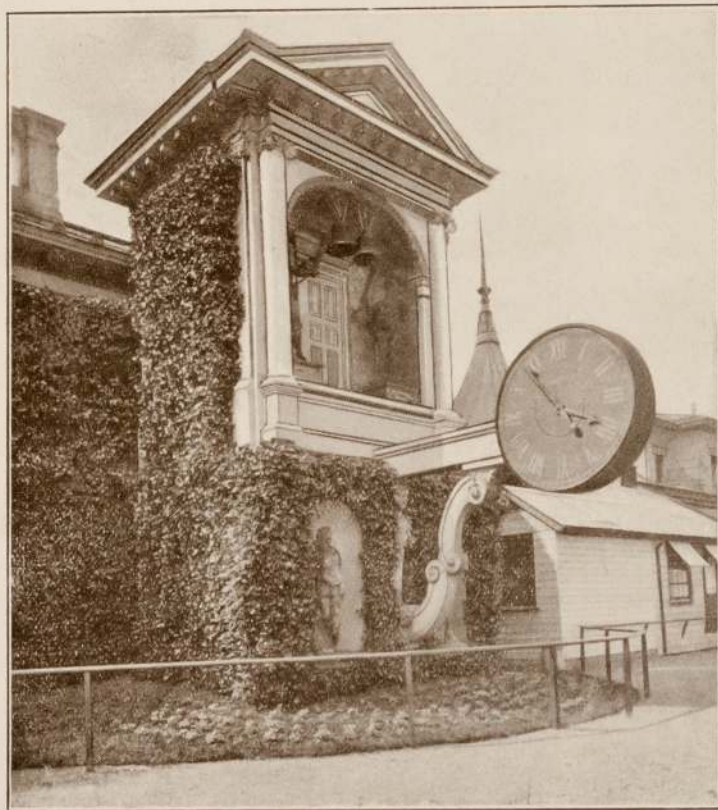


St. Dunstan's



Review

For the Amusement and Interest of Men Blinded in the War

St. Dunstan's Motto: "What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve about."

IN THE ST. DUNSTAN'S WORKSHOPS



1. JOINERY AT ST. DUNSTAN'S. 2. BOOT-REPAIRING SECTION OF ST. DUNSTAN'S.

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

EDITED BY IAN FRASER

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EDITOR'S NOTES

AS usual, St. Dunstan's breaks up for a short holiday at Christmas. Work will cease on December 18th, and will commence again on January 9th. The business of getting some 600 men away to their homes is a considerable one, and will, therefore, be spread over periods of three days, men leaving on the 19th, 20th, and 21st December, and returning on the 6th, 7th, and 8th January.

Four convalescent annexes, two at Brighton, one at Hastings, and one at Ilkley, will be kept open to receive Colonials and others who have no homes to go to, while our London Annexe, at Sussex Place, will be kept running to accommodate new men from hospital.

To St. Dunstanners past, present and future, we wish the happiest of Christmases and the most prosperous and successful of New Years. We extend these thoughts to the devoted and hard-working staff, which has done and does so much to smooth out our difficulties and make easy our road to success. There can surely be no more appropriate wishes than these, for Peace and Goodwill have returned to us at a most fitting time.

To Sir Arthur, who tells us in his Notes on another page of his forthcoming visit to Canada and the United States, we wish a good voyage, a successful mission, and a safe return. That he will have a happy Christmas, no one who knows his ability to enjoy every minute of a crowded life will doubt.

We would like him to take a message from us to the American soldiers who have been blinded fighting shoulder to shoulder with us and our French Allies—a message of hope and good cheer. May they realise, as we have done, how much there is left for them to do, and how much there is for them to enjoy, and may their victory over blindness be as great and as lasting as the victory our united efforts have achieved.

We are proud to feel that the people of America have adopted so many of our ideas in the matter of the training and after-care of blinded soldiers, and feel sure that the hints and tips that Sir Arthur will be able to give them will be of immense service. We look forward to the story he has promised us for the next REVIEW, of his experiences during the trip, and of the description he will no doubt give us of the beautiful estate and country mansion of Evergreen, Baltimore, which has been prepared to accommodate American blinded men.

Editor.

NOTES BY THE CHIEF

THE happiest of Happy Christmasses and New Years to all St. Dunstanners, past and present. For myself, for the third time in my life, I shall spend Christmas on the sea. More years ago than I care to remember, I made my first journey to America, leaving England just before Christmas. In 1902 I spent Christmas on the Indian Ocean, on my way to the great Indian Durbar which celebrated the Accession of King Edward the VIIth, and now I am going to spend another Christmas on the Atlantic, on my way to confer with those who are responsible for the welfare of American soldiers who have lost their sight in the War, and to discuss matters relating to the future of blinded Canadian soldiers with Capt. Edwin Baker, who is in charge of their welfare. While in Canada I have planned a visit to Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal, and shall, I hope, meet the Canadians who have been here and who have settled in and near those great cities, and the relatives of those who belong to the same parts of Canada and who are still with us. On my return I hope to be able to tell you all some interesting things about this little journey.

IMMEDIATELY after the signing of the Armistice I conveyed to Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig and Marshal Foch the sincerest congratulations of the men of St. Dunstan's upon the brilliant result of the Allied offensive.

St. Dunstanners will, I know, be extremely gratified to hear the following replies:—

"I should like to express my gratitude for the congratulations sent by you, both on your own part and on behalf of the men of St. Dunstan's. Among the causes for rejoicing in victory, there is none greater than the knowledge that those who have made immeasurable sacrifices for their country will have the permanent happiness of knowing that their sacrifice has not been in vain.—DOUGLAS HAIG."

"Deeply touched by congratulations of our blinded comrades. I send them my best thanks.—FERDINAND FOCH."

HERE is a most remarkable prophecy with regard to Marshal Foch, which I unearthed the other day. It comes from the files of a French Canadian paper, called *L'Evènement*, and is a report of a speech made by Lord Roberts, ten years ago, at the dedication of the Plains of Abraham, Quebec:—

"They refuse to believe me, and we sleep under a false security, for I do not hesitate to affirm that we shall have a frightful war in Europe, and that England and France will have the hardest experience of their existence. They will, in fact, see defeat very near, but the war will finally be won by the genius of a French General, named Ferdinand Foch, Professor of the Military School in Paris."

Most of us have by now learnt to appreciate, at its true value, the remarkable foresight of Lord Roberts. I had the honour of knowing him, and never for a moment doubted the accuracy of his views in regard to the coming war. Indeed, fifteen years ago or so, I incurred much odium by steadily pointing to the German danger in the daily newspapers, which I then owned and directed, but this extraordinary prophecy pointing to the very man who was to bring about a refuted Germany, and who, at the time, occupied only the comparatively humble position of a teacher of military affairs, seems to me to be positively astounding.

It is with the sincerest regret that I refer to the death of Mr. W. J. Hart, who had endeared himself to all at St. Dunstan's, not only by the skill and patience with which he directed our Pensions Department, but by the cordial spirit with which he entered into the inner life of St. Dunstan's.

I know that I am expressing the sentiments of the whole of the staff and the present inmates, and of the large number of men who have left but who were at St. Dunstan's while Mr. Hart was responsible for our Pensions Department, when

I say that we tender to Mrs. Hart an expression of our sincerest sympathy and regret on her bereavement. The memory of Mr. Hart's sympathetic personality will live long in the minds of all of us.

THE other day I came across an extremely interesting article which recorded the results of a long series of scientific investigations which had been made in regard to obtaining satisfactory data as to the fitness of soldiers for machine-gun and aeroplane work. Each of these demands the utmost possible swiftness of apprehension. The more simultaneously hand and eye work the better the machine gunner or the aeroplane fighter, just as in the same way a most perfect possible combination of hand and eye make the best cricketer or lawn tennis player. In fact, the fellow who is supremely good at any game of skill is just the fellow whose hand and eye work together quickest and best. Now this may not seem a very promising subject for discussion for people to whom the eye is no longer of service. But it is. The result of a series of many thousand experiments show that in reality, so far as quickness of apprehension is concerned, the eye is the worst helper of the hand. The hand, and for that matter other parts of the frame, act, of course, in accordance with impulses received from the brain, and these in their turn must be transmitted to the brain by one of the senses. Now quite contrary, I think, to ordinary belief, it has been proved by the experiments of which I have spoken, that the sight is the slowest medium concerned. Impressions are conveyed to the brain by the senses of touch or of hearing, and are acted upon accordingly in on an average of one-seventh of a second, whereas in the case of impressions actuated by sight one-fifth of a second is the average time necessitated. So, for very many kinds of useful work, it appears that people who lose their sight lose the least important of the senses, and not the most important, as is universally supposed.

I AM not the only St. Dunstanner who is about to set out on a longish voyage.

Several of our fellows are returning to the distant parts of the Empire from which they hail, and Capt. Gilbert Nobbs is shortly setting out upon a very long and important business expedition. Before Capt. Nobbs joined the Expeditionary Force, he was foreign and colonial director of a very large business firm with branches in all parts of the world. After having found his feet at St. Dunstan's, Capt. Nobbs resumed his old position to the complete satisfaction of himself and his fellow directors, and I was as well pleased as I have ever been in my life to hear from him on the morning I dictate this note, that his fellow directors had asked him to undertake a business tour extending over America, Canada, Honolulu, Fiji, Auckland and Australia, with a view to rebuilding the export business of the firm, which has, of course, been most seriously interfered with by War conditions. I think the fact that Capt. Nobbs has been entrusted with this important business mission is one of the most striking instances of the manner in which soldiers who have lost their sight, are able to prove to themselves and others that they have not only lost nothing else, but have gained in other directions. I am sure that the good wishes of all St. Dunstanners will accompany Capt. Nobbs upon his journey.

THE twenty per cent. increase in Pensions and Children's Allowances from the 1st November until the end of June, 1919, which has recently been notified, is indeed grand news.

A good many of us have been urging this upon the Government for some time past, for obviously the purchasing power of Pensions when they were settled is nothing like so high now as it was then.

I have had great pleasure in arranging that the Children's Fund and other special allowances made by St. Dunstan's should fall into line, and the same proportionate increase will be made in the grants given.

Arthur Pearson

Pensioners' War Bonus.

20 PER CENT. INCREASE UNTIL JUNE 30.

ON December 6th, the following announcement was made in the Press:—

"In consideration of the high cost of living it has been decided by the War Cabinet that, for the period from November 1, 1918, to June 30, 1919, a war bonus of 20 per cent. shall be added to the ordinary war pensions granted for disablement or death due to war service of disabled men and their children, and the widows and children of deceased men.

"The increase will apply to treatment and training allowances for families, and also to those for men themselves, except men in institutions. With certain restrictions it will also apply to dependents' pensions.

"The bonus will not apply to alternative pensions; but a widow may be allowed to draw ordinary pension and allowances for her children if and while the bonus makes the total higher than the amount of alternative pension."

We have made a number of enquiries, and have obtained the following information:—The actual pensions will not be affected by this 20 per cent. bonus during the time the men are in residence at St. Dunstan's, but all children and dependents allowances will be raised, whether men are with us or not. Attendant allowances will not in any way be altered.

The Pensions Ministry are doing everything in their power to bring about a speedy payment of bonuses, but it should be remembered that an alteration of this sort, affecting as it does the payment of more than half a million men, involves an enormous amount of detail work.

The bulk of these payments can therefore not be made before the middle of February. All arrears will be made up when the first bonus is paid, so some St. Dunstanners may look forward to receiving a nice little lump sum early in the new year. St. Dunstan's Pension Office is in communication with the authorities

of the Pensions Issue office at Baker Street, and men can rest assured that everything possible will be done to ensure their receiving their payment at the earliest possible moment.

Further information will be circulated as soon as it is available.

The following is a table showing the amounts that will be paid each week when the new bonus scheme comes into operation.

SCALE OF PENSIONS WITH 20 PER CENT. INCREASE.

Rank	Pension		Separation Allowance		Children's Allowances	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
Coy. Sgt. Major	2	2 0 1 1 0	1	1 0	1st child, 8/-	
Sergeant	1	19 0 0 19 6	0	19 6	2nd ,, 6/-	
Corporal	1	16 0 0 18 0	0	18 0	3rd & every	
Private	1	13 0 0 16 6	0	16 6	other, 5/-	

Fine Weather

DEAR Editor, I'm feeling fine,
In fact I'm in fine feather,
Don't think that I've been drinking
It's only just fine weather. [wine,

My early spuds are going in,
My violets take an outing,
And e'en my hair, which was so thin,
Has lately started sprouting.

My radishes are growing quick,
Of late they've been like leather,
But now they're really in good nick,
Because we have fine weather.

My cabbages and cauliflower
Each day are growing faster;
The passion-fruit which climbs the bower
May yet meet with disaster.

The bees among the ti-trees roam,
E'en as on Scotia's heather,
And carry loads of honey home
Each day we have fine weather.

From Him who doth our footsteps guide,
Let us request together—
Whatever it might be outside,
Give us at heart fine weather.

Third Reserve.

France Re-visited

In the following descriptive story, Trooper Clutha Mackenzie gives an excellent word-picture of the devastated regions of France, from which the beaten German Army has retreated.

Trooper Mackenzie, readers of the REVIEW will remember, is the New Zealand St. Dunstan who, after his period of re-education at the Hostel, founded the *Chronicles of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force*, a bright fortnightly troop paper which is eagerly read by his fellow New Zealanders in this country and in France.

That a blind person can see in his mind's eye pictures as vivid as those described here, and can put them into words which bring them to life again in the mind of other blind folk, teaches us a lesson we should not forget, namely, that though we are blind, we should go about the country seeing what we can see and learning what we can learn, and should, in this manner, find no difficulty in obtaining much delight and interest from travelling.—
ED.]

SOME weeks ago I put in a request to the War Office to be allowed to visit the New Zealand Division in France in connection with the *Chronicles of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force*, which paper I have had the pleasure of running for the last two and a half years. The War Office nobly acceded to my request. Three days later found me embarking on the Staff train at Charing Cross, where I attached myself to a fellow countryman returning from leave. After the usual wait at Folkestone, and a cold hour or two on the deck of a slow Channel packet, I arrived at Boulogne, that most depressing of ports, as he well knows who, after a riotous fortnight in Blighty, has landed there on a drizzly winter's night, the murky blackness relieved by no cheering lamp, to learn that there is no known train leaving for anywhere sensible for an indefinite period, and to be informed that if he walks a mile or so through the black, squalid streets, he may, with luck, find a bed for the night. I was met by a car from G. H. Q., and a Scottish captain to look after me. It was too late then to go up to the Division, so we spent the night in

Boulogne, and very comfortable I was, too, as the guest of His Majesty.

Sharp at 8.30 on the brisk, frosty morning which followed, we wound our way out of the slippery Boulogne streets, and were soon speeding along the uplands in the direction of St. Omer. The car was open, and a fixed intention on the part of the driver to waste no time made the cold air no less penetrating. In three hours we were in Arras, where we took a spell to stretch, and a little of the "guid Scotch" to warm, our limbs. My friend duly explained the empty shells of houses, the gaping walls, and the glassless windows. For my part, I felt the atmosphere of desolation and emptiness, for an eerie silence broods over most of Arras now that the shells no longer come in ceaseless procession from the east, and as yet there are few civilians back in the wrecked city.

We hurried on again, soon emerging from the more complete buildings on the desert eastern quarter, where four years of constant bombardment have left the place as level as Ypres. On again across old No Man's Lands, an interminable dreary area of shell craters, trenches in all stages of decay, tangled masses of rusty, red wire, shattered stumps of trees, and here and there a heap of rubble marking the site of an old village. Chinese labour gangs were not over hard at work salvaging the litter of the old trench days, duck-boards and stays, and piling them in great dumps. More labourers were at work on the roads, for they are sadly in need of further repair across this shelled area. They were really remarkably good considering their recent capture, and the driver tore along unperturbed, while I hung on for dear life. Gradually the country showed signs of less intensive strife, though the landscape had still been pretty thoroughly distributed with shell craters, both new and old. Shortly we passed through the outskirts of Cambrai, where the Canadians had done well in a tough go, and into the

"Place" where great blocks of splendid buildings had been wantonly levelled by the enemy. About twelve kilos beyond Cambrai, on the Le Cateau road, we came to Beauvois, where were the New Zealand Divisional Headquarters, and turned to the right up the village street. We were in time for lunch, and, having been allocated to "B" Mess, we speedily made ourselves at home and grew warm again. Then my Scottish captain, having duly done his duty and delivered me, departed with the car. After lunch I requisitioned an old cobbler of mine, had a batman attached, and was apportioned an unoccupied floor above the Camp Commandant's office as a billet. My cobbler was one of the magazine's artists, a happy-go-lucky fellow, and thoroughly well-known through the Division. Together with our batman, we proceeded to put our house in order, and make arrangements for the comforts of life. Blankets were forthcoming and odd bits of furniture. Of coal we were allowed none, but the batman, excellent fellow, soon supplied the shortage of fuel by "pinching" ample. Of wine-glasses there were limitless hordes in the establishment, and to use these fittingly we procured by devious means fairly respectable supplies of a commodity lamentably scarce these days in France, good whiskey. Laying in, in addition, a store of such provisions as the canteen stocked, we prepared to entertain. Horses were available whenever we wanted them, and sometimes cars for going further afield. So my residence in Beauvois promised well.

And the days passed splendidly, too. The weather was excellent; the billet, while not over-luxurious, was comfortable, except, perhaps, for the smoke resulting from the negligence on the part of the late Hun occupants to see that they had left the chimney in good order, and all the "diggers" were warm in their welcome.

We rode about the country a good deal, visiting units in neighbouring villages or inspecting the litter of the battlefield, rapidly-dug trenches, enemy dumps, sunken roads where a stand had been made, wrecked railways, crashed aeroplanes, shattered churches and villages,

and so on. Wire and the fairly scattered shell craters were a slight hindrance to riding; but my horse was a steady-going, sensible old boy—a competitor, by the way, in the coming Divisional Race Meeting—and I soon trusted him to look fairly well after himself. There was a fine stretch occasionally for a good canter, and to my mind there is nothing better worth having than a decent canter on a respectable "prad" for those who can't see. I looked up many friends, talked at length with many contributors to and distributors of the magazine, investigated everything worth looking at, attempted vainly to converse with the poor, tragic refugees, and generally spent a most entertaining and useful time.

The returning civilians were filtering constantly along the roads, pathetic groups of old men and women, younger women and small children, all weak and thin from starvation, exposure, and utter weariness. They pushed, drew, carried, or placed in rickety vehicles drawn by a cow, a donkey, or a friendly limber, great bundles of household treasures. Sometimes they die on the road, these poor people; often they collapse by the wayside, and frequently stretcher parties go out from our field ambulances to bring in the sick. They are wonderful though, are these people of France, and magnificent is their spirit. Always is there a smile to answer the cheery salutation of the "digger." "Bon jour, madame!" "Bon jour, monsieur!" "Bon jour, madamemoiselle!" And many are the cafés and chocolats madame dispenses to the brave soldiers who have helped her so often.

One day we were cruising in a box-car up near Valenciennes when we picked up several feeble old people who should never have been away from the fire this frosty winter's evening, put them, their children and their bundles into the back, and sped them to their village. Cold and miserable as they were, their joy knew no bounds when in the misty dusk we came at length to their house to find it intact except for departed windows—for many poor souls return to find their homes but heaps of brick dust.

The town of Beauvois was little damaged, the enemy leaving it so hurriedly that he had only time to blow great mines at the cross-roads, explode a mine under the church, which failed to bring down the steeple, and to systematically wreck the railway. Every hundred yards along the streets were little groups of huge aeroplane bombs and shells, ready for the destruction of houses; but, fortunately, he was pushed out of sight too soon. All the machinery of the factories has been broken into small pieces with sledge-hammers and piled in great heaps in the factory yards, ready for transport to munition works.

I was due to return on Saturday, but lodged an appeal for a further four days. However, in case it did not come through, and in case the car turned up inconveniently to take me away, my cobbler and I carefully erased ourselves from the landscape, journeying far afield to the strongly-walled old town of Le Quesnoy, which, in an extraordinarily interesting battle, more romantic than is usual these times, was captured during the last days of hostilities. We spent the day wandering about the massive ramparts and exploring the town generally, marvelling at the speed with which it had been put out of action. It was completely encircled early in the morning, but the garrison held out till late in the afternoon. Crossing the moat between the outer and inner walls, some troops then scaled the wall by means of a thirty-foot ladder, when the town soon fell.

The four days' extension was granted, and I continued my pleasant stay. In all messes we were welcome guests, and it was sad when the day came to go. The car and the Scottish captain appeared again in due course, we broke up our happy little home above the Camp Commandant's, and at half-past two in the afternoon I sped away again towards Cambrai.

Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig had been good enough to ask me to spend the night with him at his chateau. Thither we hastened, but not for long, for on the outskirts of Arras we had our first puncture. Our one spare wheel soon

fixed that, but two further punctures followed, bringing with them long cold spells of shivering in the biting wind of a French upland while the sacred rites of repair were gone through by the light of a flickering lamp.

Consequently it was not until 8.30, two and a half hours late, that I, mud-bespattered and travel-stained, was hurried, awed and terrified, into the dining-room, where a distinguished assemblage was already nearly concluding dinner. I was warmly welcomed, introduced to Lord Milner, who was there, and seated beside the Quartermaster-General. While the company patiently waited, I progressed steadily through a multitude of courses, talking the while of many things, until I felt thoroughly at home, humoured by the good meal and warmed by the excellent wine after the long journey. A pleasant and interesting evening followed, and then bed in a more luxurious apartment than our rough billet over that of the Camp Commandant's. A hot bath in my room in the morning, breakfast with Sir Douglas, who had been out for a brisk walk in the sharp morning air, and I went to the ante-room to await developments. I had not intended leaving until 11.30, but the staff were all aflutter over arrangements for the King, the Prince of Wales, and the suite, who were arriving at Boulogne at midday, and were afterwards spending the night at the chateau. So I desired earlier the presence of the Scottish captain and the car, made my adieu to Sir Douglas, and swept swiftly away down the drive. I visited Etaples Camp, and arrived in Boulogne in time for lunch and the landing of the Royal Party. In the early afternoon I said "Good-bye" to my kind escort, attached myself to a New Zealander proceeding on leave, spent two cold hours on the Channel, and arrived in London in time for dinner.

Truly, I had spent a most enjoyable eight days in France, done much valuable work for the magazine, and had had much warm-hearted hospitality from many old and new comrades of the Army.

C. N. M.

News of St. Dunstan's Men

G. PRICE, a poultry-farmer and joiner, in Essex, sends us the following story, which shows that besides being the expert poultry-farmer we know him to be, he is an exceptionally handy man:—

"I will try my best to give you an account of my experience when re-flooring the hall of this house: also my handiwork in fixing the water-pipes. The front door opens into the hall. As you enter on the right is the dining-room floor, on the left side is the drawing-room door, and at the far end is a door leading into the kitchen, and the staircase leads up from the hall. This made my task of tearing up the old floor and laying the new one none too easy.

"Upon tearing up the old floor boards, which were all partly rotten, I discovered that they had been nailed to joists set in concrete. These were only just flush with the concrete surface, with a layer of tar on top. The joists were more rotten than the boards, and when I had chopped them out from between the concrete, I discovered that they had been set on the earth without a concrete foundation. This accounts for the dampness, which had easily got through the joists to the boards, thus resulting in the rotting of the whole of the hall floor. Most of my labours were spent chopping around the bullnose step at the foot of stairs. However, I got all this done, and then came the difficulty of laying the floor without a concrete foundation under the joists. I decided to leave the channels made by removing the old rotten joists, and therefore had only the concrete to secure the new floor boards to. This was 'some' job, but with perseverance, and lots of hard, heavy hammering, I finally completed the new floor, cutting and fitting my boards close up to each doorway, and then fitting the boards close up to the wainscoting, and finally made a very neat job by cutting the boards a circular shape to fit up to the bullnose step and around

the newel post. I was very pleased with myself, and all who have seen the new floor wonder that a blinded person like myself could complete such a neat job, and they admit that it is done as well as any fully-sighted carpenter could do it, in fact, better than any of the country carpenters around here could have done it.

"Now, about fixing the water-pipes. Sometime last February we had a very hard frost, which froze up the water apparatus of my house, and, of course, when the thaw set in, resulted in leakages in two of the pipes, one of which was the delivery pipe to the tank which supplies the whole of the house with water. After waiting several weeks, I finally decided that if I wished to have these pipes fixed I had better get to work on the job myself, as the plumbers around this district had about fifty or more jobs to attend to before mine. So I went to Clacton and hired some wrenches and pipe-grips, and then came home and set to work.

"The bursts in the pipes were, to my disgust, in the roof of the house near to the supply tank, and so my chief work had to be done up in the roof. After several hours up there, and after making terrible noises on the pipes, much to the alarm of my wife, who said that I would kill myself if I did not leave the job alone for someone who could see to do, I succeeded in unscrewing the connections up there in the roof. My wife laughed when I came down through the manhole in the ceiling in the rear bedroom, for I looked more like a sweep, she said, than a poultry-farmer. I then had to find the lower connections of the burst pipes, and to my horror discovered that they were embedded behind the plastered walls of the bedroom, so I knocked down the plaster at the points where I guessed the connections to be, and when this job was done, and the connections found, it made me more hopeful, for I then decided that good luck was on my side in this job. When they had been unscrewed, and

—From all parts of the World

I had got the pipes out, I sent in to a local plumber, and had them replaced. These arrived on the Saturday, and so I decided that we should have the water on in this house before Sunday. So I set-to with renewed energy, and at last had the new pipes fixed into their proper place by 11.50 Saturday night. I will admit that I got quite a few decorations on that job, a few bumps on my head, only one scratch on my face, and quite a few blisters on my fingers.

"Having been in Canada, I have done all sorts of different jobs, and my experiences in cutting timber came in handy recently. As a large wood touches one side of my place, I decided to help out the coal shortage by taking an axe and trying my hand at wood cutting, and I am glad to say that I found the job quite possible, although, as you know, I can see nothing at all, and to prove that it is a paying job I have got about seventy good-sized logs, which will come in very handy.

"I hope to be taking a little more exercise in the woods, for now is my chance, as the keeper is at present in the Army, so I guess this boy will get very busy with the trees before the keeper is discharged."

In a letter received last month from A. Smith, a poultry-farmer and mat-maker, settled at Hartington Buxton, he says:—

"Many thanks for your nice letter, which I received yesterday.

"You will think I am a very negligent correspondent, but I seem to be so very busy all day, and at night time, when I have read a chapter of Braille, it is time to go to bed. I do not know what I would do if I was unable to read Braille, and I would advise all the boys at St. Dunstan's to take the chance of learning it. I can read now quite as quickly as I could before I joined the Army.

"My landlord has been more than good to me, and helps me in every way he

can. His land agent is also very kind to me.

"I have sold all my cockerels now. I had about forty-five. I also sell all my eggs, although I am not getting many just at present, as the hens are moulting. I have about forty pullets coming on to lay, so I hope to have a good number very soon. One pullet has laid thirty-three eggs in two months, which, I think, is very good. I feel quite proud of the hens with which St. Dunstan's presented me, for I find that I have had more eggs than any of the farmers here.

"I have just finished a broody coop, and feel quite proud of my first attempt at poultry joinery. Although it won't be very elegant, it will be at least substantial, as it is made out of a bacon box. I am painting it red, and if I have made any rough corners perhaps the paint will cover them.

"I make my mats and do my joinery in the shop which I have been given to put my goods in, so you see, I am comfortably situated."

J. Worgan, a boot repairer, who left St. Dunstan's in the summer, writes to the Manager of the After-Care Department as follows:—

"I received a letter of congratulation from you on Friday, the 1st, and I must return my many thanks for it.

"I also notice, with much satisfaction, that Sir Arthur also sends his congratulations. I will ask you to please to convey my thanks to him for me. And whilst I am thanking him for that, I will also thank him again for all that he has done for me. If it had not been for him, I should probably never have possessed the means of achieving the success that I have. How well I remember the time that I took leave of St. Dunstan's. Like everyone else who leaves St. Dunstan's, I had an interview with Sir Arthur, and out of what passed between us there were two words which seemed to stick in my

memory more than anything, and they were the words 'Make good.' I tried to thank him, but words failed me. Sir Arthur seemed to understand me, and told me, that all that he wanted me to do, was, to 'Make good.' Well, with those two words ringing in my ears, I left him deciding to do the best that lay in my power. And I will 'make good' if I can only keep my health and strength. I think it would be a good thing if every man on leaving St. Dunstan's would get those two words, 'Make good,' fixed in his mind."



C. A. Stevens, a boot-repairer and mat-maker, settled in Ashford, Kent, writes:—

"Thank you for your letter and for the new price list for nets. You will be pleased to hear I am getting on well.

"Ever since I opened my shop I have never had a slack day, for repairs keep coming in. I also have several mats on order and am able to sell my net work as fast as I can get it done.

"Thank you very much for sending me the REVIEW each month. I quite look forward to its arrival, it is so interesting, and it is nice to know how St. Dunstan's and the boys who have left are getting on.

"I am very pleased with my sewing machine, which arrived the other week. I shall never be able to thank Sir Arthur and St. Dunstan's for all they have done for me. It is nice to see the After-Care visitors, who help me a great deal when they come to see me."



In a recent letter, in which he ordered a further supply of leather from the After-Care Department, T. Allen, of Hetton-le-Hole, said:—

"I have pleasure in writing these few lines to let you know that I am going on well with my boots, that my business is growing larger every day, and that my work has been greatly praised by the public. I have never yet had any time to do netting, I am kept so busy with the boots."



OUR thanks are due to Miss Thomson, of the Board of Trade staff, who has kindly presented a zither guitar to St. Dunstan's. Gifts of this sort are always acceptable.

Blind Musicians' Concert

QUEEN Alexandra, with Princess Victoria, Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice and Princess Marie Louise, accompanied by Lord Howe, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys and the Hon. Violet Vivian, were present at the concert at the Queen's Hall, on Friday, November 29th, by the blind musicians in aid of St. Dunstan's Hostel.

For some time past the party of blind musicians, which was organised by Lady Pearson, and which is attached to the National Institute for the Blind, has been touring the country and has given concerts in all the leading Provincial towns.

The disability from which the artists suffer in no way detracts from either the interest or worth of their efforts. They were able to present an excellent programme of modern music admirably sung. The party consists of several executants; Miss Lister, Miss Forde, and Miss Norman, sopranos; Miss Margaret Maden, contralto; Mr. William Turner, tenor; Mr. Sinclair Logan and Mr. Thomas Watson, bass; Mr. Ronald Gourley, solo pianist; and Mr. John Arr, violinist. To them, Miss Dorothy Capon acts as accompanist, Mr. Avalon Collard conductor, and at this particular concert Mr. H. C. Warrilow, chief of the Music department at the National Institute for the Blind, presided at the organ. In addition to songs and piano and violin solos, all of them given with extraordinary completeness of technique, and interpretative power, there were vocal quintets and numbers with instrumental obbligati. The audience received the efforts of the party with warm enthusiasm, aroused by the genuine appeal made by the efficiency and distinction of their musical work.

During the proceedings Sir Arthur gave an address in which he graphically described the various trades and professions taught at St. Dunstan's, and told of the success of the men who have been trained there and settled in all parts of the country.

Sports Club Notes

IN Sports Notes in the October REVIEW, we referred to the appointment of Capt. J. M. McNeil, late Gordon Highlanders, as Captain of St. Dunstan's Sports Club. We regret exceedingly that almost as these remarks appeared in print he was called up for a second period of service with the Forces.

We are happy to announce this month the appointment of Captain R. H. Farnfield, late R.A.F., as Sports Captain in his place.

Captain Farnfield is a keen sportsman, having played for England at "Soccer," and having been captain of the football team and a member of the cricket team at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, as well as having captained and organised the Army "Soccer" XI. in 1916.

We feel sure Captain Farnfield will find the men of St. Dunstan's as thorough sportsmen as those with whom he has been associated in the past, and welcome him as a valuable addition to our staff.

—ED. THE TUG-OF-WAR LEAGUE.

The eight League teams are shewing remarkable energy and keenness, and the competition looks as though it will continue to be exciting to the end. Several of the teams who commenced by losing are beginning to pull up and steal valuable points from their rivals. The Bungalow Canadians, up to the time of going to press, have proved victorious on all but one occasion, when they were beaten by the House United by 2 points to 1. Every man in the team hails from Canada, and they are popularly known as the "Timber Wolves." Their coach (Quartermaster-Sergeant Eades) is to be congratulated on the way he has trained his men, and the members of his team have unceasingly practised at every available opportunity. At present they certainly look like finishing as the Victors, but the League is still young, and several other teams, notably the House United, are beginning to win points rapidly. The

following is the League Table up to the 6th December:—

Team.	Possible Points.	Points Obtained.
Bungalow Canadians.....	24	22
House United	18	14
College Rangers	15	9
House Rovers	21	7
Bungalow Rovers	21	6
Bungalow Athletic.....	15	5
College Athletic.....	6	4
Cornwall Terrace	15	2

It should be noted that Cornwall Terrace, who at present occupy the bottom place, have been unfortunate in their matches; several of the team being on the sick list, they were compelled to cancel some of their fixtures and thus lose the points. However, they are now beginning to feel their feet, and look like climbing well up the table before the competition finishes. The following are the members of the teams who at present are heading the League:—

BUNGALOW CANADIANS.

Q.M.S. Eades (coach), R. Adams, A. P. Archibald, E. Fairfield, W. French, J. W. Green, E. A. Howes, A. Knight, J. Ogletree, A. Sugden, B. R. Swenerton.

HOUSE UNITED.

H. N. Hardy (coach), R. Cavan, A. J. Cooper, W. F. Folland, C. A. Hancox, A. M. Johnston, J. W. Macaulay, A. New, A. Northcote, S. Redmayne, T. Stevenson, A. Trigg, T. H. Ward.

In order to help the new members of the various teams, it would be of benefit to explain here the correct position on the tug-of-war rope:

(1) Stand with your back to the rope on the side at which you are going to pull and, holding the rope with arms outstretched, get your distance from the men on either side of you (the correct distance is when you are touching the hands of the men on each side.)

(2) Now face the opposing team and, holding the rope with the hand nearest to it, place the rope well under the arm.

You are then in the "ready" position to take the strain.

(3) On the command "Take the strain" you grasp the rope with the outside hand at arm's length and then lay well back on the rope. Keep your body straight with the back slightly hollowed and your feet should be close together with the heels pressing in the ground.

(4) Do not commence "digging-in" with your heels until the whistle sounds for you to heave, otherwise you may be disqualified.

(5) When heaving and you find the rope is moving, be careful not to alter the position of your hands by moving along the rope in either direction, but move *with* the rope, otherwise you will find yourself too close to the man who is pulling next to you. Dig-in as much as you like when the rope is stationary, but when it travels you must alter the position of your feet and dig-in again at the next opportunity. Dexterous foot-work is the secret of success.

THE "BRITISH EMPIRE" CHAMPIONSHIP.

The preliminary heats of this very interesting single-sculling competition were held on Regent's Park Lake on Thursday, the 21st November, and some remarkably keen rowing resulted. Mr. H. V. Stockton, our sports secretary, started each race, and our sports captain, Capt. R. H. Farnfield, acted as judge.

H. V. Thompson, of the College Annexe, who, by his victory over the other 24 competitors in the English group, won the honour of representing England in the final, has shewn extraordinary progress, for he commenced rowing but a few months ago, and by steady practice he has become one of our best oarsmen.

Another competitor who shewed most creditable form was E. W. Martin of the House, who won his preliminary English heat and then gave a very close race to H. V. Thompson in the semi-final.

The most exciting race was the fourth heat of the English group which, after a dead heat between J. Triggs (House Annexe) and F. W. Shelton (Bungalow Annexe), was won by the latter with only a few inches between the boats.

The following won their heats and semi-final heats, and thus represented their respective groups in the final:—

Australia	H. N. Hardy (House)
Canada	J. Cooper (House)
England	H. V. Thompson (College Annexe)
Ireland	T. Gavaghan (Bungalow Annexe)
Newfoundland	C. Ridout (College Annexe)
New Zealand	H. Sime (House)
Scotland	J. McIntosh (House)
South Africa	C. Stayt (College Annexe)
Wales	C. Williams (College Annexe)

J. McIntosh, of the House, who is one of our optimistic one-legged sportsmen, proved that the absence of a leg and the loss of sight is no handicap whatever, by winning his race in fine form.

The final heat took place on Regent's Park Lake on Thursday, December 5th, and gave a thrilling finish to the competition. *1st, H. N. Hardy (Australia):* Quarter of a length from C. Williams (Wales), a few feet from 3rd, T. Gavaghan (Ireland).

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

Each of the Annexes has now commenced its physical training class and has appointed its own leader. The various squads are under the personal supervision of Mr. W. V. Gray, who has had eleven years' experience as physical training instructor in the Army. Although the squads are at present in their infancy, they have started well and, by the time the next REVIEW appears, they will be energetically competing for the honour of winning the medals which go to the most proficient squad.

Mr. Eustace Miles, M.A., the well-known physical training expert, gives interesting lectures every Wednesday evening in the Inner Lounge at St. Dunstan's. All those who are desirous of improving their physique should attend.

FUTURE EVENTS.

Shortly after the Xmas holidays the contest for the Pearson Tug-of-War Challenge Cup will be held. This is a catchweight competition, each Annexe sending its representative team of eleven men. Owing to the interest fostered in tug-of-war by the League this competition should prove more exciting than ever.

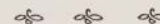
It will be remembered that the House won the cup outright by three successive victories, but re-presented the trophy for further contest. No doubt each Annexe will send a strong team and, judging by the form shewn in the League matches, there should result some vigorous struggles.

Rowing practice will soon begin again in real earnest, for the various sculling and rowing races will commence again in the Spring. As regards rowing practice, Mr. Huskinson arranged some interesting races for the College Annexe, presenting prizes

himself. Competitors had to qualify by attending practices at least twenty times during a month. The winners were F. Ashworth, J. Watson, A. Smith and C. Hornsbie. This experiment proved a success, and no doubt similar races will be arranged for the other Annexes in the near future.

The man who has been practising steadily during the early months will undoubtedly have a decided advantage when the rowing season is in full swing.

H. V. S.



Entertainments at St. Dunstan's

THE concerts during the month were of a very excellent and varied standard. They ranged from four or five artistes to as many as eighty performers when the Great Eastern Railway Musical Society visited the Bungalow Annexe.

On that occasion the vocalists were Miss Elizabeth Hyde and Miss Astre Desmond, and the conductor Colonel W. J. Galloway.

As the result of an arrangement made by Trooper Clutha Mackenzie, a New Zealand St. Dunstan, the New Zealand Pierrots one evening presented a musical revue, which caused much merriment and was greatly enjoyed.

Later in the month, Gabrielle Harris brought a party, which included our old friend Charles Cobarn, whilst Mr. Bernard Everitt's friends gave a little play entitled "Feed the Brute."

A great treat in the way of violin playing was enjoyed when Miss Monique Poole gave her recital.

On the 28th, the concert was arranged by Mr. Philip Ashbrook, and he was fortunate enough to include in his programme Miss Adela Verne, one of the greatest pianoforte players of the day, who held the audience spellbound for half an hour. Miss Gladys Moger sang two charming songs, and Miss Rhoda Backhouse's String Quartette gave great pleasure with the selections they played.

The audience immensely enjoyed the singing of Monsieur Yoes Tinayre, and also that of Private Tootel, a blinded soldier, who, since he left St. Dunstan's, has been undergoing a course of training to fit him for the concert platform.

When Sergeant Nichols, a St. Dunstan-ner who has been deprived of his hands as well as his sight, and has with conspicuous ability joined the staff of the National Institute for the Blind as a speaker, was addressing a meeting at the Regent's Theatre, Chelmsford, he met the famous Breconia Singers, who were performing at the same entertainment.

He was so delighted with the beautiful singing that he offered to show them round St. Dunstan's when they were in London. They gladly accepted the invitation and were greatly interested in all they saw when they made their visit. They spontaneously offered to sing, and an impromptu concert was quickly arranged in the Inner Lounge. An audience which filled the room was quickly collected. The singers gave a number of glees, and their beautiful performance was received with immense enthusiasm.

Sir Arthur came in unexpectedly and evidently enjoyed himself; indeed, he declared that it was just the sort of music he liked, and thanked the singers with a warm shake of the hands.

The Breconia Party has promised to come again; they will certainly be given a very hearty welcome.

The Care of the Blinded German Soldiers

WE have before us a statement which has been prepared from the various sources of information available to our Foreign Office, which gives us an insight into the way in which German Blinded Soldiers are being cared for.

As is the case in France, there are several societies and agencies scattered over the whole country, and apparently no attempt for a scheme of after-care. This, of course, means the loss of several great and obvious advantages. The funds are not centralised; each hostel only having a few men, the range of work is restricted, and specialising instructors cannot be available, and any amusements, such as concerts, orchestras, debates and sports-clubs, must be very insignificant features.

The only effort made at organisation is the existence of two Committees, the Imperial Committee for the care of blinded soldiers, which has its headquarters in Berlin, and keeps in touch with all provincial organisations and institutions for Blinded Soldiers, and a Committee appointed by the Ministries of Trade and Public Instruction, to investigate the question of employing the blind in factories.

The various Blind Institutions in existence before the war have undertaken the training of blinded soldiers, and a few small hostels expressly for service men have been established. The most prominent of these is "The War Blind Institution of the German Society for the Artistic Education of the People," which professes to train blinded soldiers as telephonists, typists and masseurs, and to give them as recreation a musical training.

A "War Blind Colony" has been established at Cadinen, East Prussia, where a number of one-family houses, each having a few acres of land attached, are to be built and allotted to married men.

The majority of the blinded German soldiers appear to be working in factories; and at the Royal Munitions Factory at Spandau, where forty were in the

examining and packing department of the cartridge factory. The men begin with six hours' work, which is later increased to 8½ hours, and their wages vary from 4s. to 5s. a day. How these men will be situated now, when munition factories will be closing down, reports do not state, but we imagine they must be suffering from almost universal unemployment.

Piano-tuning is stated to be the best paid profession for the blind in Germany, the average earnings for this trade being £75 to £80 per annum, which does not compare very favourably with the average earnings of the St. Dunstanian.

In South Germany, massage is considered a specially suitable employment, but unlike our own masseurs, it appears that they are not at all successful if practising independently, but must be attached to a hospital or some institution.

As regards agricultural work, there appears to be difficulty in obtaining small holdings for the men after they have been trained, for of all the Blinded Soldiers who attended the course at Halbau in one year only four were allotted settlements.

As none of the reports mention Poultry-Farming, this profitable source of employment has not apparently been attempted.

The highest pension which can be received by the private soldier amounts to £68 8s. a year, or about 26s. a week. No mention is made of attendant or other allowances, so that in this matter, too, British blinded soldiers are considerably better provided for.

From these reports it is obvious that the German blinded soldier is much handicapped by the absence of a suitable central organization. Germany would do well to follow the recent example of the United States, who have formed an institution similar to St. Dunstan's—the "Red Cross Institute for the Blind," at Baltimore, Maryland—where the training and after-care of the blinded soldier is centrally controlled on lines similar to ours.

Country Life Section

EXAMINATIONS were held on Nov. 26th-29th. Owing to the illness of Mr. Clem Watson, Mr. T. R. Robinson (Hon. Secretary of the National Utility Poultry Society) kindly took his place. The following is his report:—

E. M. Johnstone has our heartiest congratulations on again getting full marks.

Class 1: All these showed evidence of considerable knowledge in poultry matters. Two members, G. Eades and Lieut. Hitchin, made the highest possible score, and no less than eight others made within two marks of the highest.

Class 2: Out of the fourteen, no less than ten received 95-100 per cent. A. M. Johnstone gaining full marks and W. A. Burnett 99. The men were asked rather searching questions in connection with pedigree breeding and the various sources of income that may be derived from poultry keeping. Much intelligence was displayed. Their technical knowledge on incubators and brooders was extremely good, and reflects very great credit on the teaching staff.

1st Course.—Max. 50.

G. Eades	50	W. J. Burchell..	46
Lieut. Hitchin..	50	B. Wood	46
A. Abram	48	W. R. French..	45
S. Redmayne ..	48	T. Gell	45
H. F. Lee	48	Capt. Hutchin-	
W. G. Cox.....	48	son	42
F. W. Johnson	48	Mr. Macrae ...	40
J. W. Witham..	48	R. Davies	40
Lieut. Bissett ..	48	J. Crawford....	40
Lieut. Parry...	48	G. Jackson.....	40
L. Hutchinson .	46	W. Bailes	38

2nd Course.—Max. 100.

A.M. Johnstone	100	J. Martin	95
W. A. Burnett .	99	W. Ward	95
G. Makin	97	R. Archer	94
W. Barnes.....	95	W. Newland...	89
C. F. Hornsby .	95	J. Fowle	89
J. Downie	95	E. J. Burgess..	89
J. Whittingslow.	95	G. A. Sugden..	80

We have to thank the following for gifts during the month:—Lieutenant-

Commander Selby, three Rhode Island Red Cockerels; H. G. Russell, Esq., three Flemish Giant Rabbits.

In future it will be a great help to the staff here if the men will return their sacks addressed to me at 90, Park Road, N.W.1.

I am afraid there has been a lot of difficulty about the Poultry Rationing scheme. I have done my best to get the authorities to send all the food allotted to me here, but this they cannot do. On November 30th, I received a letter from the Director of Supplies, in which he tells me that though they are most interested in the position of the blinded men, and wish to show them every consideration, owing to the fact that every mile of railway transport must be avoided, no food can be allotted to any supplier unless the applicant for the food is resident in the county of that supplier. By this he means that a man resident in, say, Cornwall, must get his supplies from a corn merchant in Cornwall. As I have said several times before, I do not think that men need worry in the slightest about this scheme. I can go on supplying them with foods as heretofore, and am quite confident that before long we shall be able to reduce the price.

I have now made arrangements to mix up our own laying meal here, and this can be supplied at the price of 21s. per cwt., carriage paid as before.

C. S. A.

Trap Nesting

THE only practical way to breed and maintain a good strain of laying fowls is by the systematic use of trap nests.

The best time to use the traps is during the first laying cycle of the pullets, which is from October to the end of December, or even the end of January. The birds

tested should be healthy, well-developed pullets, hatched early in March if of a heavy, or April if of a light breed. They should be housed comfortably, and have a nice fresh grass run. The feeding must not be in any way forcing, as you wish to secure natural results, nor must the birds be unduly coddled or pampered. They must be given liberty to go freely into the run unless the weather is extremely rough and wet, and when they are confined in the house they must have plenty of clean, scratching litter, in which the morning feed of corn is scattered. Green food must not be forgotten. A constant supply of clean, fresh water, also grit, shell and charcoal, must not be forgotten.

Each nest box has a trap front fastened to it, while every bird wears a notched numbered ring, so that every time a bird is caught her number can be easily felt, and the egg marked accordingly. Flat celluloid rings are best, and they can be notched with a penknife or small file, with from one to ten notches, and if twenty birds are being used in the test, ten could wear rings on the right and ten on the left leg. By these means, at the end of the day the eggs can be booked up in a small note-book, such as a laundry-book, which should be ruled into ten columns, one for the number of the pullets, one for the days of the week, one for each bird's weekly total, and one for general remarks such as "ill, broody, moulting," etc. It is also useful to have a space, perhaps at the bottom, in which to insert remarks about the weather, because the pullet that lays a good number of first grade eggs more or less regardless of the weather, is a better bird than one which lays only in nice weather, is easily checked by climate changes, and lays small eggs. The good layer is one which lays thirty—forty-five eggs, of fair size and correct shape and shell, during the three months. By breeding from such birds as these, later on when they become hens, and are mated to a slightly related cockerel bred from a good laying hen, we are in a correct way to make a strain which will be a good average one in number of eggs and yet retain plenty of stamina and good health.

J. P.

An Anzac Wedding

ST. DUNSTANNERS who have spent pleasant holidays at our Convalescent Annexe, at West House, Brighton, will join us in wishing all good luck to Neil Campbell and his wife, whom we all knew as Nurse Lower at West House. We have received the following letter from Mrs. Campbell:—

"Dear Editor,

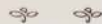
"I would be glad if you would through your magazine convey to the boys and staff of West House Annexe my sincere and heartfelt thanks for the beautiful wedding gift presented to me.

"I shall always treasure it as a memory of the days at West House, made pleasant by the thoughtfulness of the boys, to each of whom I send a wish for happiness and success in their future careers.

"I am now a little Anzac. Kia Ora!

"With affectionate memories of all at West House,
"Yours sincerely,

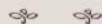
"M. F. LOWER (Mrs. Campbell)."



Back Numbers of the "Review"

THE EDITOR will be glad if any readers of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW who have back numbers previous to October, 1917, they do not want would post them to him at St. Dunstan's Hostel, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1. Payment of 6d. a copy will be made and postage will be refunded to St. Dunstanners who send in copies.

Back numbers are badly wanted, for there is a constant demand for odd copies from other readers who wish to make their sets complete.



Corporal's Six Wound Stripes

CORPORAL R. MCMULLEN, West Yorkshires, who entered St. Dunstan's in November, and is now in residence at the Bungalow Annexe, wears six wound stripes. One wound was that which caused him to lose his sight, another was a serious wound in the chest, and the remaining four were comparatively slight. This must, we think, be a record.

Departmental Notes

The Braille Room

WE heartily congratulate the following officers and men on having passed their Tests:—

Reading Test: T. Doubler, A. V. Sowter, W. A. Underwood, H. Vickers, P. Holmes, A. T. Brooks, T. W. Witham, T. McVay, A. P. Archibald, W. F. Cork, G. C. Maltby, M. Doyle, F. L. Morris, R. Atkinson, J. E. Gunn, and R. T. Harding.

Writing Test: W. Holmes, G. E. Kingham, F. Stratton, A. M. Johnston, Mr. D. Gibson, C. A. Fankhauser, H. Stayt, H. S. Fordyce, Mr. D. K. Peacock, Mr. W. W. Hitchon, Capt. A. Hutcheon, T. W. Salter, F. Tomlinson, B. R. Swenerton, Mr. G. Robinson, and C. A. C. Bregajji.



It is with the deepest regret that we have to say "Good-bye" to Miss Valentine and Miss Thorne, who are leaving us in a few days. Miss Valentine, who has been one of our keenest workers since the early autumn of 1915, is returning to America, and hopes to continue her work among United States blinded soldiers at the American St. Dunstan's at Baltimore.

Miss Thorne, who was a Sister at the Bungalow before she began to teach Braille, is returning to Canada, and she, too, hopes to continue her work at the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, which, it will be remembered, is affiliated to the London Institute, and of which Sir Arthur is Hon. President.

We shall miss them both more than we can say, and send with them our best wishes for every success in the future.



The following books are amongst those which have been added to the National Library for the Blind during the last two months:—

"The Long Road"—John Oxenham.
"The Valley of the Moon"—Jack London.

"History of Mr. Polly"—H. G. Wells.
"Indiscretions of a Duchess"—Anthony Hope.
"Richard Carvel"—Winston Churchill.
"Bleak House"—Charles Dickens.
"Typhoon"—Conrad.
"A Wanderer in London"—E. V. Lucas.



When this REVIEW is published the Christmas holidays will be very nearly here, and if there are any Braillists who would like to take home a book to read, and have not already given in their names at the Braille office, will they please do so at once.

D.P.



Experiments in the Netting Room

OUR new extension has set free a portion of the old room, which will be devoted to experimental training in gold and silver embroidery for Naval and Military purposes.

This is an industry sanctioned by the Ministry of Pensions, and is proving its utility for disabled men. It is thought that it may provide pleasant and profitable employment for a certain number of men here, and in order to discover St. Dunstanners' suitability for the work, preliminary instruction will be given in the Netting Room, a more complete training following later if we have the measure of success we expect.

Will any men who are interested please enquire at the Netting Room for further particulars.

G. H. W.



On the 22nd November a revised list of standard netting prices was sent out to netters. This notice is inserted in case some of the circulars may have gone astray in the post.

Will any man who has not received this circular kindly communicate with Captain Fraser at once?

Typewriting and Telephony Notes.

J. MONAGHAN, F. H. Kirkbright and F. E. O'Kelly, have all recently obtained situations as telephonists with well-known London firms. They have our best wishes for their success.



V. Mullin, who returned to Australia nearly a year ago, has obtained a post as telephonist at the Wool Exchange, Adelaide, where his work meets with universal approbation. His brother visited St. Dunstan's some weeks ago, when he showed us a cutting from an Australian newspaper, the writer of which had been much struck by Mullin's proficiency.



Another St. Dunstanian has proved himself a more than usually efficient telephonist: H. Learmonth, who only took up his duties with Messrs. Bourne and Hollingsworth in April last, has been put in control of two large switchboards, with three other operators under him.



We congratulate the following men on having passed their typewriting test, and especially A. Lawlor and G. Richards, who have been unfortunate enough to lose an arm as well as their sight:—

Lieut. Killingback, W. A. Simmons, J. W. Olgiltree, G. Eades, E. W. West, W. H. Lilley, C. H. Smith, A. Hayes, G. Richards, S. C. Smith, T. Mooney, A. W. Blaker, Lieut. Bissett, G. James, A. P. Archibald, A. H. Rogers, D. Griffee, G. Lawty, A. Abrams, W. J. Ritchie, S. Redmayne, J. J. Morgan, A. Emery, E. Fitton, E. J. Webster, J. Attrell, A. Johnstone, A. Lawlor, R. Davies, F. Makin, A. F. Walters, and P. Sainty.

E. McL.



News from the Workshops

JOINERY has always been a favourite occupation amongst St. Dunstan's officers, many of whom work regularly at it, showing a great liking and aptitude for the work. We are glad to report that four officers have been regular visitors to the joinery section during the last three months.

Among the general work done in the Department during the month, a mahogany table made by T. W. Stratfull, a rabbit hutch by W. H. Thorp, and a pair of steps by G. B. Swanson deserve special mention. A number of these light pairs of steps have been made, and we anticipate that the men who have left will find them an extremely useful line to take up. Most of the other men in the Department are very busy making the tool chest which every joiner takes away with him.

Among other work which has attracted notice we may mention a pair of ladies' shoes soled by E. Read, and another pair set up for hand-sewing by H. Weeks.

In the Basket Department, A. Highet and E. Beckham have made striking progress on cane hampers. J. E. Batty has been turning out some very good work on all kinds of willow baskets. A square soiled linen basket by F. J. Brown, a baby linen basket by C. Williams, and a square clothes basket by Sergt. B. Martin are also worthy of mention. We unfortunately omitted to refer to an excellent hamper made by W. Ritchie last month, in compiling the list of baskets sent to the Exhibition at Coventry.

It is with great regret that we refer to the death, from pneumonia, of W. Hudman, a pupil teacher in the Baskets, who had endeared himself to everybody by his quiet, genial disposition. As a teacher he was most successful, and all his pupils will remember the careful and skilful assistance he gave them throughout his career.

A striking piece of work has been made in the Mat Department this month by A. Gribben, who has completed a specially large mat, 4-in. thick, with a small inset of sinnet and a 6-in. fringe.

J. Scally, who commenced work in the old shop and has been a painstaking pupil teacher for fifteen months, has left us this month, and also the following men, who take our very best wishes with them:—J. T. Briggs, Boots; H. Hotson, Boots; D. Marshall, Boots and Mats; J. E. Booth, Mats; T. Hathaway, Mats; C. H. Waters, Mats; G. J. Shaw, Mats and Baskets; S. M. Usher, Mats and Baskets; B. Bowering, Baskets; and Smith Lewis, Joinery. W. H. O.

The Silver Badge Procession

THE KING'S MESSAGE.

Addressing the men, the King said:—

I am glad to have met you to-day and to have looked into the faces of those who, for the defence of Home and Empire, were ready to give up their all, and have sacrificed limbs, sight, hearing and health.

Your wounds, the most honourable distinction a man can bear, inspire reverence in your fellow countrymen. May Almighty God mitigate your sufferings and give you strength to bear them.

The welfare of the disabled in the War is the first claim on your country's gratitude, and I trust that the wonderful achievements of medical science, combined with the national and voluntary institutions, may assist you to return to civil life as useful and respectable citizens.

I hope that the splendid spirit of comradeship on the battlefield will be kept alive in peace, and that you may ever occupy a foremost place on all public occasions in the life of your city, borough, town or village.

As your King, I thank you. We all honour you and admire the ungrudging way in which you have done your duty.

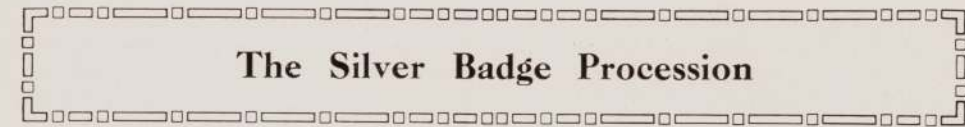
That you may live long and enjoy with happiness the peace which you have so hardily won is the most earnest wish of my heart.

GEORGE, R.I.

ST. DUNSTANNERS' PART IN THE PROCESSION

Mr. J. McClellan, a member of our Treasury staff, himself a silver badged man, sends us the following account of the march past, in which some 400 of St. Dunstan's men took part:—

"It was found necessary for a sighted holder of the silver badge to set the pace for the march to Hyde Park, so I took up my position at the head of the column, and



TWENTY thousand silver badge men, on Saturday, November 23rd, marched from Chelsea Barracks to Hyde Park, where they were reviewed by the King.

Immediately before the review there was a remarkable demonstration of the loyalty of the silver badge men to the King and Queen.

With the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Lord Cromer, Sir William Robertson and other Staff officers, the King rode by the lines of the men, forming three sides of a square, amidst rousing cheers. When he reached the third side the men suddenly broke ranks and crowded round the King to shake hands with him. Others rushed to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught and shook hands heartily with them.

In the meantime another batch of discharged soldiers crowded round the carriage in which were the Queen, Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria. They climbed on to the footboard and on the back of the vehicle in their eagerness to shake hands with the Royal ladies. "God bless you, dear boys," exclaimed the Queen, and shook hands with as many of the men as she possibly could.

So great became the clamour round the Royal party that a posse of mounted police galloped up and tried to intervene; but their numbers were too small, and finally a detachment of the Life Guards dashed through and formed a body-guard for the Royal party, who were gradually extricated from the cheering throng.

First the men still under hospital treatment drove slowly by in motors and 'buses. Then came the 400 blinded men from St. Dunstan's, accompanied by V.A.D.'s and other sighted persons. They turned their sightless eyes towards the King and cheered, and the King gravely saluted.

Next, led by a limping Highlander with the bagpipes, came the crippled men, hobbling along on crutches and sticks.

at 1.20 the St. Dunstan's Half Battalion swung off at a steady four miles per hour. Up to this time I was quite in the dark as to our route, and I had previously informed the Adjutant that my knowledge of London would by no means have procured me a taxi-driver's certificate did I ever aspire to such an honour. My worst fears were soon over, the information being supplied by the blinded officers who composed the leading four.

"It was remarkable how well we were known in every street on the route, and the ovations we received right up to the time we took up our position on the Parade Ground were a wonderful testimony of the respect in which the general public hold the men from St. Dunstan's.

"The King's appearance was the signal for a tremendous outburst of cheering, to

Facts about England's War Effort

GERMANY has been saying: "Oh, yes, England will fight to the last Frenchman!" Germany has been saying that England, the Mother country, is hiding behind her children, the Colonies, letting them and France do the fighting. Germany use to say the British navy was cowering in English harbours, afraid to put out to sea. Facts may not be as funny as epigrams, but they are worth a lot more, between individuals or between nations. And here are a few facts about England's part in the war:—

The British Empire has contributed about 8,000,000 men to the Allied armies since the war began. Of this number England alone has enrolled about 4,750,000; one out of every seven and a half persons in her entire population. If the United States should do as well as that we should enrol about 15,000,000 men.

England herself, not counting Scotland, Wales, Ireland, or the Colonies, has furnished over sixty per cent. of the entire British Army. And most of these men enlisted voluntarily! In August, 1914, over 100,000 Britishers enrolled in less than two weeks. In one single week in September that year, 175,000 enlisted, 30,000 in one day. Inside of twenty-one months, Great Britain had given 5,000,000

which St. Dunstanners contributed their full share. After the preliminary canter round the huge square, it was quite obvious that His Majesty was endeavouring to come up to our party, but was prevented by a most remarkable demonstration of loyalty from a section of the crowd, which surrounded him within forty yards of us.

"A number of motor-buses laden with men unable to get about quite as well as ourselves, first passed the saluting base, and to St. Dunstan's fell the distinction of leading the march past of the 20,000 men who followed. Amid continued cheers and excitement we broke away and marched back to St. Dunstan's, to the accompaniment of songs from the boys, arriving home without further incident, feeling very tired and quite ready for tea."

men, and not by conscription either, but by enlistment.

In 1917, her casualties were 800,000; and they are said to have exceeded by 500,000 the French losses for that year. In Flanders, during one month of 1917, the British had 27,000 men killed. In April this year, the total list of published casualties of British officers alone was more than 10,000.

As for the British navy, this war would have been over inside a few weeks from the time the Germans started it if it had not been for England's ships. Just one item is this: Since the war began, the British navy has been instrumental in transporting to France and other fronts 13,000,000 men, of whom only 2,700 have been lost by enemy action. Add to these millions of men 2,000,000 horses and mules, 25,000,000 tons of explosives and supplies, 51,000,000 tons of oil and fuel, 130,000,000 tons of food and other materials.

Even with the rest of the story untold, it looks as if England, through her army, her navy, and her economic help—for she has furnished incredible amounts of supplies, munitions and money—is doing her part loyally and generously.

—*American Magazine.*

Tragedy of a War-Time Egg

(Reprinted by special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch.")

VIOLET (fifteen-year-old daughter, who does the shopping, to Mother, wife of business man): What about breakfast to-morrow?

MOTHER: It's been an expensive week. What do you say to bread-and-margarine? It satisfies me perfectly.

VIOLET (heroically): So it does me.

MOTHER: And I don't think Billy and Betty and Baby really require anything more.

VIOLET (with conviction): Certainly not. If its enough for me it's enough for little kiddies.

MOTHER: But we can't set your father down to it. He's doing the work of three men. He must have an egg.

VIOLET: They're eightpence each.

MOTHER: We mustn't grudge eightpence for your father's nourishment.

VIOLET: Bacon works out cheaper.

MOTHER: He can't bear war bacon.

VIOLET: And he hates kippers.

MOTHER: Sardines make him bilious.

VIOLET: There's nothing for it but an egg. (Exit to buy one).

(Breakfast-table next morning). Mother dispenses coffee. Billy, Betty and Baby contentedly munch bread-and-margarine. Father does the same while reading aloud bits from the newspaper.

Enter Violet with poached egg, which she places in front of Father.

FATHER: Hullo! What's this?

VIOLET: I hope it's new laid (sits and helps herself to bread-and-margarine).

FATHER: Where's yours?

VIOLET (flushing): I don't care for eggs.

FATHER (glancing behind coffee urn): Arn't you having one, Mother?

MOTHER (flushing): Not this morning.

FATHER: How's that.

MOTHER (flushing deeper): I don't seem to want one, somehow.

BILLY (imperiously): Where's my egg?

MOTHER: Little boys mustn't ask for eggs in war-time.

BILLY: Why not?

VIOLET (severely): Don't ask questions. Eat your breakfast.

BILLY: Shan't for you (makes faces).

FATHER: You shall have Daddy's, old son.

MOTHER (sharply): He'll have nothing of the kind. If Betty and Baby don't have an egg, why should Billy?

FATHER: But why don't they?

MOTHER (with mild exasperation): You can hardly expect the weekly allowance to cover eggs for the family, dear.

FATHER (with asperity): Then why give me one?

MOTHER: Because your strength must be kept up. You're doing the work of three men.

FATHER: Fiddle-de-dee.

MOTHER (bridling): You said so yourself. That's all I have to go by.

FATHER: And you're always driving it into me that you do the work of six women. You have the egg.

MOTHER (frigidly): No, thank you. I shouldn't think of it.

FATHER: Then we'll divide it between the three kids; that settled it.

VIOLET (hotly): I don't see why they should have eggs when I don't.

FATHER: But you said you didn't care for eggs.

VIOLET: Not at eightpence each.

FATHER (aghast): Eightpence! You mean to say you paid eightpence for this egg for me?

BETTY (suddenly): I want an egg.

BABY (hammering table with spoon): Egg! Egg! Want egg.

FATHER (in a voice of thunder): Silence! Nobody in this house shall eat an eight-penny egg.

MOTHER: Are you going to put it in the dustbin?

FATHER: Preposterous! disgraceful extravagance.

MOTHER : Extravagance ! When I've only done my duty and provided you with a nourishing meal (breakdown).

VIOLET (hysterically) : When I looked out the brownest and biggest ! Oh ! it's not fair (sobs).

FATHER (flourishing plate in their faces) : But look at it, it's eating money ! Can you justify paying eightpence for a thing of that size ?

(Egg slips from plate into Violet's coffee).

MOTHER (tragically) : Now it's wasted

FATHER : Pooh ! What's a little coffee on an egg ? (fishes for egg with fork).

BILLY (excitedly, as egg is harpooned for the third time). Nearly landed him, Father !

MOTHER (with set teeth) : You'll break the yolk in a minute.

FATHER (murderously) : Suppose I do (Breaks it. Egg and coffee mingle in a ghastly fusion).

MOTHER : There's eightpence gone.

FATHER : Who cares ?

Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

Church Notes

DURING the month we welcomed our old friend and fellow St. Dunstanian, Mr. Gibb, who preached in our Chapel for the last time while in London, before taking up his duties as Rector of his new parish in Sherborne, Warwick. We hope he will still be able to visit our Chapel occasionally, and offer him our sincerest good wishes for his future success.

Other speakers in our Chapel have been Sir John Kirk, President of the Ragged Schools Union, and a member of the Council of the Fresh Air Fund, who referred to his long connection with Sir Arthur in this work of caring for the welfare of children of the Metropolis, and the Rev. W. E. Lloyd, a blind clergyman, who, thanks to his wonderful mastery of Braille, took part most ably in the service, at the end of which he gave a most interesting address.

It is now exactly two years since the Chapel was opened and was dedicated by the Bishop of London. That the Chapel has taken an important part in the life of St. Dunstan's no one can doubt.

The choir is practising hard, preparing carols and Christmas music. *L. G. T.*

Catholic Chapel Notes

On Friday, December 31st, Bishop Keatinge, C.M.G., will pay us his long promised visit. The occasion will be the first anniversary of the opening of the new Chapel. He will give a short address, followed by Pontifical Benediction.

On Tuesday, November 12th, a short and well-attended Thanksgiving Service was held to celebrate the Armistice, while on the following Sunday the special Mass of Thanksgiving ordered by the Cardinal was offered in the Chapel and the Te Deum said at Benediction.

Owing to the further generosity of a benefactor, who still wishes to remain anonymous, a set of Gothic vestments in purple has been added to those already in our possession.

The Chaplain wishes to take this opportunity of expressing his thanks for all the kind enquiries made during his recent illness. *P. H.*

Marriages

ON Saturday, November 16th, F. Warin was married at St. Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss R. Moxhan.

On Saturday, November 30th, A. C. Robbins was married at St. Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss M. B. Parsons.

St. Dunstan's Victory Ball

ON Friday, November 15th, a Victory Ball was held at the Bungalow Annexe, to celebrate the signing of the Armistice.

The Lounge and the Dining-room were both cleared for dancing, making room for some five hundred couples, the White Coon Sextette providing the music, and each man was asked to invite a lady. The rooms were cheerfully decorated with flags and lanterns, while coloured lights lit up the approach to the Bungalow.

The dancing, which lasted from about 8.30 to 12.30, went with a swing, everybody enjoying themselves thoroughly. The refreshments that were provided were, everyone declared, on a pre-war scale, there being such a liberal profusion of cakes, jellies, etc.

At the same time as the ball was being held at the Bungalow, there was an excellent concert given in the Inner Lounge of the House for those who did not dance. The Inner Lounge was crowded, and every item of a splendid programme was thoroughly enjoyed. Refreshments on a similar scale to those at the Bungalow were served after the concert.

GENERAL TOWNSHEND, who was liberated by the Turks in order to negotiate an armistice for them with Admiral Calthorpe, tells an amusing story reminiscent of his Kut days. It concerns an English Tommy, an Indian Sowar, and a German prisoner whom the latter was guarding.

For lack of something better to do during the closing weary days of the siege, says Townshend, these three made a bet as to which would stay longest in a native goat-house, situated on the outskirts of the town. The Tommy was the first to enter, but came out in half an hour, and was violently sick.

The Indian next went in, but he, too, had to seek the open air in about forty minutes, also suffering from nausea.

The German went in last, and after five minutes—the goat came out.

On Wednesday, December 4th, F. W. Douel was married at St. Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss E. M. Lovewell.

On Thursday, December 5th, J. E. Batty was married at St. Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss R. Wastenev.

On Saturday, December 7th, A. Jordan was married at St. Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss M. Otter.

On Wednesday, December 11th, T. H. Ward was married at St. Mary Magdalene, Munster Square, to Miss N. Martin.

On Saturday, December 14th, H. J. Chave was married at St. Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss E. Simmonds.

On Saturday, December 14th, D. Bee was married at Balham Hill, to Miss D. Ford.

Births

B. POTTS, son - - - - Nov. 13, 1918
W. J. WOODCOCK, daughter Nov. 24, 1918
F. GILHOOLY, daughter - Nov. 15, 1918
A. PALFREY, daughter - Nov. 15, 1918
J. SHORTLANDS, daughter Nov. 21, 1918
L. D. LLOYD, son - - - - Nov. 7, 1918

Baptism

On Nov. 24, William George, the son of T. W. Grove, was baptised in the Chapel.

St. Dunstan's Discussion Club

ON December 9th, the Discussion Club met in the Braille Room, and a most amusing mock election took place. Four candidates put up for election, some of them, we fear, upholding political views which they had obviously adopted for the occasion. They were : Miss Gregg, Independent ; H. Morris (Bungalow Annexe), Coalition ; Sergt. R. W. Bowen (House), Labour ; Lieut. N. A. Ramsden, Liberal. Some remarkably good speeches were made, and some very bright examples of spontaneous wit were forthcoming from candidates who were heckled and questioned in a true electioneering style.

The members polled their votes by the simple method of holding up their hands for the candidate they wanted, and returned Miss Gregg, Independent candidate, with a slight majority.

The Growth of the Music Hall

WE print below some interesting extracts from an article on the growth of the music hall, written by Mr. Bransby Williams, the well-known actor, in a recent number of *Answers*:

"Evolution has carried the music hall along with it, and a performance to-day bears but little resemblance to the 'sing-song' or 'free-and-easy' of early days.

"In the pot room of yesterday the music halls of to-day originated. There would be a large room at the side or back of a public house, with a sawdusted floor, and perhaps a small platform, a piano, and a chairman. You paid your coppers or took a refreshment ticket that admitted you to the 'show' and you passed a jolly evening. There were larger places with a small stage, taking the chairman in all his glory along with his hammer and a favoured 'knut' who had the honour of paying for the chairman's drinks and cigars.

"The 'show' would consist of several engaged 'turns,' and the rest would be the anxious, willing, and ambitious amateur, who would 'oblige' the assembled company with a ballad, comic-song, or recitation, assisted by the chairman's remarks and the tap-tap of his hammer. While the amateurs did their bit, the waiters touted for refreshments, and so, amidst drink and smoke, the show proceeded.

"But the sing-songs met and filled a want, and gradually the places were made bigger in the large towns. There was a gaudy stage, footlights, and the auditorium was furnished with tables and chairs. Even in those days, let it be remembered, there was always some good music, and it was greatly appreciated.

"Then came a great change. Men like the late Sir Edward Moss, Richard Thornton, of Newcastle, and the present great manager Oswald Stoll, had the brilliant idea of improving not only the show but the buildings. So the first empires of our great city came into being. They were

buildings which made the local theatres dowdy and dark. There were stalls, pit, circle and gallery, at cheap prices. But mostly there was no drink, although the atmosphere was smoky. The 'acts' were then presented to the public with scenery and full orchestra. Everything was done to make a good show.

"Next came the weekly change of bill, and they did wonders in making the stage look good.

"One thing about the music halls that would surprise the outsider is the booking of engagements for the great number of halls and towns. There are hundreds of halls, each needing an attraction—a top and bottom of the bill, as we say—and engagements are booked five to ten years ahead with promising artistes. In addition there is the programme of books to be arranged. One turn must not clash with another, too much of one kind of turn must not be given, and the bill must not be lacking in feminine interest as well as male. One of the most wonderful things in music hall business is the change of programme every week.

"Artistes are travelling every week-end, crossing and re-crossing the country, and perhaps eight turns will meet on a Monday morning to rehearse their songs and business with an orchestra that has never seen them. They just give 'cues' for this and that, such as 'now when I go so-and-so, you do so-and-so—see? Right-ho!' And that evening on a strange stage, with a strange stage-manager, conductor, and orchestra and a strange audience, the company pull through. The lighting effects have merely been told or written down for the electrician or limelight man, and this takes place every Monday evening—a wonderful juggle and gamble that sometimes surprises even the oldest hands at the game.

"You have also to remember that all the turns are their own masters. They present their items in the way they prefer, as did the turns in the pot-house of old.

Cigarettes in the Making

THE following interesting account of the manufacture of the cigarette is taken from an article by Mr. W. R. Fleming, appearing in the November number of the *Windsor Magazine*:

"The three principal tobaccos used for cigarettes smoked in this country are Virginian, Turkish and Egyptian. But no single variety of leaf is smoked pure. The great excellence of the cigarette and master secret of its manufacture is the blend.

"To make a particular blend varying quantities of different grades and growths are mixed together and allowed to lie for a few days, in order that the distinctive characteristics of the particular leaves may be interchanged.

"The new leaf shrivels in sorrow in company with a perfect forest of its fellows, and it is packed into hogsheads and consigned to the holds of vessels and the care of H. M. Customs, from whence it is rescued when the tobacco duty is paid—duty which amounts to about £400 each hogshead. When we talk of hogsheads of tobacco it is well to remember that this refers only to Virginian. Turkish tobacco leaves are much smaller than American, and the central stem is therefore much smaller, and is generally not removed, as is done in the case of American tobacco. The Turkish tobacco is therefore shipped in bales or cases, and the leaves—carefully selected—are all packed flat.

"The dry, crumpled leaves of Virginia and the flat-packed leaves of Turkish, when unpacked, receive their first attention at the hands of women, who, after a process of moistening, has made the leaves pliable, carefully open their crushed forms.

"The mass is first stemmed and then consigned to the guillotines, through which the leaves pass. In certain big factories a large number of these cutting machines, with the guillotine knife sixteen inches broad, are employed at once, the absorption by each machine requiring all the time of three men—the bringer of the leaves, the arranger and feeder of the instrument, and

the man who receives the tobacco when it has assumed the form we more easily recognise. The expert recognises each and all localities responsible for the product. But wherever it comes from it all suffers the indignity of being 'panned,' and heat dries some of the moisture which it has been necessary to employ in its manipulation.

"After winnowing, yet another process is undergone, known as 'cobbing.' Men lay the tobacco smooth while it is still hot, round rolls of steaming fragrance bundles of about six pounds each. They are levelled upon trays, and ultimately shelved to await requisition by the cigarette makers.

"Then, to revive it from panning, it is in some cases fanned by machinery. This is accomplished by the aid of huge sieves, through which air is forced, and the tobacco palpitates till a small percentage of water only remains, this being a point for careful adjustment.

"The force of the knife when cutting presses the strands of tobacco closely together, and they adhere to each other. The operations of panning and fanning, besides drying to the required moisture percentage, separates the strands, and the tobacco, instead of being more or less in flake form, as it is when leaving the cutting machines, becomes loose, fleecy and bulky. In some works, however, fanning is now avoided, and the cob from the pan allowed to dry out naturally.

"After the leaf has been cut it goes through various processes which differ in different factories, and are not to be explicitly described. It must not be supposed, however, that last year's tobacco harvest comes to the manufacturer at once. Artificial processes of preparation are necessary and valuable, but they must wait, for the maturing power of time is an indispensable factor. About three years is the average time for the crop to mature in store before it is ready to be treated.

"Down in the basement of the factory the cutting machines hum incessantly, and to feed these a great array of workpeople—



Cigarettes in the Making—*continued.*

men, girls and boys—is kept constantly busy. The youngest employées are put first to releasing the bundles of golden leaf from the hank into which they are tied with other leaf, as the American tobacco is. Turkish leaf of good quality is strung by the passing of a string or other cord through the extreme butt of the stem. Sorting is a work which requires a certain amount of knowledge and skill, as some choice of leaf is involved. And another important branch is the removal of the centre stem from the leaf. This requires a peculiar knack, and is accomplished by a dexterous twist of the stem round the wrist.

“The tobacco, once it is cut and blended, passes to the great drying, filling and packing departments in the higher storeys of the factory. In one large room some 500 people sit at tables, occasionally two men together and two women, but usually alternate man and woman, one cutter sitting between two cigarette makers.

“The paper tube, already gummed, for the reception of the tobacco, is at the left hand of the worker, its gaping mouth close to the tobacco, which he swiftly rolls by the aid of a small tongue-shaped piece of parchment attached to the table at which he sits. Then with a stick he gives a push to the contents of the parchment and hey, presto! it is transformed rapidly and accurately. The paper tube for the flat variety is pressed and creased into flat form, and the tobacco is pushed into the paper by careful manipulation of the operator's fingers; the leaf is also pressed flat, so that it assumes the oval shape, which it will retain without any additional pressure. Except that the loose ends of tobacco have to be cut off with scissors, the cigarette is now finished.

“The process, it will be noticed, is so contrived that during the whole course of rolling, indeed, from the time when the bundles of leaves were detached from the stem, the tobacco is not touched by hand. The great increase in demand necessitated

the invention and introduction of the cigarette-making machine. During the last twenty years this has been greatly improved, and the up-to-date machine is a marvel of ingenuity. The process is briefly as follows:—

“The carefully-prepared cut tobacco is put into a hopper and passed over wired drums, which comb the tobacco, so that the threads become connected and form an unending skein. The skein of tobacco is conveyed by means of various mechanical devices, along a groove until it meets the cigarette paper. The paper has meanwhile been mechanically unwinding from a bobbin sufficient for from fifteen to twenty thousand cigarettes, and during its travels over various rollers it has been printed with either one or two colours and, if necessary, with gold. At the same time it can be tipped with gold or cork, as may be required. The printing done, the paper now enters the groove and travels with the skein of tobacco until the edges of the paper are turned over and receive a touch of pure rice paste, which seals the paper. The resultant tube, which is really one long, unending cigarette, passes along the machine until it encounters the cutting knives, which cut the tube, now filled, into the required length of cigarette. The finished cigarettes fall on to a carrying-board. They are turned out at a rate of anything from 250 to 500 per minute. The rapidity of the machine as against 250 to 300 an hour, which is the highest rate at which a proficient man can make cigarettes by hand, speaks conclusively as to the lower cost in manufacture of the machine-made article.

“When the cigarette is finished there is still much to be done before it is marketed and sold to the smoker. It must be put up in packets. Here machinery plays a valuable part. There is an uncanny device which counts out cigarettes by tens, places them in boxes, which it shuts and seals, at the rate of 500 a minute.”