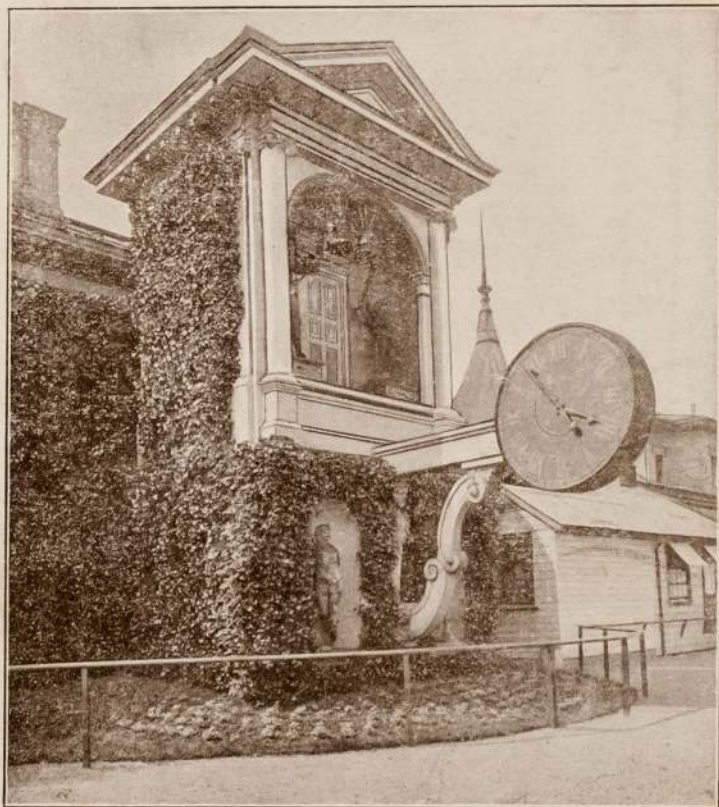


St. Dunstan's



Review

For the Amusement and Interest of Men Blinded in the War

St. Dunstan's Motto : "VICTORY OVER BLINDNESS."



Top.—ST. DUNSTAN'S (A): Stroke, W. Robinson; 3, F. Ashworth; 2, F. Hackett; bow, W. McLurg; cox., Miss Stein.

Bottom.—ST. DUNSTAN'S (B): (Reading from left to right)—Cox., Miss Phillips; bow, J. New; 2, C. A. Fankhauser; stroke, Christian; 3, H. Hardy.

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

EDITED BY IAN FRASER

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EDITOR'S NOTES

AS in past years, the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW will not be published in August while the Hostel is closed down for the summer holidays. By the time, therefore, our next issue appears, in the middle of September, the activities of St. Dunstan's will have re-started, and work and play will be in full swing once again.

To all our readers we wish the best sort of a summer holiday, and with those whose training is finished, and who are leaving to pursue the occupations they have been taught at St. Dunstan's, we send our sincerest wishes for their future success and happiness. To leave St. Dunstan's now, trained and equipped, is, as always, to enter a new world; but sufficient experience has been gathered from the many hundreds of men who have been through St. Dunstan's during the last four years to make it possible for us to weigh the chances of success that are open to blinded soldiers when they take the plunge and start on their own, and the balance goes hard down upon the right side.

The best possible evidence of the success of St. Dunstan's graduates lies in their own statements. We, therefore, make a special point of publishing in the REVIEW each month a number of letters received from St. Dunstaners from all parts of the world. To the men who have left they should provide a means of keeping in touch with the doings of friends who were at St. Dunstan's with them, and at the same time make it possible for interesting experiences to be noted and for useful hints to be exchanged. To the men who are still in training they cannot help being a source of inspiration, for happiness and success are so obviously recorded in them. This month's batch of letters, which will be seen on pages 4 to 10, are a particularly interesting lot, and will well repay careful reading. Every sort of accomplishment, from Braille reading to pea-picking, and from massage to winning money at the Derby, is recorded, letters being printed from every part of this country, Australia, Tasmania, and South Africa.



THE third volume of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW was completed by our last number. We are making arrangements to have completed volumes bound, and will be glad if any of our readers who have full sets, and would like them treated in this way, would write us asking for particulars. The bindings will be of attractive cloth, and cost price only will be charged. No figure can be given here, for the cost will to some extent depend on the number of sets sent in. We have specially reserved some few copies of each issue during the past year, so that readers can make up a volume should they be short.

Editor.

NOTES BY THE CHIEF

I MUST begin my Notes this month by an expression of thanks to all old St. Dunstaners who have written to me acknowledging the copy of "Victory Over Blindness" which I sent them. I have had a great many most charming and appreciative letters, and wish that there was room here to quote many of them. But so far as this is concerned, I must content myself with the letter written me by Pte. R. J. Llanfear, which runs:—"I have had your book read through to me from beginning to end, and everything in it is absolutely true to life; in fact, to anyone who has never been inside St. Dunstan's, "Victory Over Blindness" must read like fiction, and the readers could hardly be blamed for thinking that St. Dunstan's, as described in the book, is not a reality, but just a little bit of keen imagination on the part of some novelist, and no more. Thank Heaven that it is a reality."

"VICTORY OVER BLINDNESS" has had a surprisingly large sale for a book of its kind on both sides of the Atlantic. Many letters about it have reached me from Canada and the United States, from distinguished people who interested themselves in St. Dunstan's when I was on the other side of the Atlantic a few months ago. From these again I will content myself with one quotation. It occurs in the course of a letter from Mr. D. Newton Baker, the United States Secretary of War, who says:—"I want to thank you for teaching us all that a blinded sense—any blinded sense—is a mere challenge to our best manhood."

WE are so accustomed to charming and complimentary remarks from the public that something of a very much opposite character which I heard the other day struck me as interesting in its novelty. One of our helpers said something in a public vehicle about working

at St. Dunstan's. A lady who was sitting opposite said, "You don't mean to say that you work for those dreadful men?" On receiving a surprised assent, she continued, "I am surprised that anybody should interest themselves in men who have sinned so deeply that the Almighty felt they must be punished by the loss of their sight." Whether this amiable individual is still at large or no I do not know, but I imagine that a lunatic asylum is likely to be providing her with board and lodging before long.

SHORTLY after this number of the REVIEW appears we shall be breaking up for the summer holidays. I hope that you will all have a really happy time, and that the weather will behave itself as it should in the holiday season. Do not let the fact that you are away from St. Dunstan's stop your progress along the new road which you are learning to traverse. You can do a great deal towards educating yourselves in the everyday affairs of life while you are at home, and you can also do a great deal in the way of educating your relatives and friends and getting them into the way of regarding you as normal beings, not mere curiosities. You might do worse than take away with you some Braille matter suited to the stage in which you are. In the early stages of Braille continuous practice is a tremendous help, and even a quarter of an hour a day spent in running your fingers over the dots will not only keep you going, but will enable you to come back to your teacher next term and surprise her by your progress instead of disheartening her by your back-sliding. Take every opportunity of getting about by yourselves. You will be more and more surprised to find how simple a matter this is in surroundings with which you are familiar. In this, as in most other matters, it is the first step that counts: make up your minds to

plunge out boldly, and disregard little difficulties which are bound to beset you at first. You will find confidence grow upon you with surprising rapidity, and you will be astonished at the manner in which your other senses come along to help you make up for the loss of sight. And always be sure to walk freely,

confidently, and easily. Do not be in too much of a hurry at first: speed will come as difficulties disappear.



Statement in Canadian Parliament.

WE print below an extract from a letter to Sir Arthur by the Hon. W. O. Rowell, a member of the Privy Council, Ottawa, Canada, and also an extract from an official report of proceedings in the House of Commons, Ottawa, in which reference is made to Sir Arthur and the splendid work he has done for blinded soldiers at St. Dunstan's. Mr. Rowell says:

"May I again congratulate you on the wonderful work you have done at St. Dunstan's. What you have accomplished seems to be almost miraculous. I had occasion to refer to your work in the House of Commons a few days ago in dealing with the estimates of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment."

The Report on the proceedings was as follows:—

"Mr. McKenzie: In my own town I know a young man who lost his sight, and after coming back from France he entered some school of vocational training in England—I forget its name—

"Mr. Rowell: Would it be St. Dunstan's?"

"Mr. McKenzie: I think so. First he learned stenography and became an efficient stenographer—and I mention it as an extraordinary thing that a man totally blind could learn stenography—but he was a strong, active fellow and preferred manual work, so in the same college he took up a carpentry course, which he completed. He returned home with ample means for starting in business. I thought it was a very excellent institution, and if we have more of such institutions we will be doing some good.

"Mr. Rowell: An arrangement was worked out between the department and St. Dunstan's Hostel in England for the training of blinded ex-members of the Canadian Forces. Further arrangements

have now been made for the continuation of their training if necessary in Canadian institutions. The St. Dunstan's scheme of after-care for the blind is being fostered in Canada from Pearson Hall at Toronto, called after Sir Arthur Pearson, the head of St. Dunstan's Hostel. What they have done for the blind is almost a miracle, and too great credit cannot be given to Sir Arthur Pearson. We are trying to follow his example here.

The Braille Literary Journal

OUR readers will recollect a note which appeared in a recent number of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW about the Braille Literary Journal, which is published by the National Institute for the Blind, and will be sent free to any blinded soldier who cares to apply for it to St. Dunstan's After-Care Department. The Editor of the Journal, who, it will be remembered, is himself a blinded officer, tells us that much interest has been aroused among readers of the *Literary Journal* by the publication in the June number of a full summary of an article in *Nash's Magazine* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, entitled "The Vital Message." The distinguished writer sets forth his faith in matters psychical. It is the intention of the Editor of the *Literary Journal* to carry on the summary of Sir A. Conan Doyle's work as it appears from month to month. There is a generous instalment in the *Literary Journal* for July which includes also a Nature article on bats, a science article dealing with the fixing of nitrogen, and a review of a remarkable book written by a German novelist who served as a Captain of Grenadiers in Von Kluck's Army.

News of St. Dunstan's Men

THE following is an extract from a letter to Sir Arthur received from W. A. Blackett who after being trained in poultry-farming and joinery at St. Dunstan's returned to Tasmania in January, 1918:—

"Before leaving Australia I believe I told you that I was orcharding and one branch of this industry I have taken up again with a good deal of success, that is wrapping and packing the apples for the English market. I have done a good deal of this work this season and have earned up to eight shillings a day, so you see that I manage fairly well. I get two pence a case, so the longer I work the more I earn."



T. D. Stamper, who left St. Dunstan's early in 1917, to start work as a poultry-farmer and mat-maker at Langton-on-Swale, Northallerton, sends us the following account of his doings:—

"I want to let you know how we are getting on. Between March 1st and June 12th, my eighteen hens laid a total of 944 eggs. They have nearly all been broody and four have sat on, hatched out, and reared chickens, so that they have laid even better than they first appear to have done.

"Now about my chickens, fourteen hatched out on March 13th, all of which are living. My next hatch was a most disappointing one, a batch of fifty White Leghorn eggs which were sent me. Out of them I have only reared eleven chicks so I thought I would try my own eggs. I put forty-six eggs in the incubator and hatched out forty-five chicks, forty-two of which are now six weeks old and doing well. Encouraged by this I went in for a bigger hatch this time and put fifty-two in the incubator, gave one hen eleven eggs and another thirteen eggs, making seventy-six eggs in all, and I got seventy chicks of which sixty-seven are living now. They are three weeks old and are strong and fine birds.

"Our butcher gave me eight bantam eggs all of which hatched out, but two unfortunately got killed by accident. I have a total of 140 chicks and I have thirty-eight eggs now in the incubator, which are due to hatch on Tuesday. I am especially pleased with my incubator, which never varies in drawer temperature till the latter part of the hatching period, when the drawer slightly rises and the tank falls. This I find means a good hatch.

"When these come out I am going to put in about forty duck eggs, so that with a bit of luck, I may have them ready for the Xmas market.

"I am also proud of my garden in which we have worked hard and everything has done well.

"I had another piece of luck of which I must tell you. A farmer on taking down a wooden fence offered to sell me the boards at 1s. each, all good boards 6 feet 6 inch long, averaging 8 inch wide one inch thick, creosoted too; so of course, I was only too pleased at the chance and got £1 worth. He gave me twenty-four for £1, and by spending 1s. 6d. on nails and 2s. 6d. on paint, I have (with no help except such as my wife was able to give me) a duck house 6 feet 6 inch long, 3 feet 6 inch high, and 3 feet high and 3 feet wide.

"I often think of the time I lay in hospital and everything seemed black and hopeless, and I dreaded being a burden on my people, and of how Sir Arthur came to me and gave me hope, and even when at St. Dunstan's I never expected to be so happy and busy as I am now. I am overwhelmed at times when I think of all Sir Arthur and all at St. Dunstan's have done for me; I feel I want to thank them all and I don't know where to start.

"The After-Care visitors are a great help to me, and bring a breath of St. Dunstan's with them so that I look forward to their visits."

—From all parts of the World

S. J. Letch, a poultry-farmer and mat-maker living at Hatfield Peverel in Essex, in a letter to Sir Arthur, said:—

"Many thanks indeed for the very nice present which I received from you yesterday morning. I shall treasure this book very much, as it will always remind me of the first days at St. Dunstan's, and I shall be able to look back and feel that I have been able to accomplish greater things than I ever thought I could. I must also thank you for the cuttings from the American papers, but all they can say about your wonderful work for blinded soldiers is nothing to what we ourselves feel and could say about the wonderful work you and your staff have done.

"I had a rather pleasant surprise the other afternoon. I received a message from a lady living at Terling asking me to go to her house to tea, as one of the blinded officers, Major Brooke, was staying there, and would like to see me. Although I was at St. Dunstan's at the same time I had not met him there. I must say I was very glad indeed to meet him at Terling and we had a very pleasant talk over the early days at St. Dunstan's, the difficulties we had met since we left, and the way in which we had overcome them. He was able to give me some hints, and I trust I was able to give him a few, too.

"I had a very good hatching season and in spite of the very bad weather, we have hatched more chicks this year than before. We have been able to rear them so far without hardly any loss, but it has been a difficult job, for when the snow melted, all my runs and some of the floors of the hen houses were under water. I have been kept very busy making mats since Xmas; in fact I have never been idle for a single hour since I came here. I have not been able to do any work for the last ten days or so as I have been laid up with rheumatism, but I am glad to say that I can just manage to get about a little now. The doctor said it was the after effects of trench life and that I had been

working too hard in my garden. I shall be very pleased to be able to get out again, as these few days I have been laid up seem to have been the longest I have ever known.

"I cannot tell you how thankful I am that I was able to come to St. Dunstan's and learn a trade, as I hardly dare to think what might have happened to us boys if there had not been a Sir Arthur or a St. Dunstan's. The visitor from the poultry-farm was here this week, and he said my growing stock looked fine, and, in fact, he said he was very pleased with everything. I had just finished spring cleaning out all my fowl-houses before I went sick, and I was very glad I had done this, as everything was nice and sweet and clean. I was able during the winter months this year to cut a hedge down for firewood, and we are both looking forward to being able to go pea-picking next month."

Since Letch sent us this letter a representative of the After-Care Department has paid him one of her regular visits. She tells us that Letch has surprised himself and his neighbours by his pea-picking exploits. He says he enjoys the work immensely, and that he has the record for picking more peas than any of his companions. This we believe must be a new departure for a totally blind man.



A. E. Moore, a mat-maker, living at Walworth, sent us the following description of his experiences at the Derby:—

"I was very pleased to get your letter. Many thanks for the kindness and interest that you are showing in me. I am very glad to tell you that I am getting on quite well, and have been enjoying myself immensely of late. I must tell you of my experience at Epsom during Derby week. I know the Epsom course fairly well, as I have been down there to see the Derby run every year since 1902, and since all the things that I did with my

sight I have been trying to do without it, I have been waiting very anxiously for the Derby to be run, and I find that blindness is not a great penalty at a race meeting, as I saw and understood things equally well as in years gone by. I stayed there for the four days, and was up each morning to see the early morning gallops, and I found myself eagerly listening to the little snatches of conversation about how this horse or that horse had run, or trying to pick up some information as to a possible winner. Then later on the bookmakers got to work, and I found myself shouldering through the crowd, and listening to the different quotations of the bookmakers, and eagerly listening to the horses' names as they came in and out of the betting to see if I could gain a point over the odds on any particular horse that I fancied. Then the bell would ring, and my mind would be directed in another direction as the numbers and the jockeys' names would go up. I found myself eagerly listening to the numbers to see if the horse that I fancied was a runner, and if not to try and pick out the horse that I thought was likely to win. Then the excitement would start in earnest, and one could hear them shouting that they were going up the field, and I got my friend to look for the colours of the horse that I had backed and describe him to me as he cantered by. Then after a few minutes there would be a distant shout, the bell would ring, and I knew that they were off. Then the shouts got louder and nearer, and I could hear the thud of the horses' feet. The favourite is leading; yes, she is out on her own. The excitement grows intense, the favourite is being overhauled at the distance. The shouts go up again: 'Come on, Carslake!' 'Now then, Hulme!' 'Come on, Donoghue!' and shouts from the bookmakers, 'Ten to one against the favourite!' Your muscles relapse, and your body feels limp. You breath a heavy sigh. The favourite was beaten at the post, and bang went two shillings; but it does not matter, as you are as confident of getting even with the bookmaker on the Derby as you are sure that you know the winner. I had rather a novel experience at the Derby, which

caused some amusement to the crowd. I had backed Paper Money five shillings each way at odds of 6 to 1, and naturally I was anxious to land this great coup. Presently we heard the shouts of 'They are off,' and in my excitement I had gradually turned round so that I had my back to the course without knowing it. Then I heard the cry, 'The favourite is not in it; Paper Money is leading.' Naturally I took up the shout, and shouted with all my might, 'Come on, Paper Money! Come on, Donoghue!' to the great discomfort of the people in front of me, as I was shouting right in their ears. After a second or two one old gentleman could not stand it any longer. Tapping me on the shoulder, he said, 'Excuse me, the horses are running in the opposite direction to where you are looking.' In my excitement I told them it did not matter which side they ran as I could see them on either side.

"I think that I must stop now, as it would take too long to describe the four days' racing; but I can safely say that I enjoyed myself immensely, and after having four days' holiday I finished up with a few shillings in my pocket."

Writing to Sir Arthur lately, W. R. Dunning, another mat-maker, settled at Forest Hill, said:—

"I received your welcome letter, and also the book you sent me, which I think is very interesting, and I thank you very much for it.

"I can assure you I am progressing very well. I have been full up with mat orders ever since I started business; in fact, I scarcely have time to write. I am also doing very well with bags, having just made seven large bags for some one in Brussels, so you see my business extends overseas. I always find a little spare time for my garden after my day's work, as I find gardening very interesting. My friends think the bean-nets I make are wonderful.

"You ask if I have any little dodges which are helpful. One dodge is to appear natural, and this I think I must do, judging by what people tell my wife.

They say they think I can see them, because I always look them in the face when speaking to them, as I was taught to do at St. Dunstan's."

The following is a letter to Sir Arthur from A. Osmond, a boot-repairer and mat-maker, living at Walthamstow:—

"I am trying in writing to express my thanks for the book you have sent me. It came as a great surprise to me. Only the day before I read about it in the paper, and at once said, 'I must get one of these,' and now you have sent me one. The reading of this in future years will bring back old memories, and also remind me of some of my happiest days, which were spent there at the Hostel. I am thankful to think that my misfortune brought me to St. Dunstan's. It not only gave me new life, but it brought me in touch with a friend such as you. I can never forget your kindness and all that has been done for me through you.

"I am proud to be able to say that this year so far has brought me further success in my business, and that each quarter I improve. I find that since I have been married I get on much better, and my wife is a great help to me. Of course, a good helpmate is half the battle with us fellows."

W. Megson, a poultry-farmer, living at Clanfield, Oxon., wrote:—

"Thank you very much for your letter congratulating me on my successful poultry-keeping. Of course, I have a lot to learn yet, but I feel more confident as I go on. I made a very bad start at the beginning of the hatching season, but improved considerably the last three hatches.

"I hope all St. Dunstaners who take up poultry-farming will give themselves and their poultry a fair trial. It is not fair to St. Dunstan's or themselves to give it up the first time they have bad luck.

"The method on which I am working is to double the amount of laying stock every year. The profits are in the increase of stock. As regards the planning out of one's own poultry-pens, I think it wise for every man to do it himself; it will

help him to visualize the ground and surroundings more quickly and he will therefore have more confidence. Of course, a lot depends on health. With good health, I feel sure I can feed and look after between two and three hundred laying stock, and with the assistance of my wife, rear to replace half. I am rearing 120 myself.

"I feel very pleased with my garden this year; it is a great improvement on last year. Last year I used a line to guide my digging, but now I find it much easier to dig without one. In my opinion, when you abandon guides you feel normal. I only realise I am blind when I am in a strange place and try to get about alone. What I want to do, and all I can do, is to thank our Chief, Sir Arthur Pearson, the instructors and the staff of St. Dunstan's, for that cheerful spirit they instilled in us in the early stages of our blindness which enabled us to fight our difficulties victoriously."

W. H. Collins, poultry-farmer, living at Baldock, Herts., sent the following letter:

"When I wrote my last letter to you sometime ago I told you how I came by my pigs and no doubt it will interest many to know how I am faring now.

"It was on the 23rd December, 1916, after a training of about seven months at St. Dunstan's that I first started for myself in a strange new life, and with careful and steady work I began to make headway with my poultry; getting a good return for my labour I resolved to try my hand at pig-keeping and managed after some time to obtain three pigs, two of which I kept for breeding. After a long wait I set out to try my luck at breeding and I think it repays waiting. It was on June 19th that I really began my trials as a pig-breeder, and after a trying night I was the proud possessor of eight young pigs which at the time of writing are doing well."

P. S. Sumner, who is studying for his B.A. at St. John's College, Battersea, wrote recently to Sir Arthur:—

"It is a long time since I made my last report to you regarding my progress with

the work I have in hand, but I have scarcely dared to, hearing how full St. Dunstan's remains, and knowing how busy you must be. I shall probably be removing next September to St. Mark's across the river, to put in the last year of my course there, and to finish preparation for the Final Arts for October, 1920. The subjects selected are English, French and Latin, and I have already received most of the books and covered a good deal of the syllabus. The bugbear of the course, especially from a Braille point of view, is the work on the texts in Anglo-Saxon and Old French, but I have still plenty of time in which to struggle with them. I shall not have many papers to sit for at the end of this college year, as I am exempted by the Inter-Arts from all the subjects prescribed for the Board of Education Certificate except those they call the "professionals"—Hygiene and the Principles of Education. In the latter paper I am required to answer all questions from the point of view of the education of the blind. I have had a good deal of interesting practice since I last wrote to you, having taught at Lindon Lodge and at the special school in Shillington Street. I noticed with interest your notes in *The REVIEW* on the necessity of models in these schools; so far as I can see, they are sorely needed to prevent the erroneous ideas you mention. One youngster, for instance, confessed total ignorance as to the nature and qualities of a sheep, and after all, language is a poor instrument with which to give him any adequate notion.

"I am deeply obliged to you for the trouble you have taken in having books for study and reference put into Braille for me, and hope I shall justify all your efforts on my behalf by a successful result."



T. L. Gibbons, a poultry-farmer and basket-maker, who left St. Dunstan's in December, 1918, to start work at Kineton, Warwickshire, wrote to Sir Arthur recently thanking him for his copy of "Victory over Blindness":—

"At last I am taking the opportunity of writing to you to thank you very much for all that you have done for me and

mine. I must thank you for the first-rate training I received at St. Dunstan's and the good time I spent there during that time, and also for the splendid outfit you gave me to start with, and lastly for the book you sent me on the anniversary of my birthday.

"I am getting on splendidly with my poultry and have reared nearly 150 chicks, while the hens are both laying and looking well.

"I get plenty of orders for baskets, in fact more than I can turn out.

"I have just undertaken to make a jumping arrangement for horses. It is a kind of roller two feet in diameter and ten feet long. If I am successful I can get many more orders through the same gentleman.

"I have got a large garden which is looking very prolific just now, and I have also got half a chain of allotment on which the potatoes are just coming up."



T. Parish, another poultry-farmer and basket-maker, living at Wellingborough, wrote as follows:—

"I am pleased to know that St. Dunstan's takes such an interest in us after training and setting us up. I am getting along very comfortably, and always have something to occupy myself with. I get as many orders for baskets as I want, and my poultry are doing well. The hens and ducks are laying wonderfully well, and the young chickens are growing and looking splendid; my rabbits are all healthy, my goats milk well, and people seem to be always coming to buy something.

"I have a garden in which any kind of vegetable seems to do well, and I soon shall be doing a little haymaking. I am very pleased with my home, both inside and out, and I find that there are a number of people who would like it. A lot of people would have liked to have taken advantage of me, thinking that because we are blind we know nothing, but I am pleased to say they bit themselves. One of my greatest pleasures is that there are very few people who think I am blind. When I am fingering articles

I love to hear them say, 'Look, how would he know those things if he were blind?'

"I think that I am one of the very lucky ones, as I have a very good home, a very good housekeeper, and last, but not least, there are those that look after us when we leave St. Dunstan's."



F. H. Barnett, who, after being trained as a shorthand-typist, returned to Brisbane, Australia, in April, 1918, writing in March, said:—

"Thank you for your letter of January 14th, which came to hand this week, and you will notice by comparison of dates that the cessation of hostilities has not greatly expedited the delivery of mails to this remote quarter of the Empire.

"I enclose a cutting from the *Brisbane Courier*, concerning the rather unexpected meeting of another old St. Dunstaner, Buckley, and myself. It is a mystery to me how it got into the Press. We met again the next day, and the good times at St. Dunstan's were discussed at length, to the evident pleasure and interest of our friends.

"I managed to get a little string for bag-making purposes, and disposed of them at what I term 'sentimental' prices. While it is always advisable to make hay whilst the sun shines, I do not wish to give you the impression that I am sacrificing the substance for the shadow. The substance referred to is my shorthand and poultry, both of which are progressing very satisfactory, and better results have been obtained than anticipated.

"You were quite right to publish a few extracts in the *REVIEW* from my previous letter, which, of course, are intended for St. Dunstaners generally. I am now eagerly awaiting the arrival of the January issue.

"The long drought has broken, and we have had some good rainfalls, and in some parts of the State floods have been experienced.

"During the absence of the boys at the Front, the seeds of Bolshevism have been allowed to flourish in this State, and matters came to a climax last

week, when returned soldiers took things into their own hands and set about wrecking the headquarters of the local Russian Association. In the *melee* that ensued, in which many thousands of loyalists took part, there were nineteen casualties, some serious. Revolvers, bayonets, bottles, etc., were the principal weapons used. Houses occupied by Russians and other undesirables were also considerably damaged. The office of the local Labour newspapers came in for severe handling, and was only saved from total destruction by a strong posse of police."



The following is an extract from a letter received from G. Stobie, who was trained at St. Dunstan's as a masseur, and returned to Durban, South Africa, to practise his profession:—

"I got here nearly two months ago, and have been ready for business just a month. I started with my first case just two weeks ago, after three weeks of waiting, and now have quite a few to do daily at my rooms here, and hope that I am at last established. Durban is a very nice place, as you will know, but it only appears nice when one has work to do or is out for a holiday. I think I shall do very well here, and I hope to make every case a good advertisement for my work, as that is the only means of advertising that we have."



G. Greaves, who was also trained as a masseur and who has been working at Rutson Hospital, Northallerton, since June, 1918, wrote as follows to Sir Arthur:—

"Please accept my many thanks for the book which I received quite safely yesterday. So far I have had only three chapters read to me, but I found them most interesting indeed. All the time they were being read my mind carried me back to St. Dunstan's. I am sure the all-round description given, as I have gone through the book, are absolutely perfect, but, as I tell people, they may read all about St. Dunstan's but even then they cannot fully realise what the place is actually like.

"On Thursday afternoon all the pensioners at the hospital, most of whom are

my patients, were taken for a drive to a place about eight miles away called Mount Grace Priory, and I was asked to go with them. I went, and had a most enjoyable time. When tea was over a small party of us climbed up through a wood, and on reaching the field on top of the hill sat down for a while. Whilst sitting there one or two of my companions began to talk about St. Dunstan's, and before many minutes had passed I had them all at St. Dunstan's. I told them a good deal about it, but had not time to tell them all. It would take a long time for one to speak of all the benefits one received and to describe fully the life at St. Dunstan's.

"I am still getting along very well with my work here and am as busy as ever I was. I am certain no man could be more comfortable than I am. I have lots of real friends, and the staff in the hospital could not treat a brother better; I have a lot to be thankful for.

"The time is fast drawing near for my holiday, which I am going to spend at Bridlington with my wife and sister, and if we continue to have this sort of weather we hope to have a really nice holiday."

Shadowland

THERE'S a land that's full of shadows and of darkness and of wonder,
Where the human soul by millions stand, in battle form arrayed,
Where the earth is ripped asunder, by the ceaseless guns that thunder,
And the frames of men are blasted, that the great Creator made.

In that shadowland of warfare, where the destinies of peoples
Are swaying in the balance of the great catastrophe,
There's a little island nation, which has saved the situation,
She is pouring out her life blood in the cause of Liberty.

Her armies they are splendid, with courage born of freedom,
They have raised the name of England to a still more glorious height;
They have met the endless slaughter, and their blood has flowed like water,
They have held with grim tenacity the rush of lawless might.

Yet, the thoughts of England's soldiers are not centred in the conflict,
They are coloured with the vision of their home beyond the seas;
By the ruddy camp fires' gleaming you will often see them dreaming,
You can hear them softly sighing in their hunger for release.

God will lift again the darkness that hath fallen on the peoples,
He will help man find his level in the cosmic scheme of things;
He will heal the broken nations, and disperse the armed formations,
For the dawn is swiftly rising, bearing Peace upon its wings.

William Victor Clampett.

M.O.: "Did you get that man to gargle properly?"

V.A.D.: "Yes, sir."

M.O.: "How did you manage it?"

V.A.D.: "Oh, I just told him to take a little in his mouth, put his head back, and then make a noise like an officer."

Punch.

OLD GENTLEMAN: "I don't care how you look at it, my dear, it's only another scrap of paper."

DEAR OLD LADY: "But surely it won't be nearly so easy to tear up this time. It's a bound book, with hundreds of pages."

Punch.

OLD SINNER (of sea-serpent fame): "Bah! Them 'Q-boat' stories you told them people made me sick."

EX-R.N.R.: "Well, they were true."

OLD SINNER: "True? Of course they was true. That's wot I'm grumbling at. With the material you 'ad you ought to 'ave told them lies a hundred fathoms long."

Punch.

Sports Club Notes

AT the last General Committee Meeting, held at the Sports House on June 2nd, permanent rules for the St. Dunstan's Athletic Club were drawn up and passed unanimously. Hitherto new rules have been introduced each season, which has led to a great deal of confusion. A copy of the rules will be posted up in each Annexe.

PUTNEY REGATTA.

The dates of the Regatta have been definitely fixed for July 15th and 16th. Everyone is practising hard and we anticipate some very good racing.

OLD BOYS' RACES.

Unfortunately lack of accommodation has made it impossible for Old Boys to be put up for the Putney Regatta. Arrangements have, however, been made by which men residing in London, or who are able to find accommodation in the metropolis, will take part in the Regatta, and a number of entries have been received. The Old Boys' Races have always been a feature of St. Dunstan's Regattas, and we are glad to feel that in spite of the difficulties outlined above, there are a sufficient number of men living in London to make it possible for Old Boys' "Fours," "Pairs" and "Doubles" to be on our programme.

In thinking of Old Boys' races we cannot help remembering with regret that one old St. Dunstaner will not be with us. We are referring to A. Rowley, of the 22nd West Yorks, who died at Morely, Leeds, on February 8th, from pneumonia following influenza. Our readers will remember Rowley's cheery and plucky efforts to win the Double Sculls for the Old Boys, and will sympathise with his widow in her great loss.

TUG-OF-WAR.

The result of the final pull for the Featherweight, which took place on June 13th between the Bungalow (holders) and the House (challengers) was two pulls to nil in favour of the Bungalow. The times of the pulls were (1) 2½ mins., (2) 1¼ mins.

The result of the Semi-Final for the Light-weights between the Bungalow and House was two pulls to one in favour of the House.

The result of the final for the Light-weights, which took place on June 18th between the Canadians (holders) and the House (challengers), was two pulls in favour of the House.

The final pull for the Sir Arthur Pearson Challenge Cup is arranged to take place at the Royal Naval, Military and Air Force Tournament on July 11th, at 2.30 p.m. As the REVIEW goes to press before that date we will be unable to give the result of the pull.

WEEKLY SPORTS.

The weekly sports held on Saturday mornings have proved a great success. The first day there were 77 entries for the different events; the second Saturday, 165 entries. There was a slight falling-off on June 21st, when the entries dropped to 141, but this was due to the bad weather and the Marlow Regatta. We hope the entries will continue to increase. We are very pleased to see that some of the Relay Teams are busy practising in the park both mornings and evenings.

PHYSICAL JERKS.

The Physical Jerk men are still turning out in the mornings in fair numbers. We would like any men who have not yet started jerking to join the classes as soon as possible and so back up the Instructors. They will find the exercise most beneficial as well as interesting. It has been suggested that after the summer holidays a prize should be given to the best Physical Jerk Team. This matter is under consideration.

A LOCAL band was one day playing at Dunfermline when an old weaver came up and asked the bandmaster what air they were playing. "That is 'The Death of Nelson!'" replied the bandmaster, solemnly. "Ay, mon," said the weaver, "ye ha'e gi'en him an awfu' death."

The Marlow Regatta

OWING to the kindness of Mr. Alfred Davis, Hon. Secretary to the Marlow Regatta Committee, St. Dunstan's was well-represented at Marlow Regatta on June 21st. The following three crews were entered for the Maiden Fours:—

St. Dunstan's (A): Stroke, B. Robinson; 3, W. McLurg; 2, F. Hackett; bow, F. Ashworth.

St. Dunstan's (B): Stroke, Christain; 3, H. Hardy; 2, C. A. Fankhauser; bow, J. New.

St. Dunstan's Officers: Stroke, W. M. Millard; 3, W. W. Hitchon; 2, D. Gibson; bow, E. L. Parry.

Worcester College for the Blind also entered a crew for this race, in which many of us were glad to see our old friend T. Milligan, who was a sturdy oar in the first crew St. Dunstan's ever turned out, and who has since been present at all our Putney Regattas, either representing Old Boys or Worcester College.

Other entries in the Maiden Fours races were Marlow R. C., Henley R. C. and Reading R. C. Three heats had to be rowed before the final, and the drawing resulted in the following matches:—

1.—Marlow R. C. v. Worcester College. Marlow won by three lengths.

2.—St. Dunstan's Men (B) v. St. Dunstan's Officers. Men won by four lengths.

3.—St. Dunstan's Men (A), Henley R.C. and Reading R. C. St. Dunstan's won by quarter length, Henley R. C. came second, beating Reading R. C. by three lengths.

The Final between Marlow R. C. and the two St. Dunstan's Men's Boats resulted in a win for Marlow by three lengths. "B" Team came second, beating "A" Team by two lengths.

Mr. Bruce-Norton, whose assistance in connection with our rowing is so greatly appreciated, followed the races very closely and sends us the following notes on them:—

"The first St. Dunstan's Race was contested by 'B' Team against the Officers

at 2.15 p.m. This was an easy race and was won by 'B' Team by four lengths.

"The next heat was contested by 'A' Team at 2.45 p.m., which proved to be one of the hardest fights of the day. I did not see the start as, owing to the necessary restraint on my feelings whilst with that unemotional gentleman, the Umpire, I had decided to view it from the bank. At the bend St. Dunstan's and Henley appeared together, both rowing steadily, Reading coming third. Cox's steering, coolness and good judgment were well deserving of all the remarks all around me; for a hundred yards from the post Miss Stein suddenly went all out, followed one stroke too late by Henley, and just scraped through with a very short quarter length to the good.

"In the Finals, Marlow's long training and superior form were bound to bring them to the front, and they won by three lengths.

"In conclusion, I have been asked to congratulate St. Dunstan's on their really fine performance, by many of the 'big' men of the Regatta, including several of the 'Varsity 'Blues.' To these I would like to add my own humble congratulations to the crews and their coxes."

A London newspaper correspondent who was present at the Regatta, wrote as follows:—

"There has never been a larger crowd at any Thames Regatta—except, of course, at Henley—than that which witnessed the excellent racing at Marlow on Saturday, June 21st. This is one of the most popular of the series, but the crowd was even a record for Marlow.

"From the ladies' point of view there was ample diversion provided by the variety of charming dresses, and for the enthusiastic wet-bob there was an abundance of good racing.

BLIND OARSMEN.

"No event aroused more interest and enthusiasm than the maiden fours in

which blind oarsmen figured prominently. It is really wonderful to follow the progress of the blinded soldiers from St. Dunstan's, and one marvels at their complete mastery over the oar. They reach well forward and put plenty of vigour into their stroke. Anyone who has never seen these gallant lads row should visit one of the up-river regattas to witness the spectacle with his own eyes."

An Appreciation

THE following letter, which the Editor has recently received from one of his readers, is interesting, because it sets out the idea of a man, who has been blind for many years, on the subject of St. Dunstan's.

In regard to the question of the publication of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW in Braille, it has been decided that the matter will be given careful consideration when St. Dunstan's has closed down. At the present time many of the readers of the REVIEW are learning Braille, and have not yet become sufficiently fluent at reading to make it possible for them to enjoy embossed magazines, while many, too, are sighted folk who work at St. Dunstan's or are interested in what is done there:—

97, Singleton Avenue,
Birkenhead,
27th June, 1919.

Dear Sir,—I have just finished reading the June issue of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, and as I wish to become a regular subscriber, I thought I would write to you before sending in my subscription. To me, who have been blind all my life, and have been in various institutions for the blind, I have been more than interested in the great work you are doing at St. Dunstan's. My only regret is that I have not taken your magazine until just now, but the fact is I did not know until quite recently that outsiders were allowed the privilege of reading it.

The first impression one gets on reading the REVIEW is the friendly spirit that exists throughout the Hostel. The items

that interest me most are the Editorial Notes, Sports Notes, and Notes by the Chief. I also enjoy the letters you receive from Old St. Dunstaners. They all speak so highly of the training and treatment generally they receive at the Home.

It is a great thing for us to know that a great leader like Sir Arthur Pearson is at last bringing about new reforms in the blind world, for they are sadly needed. (I am now thinking of my experiences in institutions!). "The old order changeth, yielding place to new."—Yours very sincerely, AUSTIN L. WOOD.

Murdered by Microbes

IT is estimated that up to the present over twelve million deaths have resulted from the greatest and worst of influenza epidemics.

Fifty per cent. of the inhabitants of Northern Labrador have perished. One village, with a population of over two hundred, was wiped out, while at another only a few of the two hundred inhabitants were left, medical aid being unobtainable.

In some South African kraals the deaths have numbered forty per cent. of the cases. In England they are hardly three per cent.

The greatest mortality from any disease at the present time is from cholera. One in every two cases is fatal.

Smallpox among unvaccinated races is deadly in forty cases in a hundred. In Samoa smallpox broke out in the village of Hapaa, and killed one hundred out of four hundred. It was followed by tuberculosis, and at the end of twelve months there were only two survivors left.

In the Pacific Islands measles is terribly destructive; in Madagascar thirty per cent. of those who caught measles died.

At its worst, scarlet fever kills ten per cent. Typhoid fever is much less to be feared nowadays than was the case twenty years ago.

The mortality from typhoid is now down to seventeen per cent. of cases, but inoculation appears likely to put an end to this much-dreaded disease.

The Prime Minister's Statement

THE following is a remarkable Leading Article from *The Times* of July 4th, commenting on Mr. Lloyd George's great speech in the House of Commons on his return from the signing of the Peace:—

"The nation and the Empire will receive the Prime Minister's statement with the deep satisfaction which it caused the House of Commons. It is a great speech because it sets before us a great purpose. Efforts more brilliant there have often been, but Mr. Lloyd George rightly felt that this is no hour for mere display. The times are too great for that. They are too great for all with a true love of their country and of their kind to think of anything but the heavy burden of duties which is cast upon us. With our Allies we have won the greatest victory of all ages; we have been delivered from the deadliest peril to liberty and to civilization, but we stand among the ruins of a world which still reels from the tremendous shock it has undergone. We look back upon the past with gratitude and with wonder. With their favourite hero, the whole people may unfeignedly cry, 'Thank God we have done our duty.' They have done it fully, nobly, generously, and Heaven has abundantly blessed their efforts. But with the glorious Peace, which Mr. Lloyd George expounded amid general approbation yesterday, that duty is not exhausted. It is transformed, yet until this generation has passed away it must still press heavily upon us. Will the whole nation rise to it, in its new shape, with the magnificent union of heart and will by which they have won the war? If they do, this Peace will be much more than a splendid event in our history; it will open a new era in the progress of mankind. If they do not; if any large portion of them think that with the Peace their task is done; if they fail to recognize that it is the same duty which summoned them to arms that is now summoning them to the work of reconstruction; if they

harbour the 'insane idea,' as Sir Edward Carson termed it, that they can presently return to their old political squabbles, or plunge the country into new ones, their blood will have been largely wasted and their heroic achievements vain. The Prime Minister put the alternative clearly and boldly before them. That is the real virtue of his speech and of his attitude.

"He enlarged upon the greatness of our achievement, and the figures which he gave bring home to us with a new and terrible impressiveness the cost at which we have bought the Peace. We raised from our peaceful populations a host of 7,700,000 men. We poured forth from our accumulated riches and by our unshaken credit £9,500,000,000 of treasure for the conduct of the war, and our casualties were over 3,000,000, only 600,000 below those suffered by our French Allies. How keen is our appreciation of the sacrifices and of the perils of France was shown by the warm welcome given yesterday to the Convention that pledges us to help her against unprovoked German attack. But Mr. Lloyd George is right when he says that no country has had a greater share than ours in the victory, and that neither the world nor the nation has been sufficiently informed how vital that share has been. The record is indeed wonderful, and the lesson it teaches is clear. It shows what we can do, 'united and inspired by a common purpose.' Let us preserve that purpose; let us confront the future with the confidence that the great virtues which have saved us in the shock of war will save us in the long labour of building up what war has destroyed. Mr. Lloyd George does not discourage us, but he does not flatter us. He tells us the plain truth, as we love to have it told, even when it is not pleasant truth. We have no strength to spare, he assures us, if we are to prevent the country from sinking under her burdens and her wounds. We have learned many

lessons from the war—lessons in trade, in industry, in commerce, and in the health of the people. We want to apply them, and to apply them so that we may satisfy all reasonable men. We cannot apply them unless we act together as reasonable men whose dominant ambition is the national good. For the moment there are grave symptoms in the situation. There is the unrest, which Mr. Lloyd George calls 'the fever of anæmia,' there is the seeming expectation that the fruits of labour can be reaped by slackness and self-indulgence, and there is the wild delusion that all that is left to do is to 'scramble.' And these ideas are harboured when our output has diminished and when our cost of production is increasing. That, the Prime Minister tells the nation, is 'exactly the opposite road to the road which leads to prosperity.' We must not build on German instalments. At the best they will be but a drop in the bucket of our national losses. We must rely upon ourselves, and upon ourselves alone, for this part of our task.

"For peace abroad Mr. Lloyd George bids us put our hope in the League of Nations. The League is at once the child and the guardian of the Treaty. Here, as throughout his speech, the Prime Minister wisely refrains from exaggeration and from over-confidence. He refuses to predict a perpetual reign of peace, and he speaks of the League as an experiment. But he holds that it is an experiment worth trying. If it does not stop everything, he believes that it will stop something; and if it averts but a single war, if it saves but a single generation from the agony from which this generation is painfully emerging, it will indeed have amply justified itself, and have shown its authors standing high among the greatest benefactors of humanity. Mr. Lloyd George beseeches the country to try the experiment, and to try it seriously, and he tells them that so to try it is a duty to mankind. The immense mass of the nation, we are confident, are eager to try it, and hopeful that it will yield the blessed fruit of prolonged peace. But the future of the League, not less than the future recovery of the Empire and of the country, depends

first of all upon our domestic union. 'Let us think together, act together, work together.' Let us not imperil all we have done, and all its fair promise for the future, by demobilizing too soon the spirit which won the war and the spirit which alone can bring the accomplishment of our dearest wishes and of our loftiest ideals. That is the counsel which the Prime Minister gives the nation. If he will himself act upon it with a firm and unshaken mind, we do not doubt that they will follow him towards the goal which all desire."

How Houses Grow

HOW much has your house or the wall at the bottom of your garden grown?

Houses and walls, indeed all things made of bricks do grow, and this fact is known to architects, who sometimes have to allow for it when making plans for building.

In the old days, when the clay of which bricks were made was mixed with water before being baked, the amount of growth was not noticeable; now that no water, or very little, is mixed with the clay, which is therefore said to be dry-baked, the bricks absorb moisture, and swell sometimes to a considerable extent.

Some years ago, in a garden at Ely, a pier was built of dry-baked bricks, and the garden hose was turned on to this pier for a considerable period every day for some weeks. At the end of this time the pier was measured, when it was found to have grown some inches.

Cement is another substance which grows. That is why you may often see on station platforms and on wall copings built of cement one of the joints missed out here and there.

The greatest growth naturally takes place where cement and bricks are used together, as happened in a house of which the parapet was built of bricks placed endways and cement supported on iron. The growth in this instance was so great that quite large spaces were visible between the iron supports and the parapet.

Answers.

Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

Church Notes

I AM very grateful to those workers who so quickly responded to my appeal regarding the short Intercession Service, held each Friday in the Chapel, at 1.45. The increased attendances have been most encouraging. There is still room for more!

Our little choir is gradually growing. We hope to see each choir seat occupied every Sunday.

Please remember the 20th July—it will be our last Sunday this side of the holidays. Let us have a well filled chapel. The celebrations on that day will be at 7.15 a.m. and 8 a.m. There will also be a 7.15 a.m. celebration on Sunday, 13th inst.

Catholic Chapel Notes

THE signing of Peace was delayed so late in the week that it was impossible to arrange for the special choir to sing the "Te Deum" on Sunday, June 29th. We did our best, however, to express our thanks, with a very vigorous "God Save the King" at the end of Benediction. On Sunday, July 6th, for the official celebration of Peace, Mass was said in thanksgiving, and we were glad to have another opportunity of welcoming Mr. Oldmeadows' Choir. A solemn "Te Deum" was sung at Benediction.

We celebrated the Feast of Corpus Christi on June 19th, with Mass and Benediction. The attendance at Mass was very satisfactory, but that at Benediction was poor, no doubt owing to the beautiful afternoon with its outdoor attractions.

During the past year the chapel has been thoroughly equipped, and we are justly proud of the remark of a much-travelled priest, "The best equipped

temporary chapel I have seen." What is even more pleasant is the fact that the congregations have been on the same level.

We cannot close without expressing our best wishes for every possible success to those boys who are leaving; and must express our utmost thanks to all who have helped in our work. As the work has grown so too have willing helpers. Whatever has been wanted—from Mass server to organ-blower—a volunteer has never been wanting.

Our last word of thanks to Sir Arthur for his interest and encouragement, and to all the St. Dunstan's staff for their never failing help whenever it had been required.

Marriages

ON Monday, June 16th, F. L. Saxon was married, at St. Nicolls Church, Fulford, to Miss E. Houlton.

On Monday, June 23rd, E. Fearn was married, at Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss B. L. Fairbrother.

On Saturday, June 29th, H. J. Williams was married, at Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss E. A. Wagner.

On Sunday, July 6th, C. A. Stracey was married, at St. Paul's Church, Haringay, to Miss L. Mansfield.

Births

SHURROCK, W., daughter May 29, 1919.
BOWERING, B., son - - June 2, 1919.
COWEN, S., son - - - June 8, 1919.
JOSE, W. C., daughter - June 11, 1919.
FITCHIE, W., daughter - June 14, 1919.
WESTAWAY, F. J., son - June 21, 1919.
FERRAND, H., daughter - June 22, 1919.
JENNINGS, S., daughter - July 1, 1919.

Death

WE regret to announce the death, on July 8th, of Mrs. Madieson, the wife of G. G. Madieson.

Departmental Notes

The Braille Room

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

Reading Test: F. Jackson, F. Green, T. Rogers, A. T. Gray, T. Gibson, T. Newman, J. H. Lawson, H. A. Knopp, J. Elder, Lt. C. Langton, and W. MacKay.

Writing Tests: T. G. Roden, S. H. Edwards, W. Knox, T. M. Fisher, J. A. Dunlop, F. Warin, W. T. Scott, Lt. P. Jones, Lt. D. Littlejohn, H. F. Porter, F. E. King, F. H. Hughes, G. A. Brown, R. C. Botley, G. Polley, S. Pike, and F. J. Guiseley.

The following books are amongst those which have been recently added to the National Library for the Blind:—Robbery under Arms (R. Boldrewood), Air Men o' War (Boyd Cable), Man with the Twisted Lip (Conan Doyle), Some Holiday Adventures of Mr. Davenant (Lord W. F. Hamilton), The Turnstile (A. E. W. Mason), Roden's Corner (S. Merriman), Puritan's Wife), Max Pemberton. *Foreign:* Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (Moliere), Cyrano de Bergerac (Rostand).

If there are any Brailleists who would like to have a book to read in the Holidays and have not already given in their names at the Braille Office, will they please do so before July 18th. Books can all be sent by post, so they will not add to the troubles of holiday luggage.

D. P.

Typewriting and Telephony

DURING the month H. Manning has left us to take up work as a telephonist with The Dicks Asbestos Co., in Fenchurch Street.

We congratulate the following officers and men on having passed their Typewriting Tests:—W. Mitchell, P. Driscoll,

E. Lawson, H. E. Lambert, G. A. Brown, J. L. Brook, J. Patterson, A. Griffen, A. H. Luker, J. A. Bruce, H. G. Manning, J. W. McIntosh, S. W. Taylor, L. Illsley, A. T. Hazel, A. F. Smith, H. Faulkner, A. Glasspool, W. T. Scott, C. E. Beck, M. E. Horan, W. J. Hare, W. McCombie, Lt. Fisher, Lt. Hunt, J. Clemenson, A. Blackwell, W. S. Castle, J. W. Thom, M. A. Oldroyd, S. Campbell, E. W. Stevenson, Lt. Steel, A. J. Radford, S. Kelly, and H. M. Steel.

E. McL.

More Massage Successes

AS we hoped (I dare hardly say anticipated), the whole class of fifteen students successfully passed the recent examination of the Incorporated Society of Trained Masseurs. We are proud to record that not one blinded soldier who has sat for this examination has failed to pass.

The marks obtained by candidates have not yet been published, so that the names of the successful men are given in alphabetical order:—E. Benton, J. Boyce, C. Bregazzi, A. A. H. Brown, J. H. Burt, J. Caple, H. Costigan, S. Goburn, R. J. London, H. McDowell, D. McPhee, Lt. Millard, W. S. Peary, A. Rees, and C. G. Vaughan-Russell.

F. G. B.

Netting

DURING the last year or so we have so greatly extended the range and variety of our articles that it has become advisable for men who have left St. Dunstan's when they write for materials to specify exactly the purpose for which they are required. For instance, tanned twine is stocked in two qualities, thick and thin. Thick tanned twine is suitable for bean and chicken nets and should not be used for fine one inch fruit netting. Thick Italian line should be ordered for

pig nets, and Manilla line for rick nets. Care should also be taken to specify for what kind of hammock materials are

required, and in the case of swings whether white twine or coloured is wanted.

G. H. W.

News from the Workshops

THE Controller of the Victoria and Albert Museum readily responded to our request that special facilities should be given to P. Archibald, in the joiner's shop, who is very interested in the different periods of English furniture. The customary rule that exhibits should not be touched was put aside and Archibald was able to examine the furniture in his own way. In addition to this an official of the department accompanied him and gave him a detailed explanation of the characteristics of each period.

Lieut. Parry has just completed a remarkably good rabbit hutch, and T. Till's meat safe is an extremely creditable piece of work. Lieut. Tupper is doing very well with his tool chest. A. Cook is making progress with picture framing. An oak prayer desk made by T. W. Stratfull has been much admired, and the remarkably good finish of all his work is well maintained.

The general turnout of the work in the basket shop during this month has been excellent. It is really a remarkable achievement that in a shop where the experience of all the men can be measured in months, and some of whom have only been at work for a few weeks, that practically all of the work turned out is useful and saleable.

G. Richards, with his double handicap of loss of sight and a disabled arm, is following well the example set by J. Rose, who is constantly seeking new shapes, and has just completed a work basket with a lid that fits perfectly. S. Brazier has made some splendid barrel baskets of sea grass, and the collection of work made by A. Emery to stock his shop is very varied.

The work done by men using whole cane and who have been mentioned

previously is still maintained. C. A. Hancock and E. Beavens have made some good rubbish baskets and the latter is now turning his attention to large square hampers with marked success.

Many of the men who have left the basket shops will be interested to know that Pupil Teachers J. W. Macauley and A. Smith are still giving their able assistance.

C. E. Beck is making good with everything he touches and has recently turned out four waste-paper baskets, and we have noticed some good barrels made by J. Stibbles.

One of our most painstaking men, J. Denwick, has made some good baskets this month to take with him when leaving.

The Mat Department loses the services of G. Moore who, though only Pupil Teacher for a short time, has succeeded very well indeed. One of the former Pupil Teachers in this department, A. W. Ballard, who has completed his training in the boot shop, leaves this month to commence work in Nottingham, and we feel sure that he will be as successful in his new venture as he has been here. A. Jordan has been appointed Pupil Teacher.

We have a new Instructor in this department in the person of Mr. G. H. Panton, who has recently returned to his former occupation, after serving for over three years on many of the fronts. He will shortly be known to old St. Dunstaners as a technical visitor. J. Brodie and G. Butts have made steady advance for some time and have now reached a good standard of work, while the perseverance of G. Hale,

H. Hanney and J. Robson is now giving them every confidence in the production of very satisfactory mats.

A mat with the letters B. R. made by C. F. Hornsby could not be better in any way, and we should like to commend also the work of W. T. Jones, T. Smith and R. Young in this department.

Among beginners in the Boot Department A. Taylor has done very satisfactory work and is improving daily, while A. F. Smith is already good at shaping and nailing. L. E. Carter and A. H. Craigie are representing Australia well and during this month have made marked improvement. The long efforts of H. E. Thompson and L. Heron are now giving them the reward of good work, and on A. Horrell's bench a sound job can always be seen. Sergt. Ross and C. A. Glasspool are well

Results of Poultry Examinations

THE poultry examinations were held on June 11th and 12th, by Mr. Will Hooley, the well-known poultry expert, and the following is his report:—

The examination of the Poultry Students of St. Dunstan's brought to the surface some really brilliant pupils. I have nothing but praise for the exceptionally smart way the majority of answers were made; the exceptions were not due to lack of knowledge so much as "getting the wind up"—a day before the hurricane really arrived. The Incubator was a great test, and I cannot see anyone selling one of the St. Dunstan's boys a "dud" machine. One discovered the fact that the capsule was upside down, a point that would baffle many; another found that a coin had been inserted in place of the capsule; another found the machine in excellent order except that the heat could not get into the flues. I do not know whether they blamed their great friend Mr. Playfoot, or Mr. Buckle, for all these happenings, or whether they blamed the examiner, but the old Hearson had a lively couple of days, and they lost their nervousness as they handled something

on the way to make very good repairers. C. H. Smith, A. Adams and D. Batchelor also turn out some excellent work. Improvement in the work of H. Pearce and J. E. Langham has been very well marked, while W. H. Hines, E. R. Breed and A. Blackwell always make neat jobs of whatever they touch.

We regret the appointment of T. Horsfall as Pupil Teacher in this department was not notified, but we can now say in addition that he has been remarkably successful in his post.

Following upon the instructions given in the lecture room, a number of men are now doing hand-sewn work. One job by Adams the Canadian is well worthy of mention.

W. H. O.

solid, and not so elusive as the examination questions. I could easily fill a few pages of the St. Dunstan's magazine with the many incidents these exams provide.

The cheery optimists I have to examine soon find that they have to "think," but their excellent training bears well the severe tests that are put upon them.

Those attaining the maximum marks were very brilliant and deserving of the most sincere congratulations.

Following are the points gained by those who went through the exam:—

First Course.

E. Tebble ...	50	W. Walch ...	45
G. W. Thom ...	50	R. McMullen ...	45
A. Griffen ...	50	F. Milligan ...	45
F. Scott ...	45	R. Riddell ...	45
G. W. Cambell ...	45	G. Gwyn ...	45
G. H. Simpson ...	45	R. A. Barbour ...	45

Second Course.

J. P. Ireland ...	100	Mr. D. Little-	
Capt. D. Gibson ...	98	john ...	95
G. S. Wright ...	98	J. McVay ...	95
E. Gregory ...	98	L. S. Hitch-	
G. Rice ...	98	cock ...	93
E. Brownfoot ...	98	W. McLurg ...	93
G. E. Bishops ...	98		

"The Gleaner"

BY "BARTIMEUS"

(By kind permission of the Author.)

THE motor-launch chugged to the limit of her beat and wheeled with her bows to a rusty sunset. The wind had been freshening steadily since noon and the steep, grey seas were edged with spray, and streaked like the flanks of an over-spurred horse. The motor-launch, from a monotonous corkscrew roll, changed to a jerky see-saw that enveloped her in a bitterly cold cascade at every downward plunge.

The R.N.V.R. lieutenant in command leaned with one broad shoulder against the side of the wheel-shelter, his legs braced far apart, and his oilskin flapping wetly against his leather sea-boots. As each successive welter of spray drove past his head he raised a pair of glasses and searched the horizon to the westward where the sombre November sunset was fast fading.

Somewhere below that horizon the homeward-bound convoy was approaching, and his orders were to patrol a given length of the swept Channel up the coast on the look-out for floating mines that might have drifted by chance currents from distant mine-fields. Twice since dawn the sweepers had passed over that water and reported the fair-way clear; but with a dozen ship-loads of wheat to pass up it ere the morning, no one was taking any chances. "Patrol till dark; floating mines to be sunk by gun or rifle fire," said his orders. The R.N.V.R. lieutenant had been reckoned a good shot with a rifle in the days when he was an Admiralty clerk and spent his Saturday afternoons on a rifle range at Wormwood Scrubs; he glanced from the bucking deck of his command to the rifle hanging in slings over the coxswain's head, and smiled rather doubtfully to himself. As if in challenge to that smile, the signalman on the other side of the coxswain suddenly extended his telescope and arm in a straight line to seaward.

"Mine awash, sir," he shouted. "Two points on the port bow." The coxswain raised his eye from the binnacle and moved the wheel through half a turn.

The lieutenant stared through his glasses. "Umph," he said. The crew of the muffled six-pounder in the bows emerged from the fore hatchway and began to cast off the clips securing the lid of the ammunition-box.

In silence they stared at the dull green globular object that bobbed past them in the trough of a sea, the soft lead horns projecting ominously as the waves washed over the rounded surface.

"One of ours," said the lieutenant, with a swift expert glance. He stepped inboard a pace and studied a chart. "But it's come a long way—must ha' been Tuesday's gale."

The launch held on her course till she had reached the limit of the safety-zone of a bursting mine; stopped, and brought the gun to the ready. The gunlayer adjusted his sight, and the tiny gun platform rolled in sickening lurches.

"She may steady for a moment," said the lieutenant, without conviction. "Choose your time." The gunlayer chose it.

"Bang!" A puff of smoke dissolved about the muzzle and the shell sent up a column of foam a yard beyond the preposterous target.

"Try again," said the lieutenant, and unslung the rifle. "Fire on the downward roll."

The gunlayer fired on the downward and then on the upward roll, and each time the shell went sobbing away into the Channel haze and the dark, smooth object still bobbed in the fast-fading light amid the waves. The lieutenant kicked aside his seventeenth empty brass cylinder and snapped the rifle-bolt angrily. "There's the smoke of the convoy," he shouted to his second in command, who was firing from aft and swearing in a

monotonous undertone that sounded like a litany. "It's right in their track." For the ensuing half-hour they kept up the fruitless fusillade until dusk blotted out the target.

The R.N.V.R. lieutenant rang down for half speed. "Secure the gun," he said, curtly, and to the coxswain: "Close the blighter; we've got to make a rope's end fast and tow it inshore out of the fair-way." The coxswain gave his commanding officer a searching, incredulous glance, as if he doubted his sanity, and spun the wheel round, but the lieutenant was lurching aft on his way to the cabin hatch. He paused en route and thrust a head and shoulders into the engine-room. "Bring a can of lubricating oil aft an' a handful of waste," he shouted to the unseen occupant, and dived into his cabin.

Under the direction of the first lieutenant, a grass line was uncoiled and one end made fast to a cleat; there was no time to be lost, for the dusk was falling fast and the convoy with its attendant escorts was a bare five miles away. The motor launch circled round the floating mine, visible only by reason of the intermittent whiteness of the broken water about it. The sub-lieutenant stared at it half-fascinated, the coils of the line in his hands. For a moment he felt an angry resentment against the minesweepers; this assuredly, was their business. Then he remembered that they had garnered their grim harvest and returned to port. The motor-launch was only a gleaner.

"Now, then!" He turned to see his captain at his elbow, stark naked as the moment he was born, glistening with oil like a wrestler of old. "Give us the rope's end. Drop down to leeward when I shout—an' stand by with a hot grog."

The speaker knotted the rope loosely over one muscular shoulder and measured the distance to the mine with a dispassionate eye. "If I bungle it and foul one of the horns," he said, "it'll blow the boat to smithereens. You'd better stand by with life-belts for yourselves."

"What about you?" asked the sub. His captain gave a little grim laugh. "If that egg breaks, there won't be much of

me to put a belt round," and without further ado he slid over the stern into the water.

The crew of the launch watched the receding head and shoulders as their commanding officer was carried to leeward on the crest of a wave, and the sub-lieutenant, paying out loose coils of rope into the dark water, murmured: "That's a man for you!" They had a glimpse of white, gleaming body, as the swimmer circled cautiously round the floating mine and the waves lifted or dropped him into their hollows. Then for a moment he vanished, and the watching group aft held their breath.

"If he grabs for the ring-bolt and catches hold of a horn——" said the coxswain, and left the sentence unfinished. The seconds passed. Then out of the darkness came a thin hail. The coxswain jumped to the wheel; the second in command flung the slack line over the stern and the launch dropped down to leeward.

The numb, exhausted figure, hauled over the side a minute later, to be wrapped in blankets and massaged back to speech, resumed his clothes and clumped forward to the wheel-house as the launch turned inshore with the mine in tow.

He stared into the darkness astern as the line tautened. "God knows if there are any more farther up the coast . . . But our beat's clear. Full speed, coxswain!"

The War in a Nutshell

A PUNY man, a great ambition;
"World Power" his only mission.

A tiny State, a courage bold,
Might beats Right, a fate untold.

The "Iron Hand," dire devastation,
Bloodshed, murder; world indignation.

An Allied Force, a dogged thrust,
The victory won, a tyrant crushed.

A whining foe, an armistice;
Blustering talk, then signs of Peace.

A bitter man, another vision,
Debarred from Hades, a fruitless mission.

"Colin McLean."

Handicap as Spur

MESSAGE OF HOPE FROM MISS HELEN KELLER

MISS HELEN KELLER, "blind," "deaf," and "dumb," the most famous sufferer from these disabilities known to human history, and famous purely through the victories which she has won over them and in spite of them, has given the world an inspiring message through Mr. Edward Marshall, the well-known American correspondent.

"Out of the sorrow of the world's vast war must come great happiness," she said. "All sorrows, I believe, inevitably have their compensating joys. Joy is the greater part of human life."

"Always we can work," she went on thoughtfully, with that marvellously sweet smile which continually lights her pleasing and extraordinarily expressive face. "The ability to work is man's best heritage. Work is the great well-spring of happiness. And all can work."

"What is a handicap? It is hard for me to understand the expressions of despair with which some folk refer, for instance, to the soldiers returning from this war whose fortune it has been to suffer, and who through their suffering are 'handicapped.' Sympathy is splendid and desirable; despair is sin. A handicap is a new urge to work. Heed it and find greater happiness than the unhandicapped can know, for he whose work succeeds, no matter how primary it may be, wins happiness therefrom, and he whose handicap is great must make his work succeed. Making it succeed he continually will win worthy victories. The successful doing, by one handicapped, of tasks, which might be easy for the normal, may make the handicapped one's life a real triumphal progress. Sometimes I wonder if we 'handicapped' are not the lucky ones! We know so many victories!

"What is a handicap? It is a spur. No; you say my handicaps, for instance, must be limitations? Very well—must I lie down and weep because I find myself with limitations? The world is full of

folk with limitations. No one is without them.

"Thousands of the gallant fighting men of Britain and of France and some of those of the United States have sustained that trial of blindness which is regarded as the one supreme misfortune. But wait! No misfortune is supreme. Only good fortune can be that."

"There are fates worse than blindness.

"Blindness? I am what the world calls 'blind,' but I deny that I am blind, and I declare that there need be no such thing as blindness!

"The most brilliant vision is the vision of the spirit, and no mishap of war or peace can take that from us if we, ourselves, refuse to let it go.

"We blind are not unhappy. I know not one unhappy blind man or blind woman. Was there ever anyone so cheery as Sir Arthur Pearson? While he had his sight he accepted his achievements more or less as the divine right of his ability and energy. But now that he is blinded his achievements become very real to him and to many thousands, who, in his seeing days, never heard of him at all, and, therefore, now, achievements must mean the greater happiness to him, for they give him that elation which comes to one who helps a multitude.

"Happiness cannot come from without. It must come from within. It is not that which we see, or touch, or feel, or that which others do for us, which makes us happy; it is that which we think and feel and do, first, as Henry Ford says, 'for the other fellow,' and then for our own selves.

"Life need not be dull for people who are blind. Adventure awaits everywhere. It is astonishing to find how many great adventures we may find in friendship, and friendships often follow on the wreck of what has seemed to us to be all that there was of life, blessing us who know them, filling our existence with rare blossoms

which we did not know were in the world's bouquet of flowers.

"My heart especially goes out, of course, to those blinded in the war; but that which I must feel for them is more like camaraderie than sympathy. The blinded man has not been wounded hopelessly. Only those whose spirits have been mutilated unto death have been wounded hopelessly. I have the feeling in my heart that out of the great

turmoil of this war will rise some very human and some very splendid things for society in general.

"The impulse towards real brotherhood is in the air. In all countries of the world to-day is thought and talk of brotherhood. We must do away with all those prejudices which divide men from their fellow-men. Only when we have done that will the 'world war' have been won in living fact."

Battleships of the Future

A GLIMPSE, THROUGH THE EYES OF AN EXPERT, AT OUR NAVY IN TEN YEARS' TIME

I WAS coming south from Scapa Flow the other day with the Battle Cruiser Squadron, and as we sped along I was chatting to a shipmate about the beautiful design of the "Renown," which was one of the ships of the squadron.

"We're getting near to the end of warships as we have known them," he said. "Beauty afloat is supposed to have died with the passing of sails. Wait until you see the battleships of ten years hence. Then you will realise that even the mastodons of the Great War were things of beauty compared with the novelties."

As if to bear out his words, one of the first vessels we sighted as we steamed up the Firth of Forth to our anchorage at Rosyth, was the "Argus." And the "Argus" is no thing of beauty. She is an aeroplane ship, built with a deck extending from her bow to her stern. Her smoke-stacks, instead of being funnels, are long pipes that run horizontally from the centre of the ship to the after end, and discharge the smoke over the sea, like the exhaust pipe of a motor-car. She is just a humped-up ark of a ship.

And that, they say, is what our battleships of ten years hence will probably look like.

There are three reasons for this, and two of them are lessons we learned during the war.

The first lesson was that armour in future would have to form the roof of the ship rather than the sides. Everybody

knows that the "Queen Mary," the "Indefatigable," and the "Invincible," blew up at the battle of Jutland because heavy shells from the German guns fell out of the skies, as it were, on top of them, and found an easy entrance to the vitals of the ships because the armour was all on their sides.

We put armour there before the war because, hitherto, guns had fired shells at short ranges, which meant that they travelled in an almost direct line from the mouth of the gun to the side of the ship. But when we started firing guns at seven, eight and nine miles' range, it was necessary to point the gun upwards, and send the shell towards the target in a curve, with the result that at the end of its run it fell downwards at a sharp angle, and hardly ever hit the side of the ship, but crashed on the deck. This method makes for more difficult marksmanship.

Nine miles will be considered a very modest range in future. We hear gunnery experts talk of 30,000 yards (or fifteen sea miles) as an everyday thing of the future. So it will be no use having armour on the side of the ship, where no hit will ever be made, and leaving the deck to consist of five-eighths of an inch of steel.

The second lesson is that, at these extreme ranges, no gunnery officer can hope to see the fall of the shells accurately, however high up on the mast his control-tower may be. "Spotting" will have to be done by aeroplanes, and that means

that every ship that carries big guns will also have to carry a couple of aeroplanes that can fly off from the ship and scout towards the enemy ship, in order to control the firing of the guns by wireless news of where each salvo falls.

Our present arrangement is that aeroplanes fly off from a short launching platform built over the gun-turrets; but these are only small scouts, and much larger and heavier types will be needed in future, since they will not be undisturbed while they are watching the fall of the shells, but will have to fight to maintain their positions.

This type of machine will want more room in which to make their preliminary run, and there will have to be a "flying-off deck." The "Furious," which was originally meant to be a battle-cruiser, but became an aeroplane ship, has a "flying-off deck" 300 feet in length. Something of the same sort will probably have to be provided in all our future battleships.

That sort of thing, of course, interferes with the gun-turrets as we know them at present. How the difficulty will be overcome is still a puzzle to naval men. But torpedo experts (who are the natural enemies of guns) say that it doesn't matter, because of the increasing range and sureness of the torpedo tubes above the water-line in large numbers. Already some of our big ships have perfect nests of torpedo-tubes on their upper decks.

To get a perfect "flying-off platform" with no obstructions, we must, as we have seen in the "Argus," get rid of the funnels. Is that to be done by running pipes aft under the eaves of the armour roof?

Perhaps. But is it not impossible that we may do away with funnels altogether if the marine engineers can produce a satisfactory motor-car engine which will take the place of the present steam-driven turbine machinery. But they have a big task in front of them. High speed is imperative for warships, and high speed means terrific-horse power in the engines. I know of a ship that has as much as 140,000 horse-power to drive her propellers.

Internal-combustion engines have not produced that total yet in one installation.

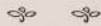
In our new big submarines—the K class, for example—we have had to give up internal-combustion engines for the main propelling machinery, and have installed a small edition of the turbines and steam boilers of our destroyers.

Another thing that would interfere with the clear run along the deck would be the navigating-bridge; but that is a difficulty which we have already learned to get over. The bridge becomes simply a hydraulic lift. When you want to navigate the ship, you send the lift up from its resting place on the main deck, and complete with chart house, compass-platform, steering wheel, communication pipes, and everything else, it rises to its position.

Then there comes the need to send up an aeroplane. The officer in charge touches a button, the bridge-lift drops gently down again, and the roof of the chart house forms a part of the aeroplane platform, filling up the gap that would otherwise be left by the sinking of the bridge.

And another advantage would be that the roof of the bridge, like the rest of the deck, would be well armoured. "Safety first" is a motto which stands good in the Navy as elsewhere. We talked over these things as we lay at our moorings below the Forth Bridge. We looked ever and anon at the humped-up "Argus" in the other line of ships.

And we shook our heads. Decidedly, the prospect of the future is not one of beauty for battleships. *Answers.*



MRS. HOPKINS (to visitor): "You must excuse Mr. 'Opkins not coming to the table. He's very worried just now trying to think how he can go on strike against his unemployment allowance and get it raised."



LADY: "So you are on a submarine? How interesting! And what do you do, my man?"

SAILOR: "I runs for'ard, mum, an' tips her up when we wants to dive."

Spring-Cleaning the Seas

IT is the duty of nations that have any coastline to see that the surrounding waters are made as safe as is possible for the mariners engaged either in coasting or foreign trade.

For this purpose the seas are chartered by hydrographers. Abnormalities of currents and tides, sandbanks, sunken reefs, whirlpools, and shoals are noted and marked by buoys. The rocky coasts are guarded by lighthouses.

Not a little are the seamen of to-day indebted to those old men who have lived all their lives in little towns, and, while engaged in fishing, have turned to good account their knowledge of the coast.

In the British Isles the buoyage and lighting of the seas are directed by three bodies—Trinity House, Commissioners of Northern Lights, and Commissioners of Irish Lights. It is the duty of these authorities to see that lighthouses, light vessels, and buoys are continually replenished and refitted, and after the wrecks of winter, cleaned and painted.

For this purpose these Commissioners have steamers specially fitted out. These vessels, known as "tenders," cruise up and down the coasts, visiting the lighthouses and furnishing them with oils and food, relieving the keepers, and so on.

They take up buoys, paint them, survey them. And thus they work right round the coasts, till autumn sees them with everything done and every buoy and lighthouse fitted out.

Trinity House has seats at Deptford, Hull, Leith, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and at the Cinque Ports. The Elder Brethren control the pilotage from Orfordness to the Isle of Wight, and in the Thames and the Medway, and tend the lighthouses of England and Wales, the Channel Islands, and Gibraltar.

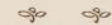
The Irish and Scottish Commissioners control the lights of their respective countries.

Their task is a big one. Round our coasts there are 900 lighthouses and lightships. Of these 140 are of "first importance" to mariners—that is, they mark specially dangerous points on the

coast. Of the buoys, there are 1,357 important and many hundreds of less note. The buoys, which are of forty different types—such as bell, wreck, broom, whistle, diamond, hour-glass, cage, cross, and so on—are either numbered or named after the channel or reef they mark.

Europe is not behind with her lighthouses. France has forty; Spain, sixteen; Portugal, eight; Belgium, two; Holland, twelve; Germany, eight; Denmark, eight; Sweden, eight; and Norway, with the rockiest coast of all, fifty-eight.

The great work is just starting, and at any coast town you visit you can become acquainted with the busy men who clean and light the seas.—*Answers.*



Ships Destroyed by Fish

CONCERNING the mysterious disappearance of the American ship "Cyclops," which vanished a year ago in the Caribbean Sea, with a complement of 295 men, the suggestion is put forward that it was pulled to the bottom of the sea by giant cuttlefish.

Neither can this be regarded as a wild story. Monster cuttlefish abound in the Southern seas. They range from nine to eighteen feet in length, with tentacles, twenty to thirty feet long and one to two feet in circumference. The power of these monsters when roused is extraordinary, and they have been known to rise out of the water, wind their tentacles around the hull and rigging of sailing vessels, and crush them to matchwood.

In the case of the "Cyclops," it is possible that she may have been attacked by several of these monsters simultaneously and wrecked or dragged to her doom. Or the disaster may have occurred through the fish, with their powerful tentacles, picking off the men, leaving the vessel to drive on the rocks to disaster.

While not caring to commit himself to any definite statement, a famous scientist, to whom the writer mentioned the suggested cause of the disappearance, said that it was quite possible. *Tit Bits.*



Worms that Clothe Women

HOW SILK IS PRODUCED

A GREY, ugly, ungainly-looking little insect, with twelve eyes, eighteen noses, sixteen feet, and a very strong mouth, such is the worm that plays so important a part in clothing the fair sex.

Silkworms are divided into two classes, domestic and wild, the former feed only upon mulberry leaves, and the latter on various leaves, but principally those of the oak tree. The silk produced from the domestic worms is naturally superior to that from the wild insects.

Silkworms come from the eggs of the silkmoth. Each moth lays about 300 to 500 eggs about the size of a pin's head. It takes 440,000 eggs to weigh a pound! These eggs are laid in June, and in the following April they are hatched, a caterpillar emerging from each egg.

They remain in the larva, or "grub," stage for about six weeks, changing their skins four times during that period. Before each of these "ages" the worm ceases to eat, but afterwards it feeds with a voracious appetite. When it is full-grown the worm begins to make its cocoon, an oval case of silk threads, about the size of a pigeon's egg.

Having wrapped itself securely in its cocoon, it becomes a chrysalis, and remains asleep for about twenty days. Then it gnaws its way through its covering of silk, and emerges a winged moth. In a few days, if a female, it deposits its 300 or so eggs, and speedily dies! And so the marvellous process begins all over again.

Naturally, only a certain proportion of domestic or specially cultivated silkworms are allowed to reach the moth stage. Their cocoons are taken away in order to obtain the tiny thread silk, which is ejected by the worm from a tube in its under lip.

In order to unreel the silk that the worms have so methodically woven into cocoons, these are placed in hot water containing a solution of soap and a little acetic, or vinegary acid.

From now until the silk has reached its final stage it is subjected to a series of delicate manipulations at the hands of experienced silk-makers. Care has to be taken that the raw silk does not lose its brilliance; that too much of the natural gum and grit are not removed from its surface, as this would weaken the already extremely delicate thread; that the threads are dried properly, so that the colour remains uniform, and so on. Then follow other chemical and mechanical operations. The raw silk is boiled, pounded, purged, combed, cut into convenient lengths, twisted, spun, and wound into yarn.

Twisting plays a great part in the manufacture of silk. The more it is twisted the less brilliant, but the stronger, it becomes. In the making of some silks that are semi-transparent and dull (such as crape) there are about 3,000 twists to every yard. In satin there are 900 twists to every yard, but the average "twistage" to the yard is 650.

It is about 5,000 years since silk was first used, after being discovered and made in China. During many centuries the Chinese guarded the secret; then Japan found it out, and so it spread slowly over Asia and then Europe.

It is less than 200 years since the silk industry developed in Europe. To-day the annual production of silk in Europe alone is over 150,000,000 lbs. Three-quarters of this silk is produced in Italy, from which country about £20,000,000 worth is annually exported. About 700,000,000 lbs. of silk cocoons are yearly produced all over the world.