergraduates and Fellows joined the armed forces. By virtually all Fellows were in uniform, and the student population in residence was reduced to 12 per cent[of what? During the war years the university buildings became hospitals, cadet schools and military training camps. Archibald Campbell Tait, former headmaster of Rugby School, was a key member of the Oxford Commission; he wanted Oxford to follow the German and Scottish model in which the professorship was paramount. The professional staff should be strengthened and better paid. For students, restrictions on entry should be dropped, and more opportunity given to poorer families. It called for an enlargement of the curriculum, with honours to be awarded in many new fields. Undergraduate scholarships should be open to all Britons. Graduate fellowships should be opened up to all members of the university. It recommended that fellows be released

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from an obligation for ordination. Students were to be allowed to save money by boarding in the city, instead of in a college. Theology became the sixth honour school. Honours degrees, the postgraduate Bachelor of Civil Law B. Privy Council decisions in the 20th century e. Knowledge of Ancient Greek was required for admission until , and Latin until The University of Oxford began to award doctorates in the first third of the 20th century. The first Oxford DPhil in mathematics was awarded in The list of distinguished scholars at the University of Oxford is long and includes many who have made major contributions to politics, the sciences, medicine, and literature. More than 50 Nobel laureates and more than 50 world leaders have been affiliated with the University of Oxford.

5: Blog Archives - Muse TECHNOLOGIES

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When eight-year-old Keith and his older brother Malcolm encounter a homeless boy, they find a way to express their idealism by righting wrongs in a knightly manner The Little Colonel's chum: Mary Ware by Annie F Johnston (Book).

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