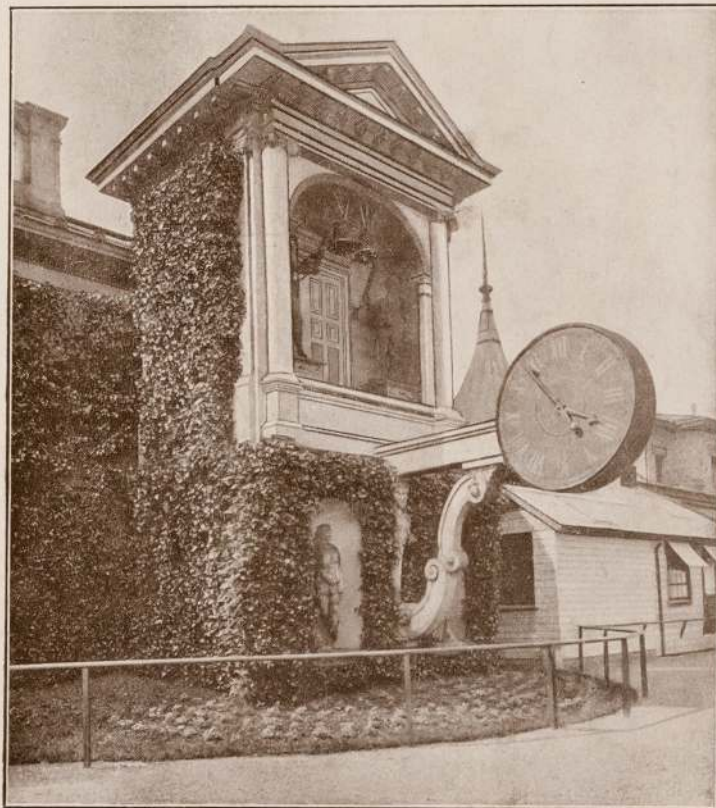


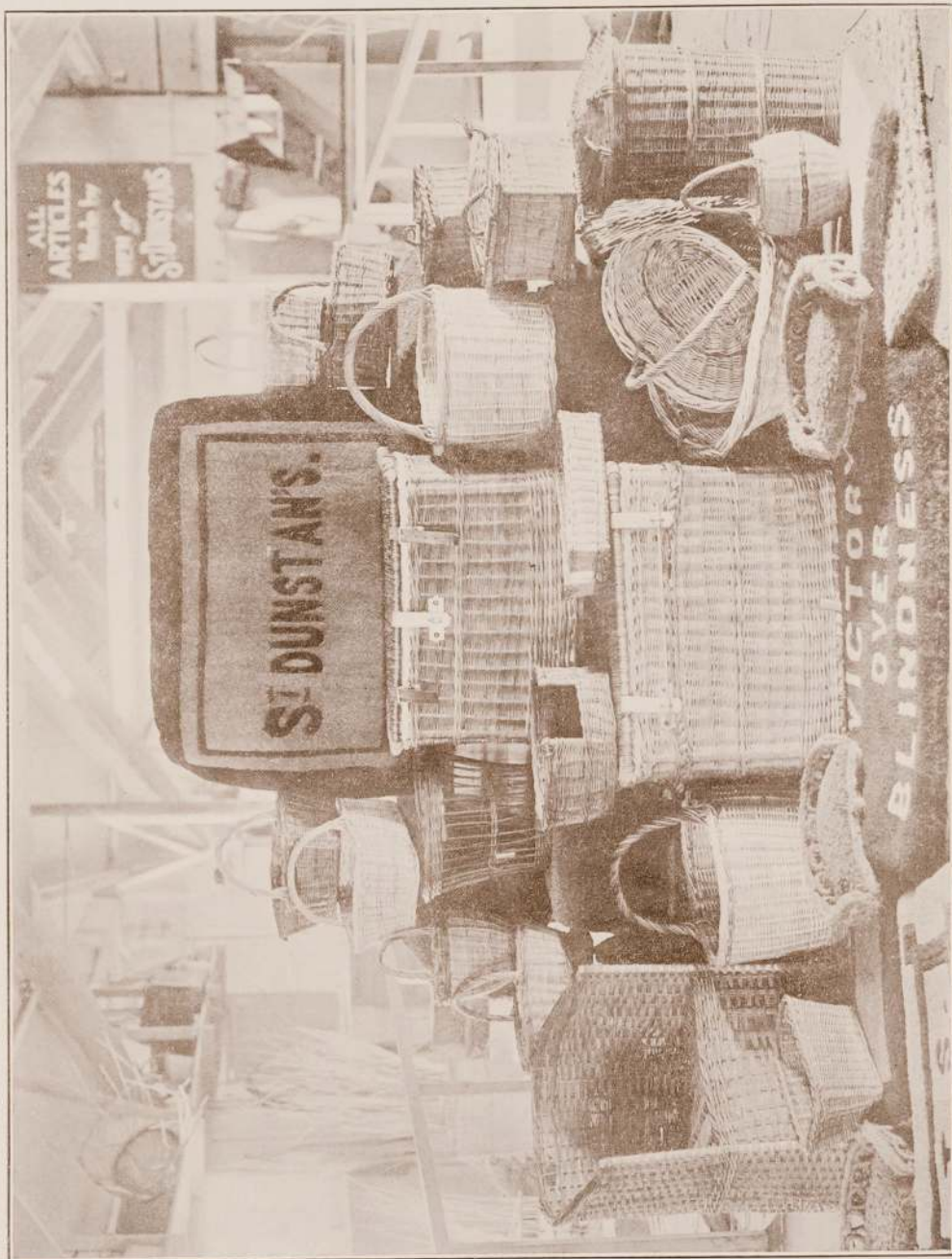
St. Dunstan's



Review

For the Amusement and Interest of Men Blinded in the War

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



A SELECTION OF GOODS MADE BY THE MEN OF ST. DUNSTAN'S.

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 42.—VOLUME 4.

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN.]

EDITOR'S NOTES

IN another page of this issue a notice appears announcing the formation of the Association of Women Workers of St. Dunstan's. Any movement which tends to keep alive that precious but indefinable thing, the spirit of St. Dunstan's, is very well worth while, and we feel sure we are expressing the view of the men of St. Dunstan's when we offer the enterprising people who founded and are running the Association our best congratulations and good wishes for future success.

THERE is a curious difficulty which even the best educated blind folk have to meet. We refer to the spelling of little-used words which, in the English language, are very often quite arbitrarily spelt, and of which, unfortunately, there are a great many. People who can see are constantly reading these words in print, and unconsciously, we think, the brain photographs them and stores them up for future use. Blind people do not get this same opportunity of having these words consistently impressed upon them, and are often apt to be uncertain about them. To meet this need the National Institute for the Blind has just produced a "Dictionary of Difficult Words," which will, we think, be of considerable use to many of our readers, and more particularly to those who occupy secretarial or similar positions. The dictionary does not give any explanation of the meaning of the words, but merely serves to supply correct spelling. Any St. Dunstaner may have a copy gratis and post free on application to the After-Care Department.

WE all have to face the difficulty of getting about alone, either from the business or pleasure point of view, so that no excuse is needed for the publication of an article on the subject in this issue. Mr. F. Marriott, the writer, is well known to many St. Dunstaners as the extremely capable blind man who, for nearly twenty years, has distinguished himself by making a good living as a masseur at Harrow. Mr. Marriott can undoubtedly be looked upon as one of the pioneers of massage for the blind, and the great ability with which he gets about make his remarks on the subject most interesting.

LAST month we called attention to the publication of a Braille book on auction bridge, and urged our readers to take up the game. A large number of replies have been received as a result of this note, and we have, therefore, arranged with the National Institute for the Blind that the best handbook on whist which could be obtained should immediately be put into Braille. There seems to have been a revival of whist recently, and we are constantly reading notices of whist drives, more particularly in provincial papers. We think, therefore, that by this new move we may be supplying a want, and ask readers who would care to have this book to send in their names to the After-Care Department.

Editor.

NOTES BY THE CHIEF

I HAVE received from readers of the REVIEW quite a number of very interesting letters dealing with the question of ability or inability to see in the way in which we people without sight see when the eyes are bandaged. I select from these the following from Captain Hutcheon because it deals with every phase of this interesting subject which is touched upon by the writers of other letters.



CAPTAIN HUTCHEON writes:—

"I am always interested in your remarks concerning our handicap, as they open up such a wide field of thought, and in the February issue of the REVIEW I note the reference made to the wearing of bandages over the eyes. During the days of convalescence I used to think out such items as you refer to, and also wonder whether a man badly damaged on one side of the face felt any marked difference when walking alongside a wall with the damaged part next to the wall, and then with the other side next to the wall. Surely there must be a difference, as the result of natural causes. I am certainly of opinion that by wearing a bandage over the eye parts, covering some of the most important nerves of the face on which we rely, an obstacle is placed in the way of the 'feelers,' so to speak.

"In my observations on bees and other insects I noted the marvellous development of the nerve system, especially of the bee. In my observatory hive I was struck with the smartness of the bee when it was busily engaged in building a cell, how the insect turned about and paid homage to the queen as she strolled quietly over the comb. The nerve system of the bees is so highly developed that, if you cut off a small portion of the wing, the severed portion will continue to move although separated from the main structure.

"As we chance to walk along the road look how the insects clear out of the way,

and do not wait to have a glimpse of our figures.

"As our sight is cut off there is no doubt that our other senses get marvellously developed, and our facial nerves come in for a great deal of play, and this being so it stands to reason that by covering one-third of the face with a bandage one must handicap the nerves from performing an important function, especially if the bandage is inclined to be tight. That is the conclusion I arrived at when having occasion to wear a bandage. When reading, or performing any work, on getting tired, the nerves of the eyes make the parts at hand twitch. One cannot feel the eyes are gone, but if the exercise is continued it places us in real darkness for a short space of time. When not possessed of eyes it seems to me that the nerves in close proximity to these most sensitive organs must possess an additional degree of sensitiveness. Not being a doctor I had perhaps better leave this aspect of the subject, otherwise I may stray beyond my depth.

"Of course the fact of wearing a bandage punctuates one with the idea, 'I look unnatural,' and thus the movements may be partly slackened, but I think that you and all interested in the question will agree that by covering over part of the face one must hamper the facial nerves from performing their duty.

"During December when visiting a schoolmaster friend in a village over four miles from home, I had no trouble in reaching his door, but as it turned dark my friend thought it advisable to accompany me part of the way back, which he did, but I had a good laugh when he informed me afterwards that when returning it dawned upon him that he was not going the right way, so called at a farm house to enquire. We do get some fun out of these sighted people at times."



LIEUTENANT FREDERICK MARTIN, who is doing such excellent work for the

general benefit of the blind community by editing the *Literary Journal*—a publication which I hope is not missed by any St. Dunstaner who is a keen Braille reader, for as you know it will on application be supplied gratis and post free—sends me the following quite useful tip:—

"The desire to write often comes to me in the evening after I have set myself down in a low easy chair by the fire, and the desire is frequently frustrated by laziness to get up and transfer myself to a less comfortable position at the typewriter. In such circumstances try a piano stool as a table for the machine. You can get your legs on either side of the stool, and you can then recline at your ease and tap out your thoughts in luxury. The screw top with which every well-regulated piano stool is fitted, enables you to arrange the height of the keyboard to meet the requirements of the situation. I fear this suggestion may come into the category of hints which tend to make things too easy. A little excitement may be got by using a stool with an insufficiently broad base."



The Australian Matinee

ON February 23rd a matinee was held at the Oxford Theatre, by the kindness of Mr. C. B. Cochran, in aid of St. Dunstan's After-Care Fund. The performance had the support of the High Commissioner for Australia and the Australian Military Forces, and there were a number of Australian soldiers in the audience. Miss Mary Henderson White was the organiser, and Miss Marta Cunningham the musical director. Miss Teddie Gerrard, Miss Palgrave Turner, The Mayfair Singers, Mr. Robert Carr, Miss Jeanette Sherwin, Miss Jennie Chambers, Shapiro, Mr. Sterndale Bennett, and the pupils of Miss Margaret Morris were amongst those who appeared.

A notable feature of the programme was an Australian musical scene, entitled "Coo-ee," written and composed by Miss Henderson White. The patriotic songs and music were evidently to the taste of the Australians in the audience, who showed their appreciation with the most resounding "coo-ees."

J. N. NEW, of Wolverhampton, sends me the following hint:—

"Concerning the £1 and 10s. notes, I should like to tell you how I have got over that difficulty. I once made a mistake to my own misfortune, but as I had given the wrong note to one of my regular customers I got it back. The idea I have to tell the difference between the two notes is quite simple. I have tacked two rivets on the side of the counter just over the drawer where I put the money. They are just wide enough for a 10s. note to go between, but of course a £1 note will not pass through them to within half an inch. So when I handle a note I open the drawer, measure it and drop it in the drawer without anyone noticing that I am measuring it."

This is an excellent addition for blind business men to the hint I gave last month regarding the measuring of the width of notes by the length of one's finger.

Arthur Pearson

The "Mardi Gras" Ball

EVERYONE seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves at the "Mardi Gras" Ball at Princes' on the 17th February, organised in aid of St. Dunstan's. The dancers were for the most part in fancy dress and many beautiful and striking costumes were to be seen. At about midnight a group of pretty Jockeys from Princes' Theatre came in and Miss Toots Pounds sang with them her Jockey Song from "Pretty Peggy," which went with a swing. Mlle. Delysia came in about the same time with some of the beauties from the Pavilion and, as the dancing started again, she led a noisy, laughing chain, threading its way swiftly among the whirling couples. Confetti was thrown freely and balloons floated gaily, lending an air of carnival to the scene. Several St. Dunstan's men were there, dancing with charming partners—some were snapped by the photographers who were very busy indeed that evening.

News of St. Dunstan's Men—

THE following letter just received by Captain Fraser is worthy of record, for it is not only encouraging to men still at St. Dunstan's, but should serve to remind men who have left that St. Dunstan's Bank is a really good and much appreciated part of our organisation. The writer, J. Nolan, is a poultry-farmer and mat-maker settled in North Wales:—

"On the 28th of February I received from you a letter, in which you expressed great satisfaction that a man in my position should have utilized St. Dunstan's Savings Bank in the way I had done. That letter I consider a great compliment, as it is by the receipt of such missives I am further encouraged to try. I look upon St. Dunstan's as my headquarters, its staff I consider the officers under whom I serve, and the greatest reward I can get is the knowledge that I have pleased them by my success, such as it is. I also take a certain pride in the fact that though I live a life of darkness amongst a sighted community, I am making good, by proving to them that the handicap can be overcome, and that though the eye has gone, hope should not be lost as the brain is still left.

"I also realise that my success is not due entirely to my own efforts, but also the knowledge which I acquired whilst training at St. Dunstan's."

The following is a paragraph from a letter recently received from K. C. Gatrell, a boot-repairer in Croydon. The tip seems to us to be a useful one:—

"I find this a good idea—if I get a pair of boots to repair that have been soled before and the sole is whole, I use it for a pattern, as it is the exact pattern and there is no waste at all. I am saving one old sole of each size I get, in case I get a pair that is worn rather a lot."

W. Pratt, a shorthand-typist, who obtained a post at the British Aluminium

Company, in Queen Victoria Street, London, wrote as follows to Sir Arthur:—

"I am in my sixteenth month of re-entry into the commercial world under conditions somewhat different to those which prevailed prior to the outbreak of the war. Since my commencement I have succeeded in making progress in efficiency with both the shorthand and typewriting machines, particularly the former. To my mind the great secret of writing shorthand is to utilise one's inventive powers; by this I mean to get to know your dictator's vocabulary and introduce representative signs into the system already laid down. Before doing this it is as well to make full use of the signs already memorised, especially those which I have myself found to save a great deal of time. Also it is as well to become acquainted with technical phrases of one's business and to use some form of abbreviation for these—all this tends to make an expert stenographer.

"My daily routine is composed chiefly of dealing with ordinary business correspondence, and you will be pleased to learn that I manage this quite well. In January last I was complimented upon my achievements by the General Manager and an addition was made to my remuneration, this being the second increase I have received since I began. This, I think, is not only a great testimony for me, but for the magnificent work which you and your assistants are doing in the blind world."

Writing to Sir Arthur recently, A. T. Coulson, a poultry-farmer and basket-maker of Hornsea, Yorks, said:—

"It is now just a year since I started my farm here, and I am pleased to be able to say that I am quite satisfied at the end of it. My first investment was in an old railway carriage, part of which I turned into an intensive poultry house, and I have been well contented with the result obtained. I purchased twenty Leghorn pullets for the intensive house and received

—From all parts of the World

my first birds on January 15th, 1919. My outfit had by this time arrived, so I got busy and got the houses up and my birds from St. Dunstan's during February. I now had forty-two birds and felt proud of myself. Later on I managed to buy two more houses and I have just got the two extra houses from St. Dunstan's, so my place is beginning to look like a poultry farm.

"During the year I increased my stock and now have about 100 head of stock. My egg record for the year from the birds I started with and from pullets I hatched myself reached 6,727, the best month being December, when I had 927 eggs. All my profits last year were spent on extensions, but I am looking forward to getting a little of my own back this year.

"I have not been able to spend as much time at the basket-making as I should have liked, but I have made quite a good profit from the work I have turned out. I have always had a ready sale and still have orders to go on with. The typewriter is one of my best friends, and never gets rusty through want of use. I do not find much trouble in getting about here alone. The roads are quiet and one can get about easily without danger of a lot of traffic."

The following is an extract from a letter written to Sir Arthur by P. J. Lynch, who was trained as a poultry-farmer and who is now settled in Australia:—

"Things are very flourishing here as it is hatching time. I have 200 odd chicks out and they are a fine sturdy lot, too. They are Black Orpingtons and White Leghorns. You may be very surprised to hear of anyone hatching Black Orpington birds, as you may know that they are in England your worst layer. Out here they are the best, and the bird that laid 335 eggs in the year at a testing competition was a Black Orpington. Some bird! I wish I had a pen of them."

W. R. Dunning, a mat-maker, at Forest Hill, in a letter to the head of the After-Care Department, says:—

"Well, sir, I will let you know how my business is going on. I'll start with the String Department, which I think is a record. From the 1st December to the end of February I have made 700 bags, and orders are still coming in, though not so large.

"I am still satisfied with what I am doing in my mat-making. I have had four assurance companies to keep going in London, also several banks. My mats have been selling very steadily, and I have not been without an order yet. I now expect to get a large order for mats to fit out a London bank. So you can see, sir, my business is done where all the money lays. I have just made a very small mat for a sample. I have sent it up to be sheared, so that the head of the bank can see what sort of mats I can make. If my mat suits them I shall expect to be going hard at it for another month or so. When I am in the mat-room that is when I am happy. I have such a lot to thank you for; it is the good training which I had at St. Dunstan's which has made my business such a success."

NEW NURSE: "I think you say your prayers very nicely."

YOUNG IMP: "That's nothing. You should hear me gargle."

IT was a very wet day, and the 'bus was packed like a sardine tin. One loquacious passenger seated near the door engaged the conductor in conversation. A little way farther on the 'bus stopped, and all but this passenger got out. As the last man's coat tails disappeared the loquacious one remarked:

"General exodus, that!"

"Was it?" said the conductor with interest. "I didn't notice him particularly, sir; but I thought he looked like a military man."

News from the Workshops

IN the Mat Department, F. Aubrey has been appointed pupil teacher to succeed T. McCann, who has, for over a year, proved an excellent pupil teacher, rendering very willing and capable service. A key border mat with the letters "M.W." is a good specimen of the work turned out by R. Eggleton. J. H. Whitten also made a bordered yarn mat excellently. G. H. Hawkins and C. Cottrell make sound mats. A. H. Luker and E. J. Thompson have also a very good style of work.

The willow cane chair with square back, made by J. Noble for Sir Arthur Pearson, has been much admired. D. Dee has made a great advance with his work, especially in square and oval-arm baskets. Similar work by H. Poole was also quite good, and T. Parkinson has also made several square-arm baskets without assistance. Some work-baskets made by J. H. Tindall and A. Greening were extra good. H. Bridgeman and J. B. Billington have also been keenly interested and very successful. On hamper-work E. J. Laker has made splendid progress, and J. E. Bruce has been acting readily on instructions and doing well.

The course of round-work has been completed by W. H. Byrd. Waste-paper baskets made by B. Fitzpatrick and F. Scott are worthy of commendation. W. J. Wood, J. W. Boothman, and J. E. Gunn are making good progress on round-work. The centre cane waste-paper baskets, barrel, and trays made by J. H. McNicholls, were absolutely first class.

A. Taylor, who has recently left, has done some excellent work in boots and clogs, and should make a most successful man. A. Gribben has concluded a very useful period of one year as pupil teacher, and we wish him every success in his new venture.

Many of the wives of our men have been very busy during the last month in gaining knowledge in the use of the patching machine, and the finishing of boots, and, in many cases, they have also done some bench-work themselves. They have shown remarkable ability, and we confidently anticipate that they will be valuable partners in the new businesses being started.

V. A. Archer and J. Fairclough are making good improvement after their illness, and a pair of boots soled and heeled by S. Ash were well reported on. A. Dakin is working energetically, and E. Varley appears to be keen to gain knowledge. A pair of ladies' heels with quarter-rubbers, repaired by S. Woodburn, are worthy of commendation. W. T. West works consistently and well, and the work of S. Haylings in both boots and mats, can always stand examination in every respect. The perseverance of W. Lowe and H. Price is meeting with success, and their work is always a credit to them. W. H. Knight, H. Maher, H. Lea, and J. C. Stephens are improving. C. S. Johnson is progressing well, and J. Fleming is doing well with rivetting and finishing. The careful work of G. H. Barrett should soon bring him success. H. Glendennan is now turning out some very satisfactory work, and also H. Northgreaves and S. Farrell. A. Ashley is making nice progress. A. G. Loveridge should make a very capable workman. In both boots and clogs, B. Jarvill is doing well, particularly at lasting and welting of the latter.

The following men have done very well with hand-sewing during the month:—T. Horsfall, W. J. Tuey, P. C. Pratt, and C. A. Luker.

J. Burley has been giving close attention to both a kitchen table and a pair of steps, and has made quite satisfactory jobs of them. Two other good specimens of work

The "Motor Cycle" Aeroplane

THE progress of aeroplane construction grows apace. The latest machine is the one-man (or woman) aeroplane, which bears the same relation to the ordinary machine as a motor bicycle does to a motor-car. Two forms have appeared, one at a recent exhibition at Paris, and the other more recently at Hendon. The French machine is known as the *Passe-Partout*, and with a span of a little over eighteen feet, is said to be the smallest aeroplane in existence. Its weight is just under two hundredweight, including enough petrol and oil for a two hours' flight. The motor develops ten-horse power, and the machine has a speed of 68½ miles per hour, and recent tests have amply demonstrated the capabilities claimed.

The English machine at Hendon has a length of just over nineteen feet, and has folding wings so that its width can be reduced to about eight feet. When tested it was propelled by a six-cylinder Anzani engine of forty to forty-five horse power, giving a speed of ninety miles per hour. The net weight is 580 lbs., and sufficient petrol can be carried for a flight of 180 miles. Amongst the special advantages claimed for this machine are a self-starter, its low landing speed of thirty-five miles per hour, and its capacity for carrying sixty lbs. of luggage under the pilot's seat. Its price is in the neighbourhood of £500.

Proficiency certificates were awarded during the month of February to the following:—R. Riddell (boots), H. C. Nightingale (boots), A. Blackwell (boots), A. Gribben (boots and mats), A. J. Radford (mats), P. J. Cotrell (boots and mats), E. W. Wakelin (boots), W. Lowe (boots), T. Horsfall (mats), T. Monaghan (mats), T. Cockburn (mats), A. Hazel (mats), L. Straw (boots), W. Sankey (boots), L. E. Carter (boots), A. Horrell (boots), L. Heren (mats), J. Peel (clogs), A. Taylor, (clogs), C. Oppery (mats and baskets), D. Batchelor (mats), R. Young (mats), W. T. West (mats), J. H. Palmer (mats), W. Walker (mats), T. Boteller (mats), P. Bedding (mats), P. C. Pratt (mats and boots), M. Carey (mats), W. Sankey (mats), S. Haylings (mats), J. W. Gimber (mats), W. T. Monaghan (boots), F. Carter (mats and boots), H. Steels (mats), J. Francis (mats), R. H. Skewes (baskets), A. Taylor (boots), and A. J. Porter (baskets).

THE WORST—"What's the matter, old top? You look sick."
 "I've just undergone a serious operation."
 "Appendicitis?"
 "Worse than that, I had my allowance cut off."

A SMALL boy had been very naughty, and in consequence had been severely smacked. When his daddy came home at night he found the culprit very red-eyed and subdued.

"Hullo!" he said. "Been a naughty boy?"

The child shook his head.

"Well, what have you been doing?" asked his father. "Come and tell me all about it."

"Well, daddy," said the culprit, "if you really want to know, I've—I've just had a thundering row with your wife!"

Mrs. Martin Harvey.

Departmental Notes

The Braille Room

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

Reading: I. H. Poole, J. A. Godwin, W. Peters, H. D. Gamble, H. J. Williams, H. A. Pilbury, J. Debnam and J. McFarlane.

Writing: J. F. Steels, J. H. Tindell and W. E. Woods.

Four stories from "The League of the Scarlet Pimpernel," by Baroness Orczy, have just been published through the kindness of Mrs. Etherington, of Pulham Market, Norfolk, and her friends, who made a collection for the purpose of having a Braille book stereotyped for St. Dunstan's. As "The Scarlet Pimpernel" has been one of the favourite books in the library, there is no doubt that these four stories of that hero's further adventures will be equally popular.

To add to our good fortune, the Wisbech High School for Girls is presenting twenty copies of the above to the Braille Room library.

We feel sure all St. Dunstaners will join with us in expressing their gratitude and appreciation for these most welcome gifts.

D. P.

Pensions

SEVERAL cases have lately occurred in which there has been delay in the issuing of new Ring Papers to After-Care men. Enquiries made of the Ministry of Pensions elicited the fact that the old Ring Papers have invariably been forwarded to the wrong Department. To avoid future delay, all old Ring Papers should be forwarded to Mr. Askew, who will return them to the proper quarters and see that new ones are immediately issued.

W. A.

Typewriting

WE congratulate the following men on having passed their tests:—

E. J. Lloyd, H. T. Mummery, J. McNicholls, G. Williams, G. H. Wiltshire, F. Dance, E. J. Twomey, A. James, A. Biggs, E. Callow, R. C. O. Cowley, F. R. Aubrey, H. N. Matthews, R. Young, A. S. Emerson, and J. W. Boothman.—*E. McL.*

Netting

WE are again extending the range of our netted articles, to include watch and jewelry nets for use in the cabins of steamship liners. This is fine and delicate work, but it can be easily done by our skilled netters. Perambulator and cot nets are also wanted, and there is a good prospect of certain firms placing orders for all their requirements with us.

G. H. W.

Think of a Joke!

OUR readers were evidently much interested in the Words Photographs Competition last month. Many solutions were sent in, with the result that the prize of 10s. has been awarded to H. Garrett, St. Dunstan's, who had eleven out of the twelve items correct. The correct solution is as follows:—

- | | | |
|------------|--------------|---------------|
| 1. Brodie | 5. Flannery | 9. Tanner |
| 2. Owen | 6. Batten | 10. Dawson |
| 3. Gilbert | 7. Whiteside | 11. North |
| 4. Muller | 8. Patterson | 12. Hemsworth |

Mr. Chas. J. Jones, the originator of this competition, has most generously sent the Editor another 10s. for a prize for a further competition this month. Therefore 10s. will be awarded to the St. Dunstaner who sends in the best short joke of a naval or military character, or relative to St. Dunstan's. The Editor reserves the right of censoring any joke of a nature too naval or military! All jokes must be sent in to ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, N.W.1., before the 1st April.

St. Dunstan's Discussion Club

ON Monday, February 9th, Sir Arthur took the chair at the lecture by Captain Royds, who aroused great interest in his account of three years spent in the Antarctic with Captain Scott. The extreme hardships faced—cruel blizzards, starvation rations, dangers of crevasses, etc.—all proved the enthusiasm of the explorers. Fancy breaking the sleeve off a frozen shirt you had been washing! or sleeping three in a bag with your breath freezing solid round you, and your clothes always wet as your warmth thawed them, and penguins the only society!

On Wednesday, February 18th, Mr. John Murray, M.P. for West Leeds, spoke with knowledge and cheerfulness on the industrial situation. He saw more self-respect, self-reliance and responsibility growing among workers, and more co-operation in all human relationships. We habitually grouse and run ourselves down; but other countries, conscious of defects in their own industrial condition, look to England for an example of idealism linked with practical powers.

On Monday, February 23rd, Mr. Way's address on "The Training of the Mind" was characteristically helpful. He spoke of the influence of the emotions upon health—the positive emotions, love, generosity, admiration acting beneficially, while the negative: anger, discontent, fear, worry, and other disturbances of the mental state, also react physically. Both kinds should be under the control of the will, for thoughts become character, and thus masters of our destiny. The will can be strengthened by exercise even in small matters, as making oneself get up in the morning, going to bed punctually or doing without a cigarette sometimes.

The memory, said Mr. Way, is never "bad," as we say, only perhaps unreliable. The sub-conscious mind forgets nothing, and it is tireless; the only trouble is in recollection, which depends on full concentration at the moment of reception. Association of ideas and mental pictures

will both help it largely. Outside discipline is of little use unless the will is being trained.

On Monday, March 1st, General Swinton delighted all present with an informal talk on a three-fold subject. He had been "Eye-Witness" at the Front before newspaper representatives were allowed out in France; he was then so horrified at the devastating effect of the German machine-guns that by October, 1914, he began evolving, in scant leisure, some counter-weapon based on a caterpillar tractor seen at Antwerp. During eleven months of preparation, the secret was strictly kept—the unfinished articles were labelled "snow ploughs for Petrograd" (!) and the men thought they were training for a machine-gun corps. Practising finally took place on a secret area in Suffolk, within another guarded area; occasionally fireworks to represent bomb-experiments were let off to hoodwink the neighbours. One hundred and fifty tanks were thus tested, manned, and conveyed secretly to France—the complete surprise securing a success so marked that there is no computing the possible effect had a larger number been used along the whole front.

The speaker then gave a racy account of his "spell-binding" tour in America, showing abundant proof of Yankee friendliness, heartiness and good-will.

FIXTURES.

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

NIXON: "You know my brother, then?"
DIXON: "Yes, we sleep in the same pew at church."

MRS. HOWARD: "The walls of your apartment are very thin, aren't they?"

MRS. COWARD: "Oh, very! We could actually hear our neighbours having celery for dinner last night!"

Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

Church Notes

SPECIAL trips were arranged during last month for the members of the Choir to Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral. The authorities at both churches were most courteous and kind to our party in arranging seats for us in the choir. The boys thoroughly enjoyed the delightful singing at the services, and were greatly interested when shown over the historic buildings.

It is very encouraging to see such a splendid gathering of workers each Friday at our short Intercession Service for the workers at St. Dunstan's.

The Rev. Prebendary Sharpe is continuing his course of addresses throughout Lent, and I trust that any workers who have not already attended will make a special effort to do so. The service lasts about twenty minutes only.

May I remind those Sisters who take the men out to other churches on Sunday mornings about our own services in the Chapel, specially arranged for men and staff? Holy Communion is celebrated each Sunday at 8 a.m., excepting on the last Sunday in the month, when it is at 7.15 a.m.

It is sometimes very discouraging to see men being taken to other churches when their own service is available. Why not go to these City churches on Sunday evening instead?

We are so sorry to lose the services of Miss M. Rawlings, who for a very considerable time has been responsible for beautifully printing our Chapel notices and setting them up in the various annexes. We shall miss her work very much, and are deeply grateful to her for all her splendid assistance.

We are also sorry to lose F. Carter from the choir. He has been tremendously keen, and will be greatly missed. We wish him the best of good wishes in his future work.

May I wish all at St. Dunstan's a very happy Easter? Due notice will be given of our special Easter services.

J. W.

Catholic Chapel Notes

ON Ash Wednesday, as in previous years, the distribution of blessed ashes took place after the Evening Benediction. On the other Wednesdays of Lent (except the Wednesday in Holy Week) we are having Stations of the Cross at 5.30.

On the next page will be found the announcement of Sergeant Walsh's wedding, but in addition it may interest St. Dunstaners, particularly our Australians, to know that Sergeant Walsh first met his bride when an inmate of the 17th General Hospital, Alexandria, where she was a Sister, and thus many of our Australian boys passed through her hands. Afterwards some of them met her again as the Matron of the Kitchener Hospital, Brighton. They may not recognise her as Mrs. Walsh, but will readily remember her as Sister Cornell. We all join in wishing her and her husband every happiness.

On Maundy Thursday there will be Holy Communion at eight o'clock, and on Good Friday Stations of the Cross.

The time for fulfilling the precept of Easter Communion began on the Fourth Sunday of Lent (March 14th) and ends on Trinity Sunday (May 30th).

P. H.

Births

HOLMAN, F. G., son - - Jan. 30, 1920.
 NOLAN, J., son - - - - Jan. 30, 1920.
 JEFFRIES, C. G., daughter Feb. 5, 1920.
 LEEMAN, J. F., son - - Feb. 7, 1920.
 LOMAS, G., son - - - - Feb. 8, 1920.
 BUTLER, C. A., daughter - Feb. 11, 1920.
 JOHNS, P., son - - - - Feb. 13, 1920.
 KEAN, A., son - - - - Feb. 14, 1920.

Marriages

ON Thursday, January 29th, G. T. Walsh was married, at the Church of Our Lady, St. John's Wood, to Miss M. Cornell.

ON Saturday, February 21st, J. J. Bakelants was married, at the Church of Our Lady, St. John's Wood, to Miss E. Bradbury.

ON Monday, February 9th, H. J. S. Goodwin was married, at St. Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss F. E. Trowse.

Adult Baptisms

ON February 29th, in the Chapel, William Thomas Scott and Joseph Harry Whitten.

Obituary

BROOKE.

IT is with deep regret that we have to record the death of Major H. Hastings Brooke, late of the Connaught Rangers. Major Brooke was almost certainly the first officer blinded, being very seriously wounded in the head at Ypres. After a long time in hospital he came to the officers' quarters at St. Dunstan's from August, 1915, to May, 1917, during which time he endeared himself to his fellow officers, and indeed to everyone whom he met, by his cheery optimism and good-fellowship.

"Brooky," as he was affectionately termed, used to spend a good deal of his spare time writing verses, and many of his poems have been published in the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, while some have found a place in one of our best known monthly magazines.

By Major Brooke's death the little community of St. Dunstan's loses one of its best fellows, and his country a gallant soldier, who faced the cruel bludgeonings of Fate meted out to him as bravely as he led his men against the Germans in the early days of the war.

CUNNINGHAM.

I suppose I had more to do directly with Cunningham than anybody else at St. Dunstan's, and I have not the least hesitation in saying that he was the cheeriest and most willing workman with whom it has ever been my lot to have dealings.

It was never too late at night for him to start a fresh job; neither was it ever too early in the morning. And always there was a bright response to any request put forward. Consequently everybody loved him, men and staff, and everybody will miss him, for undoubtedly Cunningham, the cheerful foreman carpenter, was a feature of St. Dunstan's.

Only a short time since he informed me that he never wished to take another job whilst St. Dunstan's existed. "For, sir," he added, "I came here at the beginning, I have seen the place grow, and I want to go on to the finish."

I have heard the phrase, "We could well have spared a better man." This could truly be said of Cunningham.

For those who are no longer at St. Dunstan's, I must add a word to the effect that Leonard Cunningham underwent a severe operation on the 27th February, and succumbed on the 4th March, at the age of 32, leaving a widow and one small child.

E. K.

A NEW method of making imitation fur has been patented in France, suitable for false plush or velvet. Hair, or a collection of animal or vegetable fibres, is frozen in a block of ice. This block is sawn into slabs, each slab undergoing a surface melting so as to free, partially, the hair fibres on one side. A glue or cement is applied to this surface, and a flexible foundation is laid on. When the fibres have adhered to this the ice is melted, and the imitation is complete.

Sports Club Notes

SATURDAY SPORTS.

VERY keen rivalry was again shown last month by the men for Sir Arthur's prize for the best all-round athlete at the Saturday Sports. It will be remembered that H. Northgreaves of the College Annexe won the prize in December by 135 points. He started the second month with a handicap of sixty-five points, being roughly half the number he won by, but in spite of this rather heavy handicap, he again won first place, bracketed with J. Deegan of the Bungalow. The number of points obtained by the first ten men were as follows:—

H. Northgreaves,	S. Edwards ...	240
475 (less 65 points handicap) ...	G. H. Simpson ...	225
410	J. H. Tindall ...	220
J. Deegan ...	J. P. Rouse ...	185
410	L. E. Carter ...	140
J. P. Meighan ...	W. T. Scott ...	125
340		
G. J. Farrell ...		
265		
H. F. Steel ...		255

As H. Northgreaves and J. Deegan did so uncommonly well in gaining an equal number of points, Sir Arthur very kindly decided to give each a prize.

PHYSICAL EXERCISES.

We are pleased to hear from the instructors that the attendance is keeping up wonderfully well at these exercises, and as the weather is improving, we hope it will bring forward some more enthusiasts.

ROWING.

Mr. Charles Gibson has been appointed as Rowing Instructor. He has had great experience in sculling and coaching, having trained and coached one of the English champions. He has also had rowing experience on the Continent. It may interest the men to know that Mr. Gibson was a prisoner of war in Germany for four years.

As we are anxious that every man in St. Dunstan's should have an opportunity of gaining expert tuition in rowing, we are asking all men who desire to row to send in their names at once, stating whether

they are beginners or advanced. Each man will then be allotted special individual tuition. We are also arranging, so as to ensure good coxing, that all Sisters interested may have expert tuition from Mr. Gibson in coxing and "watermanship."

FOOTBALL.

The greatest enthusiasm was shown by the eighteen teams who entered the first Football Competition for the Pearson Challenge Cup. The final between the Knight's Rangers and the Durkonians was played off at 4.15 on Wednesday, February 25th, and resulted in a win for the Durkonians by five goals to three.

Molyneux, the Chelsea goalkeeper, was kind enough to come up and keep goal for the men, and Dale, the famous inside-right of the same club, kindly acted as referee. Molyneux played excellently in goal and made some wonderful saves; indeed, the majority of the shots which scored were quite "unstoppable." The goal scorers for the respective teams were as follows:—For the Durkonians: J. P. Meighan, 1; W. G. Lloyd, 1; and J. R. F. Treeby, 3. Knight's Rangers: J. Knight, 1; W. J. Hare, 1; and W. Bruce 1.

This final attracted great attention and there were a number of newspaper reports on the game. The following are taken from *The Times* and *The Globe*.

The Times reports as follows:—

"Molyneux, the goalkeeper of the Chelsea Football Club, has a reputation at Stamford Bridge for seldom being beaten by the shots of First League forwards. Yesterday afternoon, however, eight goals were scored against him in half an hour by the blind men of St. Dunstan's.

"A soldier who played football while in the Army cannot get away from the desire to have a kick at the ball, even though he is sightless, and as all things seem to be possible at St. Dunstan's, goal-kicking by the blind has been developed there into a popular and even exciting

sport. During the last few weeks eighteen teams connected with the institution have fought through a competition for the Arthur Pearson Challenge Cup, and yesterday the final tie was decided. The match was between the Durkonians and Knight's Rangers and each team played six men.

"The way of the game was this. Molyneux, who seemed to be well-known to most players and spectators, took up that attitude between the posts in which he would wait for the penalty-kick and called out 'I'm ready.' One of the Knight's Rangers team put in a shot from a distance of fourteen yards. The ball went wide and a second effort was also unsuccessful. Then another player was led up the line, and after some banter with the goalkeeper, he felt where the ball was lying at his feet and kicked. Each Knight's Ranger had two shots and between them they scored three times. The Durkonians could only reply to this with two goals, and were one behind at the interval. In the second half they did much better and eventually won the match by five goals to three.

"Some of the shots were remarkably good ones. Molyneux, after showing a good-natured indulgence at first, settled down to keep his goal in earnest when he found he had to deal with testing drives. The victory of the Durkonians seemed to be popular with the crowd of blind men who 'watched' the game. They followed things by asking who was kicking the ball, and the whistle of the referee (Dale, the Chelsea forward) told them when a goal had been scored. Everybody was so cheerful and eager about the match that one could almost forget the sadder side of the sport under such conditions.

"Each member of the winning six will receive a small silver replica of the cup. Sir Arthur Pearson was unable to be present yesterday and will present the competition trophy to the Durkonians at an early date."

The report from *The Globe* gives the following details of the kicking:

"Molyneux, of Chelsea, acted as goalkeeper, and discharged his trust with amazing agility, but with all his art and

quickness, some of his blind opponents managed to score.

"The Knight's Rangers were the first to go in, and oddly enough the first two men to score a goal each were W. Bruce and W. J. Hare, who are totally blind. A third was won by J. Knight, to the delight of the team, who waxed enthusiastic. Then the Durkonians followed and J. R. F. Treeby and W. G. Lloyd each scored a goal; and J. P. Meighan and C. F. Durkin, the totally blind members of the team, put in very good shots. In the second round, the Knight's Rangers failed to add to their score, but the Durkonians were more lucky, J. R. F. Treeby putting on two more goals, and J. P. Meighan, in spite of his total blindness, sent the ball through the posts in perfect style. Thus the Durkonians won by five goals to three."

THE KING AT CHELSEA.

The King was present at the Cup Tie Match at Stamford Bridge, between Chelsea and Leicester City, on Saturday, February 21st. A message was received at the Bungalow that our party of blinded men who were attending the match would be presented to the King, with a number of maimed soldiers from Roehampton. Unfortunately this message was received too late as our party had already started. The Roehampton men were duly presented, but our men having been awkwardly placed in the stand, could not be got at. Their loyal greetings, however, were conveyed to His Majesty. The King very kindly wrote to the Sports Captain from Buckingham Palace, per Colonel Clive Wigram, his personal Equerry, as follows: "His Majesty desires me to say how sorry he was not to see the blinded soldiers from St. Dunstan's on Saturday last, but among such a large crowd it was impossible to single out special groups, unless these were occupying a prominent place, like the disabled soldiers, on the opposite side of the ground.

"The King was most interested and pleased to hear that the blinded men were able to follow the game and enjoy it."

We are very grateful to His Majesty for his thoughtful letter.

J. D. V.

St. Dunstan's at Olympia

AS announced last month, St. Dunstan's had a stall at the Ideal Home Exhibition, organised by the *Daily Mail*, and held at Olympia from February 4th to the 25th. From the St. Dunstan's point of view the Exhibition was a great success, our stand, a photograph of which was reproduced last month in the REVIEW, attracting a large crowd all through the three weeks. We had a very good position in the gallery, nearly opposite the entrance to the Conference Hall; the stand measured 37ft. by 15ft. and was divided into three parts, two exhibiting baskets, mats, trays, netting, etc., and the third devoted to the Country Life section. The stall presented a most attractive appearance with its green trellis work and white paint work with green lettering.

The netting stall on the right of the stand was really most tastefully arranged, and two of the boys were at work on hammocks every day. In the centre part of the stand, where the baskets, mats, trays, and other joinery articles were being sold, a great deal of business was done; this can be gauged by the fact that on more than one occasion the stock ran out.

The Country Life exhibit at the left of the stand showed part of the outfit given to every St. Dunstan's man who has been trained as a poultry-farmer. A poultry house as supplied to our boys was on show and attracted an enormous amount of interest, being inspected by crowds of people daily. It may be mentioned that, if for sale, the poultry house could have been sold over and over again.

Queen Alexandra showed the greatest interest in the whole stand when she visited the Exhibition, and bought a work basket and a waste-paper basket.

The grand finale was arranged for February 25th, when the Exhibition was kept open till 11.30 p.m., and stall-holders were gratified by the sight of innumerable Ambassadors and the world's most potential buyers, who were received by

Sir Auckland Geddes and entertained by the *Daily Mail*. The stall-holders were asked to have their attendants in evening dress for this special occasion.

During the evening many stall-attendants drifted into the buffets, where the *Daily Mail* dispensed hospitality with a lavish hand. Although the evening from a business point of view was not good in comparison with other evenings, from a free entertainment standpoint it had its merits.

The thing which impressed one most during the Exhibition was the crowd. On Saturday evenings a solid mass of people paraded past the stand, marshalled by attendants and stalwart police; in fact every day, with the exception of Tuesdays, the place was crammed.

Many amusing incidents might be related relative to the questions of visitors, but the space at our disposal is limited. We ought to mention, however, that quite near the St. Dunstan's stall was a firm whose sole aim and object in life was to sell a song called "The Cottage where your Dreams come true"; this was played some hundreds of times during the Exhibition, and most of the neighbouring stalls really got to know it quite well! It will certainly sound familiar when we happen to hear it next. Close to this stall was a gentleman who spent the whole of the three weeks playing Rachmaninoff's "Prelude" with untiring energy and admirable zeal. At times one began to wonder and fear to *what* it was a prelude!

LITTLE JOHNNY, who had been studying history only a short time, thought he would try and catch his grandfather on the subject.

"Say, Grandpa, what great war broke out in 1885?" he asked.

The old gentleman laid down his paper and looked thoughtfully at the boy for a moment, and then a sudden light dawned upon him.

"Why," he said, "that was the year I married your grandmother."

My Early Days with "Tit-Bits"

HOW A PRIZE COMPETITION BEGAN MY CAREER
(By Sir Arthur Pearson, Bart., G.B.E.)

Recently, when the 2,000th number of *Tit-Bits* was published, the Editor asked Sir Arthur Pearson if he would write some notes on his early experiences in connection with that journal. These cannot fail to be of interest to our readers.

I BELIEVE that I am following the best traditions of autobiographical reminiscences when I make the statement that "a shy youth of eighteen" entered the offices of *Tit-Bits* in September, 1884.

In this instance the statement is a strictly accurate one, for the youth really was shy, and his natural tendencies in this direction were not lessened by the very evident fact that he was not wanted. I do not mean to infer that he was treated with any lack of courtesy. This was far from being the case. But the cold and very evident fact was that there was no place for him to fill.

Not a very encouraging start in a business career, you will, I am sure, agree with me; but "all's well that ends well."

Now I must go back a little bit and tell you that in No. 137 of *Tit-Bits*, published on May 31st, 1884, there appeared the announcement that a prize of a situation worth £100 a year would be given to the person who, during the ensuing quarter, best answered the ten questions set each week in the Inquiry Column which formed a regular feature of the paper. A stroke of sheer good luck led me to see this announcement.

A short while before, I had left Winchester, and was waiting at home for a promised vacancy in a City bank. A clerkship in a bank did not appeal to me at all, so to the rather thinly-veiled disgust of my family, I announced my intention of trying for the *Tit-Bits* prize.

FIRST DUTIES.

My father's library contained more books of reference than would have been found in most country rectories, but they were quite inadequate when it came to

answering the many varied questions which were set to competitors. Here two helpful factors coincided. I rode one of the high bicycles which were used in those days by people who were in a hurry and didn't mind the risk of breaking their necks, and there was an excellent reference department in the Bedford Free Library, thirty miles away. So three times a week I cycled to Bedford and back, and anyone who reads this and who rode one of the clumsy, inefficient, solid-tired machines of those days will bear me out that the distance was quite equal to 120 miles on a modern machine.

The fact that three or four of the ten replies which I sent in were printed verbatim each week kept me supplied with encouragement, and finally I came out an easy winner.

So here I was in the office of *Tit-Bits*, entitled to a far larger salary than I should have received at the City bank in those days, but—and it was an appallingly big "but"—with nothing definite to do. For Mr. Newnes—he did not become Sir George until after I had left him—had not offered the prize of a situation from philanthropic motives or because he needed more help in the office, but simply to boom circulation; he told me this quite clearly when I had my first interview with him.

Of course a mere school boy like I was had no business qualifications of any use, and it seemed to me at the time that my new-found employer was not very elated at the youthfulness and inexperience of his acquisition. Fortunately I had, during the months spent at home after leaving Winchester, taught myself shorthand sufficiently well to be able to take dictation, so long as I could get away and transcribe it without delay. I well remember the dire results of having to leave some letters to be transcribed the day after they had been dictated to me!

So I helped the manager to cope with his correspondence, added up columns of

figures for the cashier, aided the publisher to arrive at the number of copies to be printed each week, and, above all, assisted the sub-editor, Mr. Peter Keary, who later on left Mr. Newnes with me.

So things went on for six months, and then the manager left with dramatic suddenness. I thought that I had gained a sufficient knowledge of the business to enable me to do his work, and so I took my courage in both hands and applied to Mr. Newnes for the position.

I can still hear the chuckle with which he greeted this, I am free to confess, rather over-bold suggestion. However, no new manager was appointed, and I went on doing the job to the best of my ability.

Three months later I again applied for the position. This time Mr. Newnes talked the matter over with me seriously, and pointed out that a youth of my age could scarcely be expected to possess the qualifications needed for the management of so large a business. He said that he was still looking for a thoroughly suitable man, but I rather suspect that he was really trying me out. At all events no new manager materialised, and three months later I got the coveted position. I occupied it for more than four years, and then left to start in business for myself.

MADE MANAGER.

One of my recollections in those early days of *Tit-Bits* has to do with the present chairman of the vast business which has grown up round the parent paper. We had just moved into new offices in Burleigh Street, Strand, a bright oasis in that rather sombre neighbourhood, owing to the gay bank of flowers which always decorated the window level of the first floor. I was sitting at a table correcting page proofs when Mr. Newnes came in, accompanied by a bright little boy of ten, his son, Frank. The boy became interested in the intricacies of proof correcting, and I explained their mysteries to him. Presently he picked up a page with which I had finished and, after closely scanning it, said, to my great confusion, "You've left this 's' upside down."!

In these days of machine type-setting this is a mistake which cannot occur; but

when all type was set up by hand the turned "s" was the most elusive of all errors to the proof corrector. I wonder whether Sir Frank Newnes recollects his first lesson in proof-reading, and the way in which pupil caught out teacher?

One day, soon after I had become manager, the publisher told me that an errand-boy had been detected stealing postage stamps. I sent for the culprit and, full of the dignity of my new position, asked the little fellow, who looked as if he had never had a good meal in his life, what he had done with his pilferings. "Please, sir, me and my pals 'ad steak and kidn'y pudden," was the reply, and its obvious pathos so touched me that he was forgiven, and turned out quite a good lad.

That incident caused me to make my first visit to the slums, and was the starting of a train of thought which led in after years to the founding of the Fresh Air Fund.

At about the same time I made the acquaintance of two very interesting young men. They called at the office one afternoon, and each handed me a manuscript for consideration. I can recall these manuscripts quite clearly. Both were written on ruled copy-book paper. One, in very distinctive hand writing, not too legible, was called "Some Curious Butterflies," and its author was Alfred Harmsworth, now known the world over as Lord Northcliffe, and soon to start the publishing business which grew to such colossal dimensions.

The other manuscript, written with almost copperplate neatness, was called "Oddities of the Post Office," and its author was Max Pemberton, whose brilliant books have been enjoyed by millions. Both articles were accepted and printed in *Tit-Bits*, and both authors were for a while regular contributors. Alfred Harmsworth wrote for the firm a most interesting and instructive handbook, entitled "A Thousand Ways to Earn a Living," which had a large sale.

One day Mr. Newnes came into my room, and as he was talking to me closed the window. The cord broke and the sash fell on his thumb. Now this, as many people know, is a very painful

proceeding, and my chief showed his disapproval of it by putting the injured thumb under his armpit and solemnly hopping round the room, uttering ejaculations which he certainly would not have used in church.

A GREAT PIONEER.

That unrestrainable desire to laugh when we see someone hurt himself, and which is, I suppose, a remnant of our savage ancestry, overcame me, and I burst into an ill-concealed roar of merriment. Then my eye caught the look on the face of my injured employer, and at the same moment it caught sight of my hat. It was only half-past two, and the office did not close till six, but with a presence of mind upon which I have often since congratulated myself, I seized my hat and cleared out for the day.



Association of Women Workers of St. Dunstan's

PRESIDENT: SIR ARTHUR PEARSON, BART.

AN Association of Women Workers of St. Dunstan's has been formed, open to all past and present workers of any department in that Institution. The objects are:

1. To enable former workers of St. Dunstan's to keep in touch with each other and keep alive the spirit of St. Dunstan's.
2. For purposes of re-union.
3. To further any plans for the maintenance and development of the work among the blinded soldiers and sailors in the future.

The Association was formed in December, 1919, before the closing of the House, and a General Meeting was called, when it was decided to run the Association with a Committee of ten, with power to add to that number—the total not to exceed fifteen; a Treasurer and Secretary. The following were elected to serve on the Committee: Miss Power, Miss Bell, Miss Evers, Miss Fitt, Miss Wilson, Miss Pain, Miss Gregg, Miss McAndrew, Miss McCullough, and Miss Witherby. Miss Whatley was elected Hon. Treasurer and Miss M. Phillips Hon. Secretary.

The first committee meeting was held in the Braille Room, February 16th, 1920,

I still believe that had I not played truant my clearance would have been a permanent one. As it was I heard no more about it.

People who enjoy light literature to-day, and that means practically everybody, do not as a rule realise how great is the debt of gratitude which they owe to Sir George Newnes. He was the pioneer in the field from which they gather so much pleasure. *Tit-Bits* first and the *Strand Magazine* later started the whole of that vast mass of amusing and instructive reading matter which has for many years past given daily delight to millions. And Sir George Newnes never allowed a loose thought or a debasing suggestion to appear in any periodical which he controlled. I am proud of the fact that I started my business life under a man of his originality, ability and integrity.

when Miss Gregg was elected Chairman of Committee for the coming year, and Mrs. McLaren and Miss Greenwood were co-opted members of the Committee. The chief points decided at this meeting were:—

1. The Committee shall only hold office for one year, but members are eligible for re-election. Elections to take place at the Annual General Meeting.
2. Nominations for Committee must reach the Hon. Secretary at least one week before the General Meeting.
3. That the First General Meeting shall be held at St. Dunstan's one Saturday in June, and at that meeting it shall be decided what form the Annual Meeting or Meetings shall take.

4. That notice of the Association shall be inserted in *The Times*, *Observer*, *Daily Mail* and *Morning Post*, so that any ex-worker of St. Dunstan's may learn of its existence.

Anyone wishing to join this Association should communicate with the Hon. Secretary, Miss M. Phillips, 41, Leigham Court Road, S.W.16, enclosing a subscription of 2s. 6d. (annual) or £1 (life) membership.

How the Blind Travel

By F. R. Marriott

GENERALLY it is difficult to lay down rules whereby the blind are able to travel about unaided. So very much is individual, and an amount of perception does not necessarily denote also a power of perception. Compass points of towns or cities are a great help; for myself, I have a kind of mental drawing board upon which I figuratively sketch places or positions with compass points for guidance.

My home is twelve miles from London, and I can start out from it and travel all London without being in the least baffled as long as the mental sketch remains with me, but should it once slip my memory, it is difficult again to pick up a landmark.

I always make my chief landmarks places of great importance, such as the Bank of England or the National Gallery—objects which shall cover a large field; and yet a strange fact is, that if I am standing outside my own gate talking to friends, and perhaps unconsciously turn around several times, I lose myself for a while, and my gate has to be found for me again.

I always carry with me a light cane, not too rigid and not too elastic, which is easy of manipulation and seems to convey impressions more easily than any other kind of walking stick would do. For instance I can discriminate with its help between wood, brick, stone, or the leg of a passer-by; the more lightly the object is touched the better is the impression gained.

Rubber upon the soles of one's boots I find is a deterrent, as it diminishes resonance, and resonance is a great help to the blind. The nearer one walks to or along a building or wall the less the resonance; the best point of vantage is about four to six feet away from a building line. Resonance is, of course, broken when a vehicle is standing at the kerb, which is why one cannot always tell when there are obstacles in the way. If the ground is not baked hard by sun and drought, one

can always tell the proximity of trees. Naturally, one's own neighbourhood is always easy to traverse, as it is known more in detail. For instance, each street or part of a street gets to have its own echo or sound, and any slight alteration in a building will affect this in a marked manner. Often my friends are surprised when I tell them without any prompting that there has been an alteration made in such and such a street; I can also tell when I am approaching the corner of a street or a turning by the difference of the feel of the wind upon my skin, or the warmth of the sun's rays if the sun is shining.

Railway travelling does not encroach very much upon the mental preserves, and one does not need to be so much upon the *qui vive* when in the train. The major levers are retentiveness and hearing, and one has to bear well in mind numbers of points that are passed during the journey, the crossing of bridges, either over or under, tunnels, gradients, either up or down, etc. One must also listen for the character of stations, whether the platforms are of wood or stone, or granite chippings; this can always be learned by the sound of other passengers walking. Sometimes one recognises a station by a distinctive curve, sometimes by an open or confined sensation. Sand platforms are the hardest to negotiate. When travelling with workmen I can frequently discover the vocation of those sitting near to me, perhaps by the smell of lime, fish or wood which attaches to them; a great deal of interest may be found in this manner, also in the judging of characters from voices, a laugh, breathing, or peculiarity in a step. These facts all help to convey to the blind whether a person is quick, lethargic, impulsive, or of a nervous temperament. Another point of interest is that when travelling by omnibus one gets to know by surrounding odours when one is passing from a good class of neighbourhood to squalid surroundings.

If it is fine I make a point of travelling outside the omnibus, and so, by the smell of jam, soap, cooking, or other odours, I get a general impression of my surroundings. If I lose a clue, sometimes it can again be picked up by a railway whistle or the voice of a newspaper man, who is always in the same spot, or the cry of hawkers in a market place.

When one wishes to find a house in an unfamiliar street the usual way is to ask a passer by, but afterwards, to avoid having to do this a second time, the smallest landmark is a great help, such as a manhole, ivy growing on a wall, or some other peculiarity in gate, fence or structure of any kind.

There is frequently another faculty that operates, and so far, I have not been able to decide if it is conscious or sub-conscious, that is, when one is conscious of a stoppage. When walking along in the ordinary way one involuntarily stops without knowing why, and invariably in such a case some awkward obstacle proves to be in the way. It does not matter whether the obstacle be animate or inanimate, the result is all the same, and for purpose of description, and for want of a better name, I will call it a sense of presence.

Home life, hospital work and character study all call into action the same senses, but from a different standpoint, and it would be a digression from the main trend of blind locomotion to dive into these now.

It comes to this, that the great art of it all seems to lie in the differentiation and analysis of the senses into conveyances which are split up into two distinct classes, natural and artificial. For instance, the neigh of a horse, a cough, smoke, fire, tar, etc., are in contra-distinction to the squeaking of machinery, sweeping, hammering, digging, perfumery, etc., and I often think that the blind have a better standpoint for judgment of character, gesture and countenance, which are all a universal language. To one with sight these things can all be so easily counterfeited, but to the blind, who trust their instinct for observation, one gets behind dissimulation in this respect.

There is a curious fact which always puzzles me, and it is this: that without knowledge of the engine head of a train one cannot tell by the motion of travelling whether one is going forward or backward, and the truth is only grasped when the brakes are applied or when a pull comes from increased impetus.

Town travelling is quite different from country travelling, but in all travelling three forces are of great importance: necessity, vitality and responsibility; and it is a fact that persons who are financially comfortable do not manage to get about so well and independently. Strong motor nerves are of great importance, and the three keenest organs of perception are the ears, the skin, and the feet. The sense of smell is of very great assistance, and if one reaches the corner of a fresh street it immediately comes into play. If one notices the smell of paint, one at once looks out for ladders and scaffolding, etc.; if the musty smell of matting and straw, such as are used by pantechicon people, one has to be wary of furniture; beer cellars also have a very pungent smell when the cellar-flap is open; gas suggests excavations, and I have often detected the character or social standing of persons some thirty yards ahead of me by the quality of tobacco they are smoking. For instance, one would not expect to find a well-to-do man smoking shag, or a labouring man smoking Turkish cigarettes. This same principle applies also to ladies with regard to perfume.

Most shops are usually found by the blind through the nose, as they each have their own distinctive scent. I do my own gardening, and can easily detect growths such as parsnips, celery, onions, etc.

When one has encountered a very strong scent, such as tar, smoke or gas, it spoils one's acumen for other scents for some considerable period. Another very important thing is that the hearing must be trained to catch sounds in one's immediate vicinity and right ahead at the same moment, a faculty which is very restricted in heavy traffic or a crowd. Wind, snow, rain and other elements are also a tremendous distraction.

Looking for Trouble

(By Peter Stagg)

I AM a Social Investigator, not by profession but by inclination; broad-minded, sympathetic, thorough, and most enthusiastic. I am perfectly willing to plunge myself into the whirling maelstroms of vice that, according to report, suck down so many innocent victims every year in our great cities. Now to my story.

Sunday after Sunday I have been reading in what constitutes my principal literature, *The Weekly Hotpot*, *The Crimes of the World*, and *Scandal's Weekly*, about the terrible conditions which a casual stranger must face if he visits London.

I have visited London on one or two occasions during the past year, and yet I have never had all these curious adventures. I look very simple and gullible—a very fair prey, in fact. It was inexplicable to me. Finally, I determined to go up to London with an express purpose in my mind—I would so conduct myself as to leave no doubt in the minds of the criminals whom I proposed to meet that I was a casual stranger, lonely, and longing to be sandbagged.

My faith in the truth of these stories was shaken from the start. I obtained a room in the first hotel I tried. The management was polite, even gratified, that I had come; they insisted on taking my suit-case up to my room for me. I enjoyed an excellent dinner, and to avoid any shyness which might affect me when dealing with the harpies who would shortly be on my track, I drank as much wine as I could carry without causing inconvenience to myself or others.

Early in the meal I had noticed a dark, foreign-looking woman, dressed in a wonderful black confection, seated at a table a few yards away from me. She looked constantly in my direction, but made no immediate advances. However, she was evidently an adventuress, so I did my best to assume a foolish, awkward manner, even going so far as to tuck my napkin

into my collar. I resolved to speak to her when she went out. I had to wait until the dining-room was almost empty before she rose to leave. I fancied that as she passed my table she murmured some remark which I was unable to catch. I was much encouraged. Hurriedly following her, I sat down beside her, and, fortified by the liquor inside me, remarked casually that it was very warm. She appeared rather startled at this information, but I hastily babbled on, explaining how lonesome I was, that I had nothing to do, a complete stranger in London. She appeared sympathetic, and suggested that I should take a stall at the theatre close by.

It was then that I hinted that I wanted to see life, to plunge myself to the neck in the luxury of metropolitan vice, to sit up late and enjoy myself. I dropped the words opium, gambling, secret drinking, dancing hall, cocaine, at intervals through my speech. I was abruptly surprised. The lady turned to me in great indignation and replied: "If I had thought for one moment that you were the immoral monster that you now reveal yourself to be, I would have died rather than allow you to address one word to me!"

I was staggered, but like a brave man resolved to persevere to the bitter end. Perhaps I put it too bluntly. I said I had read so much about the vampires and harpies of London, and in my rôle of Social Investigator was staying in the hotel in the hope of being trapped by some of them. She coldly informed me that she was the manager's wife, that the reason why she had looked at me so frequently in the dining room was my appearance there in ordinary day dress, whereas the unwritten rule of the hotel was evening dress. She had murmured "good evening" to the head-waiter when she passed my table, she did not believe my story for one moment, and she would be gratified if I would find it convenient to look for accommodation elsewhere on the morrow.

I crept silently away to a public-house,

and later sought my bed. It is true I woke up in the morning, but all my valuables and money (including the photograph of myself in polo kit) were still in my pockets.

However, I resolved to make a further effort, and began to look for a drinking den. I found it in company with an Australian soldier, a hearty, happy-go-lucky sort of fellow, whom I found leaning against a lamp-post in Piccadilly. He said he knew of a place where we could get drinks and something to eat as well. I was not particular about the eating; it was the horrible scene of men struggling with strong drink that I wished to see. We turned off Piccadilly into Jermyn Street, down Haymarket, and entered a building in a side street just off the Strand, marked "Café." So, I thought, they cloak these heinous practices beneath a simple, innocent word like "Café." We went down several stairs into a basement. There was an air of secrecy and intoxication about the place. Partitions divided the room up into snuggeries. My companion sat down; so did I. I left it to him to order the terrible poison from the smiling waitress who dashed to his call. (She looked innocent enough, but I knew better.)

I suffered a severe disappointment when he spoke. "Two coffees," he said, "and some buns." I was astonished, dismayed for a moment. But I quickly recovered myself. "A code," I told myself, "it would never do to order these intoxicants by their right names. Someone might overhear." I waited, tense with excitement.

A few more moments and two coffee-cups, full, I found, of coffee, and several buns, full of whatever they fill buns with, were set down on the table. I tasted everything I could see. At last my patience gave way. "When do we get the booze?" I hissed into the Australian's ear. He seemed to misunderstand me, then, with a grand, sympathetic smile, he told me that he had been like me once—a craving for it; could never get away from it. Finally his will power and his wife had turned him from it, and now he never took anything stronger than coffee. I gulped down a sob of disappointment, told him of an engagement I had to keep, and dragged myself away from the coffee den.

As a last hope I determined to wait till the evening, when from their holes and crannies the miserable, the forlorn, the criminal, the immoral and the desperate creep forth and ply their fearful trades. I had a simple lunch at a communal kitchen and spent the afternoon in the National Gallery. I wished to conserve my courage, my energies, my flow of spirits, till the grand attack in the evening.

The evening came. I left the company of the Old Masters and sauntered towards Piccadilly Circus. I am convinced that I looked a probable victim. On reaching Piccadilly Circus Tube Station I halted and hung about the entrance, my mouth open and my hands in my pockets. No one spoke to me. Many pushed by me; one or two walked on my toes; that was all. My hopes began to sink again until, standing in the entrance to a restaurant, I noticed a man standing, neatly dressed, swinging a cane and smoking a cigarette. He blew the most perfect smoke-rings into the night air that I have ever seen. I reasoned that a man who was so gifted could not but be the intimate "âme damnée," or decoy of a criminal gang.

I put my theory to the test. I was by now desperate with lack of food and continual failure, so I went boldly towards him, halted, lit a cigarette, and lounged beside him. In a moment, in a wild rush of words, I had told him my story. He was the first really sympathetic, understanding soul I had met, and he said he knew of a place where games were played, with an occasional stake on the side.

We started off with a brisk step, and after a walk of a very few yards he turned to the left down some very narrow and steep stairs. I caught a glimpse of the words "Fakirs' Club" on a small brass plate by the door. This cheered me. There was something mystic and sinister in the title. Inside I noticed that the room was full of men dressed after the manner of my guide. They were gathered in little groups round tables, at each of which two men sat. Between them was a board, on which various small objects were placed. From time to time one of these would be moved to another place on the board.

It was some moments before my brain clearly grasped the nature of the proceedings. Then the horrible conviction flashed upon me. I had been inveigled into a chess den! With a shriek of anguish, I rushed to the door, tore it open, massacred the porter who attempted to seize me, and dashed up into the clear night air. It was enough—more than enough.

I sought and found a Turkish Bath. Tearing along to my couch, I snatched off my clothes and threw my money and valuables all over it, and under it and round about it. It would be safe enough, I knew. There were no more criminals left in London. With a bitter, mirthless

smile on my face, I staggered away to the hottest room of all.

Gradually, as I experienced the various processes of the baths, my spirit became more tranquil, and finally I returned to my couch in a resigned frame of mind. But lo! I rubbed my eyes! I stared! I fell to the floor! I looked everywhere around my bed! My money, my valuables (even the photo of myself in mess kit) all had been stolen away from me.

I spent a happy, dreamless night. Thank God, at least one hardened criminal still worked in London! I whistled as I dressed; I sang as I breakfasted, and caught the first train home.

An Impression of Some St. Dunstaners

By T. Thompson ("The Daily Dispatch")

OUT of sheer shame, I cast away the hump when first came Billy and Co. to pass an odd hour or two with me. Lots of things had happened. My favourite books had jumped from 1s. to 2s. 4d., the butter (or was it "Maggie"?) had that fishy tang, the bacon was vociferously Amurrican, and—a hundred things had tried a well-worn temper.

But when Billy and Co. came in, touching on each other's shoulders—how could I?—for I remember that Billy and Co. had walked behind that devilish curtain of fire until their turn came.

Then they paid up without a grumble. Billy and Co. would never see again. Blindness was the price.

Billy was laughing at his latest. For his sins he had been peeling potatoes, dropping them into a bowl upon the floor. When he had finished he found the bowl was empty. The terrier thought it was a fine game catching them as they dropped. Smiler, of the "and Co.," in getting out of his bath, had received quite a shock; he had felt an indescribable sensation in his big toe. Apprehensively he stooped to find the cause. It was the cat licking it.

Joe, the distinctly Lancastrian member of the "and Co.," not to be left behind, would demonstrate his prowess in Braille. But he broke down badly when well away on the straight. He touched here,

he touched there, but he was clearly "bunkered," so he said, "*Aw could manage better if tha'd get out o' me leet.*"

That is the St. Dunstan's way; to exorcise by laughter the demons of darkness.

Billy is a Celt, and so has the gift of song. We took him to a concert at the Institute, and they asked him to "oblige." There he stood, leaning against the corner of the piano, his head bowed, his face glowing and handsome. And thus he sang:

"Sometimes between long shadows on the grass,
The little truant waves of sunlight pass,
My eyes grow dim with tenderness the while,
Thinking I see thee—thinking I see thee smile."

Not great poetry, perhaps, but Billy made it so.

It is a great boast of Billy and Co. that they put a policeman "wise" in a London fog, one of the cheesy sort. But they would put anything right. Before any dispute whatever was settled, I would lead Billy and Co. before the scrimmaging delegates, and Billy should sing. Twenty minutes should finish the job after that. How could they argue about tuppence here and tuppence there after they had seen these great-hearted lads?

They are not vindictive. They do not mope or whine. They are the most cheerful people alive. Are we to be worthy of them? Then let us switch the heat from our heads to our hearts, and set about our tasks with a new faith.

Jim the Australian

A FRENCH writer, M. Paul Wenz, has recently written a novel which cannot fail to interest every St. Dunstaner.

This is the story of "Jim," the Australian, who came over to fight in the cause of justice, was blinded, sent to St. Dunstan's, and returned to his beloved country to "make good." Jim was born at Lone Man Plain, very far away from any other human habitation. The hut in which Jim was born was made of bark. When the little Australian baby was two or three years old, his father built a cottage, which contained a most wonderful thing. It's wallpaper was formed of illustrated papers. Years afterwards, when inward vision was all that remained, our hero could recall every detail of the wonderful pictures which had formed a veritable encyclopædia of history, geography, science and the arts. In the evenings his father would read aloud out of books which told of life in the old country, and these two things, the wallpaper and the books, were the great and abiding influences of Jim's early childhood. His earliest playmates were dogs and a small kangaroo, but soon there were other children to play with. The station grew apace, and a school was formed, where he and fourteen others received an excellent education. The school years were, however, short, for there was men's work to be done, and the boys were eager to start. Jim became a worker at the station, and lived at the homestead near the river. On Sundays he went to see his parents, and each time he would scan the well-known walls, which held all his youth, his dreams and his ambitions.

And so life went on, and the day's work was only varied by the call of the seasons. "One morning Jim was crossing the paddock when he saw the 'mailman' approaching. Jim reined in his horse, cut some tobacco and filled his pipe. 'What news?' he called out to the man as soon as he was within earshot. The

mailman, with a nod of greeting, observed, 'Pat Flannery knocked out Bill the Sailor after the eighth round at Sydney; England has declared war on Germany!' After a moment devoted to flicking the flies off his horse, he added, disconsolately, 'I'd got a pound on Bill' . . ."

That night the declaration of war was amply discussed among the men, but there was little enthusiasm, and no one appeared to feel any hatred towards the Germans. But when the next mail arrived, and with it the news of the invasion of Belgium, feelings underwent a complete change. Jim was one of the first to volunteer. His training took place at Sydney, and after two months the men embarked. "The weather was fine. The fleet consisted of thirty-eight transports escorted by five convoys. There were some 30,000 men: Australians, Tasmanians and New Zealanders—an expedition such as has never before been seen—an army of peace-loving men who had never felt the heavy hand of the invader—an army without hatred—which was about to take a voluntary share in the bloodiest war in all history. All classes were represented, from the employée at the Bank of Brisbane or Townsville to the stockman from the large interior stations. The miner from Cloncurry and New Guinea, the pearl fisher of Western Australia, the planter from the New Hebrides, the sheep-shearer from Riverina, the sugar-cane cutter from Burdekin, the opal hunter from Lightning Ridge, the sapphire hunter from Emma-ville—they had all responded to the call. Enthusiasts all and generous, large-hearted breaknecks, they were the true offsprings of those pioneer adventurers who more than half a century ago had made this selfsame voyage in an opposite direction to try their luck in those large islands of the Pacific."

The book follows the fortunes of Jim and two or three of his companions, tells of the landing at Gallipoli, the horrors and humours of trench life—the cheeriness of the men.

"There was Simpson, from the North of Queensland, whose left arm had been blown off. A companion had dressed the wound roughly and was taking him to the dressing station, when suddenly Simpson started to retrace his footsteps. His friend remonstrated, but, 'I'm going back to look for my arm,' he shouted. 'Your arm,' said his friend, 'It's no good to you now. Come back, or you'll be killed!' 'My arm no good to me? By golly, what about my watch-bracelet?' He found his arm, and his watch-bracelet, and became the gayest of one-armed fellows. Two days later a shell burst near Jim. He raised his hand to his eyes, and he knew that he was blind."

Five o'clock on a dark winter's afternoon. Dick raises the blind of the compartment, which had been lowered on account of Zepps. He sees through a bluish haze a sea of roofs, a multitude of chimney-pots, unlighted streets, London at last. Hip, hip, hurrah! The cry comes from many throats, and Jim hears it and responds. 'I shan't see the Old Country,' says he, 'but I shall walk on the ground which our fathers and grandfathers trod. . . . Good old England!' Jim and his friend Dick, who has lost an arm, are taken to hospital, where they are well and carefully tended, and Jim is told that when his wounds have healed he will be sent to St. Dunstan's, the Hostel where men are "taught to be blind." He is sad at the thought of separation from his pal Dick and his favourite nurse Joan. At the hospital were several of his old friends, whose histories are recounted.

Especially interesting are the impressions of London which we get from the pen of one of the Aussies. We quote the following:

"Climate. The English climate has been much abused. This is a mistake. A month's sojourn in this country has convinced me that their unique climate has made the Anglo-Saxons what they are, namely, the best colonisers of the whole world. My first impression of the climate was distinct, my one desire was to get out of it as soon as possible.

"London is too large.

"There are too many women. I have seen 40,000 of them in a procession one

Saturday afternoon. It's too much all at once."

"There are too many dogs. I have suggested several means of exterminating them, but have been informed that my ideas are not practicable and might cause a revolution." And so on.

Jim went to St. Dunstan's, and although he had to face many a moment of black despair, he very soon became imbued with the spirit of cheerfulness which is the chief characteristic of that "house of good comfort." There follows an account of his studies in Braille and poultry-farming, which we will not detail, as the descriptions tally with those already so well known to our readers. It suffices to say that Jim had very soon "learnt to be blind," and that he came to take an active part in the social life of St. Dunstan's, of which an animated description is given, together with a sympathetic pen-picture of matron and nurses.

Of course there is a love-story—a very simple little one, but quite charming. For Nurse Joan, who was the first to welcome Jim on English soil, and who has taken loving care of him throughout his sojourn in the Old Country, becomes his wife. Well fitted to take up the threads of life, he returns with her to his parents in Australia. Together the two visit his boyhood's haunts, and examine the wall-paper with its scenes of English life which exercised so profound an influence on his childish mind. And Jim says, "I shall never regret what I have sacrificed for the 'Old Country,' for the 'Old Country' has amply rewarded me." And so the book ends to the sound of wedding bells, and "all's well with the world."



"MY wife and I have only had one quarrel in all our life. Of course, it's occasionally interrupted."—Neil Kenyon.



JOHNNY'S homework appeared to worry him. "Father," he asked, "how d'yer spell fought?" "F-o-u-g-h-t," replied father. "No, farver; I don't mean the fought yer fights wiv, I mean the fought yer finks wiv."

Boiling an Egg

"MRS. DANKS," I said to my house-keeper one morning, "the eggs are hard-boiled again. Look at them. Smack 'em on the head with the spoon. Why, they're as hard as—as Chinese."

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Danks, "I can't understand how that can be. I did 'em to 'Hark the Herald Angels Sing,' and that always boils 'em light. The herald angels have never let me down before, sir."

"Quite sure you didn't go through 'Paradise Lost' or 'The Swiss Family Robinson' by mistake?" I asked. "There must be something wrong with the hen—they've been eating cement perhaps. Do you know the name and address of the deprived bird?"

"The eggs came as usual from my sister, sir," said Mrs. Danks, "and I can guarantee there's nothing wrong with her hens. They're—they're—"

"Sans peur et sans reproche, of course?"

"No, sir; some of them's Plymouth Rocks and some Dorkings. This egg would be a Plymouth Rock," she remarked, pointing to the more stubborn of the two.

"Yes," I agreed, "A bit of the original old Plymouth Rock that the Pilgrim Fathers stood on."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," murmured Mrs. Danks apologetically. "I'll do 'em to a different tune to-morrow."

The next morning when she brought in the eggs she was beaming all over her face.

"I think you'll find 'em all right to-day," she observed.

"I boiled 'em separate—the brown one to 'The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden,' and the white one to 'O Happy Band of Pilgrims'!"

"We'll soon see," I cried, tapping them lightly with the spoon. Nothing happened, so I tapped them harder and bent the spoon. I was on the point of fetching the coke-hammer when Mrs. Danks intervened and managed to cut off their heads with the carving knife.

"They are a bit hard," she remarked, after examining them closely. "I can't understand it."

"Perhaps you sang the wrong tune," I suggested.

"Not me," said Mrs. Danks. "I know every tune in 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' that'll boil an egg soft."

"Very good," I calmly observed. "This matter requires investigation. I shall engage a detective. I shall write to *Tit Bits*. I shall place the eggs in the hands of my solicitor. Meanwhile will you make me a lobster mayonnaise for lunch?"

Later in the morning, when Mrs. Danks was out lobstering, I went into the larder, took the only egg I could find, and determined to boil it myself. I wasn't going to sing the "Hallelujah Chorus" to it; I was going to give it three and a half minutes pure Greenwich mean.

I placed the egg in the saucepan and boiled it three and a half minutes to the tick. I cracked the shell very cautiously and exposed a surface as hard as a billiard-ball. Then I had a bright idea. There must be something the matter with the water. Possibly it was very rich water, and boiled at a much higher temperature than ordinary water.

I fetched the thermometer from the greenhouse, where it was keeping an orchid warm, and proceeded to boil it in the saucepan. In the middle of the operation Mrs. Danks returned, complete with lobster. I explained what I was doing. Her eyebrows went up so high and so suddenly that they nearly knocked her bonnet off.

"Did you take that egg from the larder?" she inquired rather tartly. "Because if you did I can tell you why it's hard-boiled. It's the egg for the lobster marseillaise. I hard-boiled it myself before I went out."



DORIS (her first sight of a bishop): "Is that a Highlander in mourning, mother?"
Punch.



Film-Land

SOUTHERN California is famous for two things, its bewitching climate and its films. It has recently been described as the hub of the cinema world.

The beauty and the glorious sunlight of this Garden of Eden attracted the pioneer "movie" men, and within a few years miniature cities sprung up as if by magic where these pioneers settled. At the present time some of the most world-famous film-producing firms whose names are household words have their centres in and around the city of Los Angeles, and the industry is one of the most important of the State of California.

The ever-changing scene which goes on beneath those skies of depthless blue, in that land of richest vegetation, can more easily be imagined than described. Here we meet Roman Emperors and sea-captains of Tyre; bulky plutocrats and the red men of the prairie, cottage girls with deep dreamy eyes, and stately Queens of long, long ago. The most blood-curdling melodramas here unfold their serpentine plots, tragedy and comedy mingle their million threads, and Charlie Chaplin chirrups along with hop, skip, jump, and flourish of his famous stick. And it is all an every day affair!

At one time, the film company in search of a suitable setting for the production of a particular scene would set out at full strength in motor-car loads, and many times for the best part of a day would they wander and wander around, until everyone was nearly dead with fatigue and the manager impotent with rage.

But now every moving-picture company has its staff of "location scouts," who wander all over the Rocky Mountains and the Western Plains searching for new and suitable spots. These are photographed and properly classified, so that the manager can find at once a full description of those scenes which may be considered to be at his disposal. Directly he chooses his scene, the location agent

in that district is informed by telegram, and by return comes a full description as to route to be followed, means of transport, climatic conditions, alterations in the locality, whether the location is available, the cost of its use, and similar items of necessary information. It is thus that the "location scouts" have always at hand an inexhaustible supply of suitable settings for almost every conceivable form of drama, so varied is the magnificent scenery of this corner of the world. Mountains and deserts, torrents and whispering woodland streams, Alps and prairie, wood and meadow are provided at a moment's notice by generous Nature—and in many cases the rent is nil.

Frequently the owners of the beautiful private houses and grounds, which are a feature of Californian scenery, are only too glad to let the moving-picture people make use of their property, but there are cases in which this generosity has not been very well repaid. One owner, it is said, returned to his home after the picture people had been there, and found a newly-made grave in the middle of his immaculate lawn.

The little towns, some of which are very typical of Western life, are very popular with the players, and the town-people themselves enjoy these visits so much that it is said that the municipal authorities of one town would not permit the place to be renovated as they thought this might ruin it for picture purposes.

An amusing story is told of a producer who found a suitable locality in a park for a special scene in the play he was producing, but found a couple of tramps leaning up against the tree which was to form the centre piece of the picture. When politely asked to move on, these two gentlemen with sturdy Yankee independence remarked that they'd be "durned" if they did! It was only on the receipt of five dollars apiece that they were induced to quit. And then the play went on.