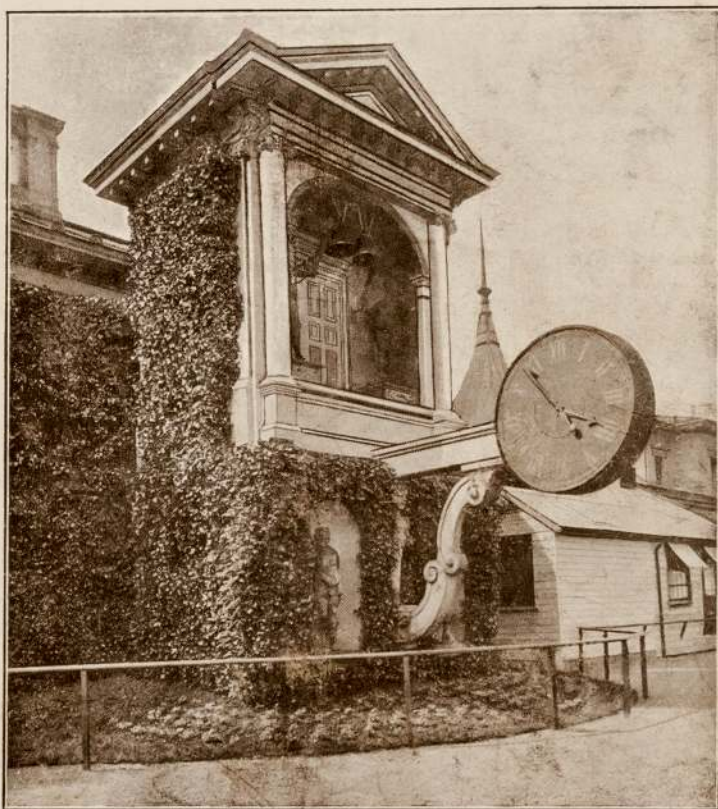


# St. Dunstan's

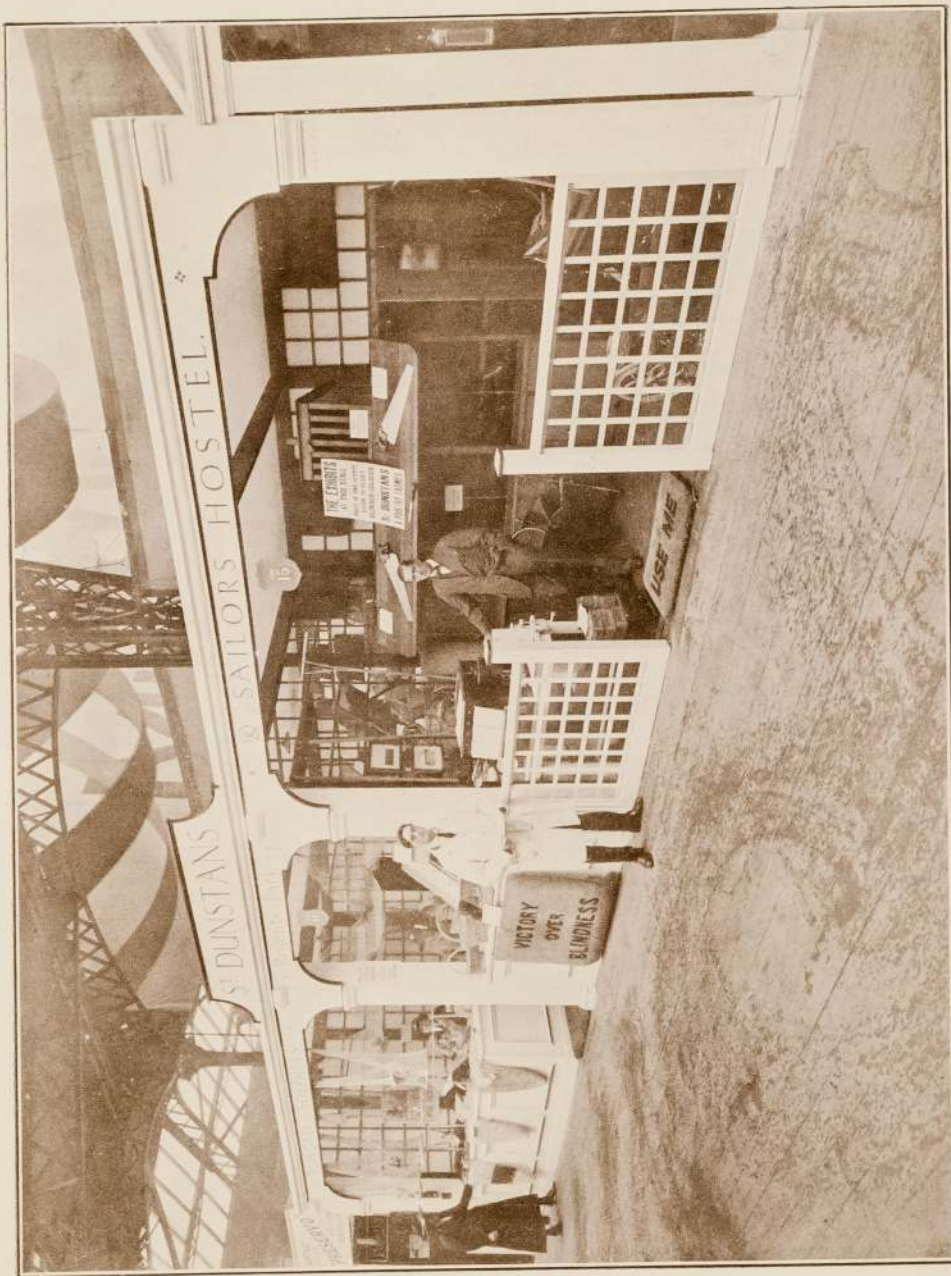


## Review

For the Amusement and Interest of Men Blinded in the War

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





THE ST. DUNSTAN'S STALL AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION, OLYMPIA.

# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 41.—VOLUME 4.

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN.]

## EDITOR'S NOTES

**I**N a recent number we told our readers that we would arrange for their copies of the REVIEW to be bound if they would forward them to us. We now have pleasure in announcing that a number of readers have forwarded sets which have been bound in attractive cloth bindings and returned to them. We have in addition a few of Volumes 2 and 3 in stock, and would be glad to supply them to any who want them at 5s. per volume to St. Dunstan's men, or 7s. 6d. to other readers. Men who reside in the Colonies or Dominions and want their REVIEWS bound without the delay and trouble of sending them to the Editor can apply for the bindings, which will be sent them for 2s. 6d. post free.



**A** CORRESPONDENT writes most enthusiastically about bridge, and says that it affords him many hours of recreation and amusement. Although all our readers know that Braille playing cards enable a blind man to play a great many different card games as well as a sighted person, we comment on this letter because we are sure there must be a number of fellows who think the difficulties of using these cards are so great as to take all the fun out of the game. This is very definitely not the case, for our correspondent says that with very little practice he became so expert at sorting his hand and playing it by touch that he was able to play with three sighted enthusiasts without holding the game up in any way. We ourselves, too, can testify to the ease of manipulating Braille cards, for bridge is a regular feature of life in the blinded officers' quarters, where two and sometimes three games are often in progress. At our suggestion an up-to-date and comprehensive handbook, entitled "Royal Auction Bridge," by Bergholt, has just been put into Braille by the National Institute for the Blind, who also manufacture the cards. We have arranged that any St. Dunstaner who desires to take up Auction Bridge can obtain this book gratis and post free from the After-Care Department, whence all our readers know, or should know, can also be had cards, dominoes, or chessmen, and boards specially adapted for the use of the blind. We most confidently recommend any of our men, whether or not they have played cards in the past, to take up bridge, for quite apart from the obvious pleasure attached to the game there is a good deal of intensive memory training to be obtained into the bargain, while no elaborate preparations or particular trouble on the part of the blind man's fellow players are required.

*Editor.*



### NOTES BY THE CHIEF

A CURIOUS instance of the force of habit, or perhaps I should say the survival of an idea, has just come to my notice. It is the case of a St. Dunstaner who, owing to an operation, has been obliged to wear a bandage over his eyes, or, rather, the place where his eyes used to be. Usually he gets about with remarkable ease and facility, but when he is wearing a bandage he moves with great hesitation and uncertainty.

Obviously he is in no worse plight with the bandage on than he is without it; but the fact that he has it round his head makes all the difference in the important matter of getting about. In the ordinary way he wears glass eyes, and he tells me that he hates moving about unless they are in his head; in fact, dislike goes so far as to cause him to put at least one eye in if he finds occasion to get out of bed and go about the house at night.

AFTER all, this is not so strange as it seems at first hearing. I suspect that most of us have had experiences of a similar kind. As I have been typing these notes it has occurred to me that if I want to be quite sure that I am typing accurately I always look at the keyboard; and when I am signing my name I look at the writing if I wish it to be nice and legible.

I am sure, too, that my behaviour at table is more natural if I look at my food while I am dealing with it on my plate.

MR. BLACK, of our Settlement Department, gave me a hint the other day which will, I am sure, please and interest all of you just as much as it did me. It is an easy and a quick way of telling the difference between a one pound and a ten shilling note. Everyone knows that the latter is smaller than the former, but the difference in size is so slight that it cannot be detected with certainty unless one is able to compare notes of the two denominations. Mr. Black's plan enables one to

decide almost instantaneously the value of a note so long as one can handle it.

It consists in comparing the breadth of a note with the length of a finger. In my case the test is a very easy and simple one, for it happens that the length of my first finger is exactly the breadth of a one pound note; I can tell in a second what is its denomination. Of course, all of my readers will not be so fortunate as I am with regard to the exactness of finger length; but in the case of everyone it will be possible to arrive at an easy standard with the aid of one of the fingers.

This excellent tip may be used to get a "rise" out of one's friends—as I have several times used it since Mr. Black gave it to me.

It is quite easy to lead up to one's ability to distinguish between a one pound and a ten shilling note; and when this ability has been proved some onlooker is sure to ask how it is done.

"Well," you say, "it's quite simple. One develops one's senses to a very remarkable degree, and I have learnt to distinguish colours by touch. I can tell the difference between the brown of the one pound note and the green of the ten shilling note by the feel of the coloured ink." And then you will be tested, and it is a perfectly easy matter to feel the notes that will be handed to you in such a manner that no one will notice the way in which you accomplish the apparently wonderful feat.

WRITING about the relative disadvantages of the handicap of blindness and of deafness, which have been several times discussed in these columns, one of my correspondents goes on to the subject of people who are both blind and deaf, and talks of their inability to receive communications in any other manner than the slow way of manual alphabet. Well, this is not the case with exceptionally gifted deaf and blind people. When that wonderful

being, Miss Helen Keller, wishes to talk with a friend or acquaintance, she places her first and second fingers upon the lips of the person with whom she wants to speak and her thumb upon the throat. Then all that is necessary is to speak just as usual, not trying to articulate with extra care, and Miss Keller feels every word that one says.

It seems impossible, and I am free to confess that I was very sceptical about it, until I had the pleasure of a talk with her. It is at first a weird sensation to use a person's hand as a telephone; to take hold of it and place the finger on one's lips when one wants to make a remark. But the strange feeling passes, and conversation becomes quite easy and natural.

TOTALLY deaf folk have an advantage over totally blind people in one way. They can hear music, though their sense of hearing in the ordinary acceptance of the term is entirely absent.

I was told the other day of a completely deaf girl who enjoys music thoroughly,

and criticises it with great judgment. If she wishes to listen to a piano she sits facing it, with her mouth slightly open and her feet firmly planted on the floor. Then the musical sounds reach her brain without the aid of the organism of the ear, and she is able to appreciate music which is being played, and to discuss it just as if she were possessed of the ordinary sense of hearing. The person who told me this said that when he met this young lady she astonished him, and everyone else in the room, by saying to the performer at the piano, "Don't keep your loud pedal down; I can hear the music just as well if you play softly and as it should be played." I wonder whether the additional acuteness of perception which comes to people who have lost their sight is in any way due to the unconscious cultivation of this extra sense of hearing.



### War Bond's Astounding Adventures

C. G. WILLIAMS, who is being trained at St. Dunstan's as a shorthand-typist, has an extraordinary story to tell of the strange adventures of a War Loan Certificate.

On the opening day of the Somme offensive, in 1916, the London Division were near Gommecourt, and the 1st Battalion Queen Victoria Rifles, in which Williams was a rifleman, took part in the attack. He went over the top, and with others penetrated into the second line of German trenches, and there he was badly wounded in the eyes by a sharpshooter, and lost consciousness. For six weeks he lay in an unconscious condition, and when he came to his senses he found himself in a German hospital, totally blind. He had lost the whole of his belongings in a counter-attack, including a voucher-certificate for £25 War Loan, which he had bought while at the Front. He reached home three months later to find

that he had been reported killed. He was furnished with a duplicate of the certificate by the Post Office. In due course he entered St. Dunstan's. Recently the Secretary of the After-Care Fund received a War Loan Certificate unaccompanied by any letter, and bearing Williams' name. He wrote thanking him for it, and was surprised to learn that Williams had never sent it, and that he was himself a blind man at St. Dunstan's. So Williams was confronted with the certificate he had lost in a second-line German trench three and a half years ago.

The extraordinary thing is that whoever found the certificate should have sent it as a contribution to a charity fund when the holder's name and address were written on it, and of all funds to St. Dunstan's, without there being any sign that Williams was a pupil there.

The solution to this mystery is awaited with interest.



## News of St. Dunstan's Men

IN a recent letter, A. Oldfield, a boot-repairer, living at Walkley, Sheffield, said:—

"I have great pleasure in writing you a few lines to tell you how I am getting on since I left the hostel at London. Ever since I reached home I have had quite a lot of work to do, in fact, sometimes too much. I have been kept very busy repairing boots, and that I am able to carry on with this work I have to thank you all at St. Dunstan's. Of course, boot-repairing work is my main object, but last year I did very well with the rearing and selling of chickens. I sold over 1,000, and could have sold more. This year I am hoping to get a good start, and with anything like a bit of good luck will do very well indeed. One thing is certain, St. Dunstan's will long remain in my mind for all the good work it has done, not only for me, but thousands of other fellows who were in the same street, namely, blind. I look forward every month for the REVIEW; it is really interesting."

A. Smith, a poultry farmer, living at Hartington, Buxton, writes:—

"Since writing my last letter I have made my accounts up for 1919, and you will be pleased to hear that I made a very handsome profit on my forty birds, and have at the same time largely increased my stock. I think that is very good, don't you? As I have seventy-five laying birds to start this year with, everything is going well, and I ought to make a nice little sum for 1920.

"I set my incubator the other day, so hope soon to have some chickens. I am getting a lot of eggs now."

S. C. Loram, a boot-repairer, living in Brixham, South Devon, writes:—

"You will be interested to know that I take in the *Shoe Trades Journal* every week. The After-Care Instructor advised

me when he was here to buy it, and I must say it is threepence well spent. I have been very busy during the past week with plenty of paying work, and when I left off at eight o'clock last night I had six pairs of boots left to go on with to-morrow.

"I take this opportunity to raise a little point which I am sure will be helpful to all the boys who are following this trade, namely, the use of repair tags, when repairs come in. Each repair has a numbered tag, and a duplicate is handed to the person for whom you are doing the repairs. This is no idea of mine, but I got it through the trade journal mentioned above. In view of the slight handicap we work under, I think this method would prevent any mistakes. The cutting from the *Journal* is as follows:—'Every boot-repairer should prevent mistakes by using Dudley's repair tags. One numbered portion is attached to the repairs, and the other retained by the customer to be given up when he calls for the boots. These tags, eyeleted, perforated, and numbered in duplicate, printed with your name and address, 1,000 for 11s. 9d.; 5,000 for 54s. 2d.; sample post free.—Dudley, Holloway, London, N.'"

The following letter is from W. A. Robinson, another boot-repairer, living at Grimsby:—

"I am pleased to say that we are in the new shop, and I think we shall do quite well. The first week promised a good turnover in the future, and in the course of a month I hope to be able to send you a good report.

"We arrived at Grimsby late in the afternoon, and I went straight into the shop and started work in earnest. I cleaned up, and then got my window ready for a new window display. I put my bench in its place, and had all my tools at hand, and you can imagine the surprise of the people next morning when

## —From all parts of the World

I took the shutters down. They saw the window set, and found me ready to mend any boots they liked to send in."

The following letter was received from G. Nancarrow, a mat-maker, who lives in Cornwall:—

"I am enclosing a cutting to enable you to see that I have taken a part in a service in aid of the hostel. It was very successful considering the bad weather which prevented many from coming."

"The cutting reads as follows:—'At the close of the evening service at the Wesleyan Church on Sunday, the Queen's United Carol League gave a carol service on behalf of the funds of St. Dunstan's. The choir was in good form, and a very pleasant hour was spent. Miss Marion Hore, of Fraddon, was the soloist. A paper on 'Life at St. Dunstan's,' written by Mr. Gordon Nancarrow, was read by Mr. J. Hocking. Mr. Nancarrow was blinded by a shell-burst, and received training at St. Dunstan's. The collection amounted to nearly £5. The Rev. Frank Edwards presided.'"

J. E. Davies, another mat-maker, who is living in Llandyssul, South Wales, said:—

"I am pleased to say there is a steady demand for mats and I am being kept busy. I generally repeat orders for people to whom I have sold mats. This I think goes to prove that they are satisfied with my work. The visiting instructor came to see me the other day, he examined a mat I had in the frame and said it was very well made.

"I look forward with eagerness to receiving the REVIEW each month and enjoy having it read to me. The same remark applies to the *Literary Journal*. I receive it regularly and find it very interesting.

"It is my intention to take advantage of the generous offer made by the Pelman Institute, and to go in for their course of mind and memory training."

In a letter, written in October, to Sir Arthur, G. F. Joyner, a poultry-farmer and mat-maker living in Melbourne, Australia, wrote:—

"I am afraid I have been a long time writing to thank you for your book, 'Victory Over Blindness.' I am very pleased with it, and will always treasure it. I have rather a lot of news to tell you this time, in fact, I have a little surprise for you. I have been set up by the Australian Repatriation Department with all the gear for mat-making.

"First, I must tell you that the Repatriation people were good enough to say that they had no knowledge of my being able to make mats, so I just set out to prove to them I could make mats, and make them well. So last week we had what is known as the Royal Show week in Melbourne, and I was asked if I could contribute something for the Disabled Soldiers' stall. This is my little surprise. I made a mat with the good old motto, 'Victory Over Blindness.' Needless to say, it caused some surprise all round. It was 3 feet 6 inches, by 26 inches, with 4 inch letters; it was a great puzzle for me, considering that I only made four mats with letters in and one with a name in. It was inspected by an expert, and he said that he had never seen a finer mat, well made and very finely finished off. I tell you this, sir, because the credit really belongs to St. Dunstan's. I made other mats and they all sold. I had 10,000 cards printed and 4,000 of them were given away, and they were told that these people would send to me when they wanted a mat. I also made a mat, with a piece of sennet worked into the centre, a mat I have not made before.

"I have received congratulations all round, and I had a visit from the local Repatriation, who also spoke very highly of my work. I have just had two orders come in with more names to go in, so with the work I have on hand and what the Red Cross have to send along taken from



the Royal Show, I look like being very busy. I know you will be pleased to hear this news. I would like some mention of this mat made in the REVIEW, that the other mat-makers can see what is doing over here. I am going to get a photo of my mat done and I will send one to you, as I have been asked to put it in two more Shows yet, one in October and the other in November, so I shall have made a grand entry into the labour market by the time it has done travelling.

"For myself I am keeping well, but just lately I have had a good deal of trouble with my knee; it was badly wounded in a number of places."

R. Exall, who was trained as a poultry-farmer and mat-maker, living at Hitchin, Herts, wrote to Sir Arthur as follows:—

"I left St. Dunstan's two years ago last Christmas to manage a poultry-farm for Captain Harrison, and the cottage that I moved into to start the new life was not at all up to the mark. Accordingly, Captain Harrison promised me a new house as soon as he could build one. As it happened, however, a fortnight ago a lodge-keeper left a lodge which is connected with the farm, and Captain Harrison kindly gave me the first chance of this. I am now settled in a nice little home, thanks to his kindly thought.

"I have a large poultry-farm, which is getting larger still as time goes on. Some months I have to supply over £50 worth of produce, and never under £30 worth. I am just beginning to get busy with broody hens and incubators, and I am hoping to get the best results."

### St. Dunstan's Stall at Olympia

A VISITOR at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia characterised the St. Dunstan's Stall, a photograph of which is reproduced in this issue, as the most remarkable in the whole exhibition. The work shown did ample justice to the Departments exhibiting, namely, the Netting, Mat, Basket Work and Poultry sections, and was greatly admired by the huge number of visitors.

### A New Zealand St. Dunstaner's Wedding

THE following report is taken from a New Zealand paper which came to hand recently. Many St. Dunstaners will remember Mr. Clutha Mackenzie as the enterprising originator and editor of the *Chronicles of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force*, a paper which was widely read by New Zealanders in England and France throughout the war. Mr. Mackenzie recently stood for Parliament for the Auckland Electorate, and was only just beaten, after putting up a very plucky fight, by his opponent, a man of considerable wealth and local influence:

"A wedding of more than New Zealand interest took place at St. Mary's Cathedral, Auckland, yesterday afternoon, when Mr. C. N. Mackenzie, youngest son of Sir Thomas Mackenzie, High Commissioner for New Zealand in London, was married to Miss Doris Sawyer, youngest daughter of Mr. Harcourt Sawyer, of Springhill, Windsor Forest, England. The bride, who arrived in New Zealand by the 'Corinthic,' was given away by Lord Jellicoe, and Lady Jellicoe was present at the ceremony.

"On leaving the Town Hall yesterday afternoon at the conclusion of the lunch tendered to him by the Auckland branch of the Navy League, Lord Jellicoe apologised for having to cut short his remarks on account of the fact that he was due to be present at the wedding of Mr. Clutha Mackenzie. 'I hope that the bride and bridegroom-about-to-be will have as happy a marriage as has fallen to my lot,' added Lord Jellicoe amid applause."

### Repair Tags for Boot Repairers

THE After-Care Department is prepared to have special repair tags printed in duplicate with numbers in both ink-printing and Braille type, should boot repairers consider the innovation worth while. Will any man who has any ideas to suggest on this subject please write to Captain Fraser?

## Departmental Notes

### The Workshops

GOOD Wishes for the New Year is a thought which naturally arises as we think of the men whose faces we miss on our return after Christmas. We trust that they will have great success in their new ventures, and have many happy memories of their time in the workshops of St. Dunstan's. To those who have been away for some time we should like to send a cordial greeting, and to assure them that the news we have from time to time of each one is always very welcome.

The vacant places in the cloggers' benches have now been filled, and the "cloggers' taps" are once more sounding cheerily.

S. Brydson is making very good progress with both boots and clogs, and A. J. Hornsby is turning out some sound and neat work in both trades. In the Boot Department M. Carey and D. Fenton are doing very well all round, while H. Price and H. F. Morrison have made a decided advance lately. J. Griffiths is improving satisfactorily, and E. H. Dyer is showing promise. W. Sankey, who has been hindered by ill-health, has made great improvement since his return, and W. Walker's boot repairs have shown improvement.

In the Joiners' Department Mr. Bissett is completing a tool chest, to which he has given great care, and Mr. Channing has done good work on a rabbit hutch and a meat safe. W. Tout has shown great interest in a set of shelves, and the work of W. J. Pearce on his tool chest has been very good.

W. H. Byrd, a comparatively new man in the Basket Shop, tackles his work in quite the right way; and some barrels

and dog baskets made by F. Duncan recently were quite sound. C. H. Gore is to be congratulated on a square hamper, which we trust is only the first of a good many he will make. J. H. Matthews also has a bent for this class of work, in which he has made good progress. W. Peters has made several waste-paper and barrel baskets very well indeed, and E. D. Martin has done well on round work generally.

F. Aubrey, on his return to the Mat Department, has shown that he still retains his good idea of the work. D. W. Campbell has completed his course, his test mat reaching an excellent level. E. Bartlett has also done good work, particularly in bordering. W. G. Baughan has made great progress, and P. C. Pratt has a good all-round idea of the work. F. Carter has made a very marked advance in all respects, and a bordered mat with red star was very carefully made by T. Cockburn. The framework of a mat made by J. Fleming was exceptionally good.

A proficiency certificate has been awarded to D. W. Campbell, of the Mat Department, this month. W.H.D.

### Netting

OWING to our more restricted floor space, we are now no longer able to carry on the teaching of string-bag making in the Netting Room, but we are continuing the rug work. From the business point of view, and especially in relation to booked orders, there seems no doubt that we have established an occupation that will be of permanent benefit to all who learn the work thoroughly well, and we hope that before leaving St. Dunstan's qualified netters will take it on as yet another stand-by for home occupation. G. H. W.



### Shorthand, Typewriting & Telephony

OUR hearty good wishes follow H. V. Frampton, one of our very successful shorthand typists, who has just taken up work with an important City firm. He has done excellently.

Of the telephonists, we have had to say good-bye to G. L. Douglas and J. Smith, who have secured good positions. We wish them the best of luck.

We congratulate the following officers and men on having passed their type-writing tests:—Mr. Ogg, H. Tomkinson, C. Oppery, E. Eggleton, W. G. Clifton, W. Sankey, A. Forster, V. A. Archer, C. Johns, J. Worthington, E. Tatton, Carrington Pyke, M. Burran, R. Wass, W. Peters, C. F. Jones, R. Barber, D. L. Livingstone, F. D. Martin, F. T. Boccock, J. Debnam, and G. B. Bond.

E. McL.

### The Braille Room

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

Reading: F. W. Matthews, E. Woods, G. W. Killingbeck, and R. Riddell.

Writing: A. Lawlor, P. J. Sparkes, W. Williams, W. E. Cook, C. J. R. Fawcett, A. G. Loveridge, R. W. Baker, J. R. Pease, A. E. Smith, and J. McL. Colley.

D.P.

### Notice to Basket-Makers

A CIRCULAR to all basket-makers was issued on Thursday, January 8th, by the After-Care Department. Owing to the possibility of non-delivery, through loss in the post, notice is given so that any man who has not received his circular may communicate to Captain Fraser.

HILTON: "Why is there such a scarcity of eggs in the British Isles?"

MILTON: "Because there are only two 'n's' in England, one in Scotland, one in Ireland, and none in Wales."—*Tit-Bits*.

### The Bungalow

OWING to pressure on our space last month, we were unable to give an account of the doings at the Bungalow at Christmas time.

The news of Matron's resignation was received with general regret, shortly before the end of the term. Miss Wood has been Matron of the Bungalow for the past two years, and has worked with unflinching energy and thought for the men.

At the Christmas Supper she was presented with a set of beautiful silver backed brushes, by F. C. Harris, on behalf of the men. In thanking them for their gift, which she valued most highly, Matron also thanked them for their great help and support which they had always given her.

Sir Arthur presented Miss Wood with a handsome silver inkstand, and she also received from the Staff a dispatch case and fountain pen, and from the Orderly Staff a silver jewel box.

Among members of the Staff to whom the Bungalow regretfully said "Good-bye," were Sister Cawdron and Miss Gordon, who have worked from the commencement, and Miss Stein since the spring of 1918. All good wishes go with them.

The term ended with a Christmas Supper followed by a dance.

### British Empire Ball

THE British Empire Ball, on the 21st January, at the Royal Albert Hall, was a most successful affair, and the organisers are to be congratulated. The costumes were beautiful, and all the Services were well represented, many regiments having taken boxes, which were decorated with regimental colours. The military pageant during the evening was a wonderful business, and a body of the Metropolitan Police gave a marvellous Swedish drill and physical display. The next ball for St. Dunstan's in Town will be the Ascot Ball, during Ascot week, and there will be a second British Empire Ball in October.

### Sports Club Notes

#### VISITS TO LEAGUE MATCHES.

ON Saturday, January 17th, six men, accompanied by Capt. Williams, and two instructors, went to Chelsea football ground to see the League match between Chelsea and Manchester United. This was an experiment to see if it was possible for the men to enjoy and follow a game of football. It proved most successful; the men were able to follow the game from beginning to end. Arrangements have therefore been made for eight men and four instructors to go to the various League matches in future.

On Saturday, January 24th, eight men and four instructors went to the Arsenal ground at Highbury to see the match between the Arsenal and Aston Villa. The following is an article from the *Globe* newspaper, which gives one a very good idea of how the men were able to follow the game:—

"Go it, Lewis!" shouted a man near me at the Highbury football match on Saturday; and as the last syllable left his lips the ball fell at the feet of Lewis and was taken up the left wing in fine style.

There seems nothing extraordinary in such a remark until you know that the man who spoke the words was blind. Yet he knew what was happening, and had judged with astonishing accuracy the passing of the ball.

Another man, also completely blind, got into a state of tense excitement as the ball was dribbled towards the Aston Villa goal, moving his head as if with his sightless eyes he were following the players in their dash up the field. 'Well saved!' he called as Harvey stopped a shot and sent the ball into a less dangerous zone.

"Pagnam has the ball—passed to White over the centre—Thompson's going to tackle him—White's beaten him—Ducat's taken it—White's got it again—going to shoot—Hardy's caught it"—and so on.

"That is the St. Dunstan's method of enabling blind men to 'see' a football match, and there is no doubt that the small party of men who went from that enterprising Hostel to Highbury on Saturday enjoyed the game almost as thoroughly as those who had not been called upon to sacrifice their sight for their country.

"These heroes know as much of the world's sport as anyone. Indeed, they play football themselves, but that is another story.

"Before these visits to matches were arranged, the men had to be content with the newspaper description of the game read aloud to them.

"Thus it occurred to Capt. Williams, the devoted Padre, who looks after their sporting interests, that it would be much better if the reading took place at the actual match, amid the cheers of the spectators, the cries of the chocolate sellers and the whistle of the referee, and with the facts read from the game itself rather than from the newspaper. So the seats were secured (you have only to mention St. Dunstan's to a sportsman and the rest is easy), but not all who wished to see the game could go.

"Before the match commenced, Shaw and Rutherford, of the Arsenal team, came and shook hands with the party; it meant much, that personal touch, animated by a kindly thought.

"And thus it was that eight blind men, accompanied by two or three instructors, saw a football match, and went home to describe to the less fortunate ones what they had seen."

#### ST. DUNSTAN'S FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

It was originally intended to have a St. Dunstan's Football League this term, but as eighteen teams entered we found it was practically impossible to manage it, because it would necessitate 289 games being played off, so now it has been decided to have a Football Competition on the



lines of the English Cup, *i.e.*, the knock-out system. Had we carried on with the original idea—to have the League—it would have dragged out the competition indefinitely. Under the new system, however, the competition will finish in about a month, when a fresh one can be arranged if so desired. The draw for the first round was made and the matches commenced on January 27th. The first match, between College Rangers and Shamrock United, resulted in a win for the Shamrock United by five goals to one. Sir Arthur, to the great delight of the men, came down to witness this match, at the conclusion of which, at their request, he had a shot at goal, and a very good shot it was, too, only missing the goal by a few inches.

Following are rules of the competition :

1. The Cup, called the British Empire Cup, to be held by the winning team.

2. To be won three times by the same team for permanent possession.

3. The winners will receive miniature cups and the runners-up medals.

4. The game will consist of two halves, each member of the team having two kicks at goal in each half.

5. Teams toss to have the option of kicking first or of putting their opponents in.

6. The same goal-keeper to officiate throughout each match.

7. A referee will be appointed, and all men will kick from 12 yards penalty spot.

The draw for the first round, with dates, is as follows :—

Shamrock United v. College Rangers, Tuesday, January 27th.

Rangers v. Knights Rangers, Wednesday, January 28th.

Durkonians v. Spencer Spurs, Thursday, January 29th.

Bungalow Rovers, v. College United, Friday, January 30th.

D.L.T.'s v. College Rovers, Monday, February 2nd.

Buffaloes v. College Pensioners, Tuesday, February 3rd.

Durhamites v. Scottians, Wednesday, February 4th.

Ayr United v. Knox Athletic, Thursday, February 5th.

Douglas United v. Leeds Wanderers, Friday, February 6th.

#### SATURDAY SPORTS.

We are glad that the Saturday Sports, which re-commenced after the holidays on January 17th, were well attended, there being 169 entries. We were pleased to notice that several new recruits had joined.

The 100 yards sprint has proved a great success. It is run with the aid of a thick cord with large brass rings on it, which the men hold, thus enabling them to run in a fairly straight line. On Saturday, January 17th, the winner of this race was H. Northgreaves, who did the course in 13 seconds. This was a very splendid performance, but he did even better than this after the race, when he had a sprint on his own and covered the distance in 12½ seconds.

#### PHYSICAL EXERCISES.

The Physical Exercises re-commenced on Tuesday, January 27th, and will continue till March 26th. We shall be glad if ever increasing numbers will make a point of attending.

J. D. V.

#### Help for Helpers

(By "Helpable")

**I**F you think all pupils patient you must be a competent teacher.

It is a pleasure to find an assistant who finds assisting a pleasure.

A little explanation is worth a lot of demonstration.

Severe and truthful criticism inspires confidence.

Doing something to help us is good, but helping us to do something is better.

Better not to guide at all than to guide half-way and to leave us lost.

One learns to find the way alone sooner by getting lost than by being guided.

Good guiders are leaders, not pullers.

To tell us when you serve us and what you serve us with is real service.

Your help is most appreciated when you are teaching us to do without it.

Make no bones about etiquette or have no bones about your plate.

## Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

### Church Notes

**W**E are delighted to welcome Miss Marks and Miss Milnes as our new Chapel Sisters. These two ladies have most kindly taken the places of the Sisters who have recently left.

Our Choir is growing in numbers, but there is need and room for sopranos and altos. I shall be most grateful for the assistance of any of the Sisters who sing—even just a little bit.

We are taking the members of this Choir to Westminster Abbey for a week-day service, and the Precentor has most kindly offered us seats in the choir. I feel sure it will be a real inspiration and help to us all.

I am arranging a celebration of Holy Communion at 7.15 a.m. on the last Sunday of each month, particularly for those Sisters who find it difficult to attend at 8 a.m.

The Matrons at the various annexes have kindly appointed certain ladies as "Chapel Sisters" in their own annexe. The Sisters will collect the men who wish to attend Chapel each Sunday and escort them.

Special services will be arranged for Ash Wednesday (February 18th) and Lent. Due notice will be given.

May we take this opportunity of heartily congratulating our Hon. Chaplain (the Rev. Ernest N. Sharpe, M.A., Vicar and Rural Dean of Paddington) on the great honour the Bishop of London has recently conferred upon him in making him a Prebendary of St. Paul's?

The Rev. Prebendary Sharpe has very kindly promised to give a course of short

addresses at our Workers' Intercession Services each Friday in Lent. I do hope that there will be a goodly gathering of workers each week to welcome him. His first address will be on Friday, February 20th.

### Catholic Chapel Notes

FOR the benefit of those who returned early, the Chapel re-opened on the Feast of the Epiphany, January 6th.

With much regret we announce the death of Edward Gosling, Esq., the brother of Miss Gosling, a College V.A.D. Mr. Gosling was very interested in St. Dunstan's, and was a benefactor of both the hostel and the chapel. Little is known of his charity as it was always anonymous, but there can be no harm in announcing now that we owe one of our sets of Gothic vestments (of which we are justly proud) to his generosity. Mass was offered for him in the Chapel on Sunday, January 25th, and the "Dead March" played after Benediction.

Lent is early this year, Ash Wednesday falling on February 18th, on which day there will be a special service and distribution of ashes. The time of this and other Lenten services will be duly announced.

The Chaplain would be grateful if any Catholics would make themselves known to him. P. H.

### Births

WARD, H., son - - - Nov. 17, 1919.  
 NANCARROW, G., son - Jan. 1, 1920.  
 BIGGADIKE, R., son - Jan. 1, 1920.  
 BROWN, J. C., daughter - Jan. 2, 1920.  
 PETTIPHER, A., son - Jan. 8, 1920.  
 ABRAM, A., son - Jan. 17, 1920.  
 DENNICK, J., daughter - Jan. 18, 1920.  
 FOOKS, G., son - Jan. 29, 1920.



### Marriages

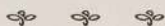
ON Thursday, November 1st, R. McMullen was married, at the Church of Our Lady, St. John's Wood, to Miss Earwicker.

On Monday, December 15th, J. Brodie was married, at the Church of Our Lady, St. John's Wood, to Miss A. B. Collison.

On Wednesday, December 24th, L. Thomas was married, at Otley Registry Office, to Miss D. Lee.

On Saturday, December 27th, A. Rowe was married, at Welby Parish Church, near Grantham, to Miss Robinson.

On Saturday, December 27th, H. W. Strawbridge was married, at St. Thomas's Church, Farnham, to Miss G. M. Drage.



### Our Pilgrimage to Lourdes

WE started away from St. Dunstan's on Thursday, December 18th, 1919, and superstitious people would indeed have looked aghast as our party of thirteen proceeded to the station. We left Waterloo for Southampton by the 8.30 p.m. train, and after a pleasant two-hours' journey spent playing dominoes and cards (lent us by our kind friends at St. Dunstan's), we crossed to Havre on the ss. "Vera." The crossing was extremely rough, and if anyone of us had ambitions, I think we reached our "heights" that night as we tossed on those stormy waves. The boat was crowded, and it reminded one of the Tube at 11 p.m. on a week-day, so closely were we packed together. On Friday morning at 8.30 we reached Havre, and left by the 1.30 p.m. train for Paris. On arriving in Paris we were met by an English gentleman, who brought us by taxi to Rue Clément Marot, where we were made very comfortable. After spending a day in Paris, visiting well-known places, we proceeded to Pau, where we had breakfast whilst waiting for the train to Lourdes. On nearing our destination we caught the first glimpse of the Pyrenees; we arrived in Lourdes at 11 a.m.

We were much impressed by our first visit to the Grotto, where hundreds of crutches, bandages, etc. (long since discarded by the "cured" pilgrims) were hung up around the altar. A peaceful silence seemed to prevail near the Grotto, and I think some of this peacefulness enters into those who kneel at the altar. A curious thing to note is the three

churches built on top of each other on the hill at the back of the Grotto. It was because the one church was not large enough to accommodate the enormous number of pilgrims that a second was built, and then a third. Incidentally, these churches are hewn out of solid rock, the top one being built first, then the second hewn out from under that and likewise the third.

We had tea at an English club, and this proved to be a very enjoyable meal. Towards evening we visited the Grotto again, when we found the altar lighted by many candles.

The next day we had some very interesting lectures by Doctor Cox, an Englishman who gave up his practice in Harley Street, London, to settle in Lourdes, when his daughter was miraculously cured at the Grotto. Dr. Cox showed us some illustrations of various people who had been cured, and it was wonderful to think of such hopeless cases being so completely healed of their diseases. Needless to say, we took this gentleman's advice, and bathed and drank of the miraculous waters.

On Wednesday we went into the town and did some shopping, and learned many interesting facts about the quiet little place. Also we went up the mountain side and saw the beautiful figures of the fourteen Stations of the Cross; these figures are in bronze, life size, and have been presented by various countries in Europe.

We started out at 11.30 p.m. for the Rosary church to join in the celebration of solemn Midnight Mass; this will be

### The New French President

FRANCE'S new President is M. Paul Deschanel, a man of marked distinction and elegance, who for a long time has been President of the Chamber of Deputies. This office has kept him above party politics, and all sections of the Chamber pay tribute to his skill in guiding debates, his firmness and impartiality.

The Belgians are very proud that M. Deschanel was born in Brussels, at No. 176, Rue de Brabant.

The new President is an old and staunch friend to Great Britain, and he has more than once said that he looked upon the twenty-five years' rivalry which existed between France and Great Britain after the Franco-German war of 1870 as "an historical absurdity."

Mme. Deschanel, his wife, will make an ideal hostess at the Elysée. She is tall and elegant, and her salon has always been one of the most notable centres of Parliamentary, diplomatic, official and cultured Paris.

Everyone in England thought M. Clemenceau would be elected President. He is said, however, to have adopted bad tactics, enigmatic silence and apparent disdain of democratic traditions, and he met his master in such matters in M. Briand, known as the craftiest of wire-pullers, and nick-named by M. Léon Daudet, "The old cat with a hump on his back."

But the feeling with regard to Clemenceau is still, and always will be, high. "Clemenceau, the composed, sagacious, undefeatable leader of his nation, is a hero in this country as in his own, and in his retirement he will remain the greatest figure in France," says the *Post*. "To Clemenceau, the statesman, and Foch, the soldier, France owes before all others her deliverance. We in this country owe an inestimable debt to M. Clemenceau's invincible courage, his perfect sincerity, and his admirable common-sense. He goes down to history as one of the great leaders of men, and as one who, amid the most appalling vicissitudes, never wavered or was shaken, but did his duty to the end, and so achieved victory."

undoubtedly a unique experience in our lives, the ushering in of Christmas morning amid such a scene of great magnificence. The church is very beautiful, and is lit up with about three thousand electric lights. I may mention here that our kind hosts provided us with a thoroughly English Christmas dinner, a rather rare thing in a French village. An impromptu concert and nightly visit to the Grotto brought our "Perfect Day" to an end.

Friday was spent more or less in paying farewell visits all round—baths, Grotto, and more shopping. When we started on our return our bags were very bulgy and threatened to burst at every step.

After a joy-ride in a most dilapidated and ancient *diligence* we left Lourdes by the 6.30 p.m. train and arrived at Pau at 7.40 p.m. During our two hours wait here we explored the beauties of this place, where so many English society people spend the winter; the terraces of Spanish design were well worth our attention, for whilst the ordinary passenger train runs underground the tube runs overhead. The journey from here to Paris was made more comfortable by the fact that we travelled in ex-German carriages re-decorated by their present owners, the French. Paris was reached about 11.30 on Saturday morning. Once more we were met by our Guiding Star—the Englishman who conducted us to our previous billet. That afternoon we were entertained at the American Club in Paris, where we received much hospitality.

In the evening we left by train for Havre; the long journey was again enlivened by cards and dominoes. On arriving the St. Dunstan's party were immediately recognised by the old French ticket collector, who in broken English insisted on us telling him our Lourdes experiences. To add to our discomfort the tram conveying us from the train to the boat ran off the line at various intervals. At 1 a.m. we left on the ss. "Hantonia," and after a very pleasant journey spent in sleeping we arrived in England—a short train journey bringing us once more full of happy memories to smoky old London.



## Running the London Tubes

WHAT an immense business—the running of the London Tubes!

And yet with what an extraordinary smoothness, and with what an admirable attention to the convenience and safety of the general public everything seems to run.

How this result is obtained is the subject of an article by Mr. Arthur R. Burrows, in a recent issue of *Conquest*, and by the kind permission of the Editor we are enabled to reprint extracts from this fascinating study of British enterprise.

For the purpose of seeing exactly how the daily routine is carried out, we must come in imagination to the Charing Cross station of the District Railway in London about one p.m. on Saturday. We shall find a crowded platform, a continuous flow of trains, and above it an illuminated sign as restless as the mass beneath. Time these trains, and it will be found that they are chasing one another along this westward route at the intervals of less than 100 seconds. Forty-two heavily laden trains in sixty minutes, carrying westwards in that period something like 25,000 persons, at speeds reaching thirty-five miles per hour. That is the world's record to be seen beneath the Thames Embankment!

How is this clock-like precision maintained? For the answer we must go behind the scenes.

The network of electrically operated railways in London, known generally as the "Underground" (the Metropolitan and East London railways, Great Northern and City, and Bank and Waterloo Tubes are here excepted), derive their power from one large generating station, at Lots Road, Chelsea. Here, day and night, giant steam turbines and dynamos convert into electrical energy power collected from the sun by primæval forests and stored in our coalfields for millions of years. Every day 700 tons of coal are consumed in the process.

The electric current, which is of the three-phase alternating variety, leaves

the power-house at the high tension of 11,000 volts, and, passing through 360 miles of specially constructed cable, is transformed at various distributing centres to a direct current of 600 volts. At midday the generators have to meet a demand for about 40,000 horse-power, whilst early in the evening and at midday on Saturday, when the homeward traffic is most intense, the demand—or "peak load," as it is termed in this instance—rises to over 65,000 horse-power.

The Chelsea power-house is not concerned alone with the supply of current to the train motors. Upon its activities are dependent all the tube lifts and escalators, the signals on the lines, and every lamp on the system, whether it be the tail light on a train or one illuminating a map outside a station. The relative demands are shown in figures covering a week's operations. On the week in question—the one previous to the writing of this article—3,141,617 units were accounted for. Power for traction absorbed 2,875,860 units; lighting, 77,675 units; lifts and escalators, 109,083 units; signals, 42,353 units; and the pumps and arches, 2,764 units.

The least observant amongst us will have noticed that electrically propelled trains are able to "get away" quicker than steam trains. In dignified language, there is a more rapid acceleration. This is principally due to the fact that electrical propulsion admits of the power being applied at several points on the train. On an electric train there are several motors and sets of driving wheels, the latter bearing the weight of the coaches and their complement of passengers, so that a much better grip to the rails is afforded. It has also to be remembered that with an electric train the source of energy is "ready-made," and has only to be picked up from the insulated "live rails." On the six-coach trains of the District railways, for instance, there are two 240 horse-power motors beneath each

alternate car, and these simultaneously respond to the controlling gear in the driver's cabin.

With regard to the method of operating the Underground railways, we will take as our model that section of the District Railway between the Mansion House and South Kensington. We will step aboard, say, at the Mansion House alongside the driver of the Wimbledon "non-stop."

A red light before us changes to green. This means that the rail section ahead is clear. Brakes are released, and the handle of the controller, as on an electric tramway car, is moved slowly round from right to left. The motors beneath hum a rapid crescendo, and the train bounds forward into darkness. Our attention is drawn to the handle of the controlling lever, which, unlike that on most tramway cars, contains a vertical spring. This is known as the "dead man's handle." Should the driver, through sudden illness or death, remove the pressure of his hand, the motive power is automatically cut off and the brakes applied. This is safety device number one.

An orange light is seen ahead. It is an indication that the home signal guarding the approach to the next station is still at danger. The station ahead is probably still occupied. This warning gives the driver time to bring his train to a standstill before the home signal is reached, otherwise it will be stopped automatically and entail delay, which will require explanation. We will assume that, owing to a mental lapse, our driver ignores this warning and carelessly passes the Blackfriars home signal whilst it is still at danger (showing a red light). Are we and the other passengers exposed to any risk? Not a bit of it. The momentum of the train has carried us but a few feet before the brakes are automatically applied and we come to a standstill. Safety device number two has come into action.

This device is known as the automatic train stop, an innocent-looking lever which can be seen in most stations fixed alongside the track. This projecting arm is coupled to the signalling apparatus, and rises on a vertical position as the signal goes to danger. Should a train strike

it whilst in this position, a trip-cock is opened on the train, and the Westinghouse quick-acting brakes (which can stop a fully-laden train even with the power full on) grip all the wheels. Actually, however, this trip-cock simultaneously cuts off the current.

This incident, we will assume, has caused a delay. The driver on reaching Blackfriars station is informed by the "headway" clock that he is more than his regular interval behind the train in front. He will also learn from an indicator near by exactly how he stands in relation to his scheduled time. If the train is three minutes late the conductor has to leave a slip at Earl's Court for the Traffic Controller, explaining the cause. On the other hand, so *au fait* is this official with all that is happening on the line that he has probably already telegraphed to the nearest station for the driver's explanation.

On entering Charing Cross a purple light near the starting signal is lit up automatically by the train; as the train is coming to a standstill this light is automatically extinguished, indicating that the trip-cock which safeguards the over-running of signals is correctly adjusted and has not been displaced by any track. Should the tell-tale light remain burning the driver must immediately obtain the necessary readjustment. Yet a third precaution against mechanical failure!

Over the bottle-neck portion of the District Railway—the section between Mansion House and West Kensington—automatic signalling is in force. By electrical and pneumatic means, the trains themselves indicate the condition of the line. One of the rails is electrically continuous; the other rail is divided electrically by insulating material into signalling sections. A return electric main runs parallel with the rails throughout their length. Each signalling section is a complete electrical circuit, and at the rear of the section a current is made to hold a signal in the "all clear" position. Immediately the train enters the section this current is short-circuited from rail to rail, and the signal drops to danger by its own weight. There are various rules as to procedure in the case of any failure of



the electric current, in order to prevent a general hold up.

In the tubes the driver is always in telephonic communication with the next station, and if passengers are forced to leave the cars, the current is always cut off first, as walking between live rails is not possible.

At Earl's Court, where there is a parting of the ways, the human element is introduced, and there is a single cabin, which diverts to their routes 1,092 trains each day. One man, with the aid of an illuminated diagram, and six-inch levers on a switch-board no longer than a piano, suffices for this work. Two indicating instruments assist him. One of these gives the description and order of approaching trains or those awaiting the release of points and signals. The other is used for passing on to adjacent stations the destination of approaching trains, consisting of miniature cartoons of the headlamps by which different trains can be identified in the dark. The various devices are so ingeniously co-related that it is impossible for the signalman to move one of his levers should a train be occupying the section to which it is desired to give access.

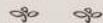
At Earl's Court also is situated the "holy of holies" so far as railway work is concerned. It is the sanctum of the Traffic Controller, a genius with the brain of a lightning calculator and the nerves of a hangman. On one side of the controller is an assistant distributing instructions; on the other, a "booking-boy" who checks the arrival of each train at Earl's Court and operates the sign indicating to the driver how he stands in relation to the time-table.

Fog signals on the open parts of the District railways are automatic. The machine, operated by the signal gear, automatically extracts a detonator from a magazine, and if the line ahead is occupied, places it on the rail. Should the signal move to safety before the train approaches, the detonator is removed from the rail and a fresh one extracted from the magazine, which holds fifty. When the detonator stock falls to ten, this automatum whistles for more.

Piccadilly is the hub of the Tube railways, and the Traffic Controller is at Leicester Square. Two special problems arise from tubes—adequate ventilation and conveyance of passengers to and from the surface. The stations at Hampstead and Holborn are at a depth of 195 and 114 feet respectively. The "moving stairway" is the ideal arrangement for the latter difficulty, and to those already existing, others are to be added at Shepherd's Bush, Tottenham Court Road, Bank, Piccadilly Circus, Holborn, Trafalgar Square, and King's Cross.

The rapid movement of the trains provides adequate ventilation by alternately expelling and inducing air through the lift shafts and stairways, but, in addition, appliances for ozonizing the air and rendering it not merely fresh but health-giving are used.

Amongst the underground developments which may be looked for as soon as conditions permit, are the electrification of the Central London extension to Ealing, the enlargement of the original Tube—the City and South London Railway—with a link between Camden Town and Euston, connecting it to the Hampstead line, giving a direct route from Golders Green to the City; the provision of escalators at Clapham Common and Stockwell; the extension of the Golders Green tube to Hendon; the construction of a junction at Hammersmith, permitting Piccadilly trains to run to Richmond, and the electrification of the Midland line (L.T. and S. section) from Barking to Upminster.



THE rival football teams of Miggs' Alley and Casey's Court were booked to play a match, and interest in the locality ran high.

The captain of the Miggs' outfit approached a lad of his own age—ten or thereabouts—whose reputation as a player was only equalled by his independence.

"Will yer play for us on Saturday, Bill?" he asked hopefully.

Bill eyed him haughtily.

"Sorry, old son," he replied, "but I've just signed on for Casey's Court. If yer wants me, me transfer fee is frippence, paid down."

## St. Dunstan's Discussion Club

IN December, Captain Russell Roberts delighted his audience with a comparative sketch of colonising methods—British, French, German, and Portuguese. The Frenchman, skilful and enterprising engineer, has, for example, connected up Timbuctoo, crossing vast deserts and creating a new port. He plans his whole town before any work is begun, and takes the trouble scientifically to prevent mosquito-breeding. But he considers neither native suffering nor native religious feeling, and again, unlike the Englishman, he cannot enjoy "Safari," roughing it in camp.

The permeating German idea is all "swank," from the "Kaiserliche" buildings on the sea shore to impress the traveller, to the white uniforms and gold braid! His characteristic is excess—servility towards superiors, bullying of inferiors; the world can have no regret for his demise as a colonist.

Captain Roberts concluded with his experience of being clawed by a lion, with thrills and applause in his audience, but not envy!

The whole address was of such exceptional interest that it ought to be printed as *hors d'œuvres* to a book on "Twelve Years Big Game Hunting."



On Monday, January 21st, Captain Norwood spoke on "The Romance of the Pacific," for ninety minutes. There was not one of his large audience but wanted "more"—so enjoyable were his clear enunciation, his wide information, his bubbling humour, and his truths. The great Australian continent, he said, (as large as Europe without Russia) though known to the ancients, was neglected till Captain Cook tripped over it in 1770, while looking at the stars, and to flower-covered Botany Bay were sent some fine people, albeit—goal birds! For in those days, felling timber, killing a sheep or poaching a rabbit, were all criminal

offences in England; one, Lovelace, got penal servitude for wanting workers' wages raised above 7s. a week! and since then in the lonely spaces, has developed a strong independent race. Picture A and B camping together a day's ride from the nearest neighbour. A's morning remark being contradicted by B in the evening, A departed next morning to escape "so much argument!"

Captain Norwood spoke of Australia's latest possibilities, this oldest part of the earth, once joined to the Antarctic Continent, where coal has been found, proving the existence of former vegetables; of the necessary measures to prevent the crowded yellow races overrunning the great Australian spaces and swamping the white population; of the possible future of those yellow millions, now being educated; of the romantic completion of the Panama Canal, the unique engineering feat uniting East and West. He closed on the note that the world is now one; sectional points of view are obsolete problems and can only be solved from a broad human basis.

### FIXTURES.

The following lectures have been arranged for the near future:—

Wednesday, February 18th, Mr. John Murray, M.P. for West Leeds. Subject: "The Industrial Situation."

Monday, February 23rd, Mr. Percy Way. Subject: "The Training of the Mind."

Monday, March 22nd, Captain Norwood. Subject: "Constantinople, the City of Crisis."



"DADDY," asked little Mary, "Why is it that angels never grow beards?"

"I suppose they're generally women, my dear," said her sleepy parent.

"But not always, Daddy, And what then?"

"Why," said Daddy, waking up, "men can only get into heaven by a close shave, anyway."



## Billions

**W**HAT is a billion? An American will often answer "a thousand million," but generally speaking a billion has always meant a million million, and this is its official value in a report recently presented to Parliament on "Food Conditions in Germany."

But what ought a billion to convey to the mind? In the *Windsor Magazine*, Mr. R. W. K. Edwards aids us to form a conception.

Take, for instance, reading. As one reads, the eye picks out, perhaps, forty letters in a line, a thousand letters in a page, two hundred and fifty thousand letters in a sizeable book. To pick out a billion letters one must read through four million books, which, at the rate of four books a day, would take well-nigh thirty centuries to do. Trying with time alone, the conception of a billion is scarcely manageable. To count a billion! The task would be transcendental. The mere enumeration of the last number but one "nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine millions nine hundred and ninety-nine thousands nine hundred and ninety-nine" would induce drivelling. Should an ardent lover claim from his beloved a million kisses, their realisation at the rate of sixty a minute would take over eleven days and a half to accomplish; were the pact more rashly made for a billion, the time required would be thirty centuries.

Leaving time and money, let us now see how the fundamental idea of space will furnish us with thoughts on the size of a billion. If the seas had so receded that there were a belt of dry land round the earth at the Equator, along which a queue could be formed, standing two abreast for company, this queue would encircle the globe well over three thousand times—and that with inconvenient crowding.

The smallest common measure of length is the millimetre. Work on munitions has made many of us familiar with it.

About a twenty-fifth part of an inch, a robust cheese-mite might compass it. What would be the extent of a billion millimetres?

Try to imagine a ribbon a billion millimetres long. Pin one end of it to the North Pole and stretch the ribbon along a meridian of the earth's surface. Would it reach the South Pole? Why, certainly, and back to the North Pole along the opposite meridian, and round again and again and again; indeed, you might make the complete circuit twenty-five times, not approximately either, mark you, but exactly twenty-five times, if the ribbon was correctly measured and the earth behaved itself as a self-respecting oblate spheroid all the way.

A billion people would hardly find standing room on the soil of England and Wales. Each would have to be content with considerably less than one and a half square feet of space, *i.e.*, the area of a square little more than fourteen inches.

And so, whereas our billion-millimetre ribbon stretches twenty-five times round the earth, a billion square centimetres will only cover a portion of the surface quite easily visualised. For imagine a square a million millimetres in length and you can picture it divided, chessboard-wise, into a billion squares, in each of which a young flea might find room for a jumping-off ground. And, after all, a million millimetres is but a kilometre, and so our square would be say, two hundred and fifty acres in extent. Richmond Park could easily accommodate ten billion juvenile fleas. A billion square inches would be a more serious proposition; they would take up little less than one-third of the whole area of England. A billion postage stamps would much more than cover London.

And when the mind is allowed to rove untrammelled in space in three dimensions, the idea of a billion is still more easily realised. Reverting to the millimetre, a cubic millimetre, small as it may be, is

## A Car from the Front

**O**N Thursday afternoon, January 29th, in the grounds of St. Dunstan's, representatives of the Committee of the Workpeople's Association of Messrs. W. D. and H. O. Wills, Bristol, presented to St. Dunstan's a six-cylinder Vauxhall car.

The presentation was made by Mr. W. Alvis (Chairman of the Committee), on behalf of the 6,000 workers at Messrs. Wills's factories, and Mr. A. G. Justin (the Secretary of the Committee) related how the car had in June, 1917, been presented to the Red Cross Society as an ambulance, and how, after excellent war service, it had eventually reverted back to the Committee, which unanimously decided to continue the car's "war work" by presenting it to St. Dunstan's as a mark of sympathy and admiration. Captain Ricketts, the Western representative of the National Institute for the Blind, had accordingly been approached, and the car brought up from Bristol to be personally presented to Sir Arthur Pearson.

Sir Arthur, in thanking the Committee for their generous gift, said that it would be of immense use in connection with the men of St. Dunstan's. He proposed to convert it into a kind of waggonee for the purpose of conveying the men to and from various destinations.

Mr. Frank Wills (Honorary Treasurer of the Committee), who was unable to be present, was represented by Mr. G. E. Powell (Assistant Manager of Messrs. W. D. and H. O. Wills), who brought a warm greeting from the management of the firm to everyone at St. Dunstan's.

MISS CONNIE EDISS, the well-known comedy actress, tells the following:

"Ma tear," said Soloman to his better half, "you couldn't possibly go to the theatre in that shabby dress, could you?"

"No, I couldn't," replied Mrs. Soloman, her thoughts immediately centred on a lovely new creation she had seen that very morning.

"I thought so," answered the husband, "so I've bought only von ticket."

easily visualised, and a billion of these could be packed into a box of comparatively modest dimensions of about eleven yards each way, *i.e.*, exactly ten metres, or ten thousand millimetres.

With abstract numbers one easily arrives at a billion; for instance, by repeated doubling. Double unity, double the result, double again, and so on, and at the fortieth doubling you will have exceeded the billion. The old illustration, so often used by teachers of algebra, may perhaps be quoted. You offer a farthing for the first nail in a horse's shoes, a halfpenny for the second, a penny for the third, and so on, doubling the last offer each time. If there are ten nails in each shoe, to what extent are you liable? The answer is, well over a billion farthings; to be exact, you will be debited £1,145,324,612 5s. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. And this doubling process suggests another proposition. A man, say Jenkins, has two parents. He has four grandparents. If his parents were not first cousins, he has eight great-grandparents. If his grandparents were not first or second cousins, he has sixteen great-great-grandparents. Going back for forty generations, there must have been in existence at one time on this planet an unholy crowd of over a billion people to account for Jenkins' existence, not to mention the fortieth generation previous to that, when a seething mass of a billion billion must have swarmed over earth and sea with the object of being Jenkins' ancestors.



A man of Chicago named Young,  
Just once, when his nerves were unstrung,  
Put his mother (unseen)  
In the chopping machine,  
And canned her and labelled her "Tongue."



SANDY: "'Tis no satisfaction A' can get  
out o' this pipe."

JOCK: "Whit dae ye mean?"

SANDY: "Weel, if A'm smokin' my ain  
tabaccy A' don't enjoy it for thinkin' o'  
the expense, and if A'm smokin' the ither  
chap's tabaccy my pipe is crammed sae  
tight it will nut draw." *Life.*



## Word Photographs Competition

**M**R. CHAS. J. JONES, who has always been most keenly interested in St. Dunstan's and is well known to St. Dunstaners, has conceived a novel competition and has kindly offered a prize to the winner.

This prize of 10s. will be awarded to the competitor who correctly identifies the St. Dunstaners described in the following notes. In the event of more than one competitor identifying all, the sum of 10s. will be awarded to the first correct solution opened. Solutions should be addressed to THE EDITOR, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, St. Dunstan's Hostel, Regent's Park, N.W.1, and should be sent in not later than 1st March.

The Editor would like to point out that he is not responsible for the following descriptions, which are all from the pen of the originator of the competition. It should be noted, therefore, that he cannot be held answerable in any libel actions brought forward!

1. Comes from the End of England and the Beginning of Scotland—rather short—difficulty in hearing—talks very marked North Country dialect—married before Christmas.

2. Tall—good dancer—lost an arm—has Welsh name—lived in Africa twenty years—bachelor.

3. Sergeant, with about five sons in different services—young for his age—

very brisk in getting about—comes from South Wales.

4. Tall South African—still in khaki—name rhymes with "sculler."

5. Very Irish and proud of it—has recently got his discharge after much delay and just come out of khaki—has bad knee, but insists on dancing—can tell a lot about sport behind the scenes and in front.

6. Short—stoutish—quiet—name recalls "hatchways"—recently married.

7. Grenadier Guardsman—tall and wide—native of Lythain in Yorkshire.

8. Very Scotch—from Hawick, N.B.—rather short—same name as well-known whisky distillers.

9. A chap who likes to make a noise—commonly known as eighteenpence, or one and sixpence.

10. Often at piano—speaks very distinctly, accenting his words somewhat—native of Brighton.

11. Very tall and slender—stoops a bit—has name of a cardinal point of the compass—is a wanderer from Wolverhampton—and he wears three service stripes.

12. Very polite—soft spoken—fond of dancing and music, but does not play yet—has a great friend named Mr. Cox—has a way of frequently drawling "Oh! Yes" in conversation—is a native of Doncaster.

## The Philosophy of Life

**T**HE following is a gem from Lord Fisher's Scrap-book:—

Did it ever occur to you that a man's life is full of crosses and temptations?

He comes into the world without his consent,

And goes out of it against his will,

And the trip between is exceedingly rocky.

The rule of contraries is one of the features of the trip.

When he is little the big girls kiss him—

When he is big the little girls kiss him.

If he needs credit—he can't get it.

If he is prosperous everyone wants to do him a favour.

If he doesn't give to charity he is a stingy cuss.

If he does, it's for show.

If he gives affection, he's a soft specimen.

If he cares for no one, he's cold-blooded.

If he dies young, "there was a great future before him."

If he lives to an old age, "he missed his calling."

If you have money, you're a miser.

If you spend it, you're a fool.

If you get it you're a sharper.

If you can't get it you're an idiot!

So what the hell's the use?

## The Penalty Kick

**I**N the football world there has always been a great deal of criticism of the penalty-kick rule, and there are lots of people who consider that the rule might very well be modified. At one time referees awarded penalty kicks only for serious fouls, but later the rule was altered so that practically any offence within the penalty area is now punished with a penalty kick. This has had two effects; and it has increased to a great extent the number of penalty kicks, and it has also removed somewhat the stigma attaching to a penalty-kick offence.

The views of Bob Whittingham, the well-known Stoke and ex-Chelsea forward, given in a recent issue of *Answers*, cannot but be interesting on this point. He considers that the increasing number of penalty awards in first-class football is a bad sign, but, considering the nature of the penalty rule, this does not necessarily mean that the play has been very rough. He thinks the real question is: Is the present penalty-kick law quite fair?

There are two distinct types of offence. A forward has brilliantly gone through the field with the ball at his toe. At about ten yards from goal, when he has an exceptional chance of scoring, a burly back comes dashing along, twists his legs round those of the forward and brings him to the ground. The referee, with justice, awards a penalty. This is the bad offence.

But supposing the back is well inside the penalty area, in such a position that his goal is in no immediate danger, the ball threatens to pass him, and almost instinctively, without thought of the consequences, he stops the ball with his hand. Should the same penalty be awarded to this offence as to the former, which might result in injury to a player?

Again, supposing a shot has beaten the goalkeeper, and is just going beneath the bar, when a full-back jumps up and punches the ball out? It is a last chance to save the scoring of a goal, yet it is

illegal and the referee has perforce to award a penalty-kick. Yet should he not rather have the power of awarding a goal when the fact that it would have been scored but for the "hands" is clearly evident to him? It scarcely seems fair that a goal well-worked for and clearly gained should be negated by the illegal act of a defender, because, although the majority of penalty kicks secure goals, there are a certain number that are failures, and in a recent match, three penalty kicks only resulted in one goal.

It would seem that with these ideas in mind, the rules with reference to the penalty kick should be reconsidered, so as to get back to the original idea—that the punishment shall fit the crime.

The Editor would welcome correspondence on this most interesting subject.

## Pelmanism for the Blind

**W**E have an announcement to make with reference to the Higher Education of the Blind, which we are sure will be appreciated by all our readers.

The Pelman Institute has, with the generous sympathy and co-operation of Sir Arthur Pearson, determined to allow all blind persons in the United Kingdom, who care to do so, to take up the Pelman Course of Mind and Memory Training free of all charge. The complete course will be sent out in Braille in the ordinary way from the Pelman Institute (4, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1), to whom all enquiries must be addressed, the National Institute for the Blind publishing the work for the Pelman Institute.

We are convinced that there are a great number of St. Dunstaners who will be anxious to avail themselves of this generous offer, and we ourselves confidently recommend all our readers who are desirous of embarking on the interesting and valuable course of mind and memory training to avail themselves of this opportunity.



## Some Odd Things About London

[Reprinted, from an article by C. G. Harper, by kind permission of *Chambers' Journal*.]

PERHAPS the oddest thing about London is that this great imperial city, capital of the world's greatest Empire, is not the capital of Middlesex. That distinction belongs to Brentford. Thus we have the quaint fact that, while the London County Council is the chief authority, and after it the County Council of Middlesex (whose Guildhall is at Westminster), Brentford has a "capital" dignity all its own.

But for true dignity one must look to the City of London—"The Square Mile" as it has been termed, from the extent of the City area proper. Do you know which is the most dignified and beautiful view of it? It is from outside the City itself, and may be obtained by standing by the Thames on the south side, between Blackfriars and Southwark Bridges, or between Southwark and London Bridges. Few ever go to see the City from thence, but it is one of the most inspiring views in the world, with St. Paul's rising grandly above the wharves of Thames Street, and the many spires and towers of the City churches clustered round about.

The Tower Bridge itself is a great spectacular sight. The annual cost of maintaining it is about £17,000, and each time the bascules are raised and lowered, the cost is over £2. The most curious thing about the Tower Bridge is perhaps the claim made by the Germans to have destroyed it in a Zeppelin raid. A medal was struck by the Huns illustrating this highly imaginative exploit, of which nothing is known by the Bridge Estates Committee, who have the great erection in their charge.

Which is the oldest-established shop in the City? It is that now bearing the name of Davidson, Newman and Co., in Leadenhall Street. The business was founded so long ago as 1650 by Daniel Rawlinson, the first English grocer to sell a pound of tea. The existing shop is

by no means of that age, but still above the entrance hangs the original sign of three sugar-loaves, while within are Rawlinson's old canisters and scales, and the oak counter at which he stood.

The Monument! Where is the "country cousin" who does not, on arriving in London, expect to be taken up to the summit of that tall landmark, built to commemorate the great fire of London in 1666. The circular stone staircase has 345 stairs. Ere you reach the gallery you agree with the keeper quoted in "Martin Chuzzlewit," that visitors "don't know what a many steps it is. It's worth twice the money to stop below." Yet the City accounts show the Monument to be a source of profit. In 1910, for example, its income was £660, as against £590 the year before, derived from visitors' fees.

The figures relating to the income of the Monument are set forth in the City of London accounts, known as the "Private Purse" of the Corporation. These accounts themselves contain some quaint items. For instance, in recent years is a credit of 2s. 6d. for the loan of committee-rooms at the Guildhall, and £479 for "Key Register Suspense Account." This item represents the sum received from City firms who deposit with the City police keys of their premises, to enable the buildings to be entered in case of necessity. This, of course, is a practice largely followed, the City being a region very little inhabited after business hours. A strange item is that of £245 paid by omnibus companies for the privilege of pulling up at the Mansion House to set down or take up passengers.

Further, the supply of "livery cloth" to Officers of State—a custom centuries old—costs annually about £119; and the Corporation, it is found, contributes £123 14s. 3d. towards the fees of preachers at St. Paul's Cathedral. The salaries of the Ale Conners come to £40; and the cost of the private vestry allotted to the Lord Mayor in the Cathedral is £5 8s.

with an additional rate of £8 to the chief vergers.

A long story might be written about the curiosities of St. Paul's Cathedral alone. The cost of building it was largely defrayed by a tax on coal entering London, and it has wittily been said, seeing how blackened is a large part of the exterior, that in this way the taxed coal has had its revenge. The late Dean Milman carefully calculated the cost of St. Paul's, and found it was exactly £736,752 2s. 3½d.

Among the odd things about St. Paul's the story told by Sir George Birdwood is perhaps the oddest. In September, 1907, he observed a group of women rubbing their backs against a pilaster in the nave. A lady, among a number of interested spectators of this singular act, asked the reason. "Lor', ma'am!" replied one, "don't you know that if you don't come up to London at least once in your lifetime and rub yourself against St. Paul's, you'll live childless and die a fool?"

Before we leave St. Paul's, it is to be noted that St. Paul's Churchyard is easily and notoriously the windiest place in London.

How many Londoners of to-day know why the road past St. James's Park, between Buckingham Palace and Great George Street, Westminster, is called "Birdcage Walk"? Few know more about it than that Wellington Barracks are situated there. Here, in the time of Charles II., the royal collection of birds was kept; for St. James's Park was, until years comparatively recent, a "royal" park in a very real sense, and by no means a democratic one. Even after the park was thrown open to the public, the authorities, in their peculiar way, were particular, and it is curious to note that until the year 1845 any person in the attire of a workman, or anyone carrying a parcel, was not permitted to enter.

The first block of flats to be built in London, "Queen Anne's Mansions"—and very lofty and very ugly they are, too—stand just off Birdcage Walk.

London streets were once a very forest of signs. Those were the times before the houses were numbered. The sign system

must have been extremely cumbrous, as we may judge from the advertisement of Dr. James Tilborgh, a German doctor, who, in the eighteenth century, advertised that "he liveth at present over against the New Exchange in Bedford Street, Strand, at the sign of the 'Peacock,' where you shall see at night two candles burning within one of the chambers before the balcony, where he may be spoke with alone, from eight in the morning till ten at night."

One of the broadest thoroughfares in London is that truly noble avenue, Portland Place, north of Regent Street, built by the brothers Adam in the second half of the eighteenth century. Gower Street is a prominent specimen of dull, drab uniformity. Ruskin, given to violent expressions, thought it like a street in hell. Since then there have been attempts (with but indifferent success) to modify this alleged satanic, but highly respectable, thoroughfare.

The lamp-posts of London would not seem to be a very interesting subject, but there are some quaint and curious specimens. In St. James's Square, in front of No. 2, Lord Falmouth's house, are two which are fixed in the muzzles of old cannon, planted upright on the kerb. These were French guns, captured by Admiral Boscawen, Lord Falmouth's ancestor, in the naval action off Finisterre, in 1747. Leading out of Piccadilly is Sackville Street, supposed to be the only street in London without a lamp-post. This seems a hard saying, but it is true that there are no lamp-posts there, because, although the street is lighted, the lamps are all bracketed out from the walls of the houses.

London has among its other innumerable curios two unique tavern signs. The first is that of an otherwise quite unremarkable public-house in Oxford Street, near Bond Street, "The Great Man and and Still." The other sign is "The Running Footman," a little house on Hay Hill, at the back of Berkeley Square. The old picture-sign displays a gaily uniformed man running, with a wand of office in his hand. The inscription beneath declares, "I am the only Running Footman."



## Pearson's Fresh Air Fund

SIR ARTHUR PEARSON, it will be remembered, in returning thanks for the gifts which were bestowed upon him at St. Dunstan's Hostel on December 15th, referred to the many interests which had filled his life. Amongst his other activities he mentioned the Children's Fresh Air Fund, that noble undertaking which has sowed the first seeds of health in so many feeble little bodies and given so many little minds their first glimpse of the beauties of nature. "The one great need of a child," says Dr. Leonard Hill, "is freedom to play in the open air untrammelled and unnoticed by his elders." How many of the feeble, puny-faced little denizens of London had the chance to do this before the Fresh Air Fund was inaugurated.

In the year's report which is now before us we see some wonderful figures. In twenty-eight years the Fund has sent no fewer than 4,040,547 poor children to the country for a day's holiday, and 53,940 children for a fortnight's holiday. In the year of its inauguration (1892), 20,000 poor East End children were taken to Epping Forest for a day, 40,000 were taken during the second summer, and year after year the number increased until in 1913 no fewer than 250,420 children in London and various towns in the United Kingdom had a day's treat, whilst 5,500 were taken away for two weeks. At this period the cost per child was only ninepence and ten shillings respectively. On the outbreak of war the work of the Fund was naturally curtailed, not only because of the falling off of subscriptions, but on account of the cost of provisions and transit, the lack of housing accommodation, and so forth. But the holidays were satisfactorily carried on, and culminated in a most successful season in 1919, when a total of 143,819 children were sent away for a day's holiday, a holiday of a fortnight's duration being arranged for 5,829 of the specially needy ones. During their day's outing the children revel in all the fun that is

provided for them, their favourite pastime being undoubtedly the singing of songs in chorus.

The Fresh Air Fund is conducted on the system which was in vogue at its inauguration twenty-eight years ago. The only difference is the rise in price necessitated by existing conditions. The promoters bear the cost of management, thus enabling all money subscribed to be spent on the children. Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., and the Shaftesbury Society and the Ragged School Union are the main pillars. The Shaftesbury Society and the Ragged School Union places its immense organization freely at the disposal of the Fund. Local Committees all over the United Kingdom select the children, and make their own local arrangements. During the year many thousands of children were taken away from the Bethnal Green district, which, it will be remembered, was visited by H.M. the Queen during the spring. The condition of things in this area will be better understood when it is realized that the death-rate is three times higher than the average mortality for London, while the density of population is such that the borough has 417 inhabitants to the acre as against the acknowledged health standard of fifty-five! Some of the houses are never reached by the rays of the sun during any part of the day.

The Fresh Air Fund makes no distinction of class or creed. Poverty alone is the pass-word, and those who are most necessitous are chosen first. These little ones have as great a right to God's sunshine as have their more favoured brothers and sisters, and inestimable indeed is the moral and physical value of this Fund, which is helping to build up the men and women of the future.

"CAN you tell the difference between a Scotchman and a banana?"

"You can skin a banana."—*Scot Gibson.*

## A Message from Mars

HAVE you ever read "The War of the Worlds," by H. G. Wells?

There could scarcely be a more exciting book: the mysterious eruption from Mars observed by astronomers, the landing of the gigantic projectile near Woking, the first sign of the Martians, their uncanny appearance and their terrible instruments of warfare by means of which they devastate the world, their weird cries, the flight from London, the ultimate solitariness and reign of death, are incidents thrilling in the extreme, like the episodes of some wild nightmare.

But now Senator Marconi, the famous inventor of wireless telegraphy, makes the astonishing statement that strange sounds and interruptions are actually being received by wireless in different parts of the world, and that it may be a fact that these are signs of communication with Mars, and that the planet, on such an assumption, might be inhabited by beings akin to us.

Naturally scientists all over the world are extremely interested in these revelations of Senator Marconi, and conflicting opinions are floating about. All, however, agree that there is a possibility that Mars is inhabited by rational beings, and that the mysterious signals may be signs from them.

Scientists agree that it would be easier for Mars to communicate with the Earth than *vice-versa*, and on April 21st Mars will be at its nearest point to this world. This date, accordingly, will be the ideal time for the investigation of the unknown message.

The wireless interruption is in the form of the letter S, three dots in the Morse code, and has been received in London and New York. Some scientists think it may be caused by electric disturbances which have long been known and are recorded in the oscillations of an ordinary compass magnetic needle. But there is a variation in the oscillations which has always been a mystery.

Dr. Tesla, a famous American authority, during experiments on the high plateau of Colorado, received what he considers to be signs from Mars, and he hopes that the scientific and systematic investigation of all plans and means for communicating with Mars will now be forthcoming.

The electric waves on which the signals come are much longer than the usual commercial wave-length, and a special apparatus is required for investigating their origin; we understand that this is being installed. It means devoting the whole personnel at one station entirely to the work.

Mr. Edison is also extremely interested in the Marconi signals, and sees no reason why signals sent through interstellar spaces should not be responsible for the strange disturbances.

At any rate, in Dr. Tesla's words, the problem of communication with other worlds outside our own is "the greatest, the most fascinating confronting the human imagination," and the whole subject is of the most absorbing interest. Let us only hope that the Martians, if they ever come here, will not prove to be such malignant devils as the creatures of Mr. Wells's imagination.

HE was being demobbed and didn't care what happened, he felt so happy. For the last time he faced the sergeant-major, the man who had made life a burden so long.

But this time he came to the ordeal with a smile on his face.

"Now, my man," snarled the sergeant-major haughtily, "answer my questions smartly. What did you do for a living before you joined the Army?"

"I was a clerk in an office, sir!" replied the private, happily.

"Washing out the ink-pots, I 'spose?" sneered the autocrat.

"No, sir!" replied the private sweetly. "We employed a retired sergeant-major for that sort of work."





## Love in the Air

**M**ANY a proposal of marriage has been made and accepted in the queerest places and under unusual conditions, but it must be agreed that one of the most up-to-date settings for the declaration of the tender passion was selected by an airman. He invited the girl, with whom he had long been in love, for a joy-ride, and she accepted his offer with celerity. There and then they set off, and for a time the novelty of her surroundings amused her immensely, but as London with all its familiar landmarks, faded away and she could see nothing but clouds, her nerve gave way, and she quietly cried.

This was the airman's opportunity, and he not only comforted her, but plucked up courage and shouted his love tale into her ears, with the result that when they reached terra firma they were engaged.

Even more daring was the psychological moment chosen by a celebrated performer on the tight-rope. It was part of his programme, whilst in mid-air, to carry a girl member across a swinging wire.

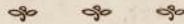
One day he managed to whisper "Will you marry me?" and received a wholly

satisfactory answer before he deposited his precious burden in safety.

A popular stage favourite, who had been taking part in some tender love scenes with the leading lady in a certain play for some time, fell in love with her.

On one occasion, all unsuspected by the audience, he infused such genuine passion into his lines that his companion recognised that he had ceased merely to act, and, responding promptly, accepted him there and then on the stage.

At a recent ball a nobleman espied in the crowd of dancers gaily jazzing, the one girl in the world for him. He hoped that his love was reciprocated, but parental authority had forbidden her to dance with him. She had been compelled to obey, but her lover could endure the suspense no longer, and as she pirouetted past him, he contrived to slip into her hand a programme on which he had scribbled: "Will you?" The next dance was the Hesitation Waltz, and as she glided round the pillar by which he was standing she returned him the card, on which she had written: "Won't I!" *Answers.*



## The Ex-Major Looks Back

**A** YEAR ago, Odette, I was an airman,  
My uniform of blue you deemed  
divine,

And you were most particular, remember,  
That all your pretty garments toned with  
mine.

How proud I was to take you out to dinner,  
A dream of dreams in misty mauve  
georgette,

And hear, perchance, some sable-robed  
civilian

Breathe "Absolutely it, by Jove"—Odette!

A year ago I was of some importance  
(A Major, at the age of twenty-three!)  
And while for male glad-eyes you were  
a target,

The ladies—bless 'em—all had smiles for  
me.

And being merely human, I was proud of  
The éclat that ribboned tunic brings,  
But prouder still, Odette, to hold your  
heart, dear,

Within the keeping of a lad with wings.

And now, demobbed, I strafe these beastly  
civvies;

It's really just a bit beyond a joke  
To find that I, who used to be so swagger,  
Now look the same as any other bloke.

Of course, I know you're swish enough  
for both, dear;

It's still "eyes right" for you, veiled in  
georgette,

But thrice last week they took me for a  
waiter!

A year ago—ah! dash it all—Odette.

*Daden Foster.*