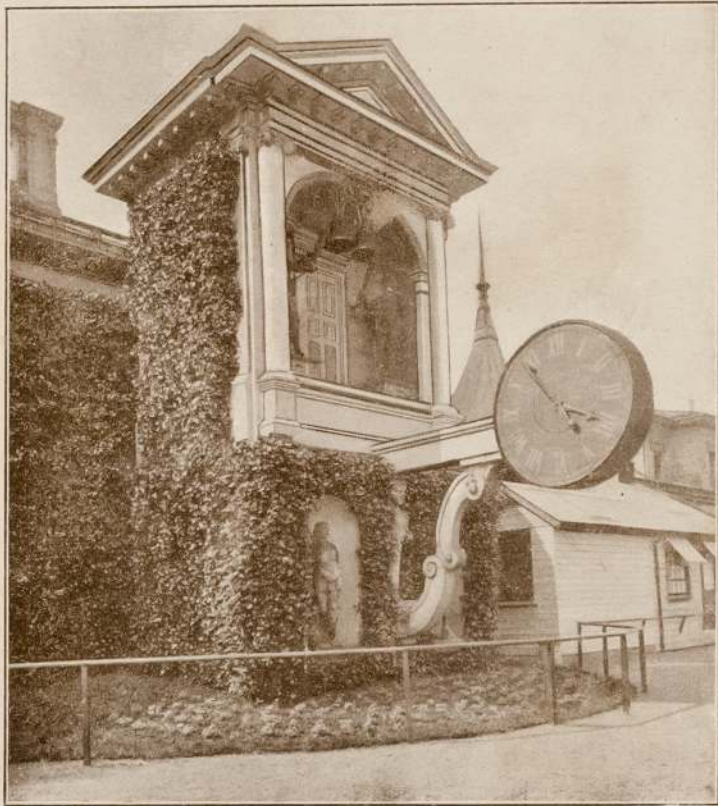


St. Dunstan's

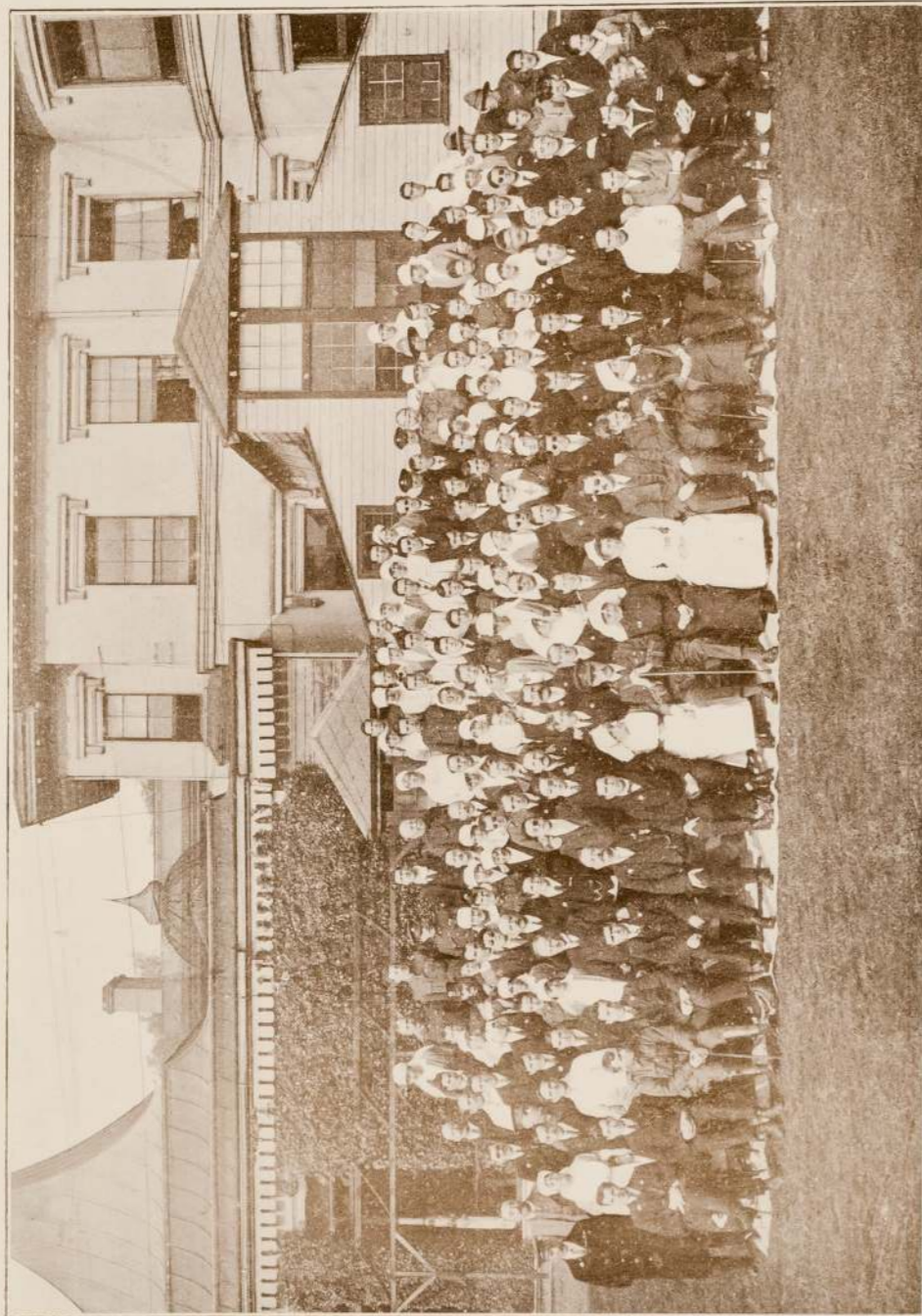


Review

For the Amusement and Interest of Men Blinded in the War

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

THE MEN AND STAFF OF THE HOUSE.



St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN.]

NOTES BY THE CHIEF

THE REVIEW this month appears without the usual "Editorial Notes," for the Editor is, unfortunately, not well enough to contribute these. His readers will be glad to hear that Captain Fraser is making a very satisfactory recovery from the severe operation which he recently underwent, and which was the curiously long delayed result of the wound which destroyed his sight in the summer of 1916. Captain Fraser's capable staff have produced a number of the REVIEW which will, I think, please him as much as it will please you.



EARLY St. Dunstaners will have very nice memories of Miss Margaret McFie, one of our first helpers, and they will, I am sure, be interested in the following letter which I have just received from Miss McFie, telling of her work in Serbia for the blinded soldiers and the blind Serbian children. They will, of course, remember that Miss McFie's reason for leaving St. Dunstan's was that she was placed by the Serbian Red Cross Authorities in charge of arrangements for the care and re-education of Serbian blinded men:—

"Our Serbian St. Dunstan's is doing splendidly. We are pretty well installed by now, and are working hard with our twenty-six pupils. I have taken a house for a year; the Serbs hope by then to have repaired some of their public buildings, and to be able to put one at my disposal, if I still need it. But

the present house is ideal. It is built round a small garden, two sides being occupied with living rooms, and one side with outhouses which we have made into workshops.

"I have my old director from Biserta; he is always ready to carry out my suggestions. For instructions I have Capt. Lovritch, whom, I am sure, you will remember at St. Dunstan's, for typewriting and Braille. Then I have another blind teacher for music and Braille.

"There are master workmen for baskets, cobbling, cord-making, mats, and sandals. The ladies of the town take the men for walks; the students come out and read to them in the evenings. It is a very happy little family.

"I am getting an After-Care idea on foot, to be worked by the Society of Srpakih Sestara, which has branches all over Yougoslav Kingdom. It is to deal with all the men blinded, whether they pass through the school or not. It is to be centralised in a Belgrade office which the State will maintain, and which will deal with all the administration questions relating to blinded soldiers, and will have a central materials depôt.

"Now that the school exists as a model of what can be done for the blind, it is comparatively easy to get State action, and I hope to be the means of working a scheme for Serbian blind in general. There are great numbers of blind children. For them at present nothing is done at all. Having once set a standard in the Zemlin School, I wish to insist on the

possibility of that standard for all blinded people, and I feel that by training our pupils we can in this way train a staff of men who are going by next year to be able to create independent blind education in Serbia. Quite close to our Zemlin School is a large building left unfinished by the Austrians. I have proposed to the Ministry to finish the building and devote it to the blind. By next spring it could be ready. The Minister is quite willing, and says he will get the necessary money for repairs and equipment. I shall by then have trained staff, and in a year's time we should be educating the blind children on sound lines and turning them out under the supervision of a Care Committee.

"I hope and feel sure that you will be interested in the development which seems to be possible."

ST. DUNSTANERS, past and present, who like being read to, will, I think, be interested to hear of a scheme which is being got out by the National Institute for the Blind. It is the formation of a library of what, for want of a more dignified term, which I hope will come to me later on, I must call "boiled down books." All of us know how often a book, excellent in most respects, contains long, and to the listener rather tedious, passages which really do not help the story on at all. The "boiled down books" will have these passages eliminated, but they will not be issued in abridged form. The passages which it is not thought worth while to read will be scored out with a pencil in such a way that they can still be read, if desired, and where necessary connecting passages will be typed on a sheet of paper the same size as a book, and pasted into it. This means that the book can be read as abridged, or if the reader prefers to read the whole of it there is nothing to prevent this being done. The "boiling down" of books in such a manner that the story is left unspoilt is by no means an easy matter. It is being done by skilful folk, and once a book has been treated it can, of course, be indefinitely multiplied without difficulty. The formation of the library

is proceeding apace, and readers of the REVIEW will see a further notice on the subject before very long.

I LATELY received an account of the way in which German soldiers who have been blinded in the war are being helped by dogs. It appears there is a regular system of training dogs for the use of these men. They have round their neck and shoulders a piece of harness, to which a handle is attached, arranged in such a way that a man's hand just reaches it as he is walking along. The dogs are trained to give notice of the approach of steps and obstacles by sitting down, and to so lead their owners as to avoid collisions with other people. They have on their bodies a cloth, to the side of which a large Red Cross is affixed, and my informant tells me that they appear to perform their duties in a fairly satisfactory manner. All the same, I cannot see myself going about with a dog labelled in this way, and I should be extremely loth to trust myself to the sense of a dog, however well trained, when motors were about. I expect that St. Dunstaners will feel as I do on both these points. It may be remembered that in an earlier number of the REVIEW I gave some account of an experiment of the kind which had been tried in France, but which had turned out to be a dismal failure, and had been altogether abandoned.

IN the early days of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW I gave a good many hints about how to get along in the ordinary affairs of life when one does not see so well as one used to. These have been embodied in a little pamphlet, called "Hints to the Newly Blind and Those Who Help Them," which I think most of you have read. If any who are at St. Dunstan's have not, they have only to ask for a copy; if any who have left have not, they need only write for one.

A MAN whom I met the other day told me that a blind friend of his always had untidy hair, and asked me if there was any reason why this should be so. I replied that there certainly was not. To

brush one's hair had always seemed to me so simple a matter that I never thought it worth referring to in these notes; but it may be that some readers of the REVIEW find a difficulty in it, so here is my plan. I part my hair on the left, so the first thing to do is to brush it straight forward on that side. Then take the comb in the left hand and place it in the position where the parting should come; draw it downward about an inch; hold it there, take the brush in the right hand, and brush the hair crosswise away from the parting. The remainder of the process is too simple to need description. Indeed, the only difficulty seems to me to lie in getting the parting straight, and by adopting this procedure I have, I think, found no particular difficulty about that. If the hair is parted in the middle the same sort of plan would be followed. For reasons which are, I am afraid, rather obvious, I do not part my hair in the middle.

AN old St. Dunstaner told a member of the staff the other day of a happening in his family which seemed to me to be a

Paradise

WHEN each good St. Dunstaner goes West at last,
There's a fine Heaven prepared for him,
gorgeous and vast.
It's all been arranged by our Editor man,
It's him you must thank just as well as you can.
Each blind man will see as well as before
(We'll see he's provided with two good eyes more,
In case there's another war brewing, you know,
In the Heaven where all good St. Dunstaners go).
He'll rope in some thousands of people with sight,
And make them read Braille books all day and all night.
He'll teach them Baille shorthand, and make them take down
Long screeds of the prosiest sermons in Town.

very good argument for the use of a safety razor, at all events as far as a man with children is concerned. He had just finished shaving, and had placed his razor down on the washstand, when his baby, just able to toddle, came into the room, and before he knew what was happening got hold of the razor. The blind shaver, of course, found himself in a great difficulty, for obviously something had to be done quickly, and equally obviously it was a problem how to get the razor away from the child without cutting it or himself. He managed to do this without the child receiving more than a very slight cut, but the razor was shut down on his own finger, and gave him rather a nasty wound. Though it is quite easy for a person who cannot see to use an open razor, as I have satisfied myself by several trials, I do think that from many points of view a safety is the proper one for blind people.



Now Auntie each morning—by Jove! this is fun—
With bucket and hose-pipe will have her eyes done.
Some big tubs, a bath-towel tied round her just so,
In the Heaven where all good St. Dunstaners go.
But what is the fate of the escort, you ask,
Who looks at shop windows and not to her task;
Ah, leave that to us, sir, we've got it all planned,
Her doom is appropriate, grim and yet grand.
O'er hundreds of street-crossings daily she'll stride,
Her eyes being bandaged, hands strapped by her side,
On each little "step-up" she'll stub her big toe,
In the Heaven where all good St. Dunstaners go.

Royal Visit to St. Dunstan's

ON the afternoon of Monday, Nov. 10th, St. Dunstan's was visited by the Queen of Spain, accompanied by her mother, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess San Carlos, and the Marquess of Bendana. The Royal party were deeply interested in all they saw, more especially

the Queen, who visited every department and spoke to some of the men at work. When passing through the Inner Lounge on her departure the Queen noticed T. Corcoran playing the piano, and immediately came over to him, shook hands, and congratulated him on his musical ability.

Change at Ilkley Annexe

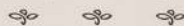
MRS. BRENNAND, the Matron of our Annexe at Heathmount, Ilkley, has resigned her post as she is shortly to return to Canada. Her departure is greatly regretted by all those who have come in contact with her during the fourteen months she has so ably fulfilled her duties as Matron.

As a token of their appreciation for what she has done, the men presented Mrs. Brennand with a beautiful seal leather bag with gold fittings, while the entire staff combined to give her a silver mesh bag, a gold wristlet watch and a gold signet ring.

Miss Thellusson, Assistant Matron at the College, has now gone up to Ilkley to take Mrs. Brennand's place as Matron, and her departure was made the occasion for a very pleasant little ceremony in the Lounge of the College, when Matron, in the name of the Sisters and of the men, presented Miss Thellusson with a very handsome silver toilet set.

Speaking for them all, Matron said the gift was but a small appreciation of all Miss Thellusson had done. She had endeared herself to them especially by the human touch she brought into her work, which had gone far to make the College the very happy home it was for them all.

Miss Thellusson made a very charming little speech, and in conclusion three hearty cheers were given, followed by the singing of "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow," in which everybody joined.



Chess

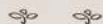
INTEREST in the Chess Club is increasing steadily, and we are glad to be able to announce that Sir Arthur has promised to act as Hon. President of the Club, while Mr. Kessell has been good enough to offer several prizes. The following account of a tournament between Signor Capablanca (the World's Chess Champion) and fifteen students of Worcester College for the Blind, in which the former was beaten by E. J. Reed, should prove very encouraging to those St. Dunstaners who are interested in the game:—

BEATEN BY A BLIND BOY.

On Oct. 28th, Signor Capablanca (the World's Chess Champion) visited Worcester College for the Blind, and engaged fifteen of the students in simultaneous matches, in addition to twenty-five representatives of Worcester City, Stourbridge, Evesham, Malvern, and other district clubs.

The champion won thirty-nine of the forty games. E. L. Reed, who played fourth board for the school, had the honour of the solitary victory. Signor Capablanca lost his queen in the middle of the game, and also the exchange. He resigned on the thirty-seventh move.

Reed is in his fourth year at the College, and learned his chess there. He is eighteen years old.



THE PUGNACIOUS GENTLEMAN: "But 'e bin an' called me a 'Un.'"

THE PEACEMAKER: "Well, he may have meant it quite kindly-like, Bill. It ain't as if we was still at war with the dirty 'ounds." *Punch.*

Sports Club Notes

THE last race, held at Putney on October 9th, was a very interesting event. It was the outcome of a sporting challenge issued by J. Gimber and W. Christian of the College Annexe to row any semi-sighted pairs in Pair Oars. The challenge was accepted by A. H. Craigie and L. E. Carter of the Bungalow Annexe (although totally blind), H. N. Hardy and C. A. Fankhauser of the House, and A. Blackwell and H. Glendenan of the Bungalow Annexe. Hardy and Fankhauser won by about one and a quarter lengths, H. Glendenan and L. Jenkins (the latter taking Blackwell's place) second, A. H. Craigie and Carter third, and J. Gimber and W. Christian fourth. The race was extremely fast and even, in fact the second, third and fourth boats all finished within a boat's length.

SATURDAY SPORTS.

The Saturday Sports are going along in a most satisfactory way. Each Saturday the number of entries average about 200. Saturday, October 25th, however, was a record, there being 257 entries, but there is still plenty of room for new recruits who may wish to join. There is some new event each week, the latest innovation being a football "penalty kick" competition, in which the men endeavour to score goals from the usual penalty spot, which is twelve yards from the goal. They are tremendously keen and some splendid shooting has been witnessed and many goals scored. We might say that it is no easy matter for the men to score as the goalkeeper is an old professional and well up to his job. We hope all old footballers will come and have a kick at goal. There is a daily opportunity of practising between twelve and two o'clock.

PHYSICAL JERKS.

We hear very good reports from all the Physical Training Instructors from the various Annexes about the morning jerks. The average attendance is excellent and

the men who participate seem thoroughly keen. There is great fun when the rival squads happen to meet in the park, each squad trying to outdo the other in lung power and repartee flows freely.

TUG-OF-WAR.

A general meeting was held at the Sports Office at 5.30 p.m. on Friday, October 24th, to discuss future arrangements with regard to tug-of-war. It was decided to have three Leagues, viz:—

- A. Feather-weight: Ten men, 91 stone.
- B. Light-weight: Ten men, 104 stone.
- C. Catch-weight: Ten men, unlimited.

As many teams from each house may enter as can be arranged. No man is to pull in more than one team of the same weight. Each team will have two matches with each other opposing League team.

First-class medals only will be given to the champion team to each League and second-class ones or small prizes will be given to the runners-up provided there are at least six teams in that league. All men are to weigh in in the costume in which they are pulling, *i.e.*, sweaters and slacks.

J. D. V.



Medal for Miss Stein

EVERYBODY was glad to hear Sir Arthur's announcement in the Lounge the other day that Miss Stein had been awarded the Royal Humane Society's Medal for her plucky rescue of the four men of the Bungalow Annexe whose boat was swamped at the Regatta at Putney on July 15th. Miss Stein, it will be remembered, swam about the upturned boat, placing the men in position, and keeping them there until a rescue was effected by the police boat.



SMALL BOY (proud owner of wooden packing case on wheels to friend): "Tie 'er up careful, Jim, an' leave the kid inside. Them motor thieves sticks at nuffin'."

Punch.

St. Dunstan's Lectures and Discussion Club

THE idea of a League of Nations to maintain the peace of the world (said Mr. Clew Williams, of the League of Nations Union) has appeared after every war; but just as the war of our own time was greater than any other, so the League idea is now far stronger and more widespread. Whether it was originated by the Pope, Mr. Asquith, or President Wilson—or by all simultaneously—this last-mentioned made the idea workable. It is based on the "Covenant" of twenty-six clauses, which has been signed by thirty-two States and accepted by sixteen others, comprising seven-eighths of the whole world; the remainder, Russia, Germany, Austria, and Bulgaria may be admitted when right-minded, for it is a League of Nations not of *Some Nations*. Its operation only awaits the ratification of the Peace Treaty—already accomplished in this country, Italy and France, and due in America before Christmas. The Press has greatly exaggerated the anti-League feeling in the United States; any opposition there has been as little more than party electioneering significance, the "Outs" condemning the policy of the "Ins."

The League personnel consists of an assembly of 150; within this is a Council of nine, being one delegate from each of the five Great Powers, while the remaining four represent the minor States. Behind this again is the Secretariat; Sir Eric Drummond, a Scotchman, is the first Secretary of the League, and his staff constitutes practically a Civil Service.

One objection comes from the Services, viz.:—That disarmament would leave a nation at the mercy of any predatory Power. But the Covenant only suggests disarming "to the lowest point consistent with national safety." On the other hand, the pacifists object that the League does not go far enough, till every ship and battalion is dispensed with. That may come

*Of which copies can be obtained from Miss MacAndrew, The Braille Room, or from 22, Buckingham Gate, S.W.

after the League has proved itself, but cannot precede this. Should any member show military tendencies, some neighbour may, indeed should, complain to the League. The Secretary would then write to the suspect suggesting investigation. If this were refused, or revealed some real offence, "the League calls upon you to desist." If the offender persisted, he would be warned that the League has powers—"sanctions" to enforce its principles. Of these, if the "diplomatic boycott" failed, the "economic boycott" would be applied; no country really cut off from posts, telegraphs, telephones, supplies and trade by land and sea could exist for a month. As a last resource, the armed forces of the world would annihilate the offender.

The purpose of the League is to make War difficult and Peace easy; and the dynamic power to make this possible must come from free peoples.

Why White Men Rule

A REMARKABLE belief is held by the North American Indians to account for the superiority of the white man. They believe that when the Almighty made the earth He created three white men, and, taking them to a lake, bade them leap in and wash. One obeyed immediately, and came out whiter than before; the second hesitated, and when he sprang in the water had become muddy, and he emerged copper-coloured; the third one delayed until the water was thick with mud, and so he got his black complexion. Then the Almighty gave the three men three packages, and in pity allowed the black man first choice. He selected the heaviest, wherein he found all the implements of labour, prophetic of slavery; the copper-coloured man chose the next weighty, which contained hunting, fishing, and warlike apparatus; and the white man was left with the lightest package, which concealed pens, ink and paper—the emblems of civilization and the foundation of his superiority.

Departmental Notes

The Braille Room

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

Reading: J. W. N. McIntosh, L. Ilsley, C. H. H. Ellis, Lieut. J. Campbell, E. T. Hughes, J. F. Steele, H. C. Boase, and R. Metcalfe.

Writing: Lieut. M. E. Clarke, G. Swindell, S. Game, P. Martin, C. Sullivan, A. J. Porter, M. W. Brown, J. P. Ireland, and C. G. Jeffries.

It is possible that there are some St. Dunstaners who are wondering whether Braille is worth the time and drudgery that is required to learn it. If there are any who do they may be interested in the following extract from a letter received from J. S. Nicol, of Aberdeen:—

"I trust that the boys are turning out in strong numbers to the Braille lessons. If any of them seem to be getting discouraged at any time, please tell them of the fight I had, and that I am glad that I did not give in. I do not read a great deal, but it is fine when the longing to read comes over one to be able to take up a book and do so."

It may interest our readers to hear that the National Library for the Blind has started a special fund, in memory of Miss Austin, for the production of books. The first book to be produced is "Analytical Psychology," by G. F. Stout, which is being transcribed at the request of an old St. Dunstaner, T. Milligan. The Secretary of the Library asks me to say that she will be glad to hear of other suggestions with regard to books that may be required by St. Dunstan's men, both Past and Present.

D. P.

Shorthand, Typewriting & Telephony

WE congratulate C. G. Jeffries, who has obtained a post with a City firm. He is to replace J. Monaghan, who, after having given every satisfaction during the year he has been with this firm, is leaving it to take up a post in the North near his own home. We also offer our congratulations to P. Garrity on his good luck in obtaining a new post, which, we understand, is a considerable improvement on the one he has vacated.

We congratulate the following officers and men on having passed their Typewriting Tests:—S. Game, R. Colville, W. J. Boardman, C. H. Van Niekerk, H. C. Boase, G. Burnett, W. T. Gray, A. Machie, W. Nolan, E. T. Pugh, J. H. Tindall, C. E. Port, T. E. Hughes, W. E. Bamber, P. M. Austin, R. W. Baker, John Robinson, Captain Peareth, W. Clampett, G. Brooks, A. Kirstein, W. J. Williams, J. R. Pease, T. Cheshire, R. Wilkinson, J. Hollingrake, W. L. Redhead, J. Perry, Mr. Whittle, J. Edwards, and P. McDonpough.

E. McL.

Netting

THE season for the sale of hammocks is now over, and After-Care netters will be well advised to set to work on tennis boundary netting and fruit netting, in preparation for the early spring demand. A convenient stock size for the former is 60ft. by 9ft.; the mesh should be 1½in., and the proper material is thick tanned twine.

We wish to point out that the sponge nets mentioned last month are required only to meet definite orders, and they should not be sent to the After-Care Department for sale without previous arrangement.

G. H. W.

Making Two Destroyers Into One

THE destroyer "Nubian," of the British Navy, while in patrol ran into a mine (probably while the stern was winging over as the boat was turning), and the after-half of her was blown to pieces. Fortunately, the steel of her bulkheads was good and tough and the riveting well done, with the result that the forward half of the vessel remained afloat, and was ultimately towed to a dockyard.

Another victim of the war was the destroyer "Zulu," which touched off a mine that tore the forward third of the vessel apart and left it looking like the proverbial "pile of scrap iron." In this case also the bulkheads held, and the salvaging vessels were able to tow the after-part of the "Zulu" to the same dockyards in which the "Nubian" had found refuge.

It is one of the fortunate circumstances attending the wrecking of ships by mines that the action of the high explosives is

so swift that it blows in the portion of the ship that is struck without seriously affecting the rest of the vessel; that is to say, a vessel may lose bow or stern, in fact may have it cut absolutely away, and still remain water-tight throughout the rest of her structure. This is what happened in the case of the two stricken destroyers; and all that was necessary was to cut away the wreckage, float the two destroyers (or what was left of them) into the same drydock, line them up to a common longitudinal axis, pump out the dock, and proceed to fill up the gap between the boats with the necessary scantlings, plating, etc. Fortunately, they were sister boats of the F Class. Each is of 1,000 tons displacement and 33 knots speed.

In christening the nautical Siamese twins that had been thus produced, the Admiralty combined the names of the original two vessels, calling the new ship "Zubian."

£200,000 for Removing Kinks

WHY is a negro's hair curly? The question is suggested by the fact that Mrs. Walker, a coloured woman who died recently, left a fortune of £200,000 which represents the profits of an idea for making negroes' hair straight.

It is a peculiarity of the coloured man that he considers his stubbornly curly hair as a badge of servitude. He likes his hair straight, similar to that of the white man.

Mrs. Walker—who was formerly a charwoman—discovered the secret of removing the kink from the hair of negroes, and in consequence became the wealthiest negress in the United States.

Perhaps the most surprising features of the story is that Mrs. Walker's idea originated in a vision. When she was a charwoman, earning fifteen shillings a week, she dreamt of the idea of unkinking

the hair of her coloured brothers. At that time she was thirty-seven years of age, but was so impressed with her dream of the preparation to make a negro's hair straight that she threw up her job and began putting up her hair tonic in bottles.

It was an instantaneous success, so much so that ere long she was able to start a factory in Indianapolis from which was sent out the preparation which every negro bought. It was sold in every part of America wherever there were negroes, and soon "Madame" was classed among the dollar millionaires.

She bought a New York house and mansion, filled it with art treasures, and in course of time this shrewd business woman, who at one time was content to wash and scrub for a living, died worth £200,000—surely one of the most amazing romances of fortune on record.

Items of Interest

Sir George Riddell's Address on the Peace Conference

ON Thursday, November 6th, Sir George Riddell spoke in the Outer Lounge on his experiences in Paris during the Peace Conference. As a personal friend of the Prime Minister's, Sir George saw, unofficially, much of the inner workings of the Peace Conference, and related many interesting and amusing personal anecdotes of M. Poincaré and others, describing at the same time the surroundings in which the historic scenes of the Conference took place.

Officers' Dramatic Society

ON Wednesday, November 5th, a concert was given at the Chelsea Infirmary, in which many of the members of 20 and 21, Portland Place, took part. The chief item on the programme was a farce entitled, "A Collection will be Made," which was performed by the Officers' Dramatic Society and stage-managed by Lady Morgan. All the actors were blinded officers—with the exception of the one lady in the cast, a part which was very ably acted by Miss Morgan—and the whole performance went off without a hitch. This is the first time that the Officers' Dramatic Society has given a performance in public, and their first appearance has proved a tremendous success.

Blind Twins at St. Dunstan's

ON Friday, October 24th, Frank and Victor Auckland, twin brothers, aged 14, came to St. Dunstan's and played in the Outer Lounge. These two boys have been blind all their lives, and until they were discovered in a small Gloucestershire village by Mr. Albert Bevan, music master at Christ College, they had never been taught a note of music. They listen to a piece of music played once and then sit down at the

piano and reproduce it. Much of their repertoire has been culled from gramophone records. Amazed at their ability, Mr. Bevan brought them up to London. They are now going on to the music hall stage, where we are certain they will attain the success they deserve.

During the three quarters of an hour they were performing in the Lounge the Twins played many well-known airs, ranging from opera to jazz music, finishing up, amidst rounds of enthusiastic applause, with a march of their own composition.

Pension Note

AN agreement has been entered into with the Ministry which will ensure the immediate issue of the additional allowance of 10s. a week for the wife of a man who married before he received the wound or injury for which he was discharged. Under this arrangement it is necessary that marriage certificates should be handed in at the Pensions Office at least four weeks prior to leaving.

Deaf-Mute Footballers

REFEREE MUST COMMUNICATE BY SIGNS

THERE is in Reading a football club entirely composed of deaf and dumb players. They play good football, but are worried because they cannot find a referee who can make himself understood quickly. A whistle is no good to them; all his meaning have to be conveyed by signs.

The members—fifteen in number—sport blue and white striped jerseys, the same colours as the Reading Southern League team. Their goalkeeper is a tower of strength—6ft. 3in. in his stockings.

The team are looking forward to a fixture in London on Boxing Day, when they will be pitted against another deaf-and-dumb team at West Ham.

News of St. Dunstan's Men

F. H. BARNETT, who was trained as a Poultry Farmer at St. Dunstan's, returned to Australia in April, 1918, and started work at Lutwyche, Brisbane. Readers of the REVIEW will remember the article he mentions in his letter, which appeared in September, 1918:—

"Many thanks for your letter of May 16th, duly to hand. Thanks also for the current issues of the always welcome REVIEWS. Since I last wrote my wife has presented me with a son and heir. I am pleased to say both are well.

"In a recent number of the REVIEW there appeared a very interesting article on 'Dowsing for the Blind.' I have a friend who is a water diviner, as we call them here, and from him I have gleaned some very interesting information. There being no need to see the surrounding country, the only difficulty for the blind water diviner would be the getting about. My friend uses for preference a Y-shaped stick, but this is not essential, and he says he can find water with a piece of wire. He holds the stick in front of him, pointing downwards a few inches from the ground. The next time he is engaged on water divining he has promised to take me with him, so I might have more to tell you about this subject in a later letter. He first became aware that he possessed this uncanny gift by accident when a lad of fourteen, while working as an apprentice to a blacksmith on a well sinking job in the western country. One day the diviner was taken sick and operations were temporarily held up. All the other men engaged took a turn with the stick without success, when one of them suggested that they should let the boy have a try. The suggestion was acted upon with immediate success. For the next three weeks he was laid up in bed, and even now would rather do a week's work at a forge in preference to a day with the divining rod. It may interest you to know that our troops at Gallipoli employed this method of finding water.

"The poultry farm is progressing well, and I have a number of chicks out, and next week I expect further additions to my feathered family in the shape of a number of ducklings. These will be just right for the Christmas market, when ducks command a very good price. In fact my experience tells me that ducks are a better paying proposition than fowls, and I intend to develop that line accordingly. The food is very dear, wheat being 8s. 9d. per bushel.

"I had a very amusing experience the other day. I was in the house alone when a ring came at the bell. On answering this a paper was thrust into my hand. I enquired what it was, but received no reply. After a few seconds of silence the visitor took hold of my hand and placed it to his mouth, from which I gathered that he was deaf and dumb. He then departed and went to my next door neighbour, and wrote on a piece of paper, 'is he a blinded soldier, next door?' to which the neighbour replied in the affirmative, and he then wrote, 'Very sorry.' It transpired that he was a deaf-and-dumb canvasser for an After-Care scheme for mutes after they leave the Institution. Knowing what the St. Dunstan's After-Care Department does for the blind, and what it means to us when we are working on our own, I sent in a small subscription for such a worthy purpose.

"Another little experience worth mentioning happened when I was in the Commonwealth Bank one day. This Bank is used largely by the soldiers for their military pay. A recently returned lad, whose eyes had been slightly affected by gas which necessitated his wearing glasses, came up to me and asked me if I could tell him whether he had to sign the form at the top or the bottom, saying that he had left his glasses at home and was not much use without them. I sympathised with him, and guessing that it was the same kind of form that I had to sign when I was discharged I gave him

From all parts of the World

the necessary instructions, and he thanked me and departed.

"I will now have to conclude, as it is feeding time for the poultry, and as far as possible I always make a point of regular feeding. Wishing you and St. Dunstan's increasing prosperity."

G. Mathews, a boot-repairer and mat-maker, left St. Dunstan's in December, 1918, and has started quite a flourishing little business at St. Helens, Lancs. In a recent letter to the manager of the After-Care Department he said:—

"Thanks very much for your welcome letter. Although a great number of us boys have left St. Dunstan's and have settled down in various parts of the world, I am sure that we are thought of just as much as when we were in the never-to-be-forgotten happy home and workshops of St. Dunstan's.

"Your letter is not only one of interest, but is also very encouraging to me, as it makes me feel that I want to push forward and let the public see that the time spent at St. Dunstan's in educating and training us has not been spent in vain.

"Now a word about my little shop. You will remember that after my first quarter at business I informed you that I had started to sell new boots and shoes, and I can assure you that it has been a success, as will be shown by my takings and profits. Still, I am not satisfied, and I have now added to my stock all kinds of hosiery and ladies' blouses, and by this means I hope to add still more to my profits.

"I have not got this business together just by standing behind the counter waiting for the customers to come in, but by working hard at my bench and trying to make every job better than the last.

"I must say that a lot of my success is due to my wife, as she not only keeps me cheerful, but keeps my shop clean and well set out, and is very willing to take a turn with the hammer.

"Before closing I must thank Sir Arthur and you and everyone connected with St. Dunstan's for the way in which I have been taught to earn my own living."

In a recent letter, J. Rawlinson, who was trained as a shorthand typist and returned to Canada at the end of 1918 to start work with the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment, gives us a little news of the other Canadian St. Dunstaners. He said:—

"There are some things in this life that can never be paid for, and the kindness and consideration shown by Sir Arthur to those who were blinded in the late war is one of them.

"Toppin is at present employed at the Parliament Building, Toronto, as a stenographer and typist, and is, I know, giving every satisfaction. For myself, as you know, I am still with the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment. The most gratifying thing that we can hear is 'how is it done?' That is what we are hearing all day and every day. The people here say that we are perfect marvels. We say, and with all truth, that it is not us, but our Alma Mater, St. Dunstan's, which is marvellous.

"Miss Ayres and Miss Thorne, together with McDougall, Mallory, Jimmy Green and myself, had a final afternoon tea on Bloor Street the evening before Miss Ayres left for Montreal prior to sailing for England. Give her our best regards when next you see her. I think that she liked Canada. Wishing you every success."

G. Heeley, who was also trained as a shorthand typist, returned at the end of 1918 to the post he had held before the war with Messrs. Alfred Cooke, Limited, Crown Point Printing Works, Leeds. We reprint below a letter from the firm to Sir Arthur:—

"In response to your letter of October 8th, respecting George Heeley, it is a great

pleasure to us to testify to Mr. Heeley's ability.

"His work as shorthand typist is very well done indeed, and quite equal to the work of anyone who has been blessed with eyesight. It is really very remarkable that it should be possible to train a blinded man to such an extent as has been done in the case of George Heeley."



P. Cashmore, a boot-repairer, living at Handsworth, Birmingham, sent in an excellent account of his progress. He wrote:—

"Just a few lines to let you know that I am getting on very well with my work. I have had some testimonials from some of my customers and they all say that they could not get their work done more neatly no matter to whom they took it. The After-Care Department's Instructor came to see me the other day, and he said that I was getting on finely and that there was a marked improvement in my work since the last time he saw me.

"I think that I have said all that there is to say, so I will draw to a close by



News from Far-away Masseurs

SIR ARTHUR has lately received very satisfactory news from St. Dunstan's Colonial Masseurs. Private Elmer Glew, whom many early St. Dunstaners will remember as being obliged for health reasons to return to Australia before his massage training was quite completed, has been successful in obtaining a very good position as head masseur at the Anzac Hostel, Brighton, Victoria, which has been opened by the Repatriation Department for the benefit of permanently disabled Australians. Glew has an assistant, and was thus enabled to spare enough time from his work at the hostel to allow of his entering for the examination of the Australian Massage Association. In a letter to Sir Arthur, dated 22nd September, he says that he has heard unofficially that he has passed these examinations, and goes on:—"I intend taking up private practice at an early date in this

wishing you all at St. Dunstan's the very best of health and prosperity."



R. Baker, another boot-repairer, who lives at Chopwell, Co. Durham, wrote to the manager of the After-Care Department:—

"Just a few lines to let you know that I am going on all right. Work has slackened off a bit, but I am doing very well. I was very pleased with your letter, it was very interesting, and I was just thinking about writing to you when I received it.

"I was out the other night and I had to go through fields to get home. It was very dark and the men I was with would not let me go home by myself—they forgot that darkness made no difference to me—and they would insist on seeing me past the stiles. When I said we had reached them and was going to cross, they said I was wrong, but I stuck to it that I was right and I was. They declared it was a funny occurrence to have to follow a blind man, but it was so dark they could not see a yard in front of them."

district, but up to date haven't had a chance to get round to see the doctors. Those whom I've seen are very favourable, and consider I ought to do well, as there isn't another man in the district who has decent qualifications, so far as they know."

Neil Campbell, from Auckland, New Zealand, writes:—"After three months hospital work I have started doing hospital work in the morning only, and am doing private work in the afternoon. I called upon most of the local doctors, and left my card, etc. The leading medical men, the only ones who really count, have been very prompt in sending cases, and I am kept very busy. Six cases fill my book for afternoons, and for the last month I have not had less than five, and often six, so that things are looking up."

From South Africa, too, good news came at the same time, for Gordon Stobie,

writing from Durban, says:—"You will be glad to hear that during the month of August I was kept very busy, and the

total number of treatments that I did was 227, of which over 200 were paying cases."

Nature's Red Flags

EVERY hedgerow is a mixture of valuable food plants, and others which are deadly poisonous, and the eye cannot judge which are harmless and which are harmful.

Indeed, if one attempts to trust to the eye alone, the consequences are bound to be disastrous, for it is a curious fact that many of the most beautiful berries are also the most deadly. What, for instance, could be more lovely than the brilliant crimson fruit of the guelder rose? Yet these berries are decidedly poisonous. So, too, are the lovely pink berries of the spindle tree, and the scarlet ones of the bitter-sweet.

What could be more exquisite to the eye than the fruit of the deadly nightshade? This plant bears a large berry which resembles a ripe cherry. Yet it is the most dangerous of all our wild fruits. Two of these berries will kill a child.

The berry succeeds a flower which is of a deep purple colour, and here is one warning which Nature gives us. The fruit of most plants which bear flowers of this colour is poisonous. Another instance in point is the meadow saffron, a sort of crocus, the purple blooms of which appear in the autumn. Its bulb and leaves are both poisonous. The result of eating them is burning in the throat, sickness, and partial blindness.

The sense of smell is more trustworthy in the detection of poison than that of sight. Take the hemlocks, of which there are several sorts, all as poisonous as can be. All have a strong, mousy odour.

The water dropwort, water hemlock and fool's parsley are all dangerous. To this order belong the carrot, parsnip, celery and parsley; yet, while these are valuable garden plants, nearly all the wild members of the same family are poisonous.

Daffodil leaves are most poisonous, but no one in their senses would dream of eating them, for the merest drop of their juice stings the lips.



Tommy was Right

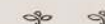
TOMMY, aged six years, was the son of a disabled soldier, and had, therefore, heard the question of "Government Pensions" freely discussed in the home circle.

At school the other day the teacher said, "Tommy, can you tell me what fifty shillings and thirty shillings would amount to?"

Tommy stared at the teacher in dumb despair.

"Come, Tommy," said the teacher kindly, "I will make it easier for you. Suppose, when your father has drawn his pension, that he came home and gave your mother fifty shillings in her right hand and thirty shillings in her left hand. What would your mother have?"

"She'd have a fit" answered Tommy, meekly.



SOLDIER (offering seat in French tram): "Ere, asseyez vous, Madam, s'il vous plaît."

FRENCH DAME: "Ah, non, Monsieur, c'est à vous!"

SOLDIER: "Go on, sit down, yer silly old geysers!"

FRENCH DAME: "Ah, merci, Monsieur, vouse etes bien gentil."—*Punch*.



"NOW, ma'am," cried the cross-examining K.C., "was the defendant's air, when, as you allege, he promised to marry you, perfectly serious, or was it, on the contrary, jocular and full of levity?"

"It was all ruffled," replied the plaintiff, "with 'im runnin' 'is 'ands through it."

News from the Workshops

THEIR "Handicap" is the brave word used at St. Dunstan's to describe the blindness of the men; the word "affliction" is never tolerated. It might have been thought that in the workshops this handicap would have been very evident, but the instructors find that their thoughts are directed much more to the adaptability and perseverance of the men and to the surprising way in which they overcome their chief handicap. Even familiar daily experience with the men at work does not prevent us from being really astonished at the achievements of different individuals from time to time.

Especially is this the case with the men who, and the proportion is a large one, have additional handicaps such as serious head wounds, disordered nerves, or lost fingers and limbs. It is not perhaps generally recognised outside St. Dunstan's that many of our men have these disabilities as well as their blindness.

To mention just a few of these men whose work has attracted our attention this month we may refer to J. Worthington and G. J. Radford in the Mat Department; J. Jolly, who is mastering square-arm baskets by sheer pluck; G. Matrenin, who has done very well with square picnic baskets; A. Emery, who has turned out oval and square trays with plaited borders extremely well; J. Clemenson, who is now giving close attention to small work, and W. Williams, who has persevered for a long time at the basket trade. In the Boot Department A. Hayes, W. Trott, A. H. W. James, M. H. Oldroyd, J. Baldwin and W. A. Simmons have other wounds which are a serious hindrance to them in their work.

In the Mat Department R. Wiley and G. Lawty have completed a very good course, and S. Pullan has turned out carefully made mats. T. Mardon and F.

Weeks have reached a very good level. P. J. Cottrell is a hard worker at Boots and Mats, and is increasingly successful, and E. Evers has made a sound mat with red insertion border, and has also a good style in Boots. A. Hazel is turning out regular and uniform work. D. W. Campbell makes a very neat mat, and W. Walker and C. E. Oppery have made remarkably good mats this month.

Two new men in this department, C. B. Newall and W. Coleman, have made a very good start.

Several men in the Basket Department are busy making samples of work to take with them to stock their shops. In A. Blyde's work the making and picking of a square-arm basket was excellent. A good collection has been put together by E. A. West, and D. O. Evans had a remarkably good range of oval baskets. A very good and nicely picked waste paper basket has been turned out by T. Newman. P. Heath is doing very well with oval and square work.

Among the new men E. Humphries has made very good progress on barrels, and E. Tatton with square arm baskets. We look to see some fine work from J. Cooney as his course proceeds. He and H. C. Boase give promise of being good basket-makers. Round whole-cane feeding baskets is a line in which our men will do well; S. Evans and J. Galloway have proved this during the month.

Some good barrel baskets have been made by A. B. Tanner, J. Simpson and F. Jackson. Square arm baskets by J. H. Matthews and G. Pollay are worthy of mention, while S. Goodman turned out a dog-bed thoroughly well. In the whole-cane work R. H. Skewes has made a cabin trunk and G. T. Shaw and S. Sephton buff and cane hampers. Men on this

work have made great advance recently in cutting slopes and scallomings. C. P. Masters has made a large cane hamper, which will be sent to Edmonton, Canada, as a sample of St. Dunstan's work. B. Wood puts in a lot of time after hours, and is now doing remarkably well with plaited borders. With some hesitation W. Knox has accepted the position of pupil teacher, and we trust that he will succeed in letting his men into the secret of making the excellent soiled linen and oval-arm baskets such as he produced at the beginning of the month.

The new men in the Boot Department have got off the mark this month extremely well with A. H. W. James, E. J. Lloyd, M. W. Brown, A. J. Burtenshaw, and R. Edwards leading the field. J. Alvey has recently turned out a good deal of excellent work, and has now taken up pupil teaching, and we should like to give special commendation to the useful work that T. Horsfall has done during October in taking the place of an instructor who was on the sick list. Another new pupil teacher is J. H. Ham, who has done well recently in this department.

R. Atkinson is a very persevering man, and devotes a lot of extra time to his trade. T. Corcoran has made a decided advancement, particularly in handling tools, and W. G. Sanders and W. Wells have made good progress. E. Callow has made strides chiefly in riveting and building up, and G. Brooks has turned out several good jobs. A light clump on pump shoe done by W. J. Hare and a bradded clump on youth's boot by J. Elder were very good jobs, and we should like also to commend a new through sole and heel built up by G. J. Sorrell. C. D. Sullivan rebuilt a heel to a man's boot very well, and W. Mackay and B. F. Jones show great promise of becoming good men at their trade. A very keen man is F. Carter, who has made marked improvement with grafting at the waist and finishing, and N. W. Stevenson is a steady man and can make a good, strong job. A pair of ladies' heels with $\frac{1}{2}$ rubbers set

up by C. Pike were excellent, and we may say the same of a pair of single-soled ladies' shoes repaired by W. Walters.

In the work done in the Joinery Department this month we noticed a very good tool chest by Mr. Channing, a kitchen table by J. Knight, and the special advancement made by E. Cass on trays and frames.

Proficiency certificates have been awarded to the following men this month: F. J. Brown (baskets), J. P. Petro (joinery), J. H. Twigg (mats), G. Hale (mats), V. J. Fennell (C.C. baskets), F. Hyde (baskets), J. Strickland (mats), W. Folland (boots), E. Fearn (mats), J. Broadley (boots), W. Cox (boots and mats), J. Baldwin (boots and mats), J. Alvey (boots), W. Trott (boots), J. P. Biram (joinery), E. E. Barrett (picture framing), E. S. Cass (picture framing), F. G. Freeman (joinery), H. Hardy (joinery) and W. F. Lilley (joinery).

The following are the results of the sculling races which were rowed off on Regent's Park Lake on November 5th, 6th and 7th:—

Single Sculls (blind men only).—1st, W. Plumpton; 2nd, H. Foster; 3rd, P. Goulden.

Single Sculls (open).—1st, D. Urquhart; 2nd, W. Plumpton; 3rd, H. Foster.

Double Sculls (blind men only).—1st, W. Plumpton and Westward; 2nd, H. Foster and W. S. Burman. *W. H. O.*

Revised Mat Prices

ON November 1st a circular was sent out by the After-Care Department to all mat-makers notifying them of a change in the price of mats. Will any man who has not received a copy apply to Captain Fraser.

INTERVIEWER: "And to what principally do you attribute your remarkable age?"

CENTENARIAN: "It's verra simple. Gettin' a reet start, ye see. I were born in good time."

Pictures Through Space

SENDING PHOTOGRAPHS BY WIRELESS

WE are on the eve of a revolution in newspaper illustration. Within a period of months we may see in our morning papers photographs of events which have only the previous day taken place on the other side of the world.

The possibility of transmitting pictures through the air has been successfully demonstrated; all that remains to be done is to perfect the machinery and to adapt it to commercial uses.

In order to show how pictures can be transmitted through immense space it is necessary to hark back to the cable as a means of sending messages across the oceans.

Telegraphy by under-seas cables is well known; it is not so well known that telephony under-seas is impossible except over limited distances. For this reason it is only possible to use the telephone cable over a short distance, like the English Channel, by sinking heavy chambers in which the sounds are rebuilt, as it were, and sent on to the next chamber. This is due to the electric action of the sea, which distorts or destroys the sounds in such a way that they become unrecognizable beyond a certain range.

Wireless messages are not obstructed in this way, the only trouble so far being the difficulty of making the messages completely audible over a great distance.

An instrument known as the Thermionic Valve has come to the rescue, and made many things, hitherto impossible, comparatively easy. The mission of this remarkable invention is to magnify sound; in other words, to make messages audible over a great range of space. It has opened up new fields for wireless to conquer, and one of those fields is the domain of illustration. By means of the Thermionic Valve it is now possible to transmit across so great a distance as the Atlantic Ocean, the image on a photographic print.

Put as simply as possible, here is one system by means of which a photographic print can be transmitted.

A material, semi-metallic in substance, called selenium, in the form of a cylinder, is used for the purpose. Around this cylinder the print is wrapped, and the selenium attracts electric waves through the print, according to the depth of the picture image. In other words, the impression made upon the cylinder varies according to the amount of light which is thrown upon it. Where the photographic print is dark the amount of electricity passing through it will be weak. Where it is clear the amount of electricity will be strong, and these impressions are magnified by means of the Thermionic Valve to such an extent that they will be recognizable on the other side of the world, where another cylinder transmits the picture message to a sensitive material which is wrapped around it.

The electric waves tell their picture story in a remarkable way. They work down the sensitive material so close together as to be undistinguishable from each other, the current and the strength of the line varying according to the amount of light passed by the dispatching instrument. When the sensitive material is covered we find that the gradations of electric power are faithfully recorded, and we get a replica of the picture through which the electric waves have passed at the dispatching station.

No very elastic imagination is needed to appreciate the astonishing possibilities of wireless in other directions.

For instance, it would not be a big step from the transmission of messages to a tape machine to the making by wireless of a direct typewritten copy.

To sit in a London office and read, line by line, a typewritten report of a speech by a statesman in America, suggests a dream story, but we may not be far from the experience.

Tit-Bits.

Random Shots

(ONE OF MR. CHORLEY'S ADVENTURES RELATED BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY)

THE great day had come at last. A week before, Jexter, an old friend of Chorley's, had written to say that he had got a rabbit shoot about ten miles away, and would be very glad if Chorley would come over and have a day's sport, bringing his own gun.

The gun Chorley had borrowed from a friend, and as he walked out of his house in the morning, carrying it over his shoulder like a sentry on the march, he saw Wimbleby in the next garden.

"Hallo! Chorley," said Wimbleby, with a look of surprise, "have you joined the Volunteers?"

"Certainly not," replied Chorley, with a lofty smile of disdain. "Friend of mine had just asked me to join him in a rabbit shoot. We shall send what we shoot to the local hospital."

"Yes," said Wimbleby, grimly, "if it's a gamekeeper, I only hope he lives till he gets there, that's all."

"What nonsense," protested Chorley, "You don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, yes, I do," insisted Wimbleby. "If I had a grudge against anybody, I'd just as soon ask him to go out shooting with you as not. But as it happens, I'm a man who lives at peace with all the world—"

"Yes," said Chorley, with a snort, as he passed on his way. "I've noticed it, Wimbleby."

"You take my tip and leave word with a good reliable undertaker, Chorley," shouted Wimbleby, as Chorley was turning the corner. "You can get a good commission if you hold out for it!"

In due course Chorley arrived on the ground, where Jexter greeted him cordially.

"The place is full of rabbits, old man," said Jexter enthusiastically. "We must keep this side of the hedge as the other side belongs to the farmer. But as soon as my man has got the ferrets down, you'll see some sport. Are you much of a shot?"

Chorley had never had a gun in his hand before in his life, but he wasn't going to own up to that. So he smiled and said that he was probably about the average.

"That's all right," said Jexter. "The man's got the cartridges. Run up and fill your pockets. Then we'll take it in turns to pot."

The man was engaged at the moment in trying to coax a ferret into a likely burrow. Chorley went up to him and tapped him on the shoulder with the muzzle of his gun. The man started up in a hurry and promptly knocked the gun out of Chorley's hands.

"Dash it all, guv'nor," he said, "D'ye want to murder me?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Chorley, "The gun isn't loaded."

"No," snapped the man. "No guns never is till they goes off o' their own accord and kills somebody. If I'm agoin' to stay on the ground I'll ask you to kindly keep your gun's nose downwards."

"Of course I shall, when it's loaded," said Chorley flippantly, "Got any cartridges?"

The man gripped his ferret with one hand and held open his bag with the other, so that Chorley might help himself. He looked at Chorley for a few moments, and then burst into a roar of coarse, vulgar laughter. Chorley was trying to stuff the first cartridge down the muzzle of his gun.

"I don't see what you've got to laugh at," said Chorley a little testily. "It's not my fault if the things are two big for the barrel. Have you got such a thing as a ramrod about you?"

"No, I ain't," returned the man with a snort of contempt, "But if that's the kind o' sport you are, guv'nor, I'll ask you to keep over t'other side o' the field. I ain't lookin' for to be a fatal accident and a hinqest at my time o' life."

Chorley retraced his steps dismally, and got a few friendly hints from Jexter as to loading and handling a rabbit rifle.

As soon as Jexter had shown him where to put the cartridges, he said rather significantly:

"I think, if you don't mind, old chap, I'll go and stand at the other end of the field, so that if anything comes your way, you pot at it and never mind me."

Chorley didn't quite understand why his presence should create that air of mistrust, but, still, he could only obey his host's wishes. Jexter went to the other end of the field, and a moment later there were two sharp reports in rapid succession, and a rabbit turned a somersault down the hill and then breathed its last at the bottom.

"Well done," shouted Chorley. "Wait till I get a shot."

The man who, much against his will, had been sent over with his ferret to Chorley's part of the ground, then said quietly:

"I shouldn't shout so much, if I was you, sir. Just keep your eye on that little 'illock close beside you, and if I ain't mistook you'll see something in a minute. But for 'eaven's sake keep the nose o' your gun down'ards."

"All right, all right," said Chorley impatiently, as he fixed his eye on the hillock in question. A moment later he was positive he saw something move, and his hand shook so he could scarcely keep his gun to his shoulder. Then he gave a sudden yell as a rabbit ran right across his feet, and disappeared in an adjacent furrow. Chorley was so surprised that he hadn't time to fire. He aimed a blow at the thing with his gun and there is no doubt that if he had hit it he would have hurt it very severely.

"Why didn't you shoot it?" asked the man derisively. "Tain't no good tryin' to kill rabbits by clubbin' 'em to death. They're in too much of a 'urry."

"You mind your own business," snapped Chorley, "I know what I'm doing."

The man grumbled to himself, to the effect that he wouldn't like to bet on that, and then he put the ferret into another hole, and told Chorley to watch the hillock again, as a rabbit would probably come out just there. Chorley watched

diligently for some moments, and then he distinctly saw something moving within a couple of yards from where he was standing. Steadying his nerves with an effort, he put his gun up, and shutting his eyes religiously, fired both barrels point blank. There was a squeal, and then all was still.

The stillness was broken by the man. He rushed forward with a gasp and said something which Chorley sincerely trusted he hadn't heard correctly. Then he looked back, and gulping down the rest of his holiday vocabulary, he cried out:

"Thunder and lightnin'! Dashed if you ain't bin an' shot the ferret."

"I—I thought it was a rabbit," Chorley blurted out, as Jexter, looking rather glum, came up and tried to make light of the accident.

"It's all right, Chorley, old chap," he said with an affectation of joviality that he was far from feeling. "I've often done it myself. We'll soon get another."

Jexter walked off with the man, and Chorley could hardly help noticing that they exchanged glances more than once as they went. However, it was clearly an accident, and it was no use letting a thing like that interfere with the day's sport. So, having by this time learned how to load his rifle, Chorley slipped another pair of cartridges into place, and strolled along by the hedge, where he had been given to understand the rabbits flocked in the most generous confusion.

Something moved on the other side of the hedge, and then something else—dozens of them, it seemed to Chorley. He never doubted for a moment that he had started the contents of a whole burrow, and, with a whoop of joy, he fired into the scampering crew. As the sound of the shot died away a wild and demoniacal squealing rose from the meadow on the other side of the hedge. The sound seemed familiar to Chorley. It was like the noise a pig makes when it is about to be turned against its will into a silent, expressionless saveloy.

Chorley looked round for Jexter and the man, but they were nowhere to be seen. Trembling with apprehension as to the extent of the damage he had done,

Chorley climbed the bank and peeped over the hedge. As he did so, another head shot up from the other side, and a rough, hard hand grabbed him by the coat collar. "Got yer," shouted the owner of the rough, hard hand. "I s'pose you gen'lemen thinks that takin' pot shots at a poor man's pig is good sport, don't yer? But I know a better sport 'n that," and as he spoke he flourished a stout stick in the air and endeavoured to drag Chorley through the hedge.

"Y—you are making a m—mistake, you are really," stammered Chorley, "It was quite a mistake, I assure you."

"Yes, I know," said the other with a sarcastic laugh. "I know them kind of accidents, you come through this 'ere 'edge; come on. When I've got yer 'ere I can talk to yer."

Chorley squirmed and kicked, but he was helpless in the grasp of the burly farmer, who struck his stick in the ground for a moment, and put both hands into the job of dragging his prisoner through the hedge. By the time Chorley landed on the other side, his face and hands were a good deal scratched, and his clothes were torn to ribbons. Having got him through the hedge the farmer flung him a few paces away, and then picked up his stick again.

"Now, then, mister," he said threateningly, "look at them there poor pigs."

Chorley looked as directed, and discovered that he had taken a flying shot into a litter of young and trustful pigs. Two of them were dead, and the survivors were crowded round their mother with an expression of unmistakable anxiety upon their youthful brows.

"Of course," said Chorley, "it's very unfortunate, but I will pay for any damage I may have done. There's no need to be violent about it."

"That's as may be, guv'nor," returned the farmer, toying significantly with his stick, "I puts them young pigs at a sovereign each. And that ain't all," he added, shaking a warning finger at Chorley, "there's the shock to the poor mother's system, to say nothin' of the moral damage I've suffered myself. This little outbreak o' yours 'll cost you three pound. Are ye goin' to pay it?"

Chorley said at first that it was imposition, that he wouldn't hear of it, but there was a glitter in the farmer's eye that seemed to suggest that a lengthy discussion of the terms would be imprudent. He therefore handed over the money and crawled through the hedge again to look for his host in order to explain his temporary absence.

The Story of Eight Gallant Men

ADVENTURES IN TURKEY

A STORY which recalls the happiest moments of Ballantyne, Mayne Reid, or Robert Louis Stevenson was narrated the other day in the prosaic atmosphere of the Law Courts. It concerns the amazing adventures of eight British officers—one commander of the Royal Navy and seven soldiers—who last year escaped from captivity in Turkey, marched for three weeks through a hostile country to the coast, spent a week in hiding to recover from their privations, and then ran off with a Turkish tugboat to Cyprus.

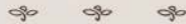
On the night of August 7th-8th, 1918, the eight officers carried out plans that

had been maturing for eleven months previously, escaped from the camp at Yozgad, Turkey, and, after a series of adventures, involving marching on scant rations, battles with brigands, privations of hunger and cold, and narrow escapes from cut-throats on at least two occasions, they succeeded in arriving at a point on the Anatolian Coast west of Korgos Island. On arriving there the party were too famished to proceed immediately with their bid for liberty, but after a rest of about seven days they resumed their travels.

On September 8th, Commander Cochran saw a Turkish tug off the Isle of

Korgos, dragging with it a barge full of Government stores. It anchored some distance from the shore. The party daringly resolved to attempt to climb down to the beach and swim off some 300 yards to release from the tug the dinghy attached to it. An attempt had previously been made by the lifting of the anchor, a Turkish sentry had been alarmed. On this occasion, however, the exploit was successfully carried out. After dark the officers made off and cut adrift the dinghy, which was astern of the barge, and the rest of the party were paddled alongside the "Hertha" without being seen by the

sentry ashore, or from the place where the crew of the "Hertha" were lying about thirty yards away. These officers, in spite of their emaciated condition, got the anchor up and succeeded, with the aid of hastily improvised paddles, in rowing the boat out to sea under the nose of the sentries, notwithstanding that the Turkish crew were thirty yards from the tug at the time of the capture. When they were a mile or two out at sea, they started the "Hertha's" 54 h.p. engine—an operation taking four or five hours—and finally the tug was brought to Cyprus harbour and handed over to the British authorities.



Shamming Mad to Win Freedom

ARE they really lunatics or brilliant actors?

Sceptical Turks and British asked the question as they looked at the weird, ghastly figures of Lieut. Jones and Lieut. Hill in the prisoners' ward of a Turkish hospital in the early days of the war.

Here is a picture of Lieut. Hill as described by another British officer:

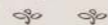
"A tousled scarecrow of a man. His long, untrimmed hair hung over his unwashed neck, his cheeks were sunken, his hands were clasped over the bed-clothes that covered his shins. He never looked at us, but with an expression of the most unswerving austerity continued to read a book that lay open on his knees. As I passed I saw from the ruling and paraphrasing of the pages that it must be a copy of the Bible.

"Jones was in a bed opposite. His face was unnaturally white. The young forehead was divided and subdivided by deep wrinkles; a golden beard tufted from the chin; the head was covered by a too-large fez made of white linen. He grinned and waved an arm towards the Turkish orderly. 'I am not English,' he protested in Turkish. 'I am a good Turk. The English are my enemies. I wrote to His Excellency Enver Pasha telling him I wished to become a Turkish officer.'

The reputation of these two officers as lunatics had spread through every

prison-camp in Turkey, says the writer who tells the story in *Blackwood's Magazine*. But they were not mad. They were feigning madness the whole time in order to recover their freedom. And they won through. As soon as the British vessel on which they were shipped had left Turkish waters they miraculously recovered.

It was one of the most amazing cases of malingering on record. The marvel is that Hill's mind did not give way under the ordeal. For twelve hours a day he sat up in bed reading and re-reading the Bible. He showed no signs of interest in anything; prayed aloud for nearly half an hour morning and evening in the presence of a dozen people, and never smiled—a task which required almost inhuman concentration. Jones, on the other hand, acted farce instead of tragedy, and both men completely duped the Turks.



Poultry Supplement

IT has been decided to produce a four-page supplement to the REVIEW, dealing only with Country Life matters. THE POULTRY SUPPLEMENT, as it is called, made its first appearance in October, when it was sent to all St. Dunstan's poultry-farmers. If any poultry-farmer has not received his copy will he please apply direct for one to the Superintendent, Country Life Section.

Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

Church Notes

OUR Harvest Festival Services were held on Sunday, October 26th. The chapel was charmingly decorated by the Sisters, who, with the men, supplied the fruit, corn, and vegetables. Will they kindly accept our gratitude for their help and services? The fruit and flowers were afterwards given to the sick boys in Sussex Place. Our attendance was very encouraging, many extra seats being needed, whilst the singing was bright and cheering.



During November there will be special celebrations of the Holy Communion, on Sunday, 23rd, at 7.15 a.m., and after the morning service at 10.15 a.m.



The Hon. Chaplain (the Rev. E. N. Sharpe, M.A.) will give the address on Sunday morning, November 16th.



If there are any more men who desire to join our Confirmation Classes will they please let me have their names as soon as possible?



I am sorry to notice how few Communicants are making their Communion at our various celebrations. One Sunday morning during the past month we had only five! I do trust that all Communicants in St. Dunstan's will make a definite point of attending the celebrations in our own little chapel at least once a month. I know it will be a real help to them.

J. E. W.



Catholic Chapel Notes

THIS month we have to thank M. Doyle for his solo, and for his promise of another in the near future.



By special consent of the Cardinal a Requiem Mass was allowed on Sunday,

November 2nd. The music of the Mass was Plain Chant, and for this we are indebted to Mr. Oldmeadow, who has frequently obliged us by bringing a party of singers whenever a special musical effort has been required.

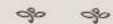


There will be a special service at the beginning of next month to commemorate the second anniversary of the opening of the new chapel. Full particulars will be duly announced. P. H.



Births

BARNETT, F. H., son - - June 13, 1919.
 KIRBY, H. W., son - - July 29, 1919.
 SPACKMAN, A., son - - Oct. 4, 1919.
 RODGERS, A. H., son - - Oct. 8, 1919.
 MOSS, E., twin sons - - Oct. —, 1919.
 TRENDALL, E. G.,
 daughter - - - - - Oct. 11, 1919.
 CHAVE, H. J., daughter - Oct. 15, 1919.
 LATH, T., daughter - - Oct. 15, 1919.
 DIXON, J., daughter - - Oct. 17, 1919.
 SCALLY, J., son - - - Oct. 19, 1919.
 STANNERS, R., son - - Oct. 31, 1919.
 GARRITY, P., daughter - Nov. 6, 1919.



Marriages

ON Saturday, September 6th, J. H. Greenway was married, at All Saints' Church, Warwick, to Miss Geary.

On Saturday, October 4th, P. Maynard was married, at St. Marylebone Church, to Miss A. G. Jordan.

On Saturday, October 4th, F. G. Braithwaite was married at St. Saviour's Church, Guildford, to Miss F. E. Elliot.

On Saturday, October 18th, J. V. Tweedie was married, at St. Marylebone Church, to Miss E. C. Simpkins.

On Saturday, October 18th, F. Francis was married, at St. Marylebone Church, to Miss A. M. Sellens.

On Monday, October 20th, H. Kidger was married, at St. Francis Church, Bedworth, to Miss N. B. Garvey.

On Wednesday, October 22nd, W. E. Carlton was married, at St. Marylebone Church, to Miss M. C. Hill.

On Monday, October 28th, J. H. Hey was married, at St. Marylebone Church, to Miss L. Sutcliffe.

On Thursday, November 6th, R. A. Newton was married to Miss D. H. Salway.

Baptisms

ON Sunday, October 12th, Richard Arthur Lyon Eggleton, the son of Richard Eggleton, was baptised in the St. Dunstan's Chapel.

On Sunday, Oct. 19th, Joyce Christina Radford, the daughter of Albert Radford, was baptised in the St. Dunstan's Chapel.

Dogs of War

TRAINING AND WORK WITH THE BRITISH ARMY
By Lieut.-Col. E. H. Richardson, R.E.

CANINE SENTRIES.

THERE should be a great future for the sentry dog, which must be understood as quite apart from the guard or defence dog. The duties of the two classes differ in that the guard dog is required to defend a certain area, while the sentry dog has to take up its duties with any soldier and at any spot. This is more difficult work, and calls for increased intelligence, hearing, and scent on the part of the dog. During the first few months of the war, before any official action had been taken in the direction of training military dogs, I had supplied a good many to the armies on the Western front, and also to the Expeditionary Forces in Egypt and Mesopotamia. An Airedale I supplied to an officer of the Berkshire Regiment was taken on patrol one night. It suddenly stopped and began to growl. The party heard and saw nothing suspicious, but the officer ordered the men to lie flat. Immediately afterwards an enemy patrol passed by close to them without noticing. Our patrol then rose noiselessly and captured them all. Some dogs that were sent out to an infantry regiment in Egypt averted what might have been a serious disaster. It was on the same day as the Yeomanry were so severely attacked, and when there was a dense mist the infantry were also attacked, but the dogs were too quick and so clearly indicated the approach of the enemy that an order was given to fire into the mist. This fusillade was attended with great effect, and the attack was checked.

I also sent some good Airedale sentries to the flooded areas of the Belgian front, and they were much appreciated, and there were eighteen Airedales with the South-West Africans Force. General Botha was very pleased with these. Sentry dogs are particularly suitable where the conditions are those of open warfare.

I have mentioned already that some sentry dogs were trained at the War Dog School and were sent out to Salonica.

They formed a very handsome contingent, and went out in charge of some specially trained men. Very good work was done after arrival. There is not the slightest doubt that these dogs would always be of inestimable service at night. On the North-West Frontier of India, for instance, there should be an organised permanent sentry dog service. It would be extremely difficult for a sentry to be approached at night even by the most subtle rifle thief, without the dog giving him sufficient warning to put him on his guard, and the fact that he had such an ally by his side would give him greatly enhanced confidence.

OFFICERS' OPPOSITION.

Among Army officers I have found many objections to the idea of using dogs with sentries, and the arguments they bring up are always the same. I should say, however, that the objections come in every case, from those who have not tried the dogs. I have not found any of the objections proved in actual practice. I will admit, at the same time, that this

work in the Army must always be administered by an expert. The dogs must be properly trained at the training school, and the whole service supervised and controlled by an officer who thoroughly understands the necessities of the work from the dog point of view. I will here mention the arguments of the objectors:—

1. That there is danger in the fact that a sentry, having a dog to depend on, will be tempted to become careless in his work.

2. That the dog's barking would reveal the position and draw the enemy fire.

My answer to the first objection is that, under the conditions where there is no particular danger to life from enemy attack, and where the sentry might therefore not feel the same necessity for alertness, the work is likely to be better done if a dog is posted with him. If the sentry is naturally lazy or open to bribes there is no remedy if he is by himself, whereas the dog cannot be bribed and does not sleep.

In the case of active warfare, the sentry in his own interest is less likely to sleep, and the danger of a man doing so, owing to undue fatigue or any other cause, is greatly lessened if he has a dog with him. The sentry dog does not sleep at night, and will either keep his sentry awake or wake him up, and, in fact, represents the second string to the bow.

In the case of the second objection, that the dog would give warning and draw the enemy's fire, it may certainly be admitted that there are occasions when absolute silence is essential. At these times it would be safer not to post the dog; although even here, by the use of a strap muzzle, any noise which the dog would make could be controlled to a great extent, while by its alert attitude it would give the sentry warning long before he himself was aware of enemy movements. Apart from this, there are scores of occasions when no risk whatever is incurred by the dog growling or even barking.

Sentry dogs can also be the means of greatly reducing the sentries, and are thus a valuable asset for the reduction of man-power.

QUALITIES REQUIRED.

The qualities required in these dogs are acute hearing and scent, sagacity,

fidelity, and a strong sense of duty. Any dog showing these attributes can be developed into a good sentry dog, provided it is the right size, which must be that of a collie or Airedale, or large Irish terrier in fact, middle size. Anything smaller is not so able to stand long marches, nor would be sufficiently powerful in other respects. White dogs should be avoided, and as a whole dogs are better than bitches.

There are exceptions to every rule, but I find that dogs are rather more aggressive and less than self-centred than bitches, which are of a milder and less alert disposition. It seems to be supposed that Airedales are essentially the best for this work, but this is not necessarily the case, as many other breeds of this size are equally good. The Airedale standard is certainly a good one, as the hardiness and fondness for the master exhibited by this breed are excellent qualities on which to start work. But many collies and retrievers of the rugged sort are first-rate as well as crosses of all these breeds. A good weather-resisting coat is necessary, even if the dogs are for service in a hot climate, as during the hot weather it is easy to clip them, and the hair can be allowed to grow again as the cold weather approaches.

The training of these dogs must be carried on at the official training school, and must be carried on under expert management. It is useless to imagine that any dogs picked up here and there can be utilised by a unit for its sentries. The dogs to understand the work properly must be carefully trained, and this must be done at night at the school. The training commences at dusk, when the dogs are led from their kennels by soldier keepers to various posts in isolated spots. Persons representing the enemy are instructed to approach from various directions. Accurate note is taken of the time and distance at which the dog first takes notice, and how much ahead he is of the sentry in detecting the approach of the enemy. After a course of this training the dog becomes well aware that he is expected to be on the look-out, and his senses already, naturally acute, are developed in a remarkable way. The training

is somewhat slow, as it is not possible to do more than two or three attacks each night, and a good deal of patience and understanding is required in the trainer and in those in charge. Day training is not necessary, as it is essential that the dog should rest during the day, so that it may be thoroughly alert at night. In any case, in the daylight the sentry can easily detect the enemy himself from afar, so that he has no need for the dog.

SOME RULES FOR WORK.

1. The dog should be posted at dusk, or after dusk, and must go off duty in the early hours. It is highly important that they never be on duty at an hour or spot where there is much traffic, as they thereby deteriorate.

2. The dog must be handed over to the sentry by the keeper, who will have attached a leather lead to the dog's collar, and the sentry, who should have been previously instructed on his procedure in connection with the dog, will lead it away, and will keep the dog beside him on the lead all the time. The dog should be close to the sentry, so that the latter can study and feel its movements, as it will be found that the dog will begin to give warning by its attitude alone long before it actually makes any sound.

The instruction in Rules 1 and 2 apply equally when a dog is attached for duty to a patrol. It should be led at the head of the patrol, and unless under exceptional circumstances should not be allowed off the lead.

MAN'S COMRADE.

There is a story told that soon after the Creation a great chasm began to open up in the ground, and man found himself on one side of it, while all the animal creation was on the other. All the animals remained indifferent and acquiescent to the separation. The dog alone betrayed despair. With pitiful whining and imploring gestures it strove to attract the man's attention across the widening chasm. The man gazed at the dog's wistful eyes and said "Come!" The dog jumped, and just reached the other side with his front paws. "You shall be my comrade," said the man, and reached

out his arm and drew the dog up to safety beside him.

One may smile at this legendary story, but nevertheless the gulf which separates the intelligence of the dog from that of any other animal is very marked when one commences to train animals. The first and most striking difference is that joy of service. One may train other animals, such as horses, donkeys, cats, etc., and they will attain high standards of obedience and usefulness, but their work is all done more or less under compulsion, and with a sense of toil. The dog, on the other hand, leaps to his master's side when there is a prospect of working with him or for him. Here is no toil, but joy and fervent co-operation, and a great sense of honourable calling. The moral sense is very highly developed in the dog, and is very much appealed to when the dog is asked to work for man. Willingness to serve and a strong sense of right and wrong are characteristics manifested, from which many human beings might draw inspiration for their own actions. The good trainer will work on these two qualities in the first place, and to these will soon be added unlimited love from the pupil. It is on this basis that all training work should be done.

Coercion never accomplishes any reliable results. A gentle routine work is the right method of impressing the dog's intelligence, and kindly encouragement and caresses will meet its desire to understand better than coercive measures or rebukes. It should clearly be understood, therefore, that the trained dog considers himself highly honoured by his position as a servant, and renders no reluctant service.

From my observations along this line I have, in fact, come to the conclusion that a dog trained to some definite work is happier than the average loafing dog, no matter how kindly the latter may be treated. I certainly found this to be the case with the Army dogs. Their intelligence very much increases as the training work proceeds, and their demeanour of alert happiness equally so, while the working hours are eagerly looked forward to.

The Gush of Fortune

OIL HAS MADE POOR MEN MILLIONAIRES IN A MOMENT

ARE we going to have an oil-boom in Great Britain? It is early yet to announce "paying" British oilfields, but now we know the oil is there. If it develops as Lord Cowdray and every other British expert hopes, the effects upon our industry and commerce of the discovery of the Derbyshire oilfield will be incalculable. As yet the petroliferous sand has been only scratched.

I have seen it nowhere stated, by the way, that the Derbyshire oilfield was worked for oil so far back as 1847, by Binney of Manchester, and by James Young, whose refining patents were speedily acquired in America, thus laying the foundations of the vast oil industry of the United States.

Seven experimental drillings are being tried in the Chesterfield sand, and many others elsewhere. If all these prove rich, Britain's war losses may be speedily recouped and the entire face of her industry changed as it was after Napoleon's fall.

DRILLING GRAVEYARDS.

With our coal fast decreasing and with the whole future of transport at stake by land and sea and air it behoves the British Government to exploit new sources of liquid fuel, bearing in mind Earl Curzon's pregnant saying at the Petroleum Conference, that: "The Allied cause floated to victory on a wave of oil."

To-day witnesses an oil boom on an unexampled scale. Britain and Australia are joining hands in a £100,000 prospecting venture in wild New Guinea. On the West Texan plains, men are "wild-cattling," or boring at large, with downright frenzy. Even graveyards in petroliferous lands are being drilled.

Not gold or diamonds allure the pioneer of 1919, but a lucky strike on cheap "unproven" areas, such as fell recently to the lot of shell geologists in Mexico. Here the searching tool-bit pierced a gassy "pocket" and up rushed fine oil from the

tube at the rate of thousands of barrels a day.

The demand for oil has far outrun world supplies. Great fields like Rumania, Galicia, Hungary and the Caucasus (Baku) were ruined by the war, or else passed into Bolshevism. Hence the unprecedented efforts to tap new oil lands in India, Burmah and Assam, in the West Indies and Mesopotamia, in Guatemala, Venezuela, Cuba, and the Dutch Indies.

DROWNED IN OIL.

This industry is an astonishing gamble. It is more unsure than the quest for gold or gems. The ignoramus, the penniless "wild-catter" drilling vaguely in virgin lands, may become a millionaire in a moment. And the lifelong expert, the learned geologist, with his laboriously compiled oil-maps, his costly machinery and expert staff, may sink hundreds of thousands of pounds in little holes half a mile deep, and waste every penny of the money.

Why is fuel oil the life-blood of ultra-modern commerce and war? Because of the coming of the motor-ship and the internal combustion engine. The colossal struggle lately closed was from first to last a matter of oil. Consider the great tractors that hauled our guns; the vast fleet of lorries that provisioned and ammunitioned our armies, the staff-cars, the motor-kitchens, and travelling workshops and laboratories.

Germany was downed—and drowned—in fuel oil; the morale of her soldiers and people was shattered by clouds of aircraft-bombers, artillery-spotters, and photographers. How many of my readers realise that giant warships like the four Elizabeths burn oil instead of coal, with far smaller engine-room crews, and far greater efficiency? Battle-cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and scouting seaplanes are all oil-burners now.

PIPES ACROSS SCOTLAND.

During the war the U-boats specially marked the slow American tankers, and



The Gush of Fortune—Continued.

destroyed millions of tons of our oil. But in 1917—our "bad" year—we fitted double bottoms to our fast merchant ships, and so outwitted the Von Tirpitz plan of campaign.

We doubled our Naval reserve of oil. A big pipe, laid across Scotland from the Clyde to the Firth of Forth, fed our insatiable Grand Fleet; and at Rosyth an immense oil-lake of eleven acres was laid out to hold 60,000,000 gallons. On land in the war we used 15,000,000 gallons a month; a single gun-tractor could swallow a gallon at every mile.

And to-day we have new agricultural implements to consider as well as civilian transport by road, and air and rail. Last year American oil-burning locomotives used 45,707,082 barrels of fifty-two gallons each. Then there were 5,000,000 motor-cars calling for petrol in a prosperous joy-riding land. Moreover, 30,000,000 horse-power in America's manufacture plants are turning more and more to the liquid fuel, by reason of its greater economy and its freedom from the troubles which seem to afflict coal the world over.

It is a fact that if the great Mauretania burned oil, her fire-room force of 312 men could be reduced to twenty-six. Apart from the mess and dirt and labour of coaling, a ton of oil takes much less space on board, and gives 80 per cent. of steam efficiency, as against only 55 per cent. for coal.

It is a curious fact that petroliferous fields are also the most disturbed politically—Persia, Egypt and Mexico may be cited in support of this. Mexico is far the greatest producer, given the limited areas already bored. It is a land of "gushers," the Tampico and Hausyeca regions literally swim in oil. One well gives 81,000 barrels a day. Another has yielded 40,000,000 barrels in ten years with only 10 per cent. of decline.

Mexico's output has in two decades increased by over 5,000 per cent.; but to-day that wonderful land is a dismal welter of anarchy and overt hostility to British and American oil interests.

The Cowdray companies have been blackmailed by Carranza's bandit-chiefs. When they refused to pay the levies imposed by Manuel Pelaez in the Tampico Belt, the Cowdray pumps were broken and great wells fired with enormous loss of oil.

It is no wonder, therefore, that Lord Cowdray, in 1917, laid his plans before our Government for the exploiting of British oil areas. He is a cautious, far-seeing man, as well as a millionaire, like his brother oil-king, Sir Marcus Samuel, who has just bought half Mayfair for £5,000,000.

A "FINE SHOW."

Lord Cowdray put up a capital of £500,000 for British drilling, but he exacted guarantees against promiscuous boring by others; for this might draw off the gas, which alone has power to surge up the oil when the tool has pierced a "pocket" in the sand or rock. The Cowdray quest has taken nearly four years, with a skilled staff lent for the purpose by the Bureau of Mines, in Washington.

The superintendent of the Chesterfield borings is Mr. Victor Conaghan, a man of immense experience in the foreign fields.

His drillers at last announced a "fine show" in the No. 1 Bore at Hardstoft. And at Renishaw, another well near proof, the gas leaped into flame fifteen feet above the surface-hole. A sample of the yellowish crude oil was sent to London for examination and on being tested, was found to be of high quality.

Answers.

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

Poultry Supplement

No. 2.

NOVEMBER, 1919.

NOTES BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

I HAVE had a lot of letters showing that No. 1 of the SUPPLEMENT was appreciated, and I do hope that Poultry Farmers will send in more contributions, either as articles or advertisements. I want this SUPPLEMENT to contain, with the exception of Mr. Hooley's monthly article, only matter supplied by or connected with Country Life men.



It is becoming more and more difficult to find suitable holdings for men who are about to leave and have not a place of their own, and it will be a great help to this department if any man who may hear of a place to let or for sale in his neighbourhood would write up at once, sending particulars.



I AM frequently asked if any of our men want private customers for their eggs, etc. If any do, on receipt of a letter from them I will put them in touch with one at once.

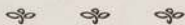


I HEAR from King's Langley that men do not seem to bother much about returning the hampers their birds are sent to them in. If anybody has still got any, please return them at once; we have only a limited number, and if they are not sent back new men have to wait for their birds until the baskets are returned.



THE *Poultry World* very kindly offered us some time ago £50 worth of free advertising space. A considerable amount of this is still available. If any men wish to take advantage of this they should send up their advertisements to me not later than Monday, for insertion in that week's number.

C. S. A.



November Work in the Poultry Yard

BY WILL HOOLEY, F.Z.S., F.B.S.A.

ANOTHER month has passed, and we have arrived at the most depressing month in the whole year for poultry-keepers. The days are short, and it seems as though some of the late hatched pullets will not lay, while the old birds will most of them have given up laying for the whole year. Still, these are all natural conditions and there is nothing to worry about, though one can work hard to improve them. The Egg Race starts in October and finishes September 30th, so

it is neither lost nor won yet. Keeping fowls is something like keeping a shop; some weeks you can hardly pay expenses, while other weeks are good. It is the year's total that counts—so carry on.

I do not want to write much about routine work, because I have not much space, so I think if I try to give you some wrinkles on the more advanced methods, they will be the most useful to you. Always remember to write for any specific information that you require.

Your birds have no doubt been reared on the wet mash system that you were taught to use at St. Dunstan's, and I am sure in the evening chats you have when you go to see the other fellows, that "dry mash" often forms the subject of conversation. Now let me advise you to stick to wet mash this winter. It is no time to be changing haversacks when you are going over the top. If you like to try dry mash, rear the next year's pullets on it from the time they are three months old. The reason for not changing is that the birds not being used to dry mash could not pick up a living in these short days, because they have not been trained to it.

NOW you may imagine it rather early to think about next year's breeding stock—it is not. Have you a pullet that is laying well now in November? Very well, slip a marking ring on her leg. Look round again in December and if you find a bird on the nest laying, put a ring on her leg; you may find the same bird again, still mark her, she will then have two rings. Next year breed and save your cockerels from the birds that carry two rings—they are the winter layers. If you buy a cockerel next year, you may buy one from a pullet or hen that are like some of yours, that is to say, they have never laid an egg from October to Christmas. Fowls inherit good qualities as well as bad qualities; if you wish to have pullets that lay in the autumn, do you think a cockerel from a mother that never laid an egg in the autumn is the right bird to use?

I mentioned above a pullet or hen, like yours, that never laid from October to Christmas; well it is hardly fair on the hen. If you have had hens this year you do not know what they did in their pullet year; this being so you can only give them a trial.

KEEP the birds well fed, there should not be any shortage. Do not let people pull your leg by telling you they are "too fat;" if a fowl becomes too fat it is more usually because it is one of the flesh producing sort. A good laying hen will take a great amount of food and still be thin.

IF you go for a walk in the country and find a farmer giving turnips away—like they used to in France on dark nights—well fowls love a turnip cut in half and they will hollow it out. This may be useful if green food is short. No doubt some good-natured farmer would leave you a hundred-weight for 3s. or 4s. next time he passes your way.

If you hear the threshing machine at work, remember that a few bags of "Oat flights," "Oat flits," or cavings would be useful, so would a bag of wheat screenings, but if you are gardening, boil the screenings and give in the soft food. If you were to use it as grain, when the litter out of the shed was put on the ground, you would find that it would produce a wonderful crop of weeds and thistles next year.

FOR the time adieu. I can just imagine your faces when you go into the "missus" with the first pullet's warm egg in your hand.

Prize Competition

THE Editor will give a prize of 5s. each month to the poultry-farmer who sends up "The Best Practical Hint." Replies are limited to 100 words. The winning "Hint" will be published each month, and entries must be sent in to the Country Life Section not later than the 25th.

Ifs and Don'ts

IF you have a hen troubled with roup—Don't try and cure it, but put her to sleep, it will save money.

If you have a hen that lays a small egg—Don't blame the hen, but blame the male that was mated to her dam.

If you have a hen whose eggs you particularly want to save for some purpose, and you do not use the trap-nest—Don't stand all day and watch for her laying, but dab her vent with the blue-bag, this will show on the egg when laid.

If you have some pullets that should be laying and are not—Don't be tempted to overdo the fish or meat meal; 10 to 15 per cent. is ample, but widen the ration, say one to five or six.

Don't be tempted to use spices or mustard on your stock, despite what the advertiser says; if it gets known it may stop the sale of sittings.

If you have pullets that you think should be laying—Don't rely too much on the open pelvis bones; this does not always apply. Pass the hand over the abdomen; if rounded outwards eggs will be quick, but if curved inwards it is no good looking for eggs.

If you have some pullets that shed their feathers in the spring after laying heavily during the winter—Don't think they are moulting, simply give them something good to eat.

Don't persuade your pullets to lay until fully matured.

Don't coddle the stock in winter, but let them get out. What is lacking in climatic conditions supply in food.

Don't let your stock take pot luck, but feed them well, no matter what weather conditions might be.

Don't pretend to know everything when someone gives you advice, but study it, and take it for what it is worth.

Don't be hard on the writer of these hints; they are only his opinion formed from observation.

Excelsior

(St. Dunstan's Poultry-farmer).

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FOUR LIGHT SUSSEX PULLETS, March 1919 hatched; Falkners Strain. Price 25s. each, or £4 10s. the four.—Apply T. W. CHAMBERLAIN, Riby Road, Keelby, nr. Brocklesby, Lincs.

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Death

IT is with the deepest regret I have to announce the death, on October 31st, of the wife of John Playfoot, the Senior Instructor here for many years.

I am sure all poultry-farmers who have passed through his hands will extend to him their deepest sympathy. C. S. A.