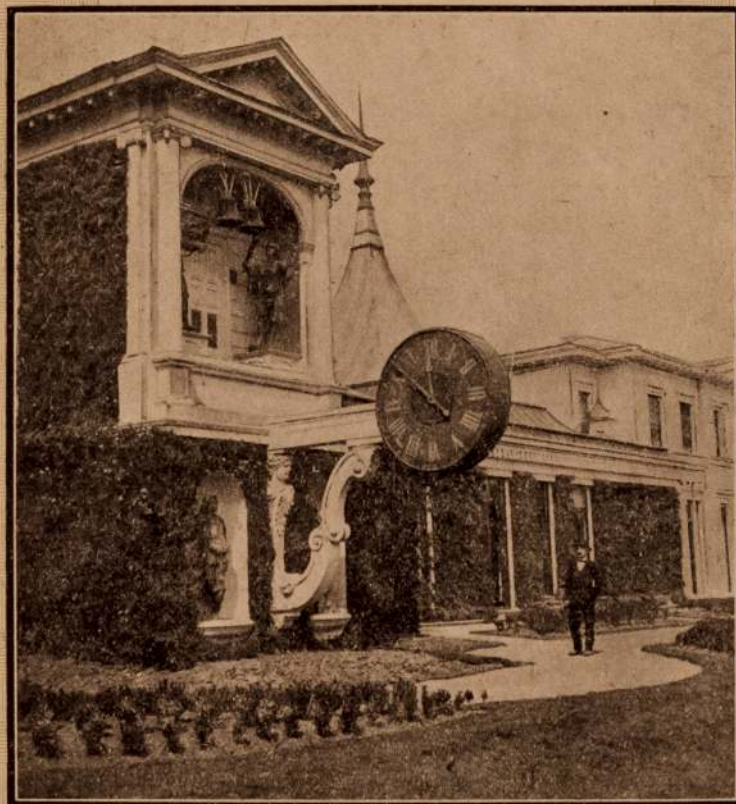


St. Dunstan's



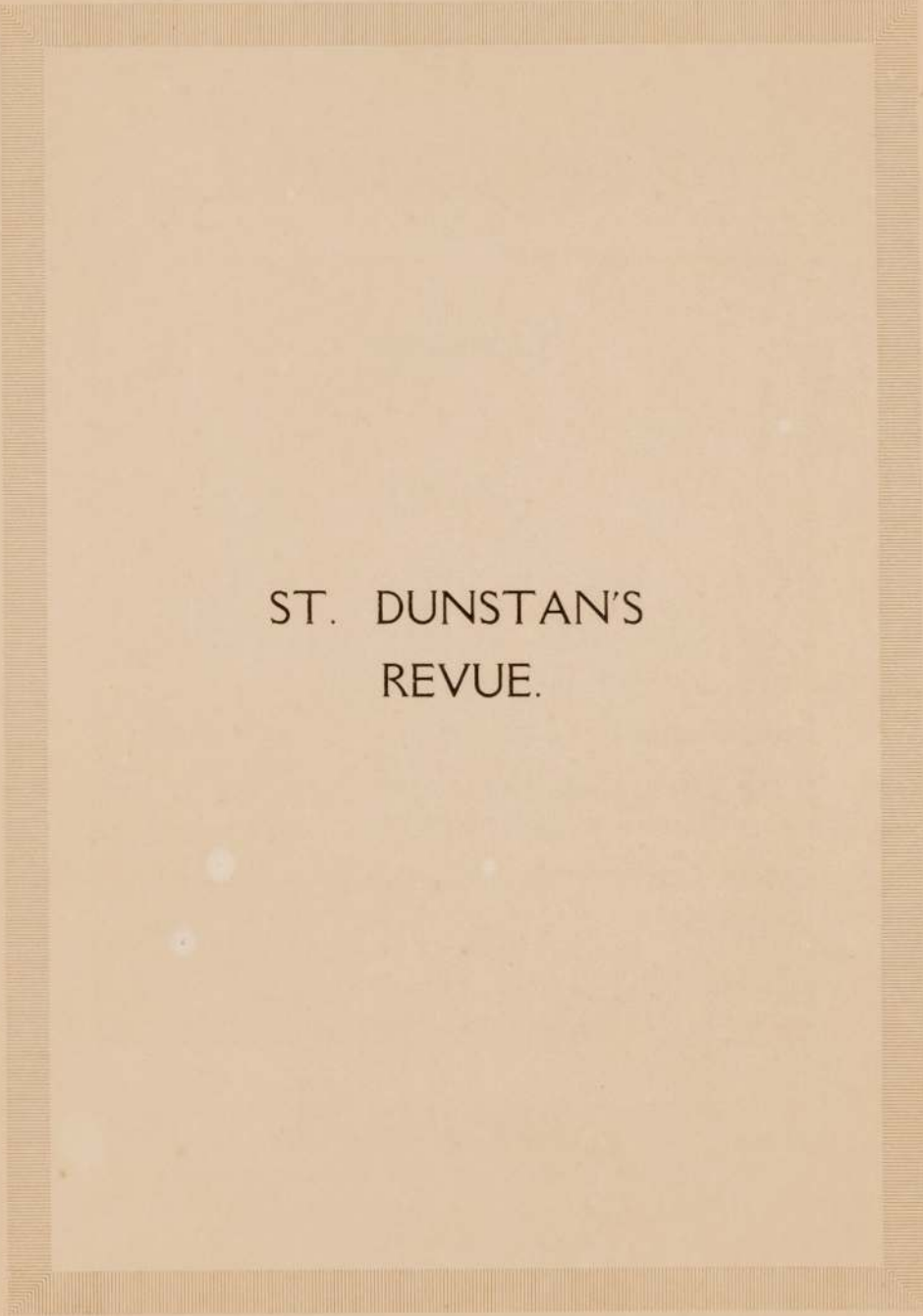
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No. 2.

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ST. DUNSTAN'S
REVUE.

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No. 2.

OCTOBER 1915.

1S. NET.

Editorial.

A GREAT number of questions have been asked as to when the "ST. DUNSTAN'S REVUE" is again to be brought out. The answer to this is "When we have enough articles." We are deeply grateful for the very few compositions that we have received, but at the same time they were VERY FEW, and we shall find it quite impossible to continue the publication of the Magazine unless we receive better support from the pens of our readers. Out of the four contributions sent, two were from the same Private.

The £5 5s. obtained from the sale of our last number will be given in prizes in the competition announced at the end of this issue.

We hope that all our articles will be read in the spirit in which they were written and in no way be thought impertinent or offensive.

As before, we hope to answer all enquiries, and we shall be more than grateful for any articles sent to "The Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVUE, 16, Dighton Road, East Hill, Wandsworth, London, S.W."

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Roll-Call.

THE day was nearly o'er, and night was coming on. The moon rose from behind the wooded hill as I turned the car sharply to the right down a shady green lane. I heard the sounds of a bell tolling in the distance, and looking across the brown stretches of marsh all that I could see well enough to distinguish were the spires of two churches half hidden by a fir grove, the wall of a ruined chapel, some old Saxon barns, and a mill. When I had passed the mill I gained the lee of a thick wood from which the scent of lilies of the valley and several flowery shrubs hung heavily in the still air.

In the awful stillness, the crunk, crunk of the engine seemed out of place, so knowing my car would not hold enough petrol to go much further, I stopped it and got out.

A thick haze was gradually stealing over the moor, coming up from the sea. My thoughts flew at once in that direction, and I wondered what the fleet would be doing on such a night as this. As the eeriness increased, I could even imagine the small crabs would creep out of the water and waddle along the shore to seek comfort under the white sides of the large boulders on the beach.

Suddenly a shrill cry pierced the air, and shivering violently, I drew my woollen scarf more

tightly round my neck. But the sound died quickly in the heavy mist, and though I lingered a moment longer, I heard no more. After all, I thought, I had only fostered a delusion, and I would not labour under it; the creepiness of the night had got into my blood. Hardly had I made this resolve when I heard the cry again, this time unmistakably, and following the direction of the sound, I squeezed through the broken laths of the paling, and pressed on through the wood.

Though not usually a nervous man, a cold, creepy feeling kept running up and down my back, and the least sound made me jump. A robin twittered, and a squirrel alighted with a thud so near my feet that I started violently. Where would this lead me? And was I, a lonely male, to die to-night unwept, without even a friend or relation to mourn my loss, the fate of an unloved bachelor?

A rustle at my feet drew my attention from my morbid thoughts, and looking down I saw a fox on its back, with one paw lying in a trap. I wondered what the keeper baits his traps with to catch foxes in this cruel manner. Was this the author of the cry? Scarcely, I thought, for when locked in its grim embrace the creature was stunned, and as, with the strength of a blacksmith, I loosed a bolt on

the trap, it rolled over apparently dead. I must seek further for the cause of this strange sound.

As I crossed a brook, the trees grew thinner and the ground was intercepted with dykes. Again the weird cry reached my ears, this time close at hand; and by my feet, in a bigger dyke than any I had yet seen, I saw the form of a man. He was hiding in the ditch, an awful grimace on his face, gesticulating violently with his hands, and seemed to be keeping at bay something which to me was invisible. His form, though massive, was weak with want of food, his face was haggard and sunken, and his eyes seemed to pierce the darkness of the night like burning coals. I determined now to bury all my fears, and asked him softly, "Who are you, and what is the matter?" He starts violently, his lips come apart slowly. Then he shrieks, "Look! look!" I looked in the direction in which he pointed, but could only see a piece of a tree trunk which lightning had turned into the faint semblance of a woman's form.

Then he cowered from me, evidently mistaking me for some form of enemy that was prying on his solitude. As he spoke, his voice was husky, and so nervous that it was with difficulty that I could catch what he said. He anxiously searched my face, and drew something from his pocket which, as far as I could read in the dim light, appeared to be a summons.

"Oh, sir! don't give me up to the law; Lord save us, I didn't mean to do nothing wrong. I only murdered her, I only murdered her. I didn't mean no wrong. You don't know how 'ard it was, sir, living in a loft, houses costing too much for the likes of us, and me out of work, and I can't even go back to the old place, or the worst row'd lie at my door as you ever saw." I asked him his name, and he murmured "Oliver Cromwell, but they always calls me John, so never mind about the rest." I noticed a huge scar across his face, and he evidently saw me looking at it, for he vouchsafed the information, "Yus, sir, they gave me that with a shambok in German East Africa, you know, them things they uses on the niggers."

"My poor fellow," I murmured, "you look half starved. Come back with me and have a good meal."

"God bless you, sir, my appetite is all right, but I dursn't come to the town for fear they might lynch me."

I was pained by his story, but my heart was touched, the aftermath usually being the bitterest part of life; but all the same I made up my mind to help him. "Come along to my car, and I will see that no harm comes to you," I said, in a brisker voice than before.

"Ho, well, if you put it like that, I will consent to come."

"Mind you," I said, "there must be no nonsense in the future."

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVUE.

"All right, sir, I'll keep straight, and when I says I will, I will; I am so now and have been all my life, except for that one day, when I owns that I did sommat wrong."

By this time dawn was nearly breaking, and we faintly heard a cock sounding the hoarse knell of departing night. It was time to move, and I knew that with the return of day, visions of ghosts and evil spirits would leave my companion's overwrought mind. I took him by the arm, and we now endeavoured to find our way out of the wood. I had no map of the country, and had very little idea of the way to go, but we managed at last to reach the car, and as we came out of the wood, I was very thankful to leave its dreary gloom behind.

John talked little on the way back, but smacked his hand on his knee continually, which in my present state of nerves irritated me considerably. He smacked on all down the road, at the same time telling me that he had been to sea, but whether in a fishing smack or the navy, I did not gather.

I opened the throttle and the car is accelerated with such violence that I nearly ran into my own baker coming along the road with a damsel beside him, which irritated me still more. My baker,

I should explain, is the son of a bank clerk, and very conceited about his position in life. He bakes seldom, and so nearly always gives us stale bread. I passed the baker by, and was rejoiced to see that he did not recognise me. But even this had its small annoyance for me. I thought he might bow at least to his own customers. At this moment we passed a large furniture van, at the sight of which John got very excited, and waved his arms wildly in the air. The scared furniture-van driver turned a sickly green, and evidently a friend of his, who stood on a van behind the first, saw John as well, for his hue seemed to be even greener than the first. He was evidently inquisitive to know more about my friend, but I had to leave his ardour unquenched, and hasten on. John was just murmuring "Don't stop at Stone house," when I heard a shuffling sound, accompanied by the words "And now to . . ." and awoke to find myself in a large hall, a mass of people all round me, and suddenly realised that I was in my school chapel, and that I had slept all through the sermon, and I vaguely wondered if my form-master had seen me or not, and so my story will never assume a clear ending.

NOTE.—The foregoing article contains the names of 102 members of St. Dunstan's, which the following key will explain.

The DAY was nearly o'er, and KNIGHT was coming on. The MOON ROSE from behind the wooded HILL, as I turned the

KERR sharply to the WRIGHT down a shady GREEN LANE. I heard the sounds of a BELL tolling in the distance, and looking

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVUE.

across the BROWN stretches of MARSH,—ALL that I could SEWELL enough to distinguish, were the SPIERS of two churches half hidden by a fir GROVE, the WALL of a ruined CHAPPLE, some old SAXON BARNES, and a mill. When I had passed the MILL—I GANed the LEE of a thick WOOD from which the scent of LILLEYS of the valley and several FLOWRY shrubs hung heavily in the still air.

In the awful stillness, the CRONK, cronk of the engine seemed out of place, so knowing my car would not HOLD—ENOUGH petrol to go much further, I stopped it and got out.

A thick HAYES was gradually STEELing over the MOORE, coming up from the sea. And I wondered what the FLEETWOOD be doing on such a night as this. As the eeriness increased, I could even imagine the small CRABBEs would creep out of the water and WADDELL along the SHAW to seek comfort under the WHITE—SIDES of the large boulders on the beach.

Suddenly a shrill cry pierced the air and, shivering violently, I drew my WOOLLEN scarf more tightly round my neck. But the sound died quickly in the heavy mist, and though I LINGARD a moment longer, I heard no more. After all I thought I had only FOSTERed a delusion, and I would not labR—UNDR—ITT; the creepiness of the night had got into my blood. HADLEY had I made this resolve when I heard the cry again, this time unmistakably, and following

the direction of the sound, I squeezed through the broken LATHs of the paling and PRESTON through the wood.

Though not usually a nervous man, a cold creepy feeling kept running up and down my back, and the least sound made me jump. A ROBIN twittered, and a squirrel alighted with a THUD—SO—Near my feet that I started violently. Where would this lead me? And was I, a lonely MAVELL, to die to-night unwept, without even a friend OR—RELATION to mourn my loss, the fate of an unloved BACH—ELOR?

A rustle at my feet drew my attention from morbid thoughts, and looking down, I saw a FOX—ON its back, with one PAW—LEYing in a trap. I wondered what the keeper BATES his traps with to catch foxes in this cruel manner. Was this the author of the cry? Scarcely, I thought, for WEN—LOCKed in its grim embrace, the creature was stunned, and as, with the strength of a black—SMITH, I loosed a BOLT—ON the trap, it rolled over apparently dead. I must seek further for the cause of this strange sound.

As I crossed a BROOKE, the trees grew thinner and the ground was intercepted with dykes. Again the weird cry reached my ears, this time close at hand; and by my feet, in a BIGGER—DIKE than any I had yet seen I saw the form of a man. He was hiding in the ditch, an awful grimACE on his face, gesticulating violently with

his hands, and seemed to be keeping at bay something which to me was invisible. His form, THOMASSive was weak with want of food, his face was haggard and sunken, and his eyes seemed to pierce the darkness of the night like burning COLES. I determined now to BERRY all my fears, and asked him softly, "Who are you, and what is the matter?" He starts violently, his LIPS-COMBE apart slowly. Then he shrieks, "Look! look!" I looked in the direction in which he pointed but could only C. A. Piece of a tree trunk which lightning had turned into the faint semblance of a woman's form.

Then he cowered from me, evidently mistaking me for some form of enemy that was PRYing on his solitude. As he spoke his voice was HUSKI-N-SO-Nervous, that it was with difficulty that I could catch what he said. He anxiously searched my face, AND-DREW-Something from his pocket, which as far as I could REID in the dim light, appeared to be a summons.

"Oh sir! Don't give me up to the LAW;-LORD save us, I didn't mean to do nothing wrong. I only murdered her, I only murdered her. I didn't mean no wrong. You don't know HOW-ARD it was sir, living in a LOFT,-HOUSEs costing too much for the likes of us, and me out of work, and I can't even go back to the old place, or the worst-ROU'D-LY at my door as you EVER-Saw." I asked him his name, and he murmured "Oliver CROMWELL,

but they always calls me JOHN,-SO-Never mind about the rest." I noticed a huge scar across his face, and he evidently saw me looking at it for he vouchsafed the information, "Yus sir, they gave me that with a shamBOCK-IN-German East Africa, you know, them things they uses on the niggers."

"My poor fellow," I murmured, "You look half starved. Come back with me and have a good meal."

"God bless you, sir, my appETTITE is all right, but I dursn't come to the town for fear they might LYNCH me."

I was PAINED by his story but my HART was touched, the after-MATH-EWSually being the bitterest part of life; but all the same I made up my mind to help him. "Come along to my car, and I will see that no harm comes to you," I said, in a brisker voice than before. "HO-WELL! If you put it like that, I WIL-KIN-Sent to come."

"Mind you," I said, "There must be no nonsense in the future."

"All right, sir, I'll keep straight, and when I says I will, I WILL;-I-AM-SO-Now, and have been all my life except for that one day, when I owns I did somMAT-RONG."

By this time dawn was nearly breaking, and we faintly heard a cock sounding the HORS-NELL of departing night. It was time to move, and I knew that with the return of DA-VISIONs of ghosts

and evil spirits would leave my companion's overwrought mind.

I took him by the arm, and we nOW-ENdeavoured to find our way out of the wood. I had no MAPP of the country, and had very little idea of the way to go, but we managed at last to reach the car, and as we came out of the wood, I was thankful to leaVE-ITS dreary gloom behind.

John talked little on the way back, but smacked his hand on his knee continually, which in my present state of nerves, irritated me considerably. He sMACD-ON-AL-Down the road, at the same time telling me that he had been to sea, but whether in a fishing-sMAC-AR-THY navy, I did not gather.

I opened the throttle and the car IS-AACSellerated with such violence that I nearly ran into my own baker coming along the road with A-DAMSEL beside him, which irritated me still more. My baker, I should explain, is the son of a bank CLARKE and very conceited about his position in life. He baKES-SELLdom, and so nearly always gives us stale bread. I passed the baKIR-BY, and was reJOYCED to see that he did not recognise me. But even this had its small annoyances for me. I thought he might boW-HAT-LEVst to his own customers. At this moment we passed a large furniture van, at the sight of which John got very excited, and waved his arms wildly in the air. The scaRED-FERNiture van driver turned a sickly green, and evidently a friend of his who stood-ON-O-

VAN behind the first, saw John as well, for his HUGHE-Seemed to be greener than the first. He was evidently inquisitive to know more about my friend, but I had to leaV-'IZ-ARDour unquenched, and hasten on. John was just murmuring "don't stop-AT-STONE house," when I heard a shuffling sound, accompanied by the words "And now to" and awoke to find myself in a large HALL,-A-Mass of people all around me, and suddenly realised that I was in my school chapel, and that I had slept all through the sermon, and I vaguely wondered if my form-master had seen me or not, and so my story will never assuM-A-CLAR-ENDING.

o o o

ON the occasion of the last air raid over the Eastern Counties, some bombs were dropped in a cemetery. On the wall of the cemetery was the recruiting poster, "Your King and Country need you," on the top of which someone had written "wake up."

o o o

SHIPS are spoken of in the feminine gender because they always keep men on the look-out.

o o o

ON perceiving an empty seat at a concert, a man said to a young lady who was occupying the next chair, "Is this seat engaged, Miss?" To which query he got the quick reply, "Yes, Sir, so am I, thank you."

"Oh Would—!"

(Inspired by an article entitled, "Rowing on the Lake,"
in No. 1. of ST. DUNSTAN'S REVUE.)

Oh would that I wore celestial frocks,
That I might be a lady cox
Upon the lake designed to float,
Yet not obliged to steer the boat.
A lady cox demands and gets
Uncounted spoil of cigarettes,
And spills the ash adown her blouse
(I quote) "Beneath the leafy boughs."
Not as might happen, perched beneath
Bare, blighted boughs that have no leaf.
These are the girls men love to row,
For these the giddy leaflets grow,
The very gaspers that they burn
Scrap in the case to get first turn,
And I am old and very tired,
And should so love to be admired
And simper while my pale hand gropes
Effetely for the tiller ropes.
Alas! 'Tis but an aged man,
A white-haired, toothless, "also-ran"
Who tears in vain his few frayed locks
And wants to be a lady cox.

o o o

The Workshop.

THE last thing required of the
Head of the Workshop is head.
Feet are far more important—
feet and the collecting qualities of
an old hen. First and foremost
he must be an athlete. His wind
must be of so sound a quality as
to be spoken of as "a gift from
Heaven." It is estimated that
during his average working day he
must cover twenty miles at a hard
run. For the rest he goes around

the lounge collecting his workers,
depositing them at the workshop
door, only to return immediately to
the house for the oddments who
remain. He it is who works least
and is by far the most utterly tired
out at the end of the day. Lots
of people's occupations are like
that, aren't they? Metaphorically
speaking, they are always rushing
panting up to others to ask them
if they have seen the dog?

Moreover, many of his occupa-
tions come under the tragic destiny
of the V.A.D.s With them he
shares the same sudden impulse
to commit murder on a mean-well.
Alone in the workshop it is he to
whom the visitors are requested
not to talk. But by the time
the visiting ladies have reached
his secluded domain they have
also arrived at that moment when
they are saying to themselves,
"Oh, yes, these V.A.D. girls are
all very well—BUT WHO'S
THAT MAN OVER THERE?"
At such a moment the Head of
the Workshops mingles his tears
and sympathy with that fearsome
blue and pink creature who lives
at the entrance of the monkey
house at the Zoo. He is eyed
furtively. The visiting ladies are
uncertain if he be blind or simply
one of those dreadful persons who
expect a tip if they are spoken to.
Having satisfied themselves, after
many furtive glances, that he is
probably neither, they drag him
into their conversation. After all,
he hasn't yet heard about the
iniquity of their cooks or what
a lot of good work their sister
Emily is doing among the wounded
soldiers down at Clapham. The
V.A.D.s have already heard all
about her, and it is to air their
domestic joys and woes that half
the visitors seem to come to St.
Dunstan's. Also, it is part of the
duties of those who worry the
workers in the workshop to bring
hope to the Pessimist, and share
in the Optimist's Hymn of Praise.
For example, he mingles his tears

with the maiden lady who wept
for the future of Englishwomen
because, when she went there the
previous Sunday, she alone was
knitting socks for soldiers at the
Zoo. And immediately afterwards
he takes an enthusiastic second in
the song of the chattering lady
who finds everything, from the
man at the gate to the farthest
end of the chicken run, "*Simply
too wonderful for words!*"

No wonder the only heads who
have ever sat in state there have
been grey-haired or bald.

Still there is something about
the workshop which weaves a spell
of affectionate sentiment around
everybody who has ever entered it.
Once having rested there awhile it
is very difficult to tear oneself
away. From the visitor who talks
for twenty minutes on the doorstep,
to the soapbox which was ordered
and paid for last June, everything
seems loath to go away. The
Sales Book is full of things which
hate to take a fond farewell.
Nothing goes quickly except the
Petty Cash. No frantic call—at
least through the post—will ever
persuade a Collett basket to go to
its rightful owner in a hurry. A
personal appeal will sometimes
abduct a picture frame, but it is
never the picture frame which the
abductor ought to have. A person
who orders a knife box may just
as easily receive a mat. Their
apologetic demand for a kind
explanation is usually a lesson in
geniality under distinct disadvan-
tages. After all, it *is* extremely
difficult to "raise the wind" when

you have paid for something and haven't got a receipt.

Yet the workshop is a place where firm friendships are made as well as firm old friendships broken. No angry word has ever been heard there. The woman who ordered a flower basket and is recorded in the books as having brought old boots, usually ends her visit of complaint by giving a wholesale order for frames, pays for them on the nail, and leaves with a general invitation for everybody to come to her house for tea. There is something mysterious about the air of the place. This may be because it is hard to say the angry thoughts which yearn for expression when your entrance is greeted with the whistled refrain of "You made me love you," or "The Sunshine of your Smile"; or, again, it may be the influence of that strangely intricate piece of carpentry which some people have thought to be a wooden Temple to Diana, and others a hen coop, but which nobody has ever dared to demand the truth, although its manufacture takes up nearly half the room. At any rate, it is a workshop of smiles, and he who has successfully "Headed" it for a week, could take up the post of chief of the complaint department at any big emporium for the rest of his life. The days would teach him the art of pacifying even an infuriated dowager-duchess—and I can imagine no more impressive symbol of all that is terrifying in eyes seen through a lorgnon and shaking paradise feathers than such a one.

No, the days of the workshop pass happily away. Only the telephone plays the serpent in its Garden of Eden. But then a telephone is always a "serpent" in any office. It lures you towards it by a tinkling bell, and, by the time you have finished speaking into it, you have mostly lost a friend in your desperate struggle to understand what he had *not* said.

At the St. Dunstan's workshop, the Boot Department aids the telephone in its torture. With bangs to the right of you, bangs to the left of you, it is a little hard to grasp along a poor thin wire the demand of something whose name you don't catch for something whose name you don't hear. But the bangs, however, drown what you *do* really say—and let us hope that our Recording Angel is also a little deaf. I'm certain she is tired.

○ ○ ○

LOVE is like a duck's foot because it often lies hidden in the breast.

○ ○ ○

WHEN a poor fellow had narrowly escaped being burnt by savages, he stated that at one time he considered his existence was at stake.

○ ○ ○

THE following sentence, although containing only 34 letters, contains all the letters of the alphabet: "John quickly extemporized five tow bags."

"As busy as Bees—and then some."

"As busy as bees" is the usual remark Applied to all hardworking folk,
But come to "St. Dunstan's" in Regent's Park,
And listen, and learn, and note, and mark,
And you'll find your old simile old as the ark
And quite out of date in these days.
No longer you'll say in your old-fashioned way
"As busy as bees," Oh! No! Not much!
But as busy as V.A.D.'s.

They rise with the dawn, when the dew's on the ground
And most honest folk are abed,
And with dusters and brushes they hustle around,
'Midst plenty of laughter and cheery sound—
With the rattle of tea-cups the echoes resound
As the parlourmaid gets to her post.
For some are "The Pantry," and "housemaids" are some,
And ONE is Dispensary—see you obey!
She's a terror to all who "won't come."

You should stand at the foot of the grand stairway
When the "housemaid's parade" has begun,
As with dustpans and brooms they trip off to the fray,
"Lawn-mowers" and buckets, pails, swabs, mops and "Jeye"
All the things that denote the real char-lady's sway,
And the Microbe-fiend's war with the Hun.
And many a jest you'll o'erhear in the room,
With perchance now a wail from an housemaid forlorn—
"Oh Mollie, You've pinched my pet broom!"

I think you'll agree that it's excellent sport
When you've seen them awhile at their work,
Some days there are troubles and worries unsought,
For instance it may be neat beds are your forte,
You survey them with pride, but despair wings the thought,
"I forgot it was clean sheet day!"
And so, my good friend, if you're wanting some sprees
Just come right along and join the good throng
Of the "busier than bees"—the gay V.A.D.'s.

"The Rag-time Dispensary."

IN London there is an institution for soldiers who have had their sight damaged in the present war, and this institution is becoming very widely known owing to the manner in which the soldiers are settling down to business, and proving that when people lose their sight, they do not become insignificant creatures, they should still be able to carry on nearly all their previous habits.

Now at this fine institution there is a dispensary, as the soldiers are still in need of a certain amount of medical treatment, and it is to this department I wish to draw the reader's attention. This is no common or garden dispensary, but a real up-to-date rag-time dispensary. It is a rag-time dispensary in a good many ways. The glass eyes are taken out in rag-time; the medicines are given to the men in rag-time, and so on, and the men are ragged by the nurse if they do not come punctually to have their eyes dressed. In fact the assistant nurse has to be very argumentative with the men before they will visit this department. Many sisters take a turn as assistant to the nurse, and the atmospherical conditions change accordingly. Sometimes the persons there seem to be awe-stricken, yet at other times great frivolity prevails, and the noise of a female's hysterical laughing may be heard a considerable distance away, say St. Paul's or Whitechapel. Of course, like other institutions,

this dispensary has some rules that must be complied with. For instance, if a man should forget himself and light up a cigarette whilst awaiting his turn, he would gravely risk his life. Again he should never think of singing or shuffling his feet, as the delicate ears of the nurse compel her to at once silence the offender, however exuberant that person might be feeling. The dispensary is very conveniently situated, and is very compact. Perhaps it might be said that it is too compact, as a soldier who takes a boot beyond the size of ten finds it rather difficult to manipulate his feet when nurse and assistant are there. This statement is not intended to imply that these good ladies have feet of unusual proportions, but simply to indicate the limits of the room. The temperature of the nurse fluctuates very considerably, and so it behoves one to be quiet until her particular humour has been ascertained. If the lady is in a good mood all is well; if she is in a severe mood, all is certainly not well. She was one day very carefully replacing a patient's glass eye, and things were awfully quiet, silence reigning supreme. As the lower lid was allowed to slip outside the artificial eye the patient made a clucking noise, with the result that the nurse jumped into the air. It was a very risky thing to do, and might have had serious consequences—for the patient. However,

the matter passed over as a huge joke. All joking apart, there can be no doubts as to the abilities of the dispensers, who guarantee to be able to cure anything from a wooden leg to a blistered finger, the latter being generally caused

by rowing. The nurse is of a very generous nature, especially with her rhubarb pills. It is therefore with confidence that any person suffering from any complaint can be recommended to attend St. Dunstan's Rag-time Dispensary.

o o o

Visitors.

[Visitors to institutions make silly remarks. This nonsensical article is based on some of them.]

"That is a lovely band, isn't it? Whatever band is it?" said the dear old lady.

"It is a recruiting band," replied the charming V.A.D. who had undertaken to conduct the D.O.L. "You are quite right, it is a nice band. Let us pass to the workshop."

"Oh, what a charming workshop," exclaimed the D.O.L. as they entered. "How happy the men must feel as they look around while they are at work. And aren't those just dear little stalls for each man to stand in? It is so convenient for visitors to pass from one to the other and prod each one with an umbrella in order to call attention to the fact that they want to speak to them. How thoughtful to arrange the place in this way."

"You are wrong, madam. The men are not here on show. These are work-benches, and they are arranged for the convenience of the men, not that of the visitors. All these

men are repairing boots, and most of them are quite expert at their job. I think we will move along."

"Basket-making, well, I never! what pretty ones, too. And such pretty coloured strips worked into them. And those flat boards on the floor, they, of course, are for the men to sleep on when they feel tired. But don't you think it would be a bit more comfortable if mattresses were placed on them?"

Miss V.A.D. explained that the boards were for men to squat on when making "heavy" baskets, and she was about to turn to the mat-making when to her amazement a horrified scream broke from the D.O.L. who stood glued to the spot with both hands in the air.

"Oh, how terrible of your management to have a torture-rack in this place," she cried. "Surely you don't put the poor men on that when they won't work?" With much persuasion V.A.D. managed to get the D.O.L. away and having calmed her nerves mentioned that the cause of her fright was merely a fibre-winder which had recently been installed for the purpose of saving time.

"Now that does look interesting," remarked the D.O.L. as she caught sight of the mat-makers. "I didn't know that you taught people how to play the harp in that way. But I quite see the idea. You first of all get their fingers accustomed to the strings before trusting them with a real harp. But why do they keep tying on little bits of whiskers to the strings and then cutting them short? Making mats, are they? How ingenious. And they make them of different colours, too, I see. When the mat is finished what a pleasure it must be for them to see how well they can blend the colours.

"By the way, who is the little man perched up there on the platform behind the table? I suppose he is a blind officer or he wouldn't be kept apart like that. He is the superintendent, did you say? Oh! Then I suppose he presides at tea. That is the round tea table over there, isn't it? What a beauty. What is that you say? It's for holding the shoe-makers' tools? I think that is a pity. It would make a delightful afternoon tea table.

"Must I really get on? Very well, Miss V.A.D.; but may I speak to one of the men first? That's a nice-looking fellow over there. I will go to him. Young man, I'm so sorry to see you here in this company. You really don't know how sorry I am, for I cannot express myself."

"Well, madam, I don't know why you should be so sorry. I am

not. As you can see, I am in full possession of my faculties and I am doing what I can to teach these fellows something that will be of use to them. Perhaps you would like to have a few words with one of my pupils here."

"Oh, yes, how silly of me. You were wounded, weren't you. Yes, I can see that. Tell me, were you ever in the trenches?"

"I think, madam," interposed Miss V.A.D., "that the carpentry department will interest you. No, the things you speak of as clothes-props are the legs of tables. Shall we go out through this door?"

"Ah! this is the garden, I suppose. It's exquisite. Of course, the men walk about here, don't they.

"That looks like a see-saw. One end is up in the air when the other is down. Isn't that so? And a swing, too. That goes to and fro when it is pushed, doesn't it.

"Oh, do look, there is one of the men in a boat on the lake. He is pulling it along with the sculls, isn't he? Is that what the others do?"

"We will go inside now," said Miss V.A.D. "This is where tuition in reading and other things is given. Here is a man writing Braille."

"Oh! What nice little dots he is making. I suppose when he has quite covered a sheet the molten metal is poured over it so as to make pin-heads? How clever of him, and what a lot of money he will be able to save his wife.

"And this is the room in which the men sleep, is it? I thought so because of the beds. Very nice." Miss V.A.D. had gone through

sufficient torture and after expressing pleasure at the extraordinary intelligence displayed, bade the D.O.L. good-day.

o o o

An Imaginary Interview with an Imaginary Hall-Porter.

Yer wants me to tell yer me story,
What I sees out 'ere in the 'all;
Well it may serve yer purpose as copy,
But I won't guarantee it to thrall.

I've never been asked to relate, sir,
What I thinks of the people up 'ere,
But I'll give yer me candid opinion
About the 'ole lot—never fear.

First of all then, just look at the Guv'nor,
'E's reely a wonderful gent;
If he's well 'e's that cheery and genial,
If 'e's not 'e don't 'arf give it vent.

If you'd come up a little bit sooner
You'd 'ave seen 'im come out of that door,
A showing a lady and gent round the place,
With 'is walking stick sweeping the floor.

What's that remark you've just made, sir?
You suppose 'e don't do any work?
If you 'eard them bells ringin' like I do
It would give you an 'orrible jerk.

There's bells all over the 'ouse, sir,
What 'e's ringin' the 'ole blessed time,
And when we're all runnin' our legs off
'E feels that he's just in 'is prime.

Then look at the letters 'e writes, sir,
There's three typists a workin' all day;
Each works on a ten minute shift, sir,
Then she looks like a chewed bit o' hay.

What's that door over there? That's the Office,
Where they deals with the cash and the like,
And I've many times 'eard 'em all say, sir,
As they're jolly well goin' on strike.

That lady's the Matron, what looks like a nun
With a serviette wrapped round 'er 'ead,
And she's all on the go with 'er pencils and book
From the time she gets up till she rolls off to bed.

Then there's the Treasurer; they calls 'im the Bantam;
'E comes up for lunch, and 'e stays 'ere for tea,
'E strolls round the grounds, and 'e sits at 'is desk,
But 'e don't do no work—least, so far as I see.

Now I'll give yer a tip, Don't go to the shops
If the boss of the works is about,
For 'e'll ask yer to buy what you'll never receive,
Or else tell yer to clear and get out.

There's lots more I could say, but I ain't got the time;
There's the telephone buzzing away,
So I'll finish with this—They're a jolly good lot,
And I thanks yer—Good 'elf and Good-day.

"PETTY CASH."

o o o

Bob's Left Thumb.

BOB JONES arrived at St. Dunstan's with a strong determination to do no work at all of any kind. He had thought it well over and decided that he could easily fill up the gaps between meals with Woodbines, mouth-organs, a stroll round the grounds, or an occasional trip to the post office if the weather were hot.

He had also made inquiries about headaches and found that they were not often questioned. All one had to do was to lie on a sofa and look congested.

"Of course Auntie might give you a dose of something," said his informant.

"Down the sink, I suppose?" said Bob.

"Not half a chance," replied his friend: "she watches you as if you owed her something."

"Is it, as a rule, very nasty?" asked Bob.

"Worse than any mixture of trench water and French wine," replied the other.

"Headaches are off," declared Bob. He paused in thought.

"I suppose a chap can feel a bit off colour?" he observed presently.

"Bed and water is what she gives you for that," was the answer.

"I call it jolly rotten nonsense," said Bob Jones, somewhat angrily. "Can't a man be ill without being interfered with?"

"They're all too soft-hearted," said his friend gloomily. "The place would be all right, if they'd let you get better in your own way."

"Like anything?" asked Bob, after a suitable pause.

The other fellow looked round the lounge, thoughtfully listened to a quantity of fluttering petticoats and ministering angels and clicked his tongue.

"You bet," said he. But there the matter ended.

"Now, then, my boy," burst in somebody with a slightly over-gentle air, "and what's your name?" Bob supplied the information. "And what are *you* going to do?"

"I suppose it *is* your business?" inquired Bob, with a touch of sorrow.

"I'm afraid so. Well, there's boots, mats, baskets, chickens, bones, bags, hammers, planes, picture frames and potato patches. What will you have?"

"A glass of ——" Bob stopped in time. "Would you mind saying them over again?"

"Not at all." The list was repeated.

"Who *are* you?" inquired Bob, more to delay matters than anything.

"My name is Flower."

"Mr. Flower?"

"Anything like that. But come along. I'm always in a bustle. What is it to be?"

Bob had a lapse.

"I've got a bit of a head ——" He stopped short.

"You'd better see nurse, then," said Flower.

"No," said Bob, hastily; "I was going to say that I have a bit of a head for carpentry."

"Come on, then," said Flower, and Bob found himself collared by the arm and hurried over steps, paths, hand-rails, and other confusing obstacles, into a building where noises of all kinds, from hammering to tin whistles, were in full blast.

"Here is a joiner for you," ejaculated Flower hastily, and Bob was pawed over by somebody whom he could not see, but who also could not see him. They had a feeling match and formed their impressions of each other.

In rapid time Bob was supplied with a plane and a board, and after a few trials he brought the tool slowly and painfully down one side of his left thumb, and laid a slice of it on the bench.

Interruption and first aid followed.

"I think I'd be better at hammering," observed Bob, when he was bandaged up.

A hammer and nails were supplied, but he didn't want the nails at all, as he brought down the hammer at the first whack full on top of the damaged thumb. He said one or two things that sounded like German, and second aid was administered.

"I'll try mats," said Bob, as soon as he could speak plainly again. Flower marched him over to another part of the building, and Bob was stuck up against a sort of rope entanglement and shown how to wind yarn in and out of a kind of fishing net.

He was given a sharp knife to sever the thrums, and in due course he brought this precisely and successfully across the end of his left thumb, bandage and all, and dropped it into the mat.

Bob uttered his thoughts aloud, and Flower listened sympathetically.

"Have a go at boots," suggested Flower when the remarks were

finished, and within ten minutes Bob had firmly nailed what remained of his thumb on to a V.A.D.'s sole.

Third and fourth aid were supplied, and it was found that the shoe was not seriously damaged.

"I think," said Bob, "that I'll give this thumb a rest. There's not much left of it, but what there is I would like to keep."

"Try baskets," said Flower.

"Blank!" said Bob.

"Poultry farming?"

"Blank!" said Bob again.

"Gardening? Frames? Massage?" said Flower rapidly.

Bob blanked each in turn.

"I'm going back to hospital," said he, "and you can blankety, blank, blank your joinery, your boots, your mats, and all the rest of the show, and hang them round your blankety neck."

Flower sighed sadly, and Bob Jones went away to grow a new thumb.

“Friendship.”

[The following essay gained the prize of £1 Is. offered in our last number.]

IT has been said that "whoever delights in solitude is either a wild beast or a god." We may put the latter part of this proposition out of consideration as being, in the form of an abstract proposition, most untrue. But it must be admitted that aversion in any man to Society does partake somewhat of the nature of a wild beast. It is true that a Crowd is not Company, and Society, without

Love, is a vain and empty thing, and certainly does not constitute Friendship, but without true friends the World is nothing better than a wilderness, and he whose nature and affections unfit him for friendship "takes it of the Beast, and not from Humanity," and he who lacks a friend to whom he can unbosom himself is a "cannibal of his own heart."

Friendship is the most sacred of all moral bonds. It is stronger than kindred, and is not to be bought at a fair. It doubles joys, and cuts griefs in halves, and its use and noble end is to bear a part in every storm of fate, and, by dividing it, to make the weight of it less heavy. The older it grows the stronger it is. It will thus be seen that it is a possession of exceeding worth. It is a possession to be clung to very closely, for "friends may meet, though mountains never greet," and they are not so soon got or recovered as lost.

Friendship implies "goodwill" and "true love." The one is above gold, and the other is joy, and without them both true friendship cannot exist. Between real friends it may well be said that

"Times change in many ways,

And we with time,

But not in ways of friendship,"

and the feeling of mutual sympathy between them "makes glorious summer of the winter of their discontent," for it brings back to them the "memory of old words, old kindly deeds." What can be more beautiful, or more helpful, to two such friends, than for each one to be able to say to the other, truthfully and without reserve,

"Thy friend am I, and so will die,"

for constancy is the essence of true friendship.

A true friend, to whom you may impart your griefs, joys, fears, and hopes, and of whom you may take faithful counsel, opens the heart, and is such an one as kings, owing to their position, can seldom have.

The counsel which one receives from such a friend is purer and more disinterested, and therefore more to be trusted, than that which comes from one's own understanding. Moreover, true friendship implies "faith," and, as Epictetus says, "where else is friendship than where faith is?" The liberty, too, of a real friend, is the best remedy against the flattery of a man's self, and his faithful admonition keeps the mind healthy, and tends to save one from errors and absurdities which, in the absence of such a friend to tell them to, one might otherwise commit.

Friendship is healthful, also, for the understanding, by making daylight out of darkness and confusion of thought, for intercourse with a friend enables one to arrange one's thoughts in a more orderly way, and to see how they look when translated into words. And mutual affection increases our intellectual and active powers.

Friendships which are real are the most solid things we know. With a friend, one may be sincere and truthful. In his society, one can think aloud, and eschew all dissimulation and hypocritical restraint, and it has been well said by Emerson that "friendship is an aid and comfort throughout all the relations and passages of life and death," and again, "the essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust."

The whole matter may be summed up in the words,

"Friendship is the perfection of love."

AMICITIA.

Competition.

PRIZES of £2 2s., £1 10s., £1, 10s. and 5s. will be given for the best "Last Lines" in the following Limerick :—

This hostel's a kind of Noah's Ark
Built close to the Zoo in the Park.
If you doubt what I say
Go and prove it one day,

.....

All answers should be sent to the Editor, on or before October 31st, 1915, at 16, Dighton Road, East Hill, Wandsworth, London, S.W.

A SPENDTHRIFT'S purse is like a thunder cloud because it is continually light'ning.

○ ○ ○

THE bride is always cheaper than the bridegroom because she is always given away, whilst the bridegroom is often sold.

○ ○ ○

LIFE is the best conundrum because we must all give it up.

○ ○ ○

"O" is the noisiest of the vowels because all the rest are inaudible.

BIRDS agree in their little nests because if they didn't, they would fall out.

○ ○ ○

A LAWYER, who was pleading the cause of an infant plaintiff, took the child up in his arms, and presented it to the jury, suffused with tears. This had a great effect, until the opposite lawyer asked the child what made him cry. "He pinched me," answered the little innocent.

○ ○ ○

WHOEVER would "mend the age," must "take a stitch in time."

