

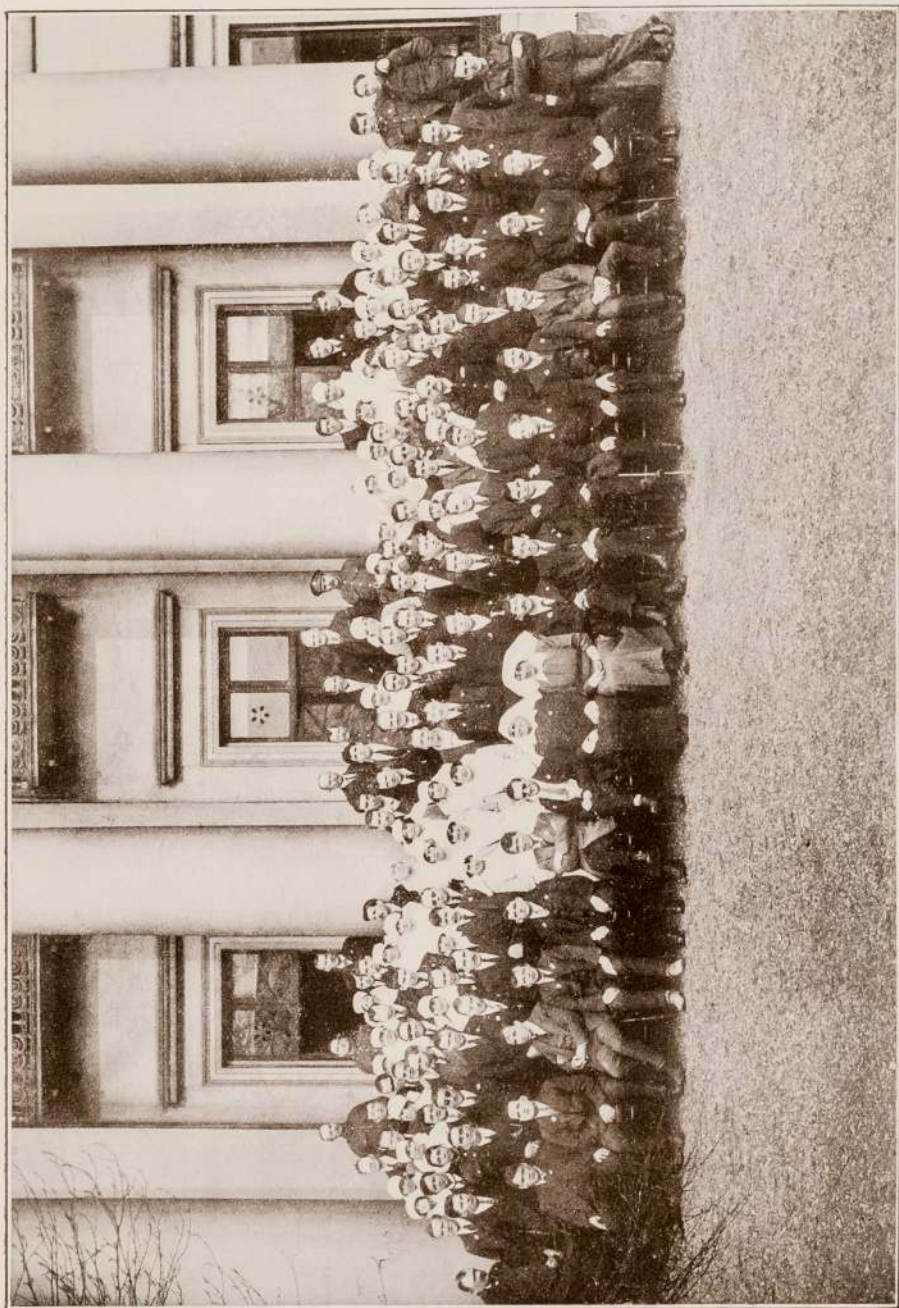
# St. Dunstan's



## Review

For the Amusement and Interest of Men Blinded in the War

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



STAFF AND MEN OF THE COLLEGE ANNEXE

# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN.]

## EDITOR'S NOTES

**A**S we write these notes, our rowing men's interest centres upon the preliminary races and heats which are being rowed off to decide who are to be the competitors at St. Dunstan's Regatta at Putney on May 18th. It is sad to realise that the closing down of the House and the College have made inter-annexe competition impossible, but we welcome the arrangements which have been come to by which everyone has a chance in open competition of winning or obtaining a place in an event, no matter to what establishment he belongs. It is impossible to wish everyone good luck, for one man only can win a race, and we can only hope that it will be the best man. One thing, however, which we can and do wish all St. Dunstan's rowing men is a fine day on May 18th, for there is nothing that makes or mars a regatta so much as weather.

**W**E would call the attention of those of our readers who, in their time at St. Dunstan's, lived at the College Annexe, to an open letter addressed to them by Miss Power and her staff and Mr. Huskinson. Old College men will be glad to know that Miss Power is still associated with St. Dunstan's as Matron of the Bungalow Annexe, and that some of her principal assistants at the College are still working with her, while "Mr. H." as he was affectionately termed, is still a good friend to many St. Dunstan's men with whom he keeps in touch. It is our privilege, and incidentally our duty, to read their open letter before it goes to press, so we have the opportunity of commenting upon it. Miss Power and Mr. Huskinson say that they owe much to the men of St. Dunstan's who lived in the College Annexe, but we would venture to suggest that, to put it plainly, the boot is on the other leg, for it is the men whose lot it happened to be to dwell in this establishment who have cause for gratitude for the very real friendship and assistance always afforded them in their out-of-work hours.

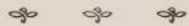
**I**N March, 1918, the number of men who had lost their sight as a result of war service numbered 1,000, and in a note on this page of the REVIEW we referred to ourselves as the "Blind Battalion." This figure of 1,000 represented the total number of men, whether they were in hospital or at St. Dunstan's, or had passed through their period of training and had settled down in their homes. This month our statistics show that the men who have left St. Dunstan's and have been settled alone exceed this figure, while there are still in training more than 500 ex-soldiers. The fifth annual report of St. Dunstan's Hostel, which has just been published under the title of "A Record of Victory," makes these figures known to the world, and explains the two main reasons why there are still so many men in training. In the first place, a considerable number of soldiers whose sight was damaged in the early days of the war and who left hospital hoping that their eyes would suffice them in normal life have found this precious sense deteriorate or disappear, and as a result have been welcomed at St. Dunstan's. Figures which have been obtained from the Ministry of Pensions show that 23,000 men have been discharged from

the Army with damaged sight, so that it is impossible to say how many men are to be expected in the future, and how long training facilities will have to be kept going. Secondly, there are, unfortunately, a number of men who, in addition to having been blinded, have suffered some severe disability such as loss of an arm or leg or head wounds, and who in consequence have taken a long time to adapt themselves to normal conditions. If a blind man is physically fit he passes through his course of re-education with surprising speed, but if he has other difficulties to contend with it very naturally takes him a longer time and in many cases frequent operations and periods of convalescence at one of our holiday Annexes have further retarded progress. The report is a very remarkable story of achievement, and as many of the most important newspapers comment, is in itself a testimonial to the dogged perseverance and heroism of the men of St. Dunstan's as well as to the soundness of the principles upon which St. Dunstan's was founded and has been running. A feature of the Report is an article called "Carrying On," by Captain Ian Fraser, which tells, in some detail, of the work of the After-Care Department. Figures which are quoted represent how considerable this work is and of what great benefit co-operative buying of raw materials and selling of finished articles, together with the various other activities of the Department, are to St. Dunstaners all over the United Kingdom. One reads much of the difficulties which the Government has had to contend with in the training and settlement of disabled men as a whole, and it is with great pride that we are able to record that every soldier who has lost his sight as a result of war service has been given the opportunity of training and settlement in a calling which is best adapted to his particular disability, and is moreover both remunerative and congenial. The Report ends up with a collection of letters from St. Dunstaners all over the world which tell in their direct and most convincing way of the very real happiness and success that has attended the overwhelming majority of St. Dunstan's men. In introducing these letters, Sir Arthur writes—

"Does anyone in the world, I wonder, receive so many delightful letters as I do? The post brings me a never-ending stream of them from all parts of the United Kingdom and of the British Empire, telling of lives filled with undreamt-of happiness, and of success truly marvellous, and such as has never been won by blinded men before.

"Letters from professional men who have returned to work hitherto unattempted by the blind; letters from business men who are continuing the direction of important commercial undertakings; letters from craftsmen who are making earnings fully on a par with those of sighted men in the same walks of industry; letters from masseurs who are not only securing for themselves a comfortable competency, but are doing great good to others; letters from poultry-farmers telling of the success with which they are carrying on their little holdings; letters from men who are accomplishing secretarial work or operating telephone exchanges with a skill which is scarcely believable; and many of these letters saying things about the work of St. Dunstan's which come straight from the hearts of those who have benefited by it, and go straight to the hearts of those who have been privileged to be responsible for its initiation and management."

We are certain that no reader of this Report can deny that it is truly a "Record of Victory."



### Tandem Cycles

WE have been fortunate enough to obtain a few new tandem cycles suitable for blind men's use, of the very best possible quality, and are prepared to sell them to any St. Dunstan's man at the lowest possible price. Will those who would like to consider the purchase of a machine please write to Capt. Fraser at

once, when particulars of price, etc., will be sent.

If a larger number of men apply than there are machines, Captain Fraser reserves the right, in consultation with Sir Arthur Pearson, to allot them to men to whom they will be of particular use in connection with their business.

### NOTES BY THE CHIEF

I AM very glad to hear so often as I do from men who have left St. Dunstan's, that they find so great an interest in reading Braille. Many of them tell me of how greatly their proficiency in Braille reading has improved since they left, and this is always bound to happen as the result of constant practise.

When St. Dunstan's was started neither Miss Pain nor I had any idea that so many men would become proficient Braillists as has proved to be the case.

Five hundred and ninety-five men have passed the reading test, and 502 both the reading and writing tests. The latter figure is exceptionally noteworthy, for not more than three hundred blind civilians in the whole country have passed their writing test. To have done so means that Braille has been thoroughly mastered in all its details, and one is naturally more apt to enjoy Braille reading and to become thoroughly expert at it, if one is conscious of the feeling that the new and strange method has been thoroughly and completely learnt.



I think that a very important factor in acquiring the art of reading Braille swiftly and easily is to get thoroughly into one's head the fact that one really reads with the brain. The eye is simply the mechanical means by which the words and letters on a printed book are conveyed to the brain, just in the same way as the mechanism of the ear conveys impressions of sound to it, and just as people who lose their hearing can accustom the brain to receiving and registering the impressions which used to reach it through the ear by watching the lips of those who speak to them, so those who lose their sight can by another method than sight convey the requisite impressions to the brain.

It is purely a question of the employment of a different medium which enables the brain to attain the same results.

Once the mind comes to fully realise this it is, I am sure, very much easier to train

the nerves of the finger tips to take the place of the optic nerve.



THE one thing which is essential in the learning of Braille sufficiently well to make reading a pleasure is perseverance. Many men who left St. Dunstan's before they had succeeded in passing their reading test have by sticking at Braille acquired a rate of speed which would easily have enabled them to pass the test had they still been at St. Dunstan's. To take a simple illustration. All of us have at one time or another seen an expert knitter, and have wondered at the speed with which the knitting needles are made to perform their functions with apparently no conscious effort on the part of the knitter. But this was not always so. The needles which dart in and out so swiftly at first moved slowly and laboriously. The speed which astonishes us is only the result of constant practise. When I was a boy I lived in a part of England where practically every girl and woman plaited straw for hats. Some of the patterns made were very elaborate, and required an amount of finger dexterity which was a never-failing source of amazement to strangers to the locality. Yet the women did the work automatically, not even looking at their fingers, and I have been very much struck with the same swift and automatic performance of complicated finger work which is shown by the lace makers of Belgium, France, and Italy. It is true that in these cases the sense of touch is not nearly so important as with Braille, but it comes in to a very large degree. With the exception of the few cases in which the nerves of the finger tips are hopelessly dull, anyone who takes the trouble to master the Braille system can become a swift and proficient reader if he will only stick to it. A little practise every day is far better than a longer spell at greater intervals.

ONE of our St. Dunstaners, Goodwin, writes in reference to my last month's REVIEW Note, which dealt with blind characters in fiction, saying that Colonel Durrance in *The Four Feathers*, by A. E. W. Mason, is an excellently portrayed blind man. I read *The Four Feathers* many years ago, but though remembering it as a particularly excellent book had forgotten that there was a blind man in it. Any St. Dunstaner who likes blind characters in fiction cannot, I think, do

better than read *The Four Feathers*—which incidentally I may say is published in Braille—on the combined recommendations from me as to its general excellence, and from Goodwin as to the blind character in it.



### Pelmanism at St. Dunstan's

WE have much pleasure in informing our readers that W. V. Clappett, of Townshend House, is the first St. Dunstaner, so far as we are aware, to pass the Pelman Memory Test. He has received his certificate and has very much to say in favour of Pelmanism. It will be remembered that a few months ago we mentioned in the REVIEW that the Pelman Institute had determined to allow all blind persons in the United Kingdom who cared to do so, to take up the Pelman Course of Mind and Memory Training, free of all charge. The complete course will be sent out in Braille in the ordinary way from the Pelman Institute (4 Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1), to whom all enquiries must be addressed, the National Institute for the Blind being the publishers of the work for the Pelman Institute.

### The Ascot Ball

THE big annual Ascot Ball in aid of St. Dunstan's will be held at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday, June 16th, and tickets can now be had. The Ball is under distinguished patronage, including the Earl of Athlone, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, the Marquis and Marchioness of Crewe, the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, the Earl and Countess of Derby, Admiral Earl Beatty and Countess Beatty, and many others. The Ball is bound to be a most brilliant affair and a box is to be reserved for the winner of the Hunt Cup.

### St. Dunstan's Competitions

OWING to the printing of the St. Dunstan's Report we were obliged to go early to press this month, before the final day for receiving descriptions of special hobbies or pastimes originated by St. Dunstaners, which was the subject of the last competition. Accordingly, we are extending the time for this competition until the 5th June. So remember that there are still three prizes to be won, a guinea and two half-guineas respectively.

We are also initiating a new competition this month. A Prize of 10s. 6d., again most kindly offered by Mr. Chas. J. Jones, will be awarded to the St. Dunstaner who can send in the best idea for special novel tools or articles which can be used in connection with their work or amusement.

All efforts for both competitions must reach us before the 5th June, and should be addressed to the Editor, St. Dunstan's Review, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1.

### At Windsor Castle

ON Saturday, April 24th, a St. Dunstaner, Lieut. Frank Marriott, had the honour of being received by His Majesty the King at Windsor Castle. His Majesty conversed with his visitor for twenty minutes, and showed much interest in the details of the Australian Imperial Force during the war which Lieut. Marriott was able to give him. Lieut. Marriott is shortly returning with his family to Australia.

## The Closing of The College

THE first large annexe of St. Dunstan's has gone the way of The House. It is now given to painters and decorators, and the men of St. Dunstan's will know it no more. By way of a grand finale, on March the 24th, there was a dance, supper and concert to which as many of the "old boys" who could, came to join in the festivities. The evening was all the more enjoyable, too, because some of the old members of the staff—Miss Tellussan, Miss Dyson, Miss Miller, and some other Sisters—all came up to London especially to see the "boys" again and to bid "Farewell" to that portion of St. Dunstan's to which everyone, who once worked there, will always look back upon with the pleasantest memories. A delightful supper began the evening, during which Sir Arthur came to make a little complimentary speech, which was loudly cheered. Dancing went on until nearly midnight and the evening was one of the jolliest the College has seen.

On Wednesday, April 14th, the men of the College Annexe and the staff presented the Matron with a beautiful silver toilet set as a small token of gratitude for her unremitting kindness to everyone during the three and a half years of which the College formed part of St. Dunstan's. Mr. Huskinson, who proposed the Matron's health, said that "The College has always been a lucky house, but never so lucky as in its Matron," a sentiment which was received with cheers. In her reply, Matron thanked everybody for having helped to make the College such a happy place, especially mentioning the men themselves. Incidentally, she told them that the part of her sitting room which showed the least sign of wear and tear was the *Mat*; "It was so seldom necessary," she said, "to have anybody upon it!" which remark was received with laughter and cheers. The health of everybody, Matron, Mr. Huskinson, the Sisters, the orderlies, and the kitchen staff was proposed and enthusiastically responded to.

Sir Arthur Pearson paid a special visit

to the V.A.D.'s at the College on April 15th to wish them goodbye. In a very delightful speech he spoke of the work they had done, of their excellent influence with the men and of the pleasant homely atmosphere which they had created. Sir Arthur had previously given Matron a very handsome silver inkstand with inscription in memory of three years' work at the College.

### An Open Letter

TO THE PAST AND PRESENT MEN OF THE COLLEGE ANNEXE

NOW that the College is closed, we are taking this opportunity to thank you all most sincerely for the very sportsman-like way you have always met our efforts on your behalf. To the 'Old Boys' especially, we wish to tell them how much we would have liked them to have been present at the 'Farewell' festivities. Distance, accommodation, many things, in fact, prevented us from realising our wish, however. But they were all with us in our thoughts, nevertheless, and to have had them with us once more would have given all of us more pleasure than we can express.

"And now that we are all dispersed, we should like to tell you how proud and happy we were to have been enabled to do what little we could towards making your life at the College a 'happy one.' For ourselves, we shall always look back upon the three years spent among you as some of the best years of our life.

"You may be sure that we shall all come to see you at the first opportunity, and in the meanwhile there is not a good wish for your health, happiness and prosperity that we do not wish you from the bottom of our hearts, and may all the good luck in this world come your way again and again. God bless you all!

"Always your sincere friends,

*Matron (Miss Power), Richard King Huskinson ('Mr. H.'), and the Sisters and Staff of the College Annexe."*

## News of St. Dunstan's Men—

**A.** TUCKER, a mat-maker living in Bristol, tells us of a possible use for a kneeler. We do not recommend it as being a serious opening for business, but quote from our correspondent's letter merely because the idea is rather an amusing one:—

"With the approach of fine weather, Mr. Jones began to think of his usual holiday business with his donkey rides. He began to look over his saddle, and found to his deep regret he would have to get a new one. He called at the saddler's shop and was amazed to find the price was £6. That was beyond his pocket; it would mean a lot of rides to pay for that. On his way home he passed my shop and some kneelers I had in my window caught his eye. 'Just the thing!' he said, and in he came. He told me what he wanted, and I showed him the kneeler, and he thought a useful addition would be a double strap at the back of the kneeler to keep the children from falling out. He wondered whether it wanted to be longer to fit the donkey's back, so he decided to bring the donkey round so that he could measure him. I expect he must have had another brain wave, as he did not turn up!"

R. Atkinson, living at Bowness-on-Windermere, another boot-repairer and mat-maker, writes the following to the Director of the After-Care Department:—

"I am writing to thank you very much for your very nice letter. I am very much obliged to you for seeing into my pension. I shall always be indebted to St. Dunstan's for what it has done for me, and can only repay it in the manner in which our splendid chief says he wants us to, namely, by making good and showing that we can overcome our blindness. I am pleased to say that I have plenty of work, and I think am giving general satisfaction with it."

The following letter is from G. Johnson, a basket-maker living in Manchester:—

"Just a few lines to say that my baskets

are still going strong; in fact, I have so many orders for them that it is taking me all my time to keep up with them. People who come in to enquire about them say that they are much cheaper and of better quality than those that are exhibited in the shops round about, and if I could only get more speed up I should do better. But that will come in time, for I believe in making a basket as good as possible and not rushing it and turning out poor stuff. I have fifteen barrel baskets on order—and they are repeat orders—and I have several other orders for ovals and squares."

W. Burgin, a poultry-farmer and mat-maker living at Thurgoland, Sheffield, writes as follows:—

"My typewriter is still in good order and has not been any trouble to me since I got it, and I appreciate its value, for we are constant companions. There is hardly a day that passes but what I have to use the machine, and on some days I am afraid it has a lot of overtime to put in, but it does not appear to mind and has not even gone on strike yet, so it has not done bad considering it has been in daily use since I came home in 1917. I send my best wishes to you and St. Dunstan's."

G. Chapman, of Seald Well, Northants, a boot-repairer and mat-maker, wrote recently:—

"I am writing a few lines to you to let you know we are getting settled in our new home. We arrived here on the 27th of March, and we are getting about straight now. I feel more happier here, and my wife and family are the same. I am amongst my old school chums again now; it seems much better for me, and I hope to get more trade than I did at Finedon. I did not intend to start till after Easter, but I had seven pairs of boots brought me for repairs so I got to work and repaired them, and I hope to give satisfaction with all, as I am more happier when at work than at any other time. I know every man in this world

## —From all parts of the World

has his one hobby—mine is work, and it seems a pleasure to have it to do and to be able to do it. That I owe to St. Dunstan's and our After-Care. I have had a few people in to see me at work already, and they are interested at the way I 'shape at it,' as they call it, but I tell them that that is due to the skilful teaching I have had in our happy home, and to the After-Care Instructors since I have been home. With very best wishes to you and all the After-Care staff for the future."

G. Nancarrow, of Fraddon, Cornwall, a mat-maker, wrote recently:—

"I must thank you for sending the After-Care Instructor to see me. I feel assured that I shall benefit by his visit, for many, many reasons, as he not only corrected me in my mistakes but showed me tips to enable me to work with much more ease. He was a welcome guest with us, and we felt quite at home with him, and we hope that he will visit us again in the near future. I am very busy with mats and have plenty to get on with. I was delighted to receive

the REVIEW a day or so ago and to see that everything is going ahead so well."

J. R. Booth, a boot-repairer and mat-maker, settled at Dukinfield, Cheshire, wrote as follows:—

"I should like to express my thanks to you for the unremitting attention you have bestowed upon me in my working lessons. I really must congratulate you upon the results achieved. I consider it eminently satisfactory having received my teaching from Mr. T. Rowlands, owing to his patience and attention, and I have always found him willing to do anything he could to further the object I had in view. Thanks to your training and the great help my good wife is able to give me, I am able to get along very nicely, and work is increasing. I could scarcely have thought two years ago that such a thing was possible, especially as I am now blind, and that my working days were supposed to be passed. I feel, therefore, that I cannot do less than send you this appreciation of all that has been done for me."

## London's Buried Rivers

**T**HE River Tyburn, which, along with the Thames, helped to make Westminster an island in Saxon times, can still be traced from the Marble Arch neighbourhood to Westminster. It originally flowed through Hyde Park and St. James' Park at a time when these were marshlands. Several feet below the pavement in Great College Street were the remains of a bridge which spanned the Tyburn at this spot just before it entered the Thames.

But the most famous of all the buried rivers of London is undoubtedly the Fleet Ditch. It flowed through Jack Ketch's Warren, where dwelt at times such notorious characters as Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard. It was a favourite dodge of the highwaymen and other thieves who

infested the district of Saffron Hill and Hatton Garden to drop through a trap-door to the Stygian banks of the Fleet, put a plank across, skip over and draw the plank after them and so escape capture by the Bow Street runners. The Fleet Ditch ran into the Thames at Blackfriars and small craft used to put into it with merchandise.

In the middle of the City was the Wellbrooke and on the east side the Langbourne, and in the western suburbs the pleasant stream of the Oldbourne, also deep enough to accommodate good-sized craft. Other London rivers not yet wholly sewers are the Roding, the Lea, the Ravensbourne, and the Wandle, but the Effra at Brixton is no longer visible anywhere.

## Departmental Notes

### Massage

IN the Massage Notes in last month's issue the name of Corpl. Vickers was omitted from the list of successful students in the last I.S.T.M. examination. The reason for this was that Corpl. Vickers secured a unique position in the Pass List and at the time of going to press last month this position was not definitely known.

We can, however, now announce that Corpl. Vickers gained the first place in the list, competing against nearly 300 fully sighted students.

A St. Dunstan's masseur (D. J. Macdougall, of Canada) had previously gained "Distinction," but this is the first time a St. Dunstan's man has achieved absolutely the first place at the head of the All-England list.

The names of the successful entrants for the I.S.T.M. massage examination, in order of merit, is therefore as follows:—

H. Vickers, Distinction, Head of the list; T. G. Roden, Lt. Nash, Lt. Gibson, J. Fitzgerald, R. Giffin, F. Hughes, M. Smith, F. Jackson, between 65 and 75 per cent.; W. C. Taplin, Lt. Britton, A. V. Sowter, J. McGowan, M. Doyle, J. McPherson, between 51 and 65 per cent.

In the I.S.T.M. Examination in Remedial Exercises, the following is the list of passes in order of merit:—

T. G. Roden, H. Vickers, J. MacPherson, R. Giffin, A. V. Sowter, M. Doyle, Lt. Gibson, Lt. Britton, W. C. Taplin, M. Smith, T. P. Drummond, J. Fitzgerald.

In Dr. Levick's Examination in Medical Electricity the following five candidates passed with special mention for all round excellence in the work:—

S. Whitelam, L. E. Vanselow, T. ap Rhys, S. C. Tarry, W. H. J. Oxenham.

The following satisfied the examiners and will also receive the certificate. In alphabetical order:—

Lt. Britton, H. Costigan, M. Doyle, T. P. Drummond, Lt. Fisher, Lt. Gibson, T. Gibson, D. Gray, R. H. Hardy, S. Kelly, Lt. Kerr, J. W. McIntosh, J. MacPherson, Lt. Nash, H. Neivens, A. G. Peto, A. V. Sowter, A. B. Taylor.

In honour of the Top Distinction in the Massage examination, a dinner and theatre party, with Corpl. Vickers as the guest of the evening, was held on Thursday, April 22nd.

Sir Arthur Pearson and Capt. Ian Fraser looked in during the evening, and Sir Arthur, in presenting Vickers with a handsome inscribed cigarette case, complimented him especially, and also the whole of the massage students on the excellent work they had done during the term, and the really remarkable results achieved in the examination. Corpl. Vickers replied in a few modest well chosen sentences, in which he stated that he did not deserve any special mention as he had only done his best, and he was sure that his colleagues had done the same. He then paid tribute to the excellent training he had received, and thanked Sir Arthur for the cigarette case, which he said he would always regard as one of his most cherished possessions.

After Sir Arthur and Captain Fraser left, the dinner was proceeded with, and as at the conclusion of this nearly every man at the table seemed to want to make a speech, it was thought to be time to make a move!

The rest of the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present, both students and instructors, and terminated by a unanimous vote of thanks to Sir Arthur Pearson and to everybody concerned.

It is to be hoped that this will be but the first of such celebrations. Now it has been shown what can be done, present and future students should remember that there is: "Always room at the Top."

F. G. B.

### The Braille Room

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

Reading: W. C. Carnell, O. E. Stevens, T. Till, J. G. Straughton, J. W. Birchall.

Writing: E. C. Slaughter, J. H. Debnam, F. W. Boorman, F. T. Dance, H. A. Pilsbury, J. H. Palmer, J. L. Brooke, H. Bridgman, M. Burran, J. McFarlane, A. Billingham, J. Foreman.

The following books are among those that have been recently added to the National Library for the Blind:—

"Rupert Brooke," a memoir, E. Marsh; "Glow of Life," E. Le Breton Martin; "Lives of Great Men told by Great Men"; "Round the World on a Wheel," F. J. Fraser; "My Experiences as a German Prisoner," L. J. Austin; "Vanished Messenger," "The Missing Delora," "Anna the Adventuress," E. P. Oppenheim; "The Little Ship," "Taffrail"; "Irish Memories," E. E. Somerville and Ross; "Short Stories," W. W. Jacobs. D.P.

### Netting

WE have had some difficulty in procuring for fine netting needles at once strong and slender. Wooden needles, even though made of box wood, have proved too frail, so with special

thought for After-Care home workers we have now had made some aluminium needles which are proving very satisfactory, particularly for the half-inch mesh jewellery nets. We will send these new needles to any After-Care workers who do fine netting if they will write and ask for them.

By-the-bye, there are too many empty lockers in the Work Rooms just now. It so happens that we have been without chocolates since Easter, and it has been suggested that there may be some relation between empty lockers and empty cupboards. If this is so, we take this opportunity to say we are now receiving fresh consignments of chocolates from the same kind donor who sent us two cwt. before. G. H. W.

### Typewriting and Telephony

WE congratulate the following men on having passed their Typewriting Tests:—

F. Hemsworth, G. Lloyd, B. Ingrey, M. H. Albertella, G. H. Maher, A. E. Trigg, W. T. Muir, J. R. Ridley, J. W. Simpson, J. T. Rouse, P. Bolton, J. Harrison, O. E. Stevens, R. Warren, W. J. Harris, V. Wicken, R. May.

Our best wishes go with S. H. Edwards and T. W. Salter, who have obtained excellent posts as telephonists.

E. McL.

### News from the Workshops

A PARTY of members of the North London Boot Trades Association paid a visit to St. Dunstan's and examined the work in the Boot Shop on April 22nd. We make a brief extract from the report of their visit, given in the *Shoe and Leather Record*:—

"Really excellent samples of work were shown that the men were actually engaged upon—not necessarily straight jobs. One man was seen putting a pair of quarter rubbers on ladies' heels, and the work done was a marvel of neatness. . . . What most impressed the visitors was the invariable cheerfulness of the men. They were singing and whistling at their work,

and calling across from one bench to another, making it difficult to realise that they were totally blind. When they knew that a number of members of the craft had come to inspect their work they were immensely pleased and anxious to display their remarkable skill. The clog-makers, it was obvious, could make clogs which would do credit to any craftsman."

Members of the band of civilian blind, who marched to London at the end of March, and visited St. Dunstan's, showed the keenest interest in all the trades taught in the Workshops, and made many comments upon the rapidity

with which the men reached proficiency. Many of the men were workers in one or other of the trades, and went closely into the details of instruction.

In the Basket Shop, a cane chair with square back, made by A. Jenkinson, has been much admired. J. A. Dunlop has made a remarkably neat suit case, and is working very independently. W. V. Clampett has done well with square pic-nic baskets.

Since Easter a considerable number of new men have started on mats, and the all-round standard is very good. R. E. Hill is making an excellent mat, in spite of his fractured right shoulder, and F. Hemsworth has reached a very good level indeed. Three kneelers made by H. J. F. Goodwin were excellent, also a special size mat, which was the work of W. R. French. A mat with five diamonds has recently been made quite well by C. Davey, and two bordered mats, the work of F. T. Dance, deserve commendation. A Campbell is also going on quite well on plain mats. Two instructors, L. Dixon and A. J. Johnson, after doing very useful work in the Mat Shop for some weeks, have been transferred to the After-Care Department.

Several men in the Boot Department have done very well with hand-sewn work. L. E. Carter completed a man's heavy sole without assistance in a remarkable manner, and J. W. Gimber has been very successful on lighter work. G. H. Maher is improving all round on boot repairs, and H. E. Lambert is showing good taste and great interest. In spite of a disabled hand, A. H. W. James does all bench work well and overcomes the difficulties of fixing quarter-rubbers very creditably. J. H. Ham still maintains a good standard, the waists of his boots and the finish being excellent. S. Brydson is a very capable and most energetic man, spending a large amount of time in the shop. G. Brooks also gets through a great deal of work, quite independently of the instructor.

In the Clogging Shop, J. Brooke is progressing quite satisfactorily. R. Cheshire is doing very nicely with lasting and wetting. On advanced work, such as slipper clogs, hand-stitching and wax-end making, J. H. Hey has reached a good level. In spite of a fractured left arm, H. Gunson has made a fine start on re-clogging, his wetting being particularly good.

Lieut. Clarke and Capt. Foxon have both completed their elementary course in joinery with considerable credit. The former is now doing very good work on his tool chest, and the latter has undertaken an oak octagonal table, which H.R.H. Princess Victoria requested to have made on a recent visit. W. Tout is a steady, neat workman, who shows the greatest interest and produces work of a high standard. T. Till, after a considerable absence, has made several trays, which are well worthy of special commendation. There are many marks of good workmanship in a bed tray and boot stool made by A. Billingham.

The following Proficiency Certificates were awarded during the month of April: J. Hartley (mats), W. Wells (mats), J. Palmer (mats), C. E. Porter (boots), A. E. Smith (joinery), W. MacKay (boots), A. Adams (boots and clogs), J. Rose (centre cane baskets), T. W. Dee (baskets), and T. R. J. Roberts (boots). *W. H. O.*

### St. Dunstan's Discussion Club

ON May 3rd a large and interested audience assembled in the Bungalow Lounge with Sir Arthur Pearson in the Chair to hear Sir Arthur Conan Doyle lecture on "Spiritualism." In the course of a most inspiring address the lecturer first enlarged upon the way in which a belief in Spiritualism robs death of the terrors described in Spiritualists' ideas of Heaven, and then gave many proofs from personal experiences of the truth of his statements. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle spoke for an hour, subsequently answering various questions put to him by members of the audience, and a very interesting evening ended in a hearty vote of thanks to the speaker. *H. E. G.*

## Sports Club Notes

### REGATTA

AT a general meeting of the representatives of each annexe held at the Sports House on April 23rd, it was unanimously decided, now that the College and House have closed, to conclude the inter-annexe representation plan and to adopt the "open representation" at the next Regatta, which is to be held at Putney on May 18th. This means that the men send in their entries irrespective of Annexe and are drawn together for the preliminary races. Everybody will therefore have an equal chance of getting a place in the Finals which, with the exception of the Fours, will alone be rowed at Putney.

The following is the programme adopted and it will be noticed that Novices, Juniors' and Seniors' events are arranged:—

1. *Open Singles.*
2. *Single Sculls:* (a) Novices, Light and Heavy; (b) Juniors, Light and Heavy; (c) Seniors, Light and Heavy.
3. *Double Sculls:* (a) Juniors, Light and Heavy; (b) Seniors, Light and Heavy.
4. *Pair Oars.*
5. *International Singles:* Open weights.
6. *"One-Armed" Pairs.*
7. *Old Boys Race:* (a) Open Singles; (b) Open Pair Oars.

About 150 names have been given in for special coaching by Mr. Gibson. Lists have been prepared giving each man a certain time, so that all may have equal opportunities. A number of Sisters are being instructed as coxes and Mr. Gibson will arrange for a special practise for them on the Thames in order that they may be fully proficient for the Regatta.

We are all most grateful to the Misses Calcutt (the sisters of our late coach, Mr. R. J. Calcutt) for their most kind offer of eight of their brother's rowing Cups for our next Regatta. Two have been allocated to the Singles, two to the Pair Oars, and four to the Fours.

### FOOTBALL COMPETITION

Eighteen teams have entered for our next competition and the first round took place during the first week in May. The competing teams have been most ingenious in selecting the names of their teams—for we have amongst them the Pilgrims, the Paupers, the Inconsistent, the Limpets, the Ragtime Rovers, the Tombolas, etc.

### LEAGUE MATCHES

Over 150 men have attended the various League Matches Saturday by Saturday and our best thanks are due to the Secretaries, Committee, and Officials of the Arsenal and Chelsea Clubs for unfailing courtesy and liberality.

### SATURDAY SPORTS

The very wet weather experienced during the past month unfortunately prevented us having our usual Saturday Sports because our new ground has been practically under water. We will be quite ready to resume our sprinting, however, as soon as the fine weather sets in.

### PRESENTATION CUP

Our warm thanks are due to Mr. Heal for most kindly offering us a handsome Silver Cup, won by himself in Siam, and called the Bangkok cup, for the best all-round athlete at St. Dunstan's. Further particulars will be published later.

### TUG-OF-WAR

Our tug-of-war teams have been very, very quiet during the last term, owing largely to the great success and drawing power of the football contests for Sir Arthur's footer cup. We are hopeful of getting some strong teams into training shortly, so that we can enter, as we did last year, as competitors at the next Royal Naval, Military, and Air Force tournament at Olympia, some time in July.

### SWIMMING

Will swimming men please give in their names to the Sports Instructor as soon as possible so that arrangements can now be made at the Finchley Road Baths. *J. W.*

## Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

### Church Notes

A SHORT but inspiring service was held in the Chapel on Wednesday, April 14th, to mark the closing down of the College and to thank God for the many blessings He has vouchsafed to the men there; also for the great privileges of service afforded to the Sisters. There was a splendid gathering of men and Sisters from the College, and Mr. Kessell impressively read the selected lesson.

Our grateful thanks are due to Mr. Stanley Hall for his splendid services at the organ, and also to Miss Warren for her similar help. Mr. Hall is very kindly officiating in the absence of our regular organist, Mr. Kingston-Stewart, who has been too unwell to attend. We wish him a speedy recovery.

During the month, the Holy Communion will be celebrated at 8 a.m. every Sunday, excepting the last Sunday in the month—Trinity Sunday—when the celebration will be at 7.15 a.m.

I do trust that all Communicants will often avail themselves of these services.

There will also be celebrations on the second and fourth (Whit) Sundays at 10.15 a.m. On the Festival of S.S. Philip and James, May 1st, and on Ascension Day, May 13th, there were special celebrations at 7.15 a.m.

May I once again urge the active co-operation of every Sister in the spiritual side of the work at St. Dunstan's? I am anxious that each man shall have the opportunity of attending our own Chapel services, and the enthusiastic personal help of the Sisters will do much to accomplish this. I am most grateful to all who are giving continued and loyal assistance.

I am happy to report that the Lord Bishop of London kindly consented to visit

St. Dunstan's on Ascension Day, May 13th, at 5.30 p.m., when he confirmed our Confirmation Candidates. Further details of his visit will be reserved for inclusion in our notes next month.

J. W.

### Catholic Chapel Notes

AS May 19th is the festival of St. Dunstan it may be of interest to note that St. Dunstan lived in the tenth century, and that after being Abbot of Glastonbury, he was successively appointed to the sees of Worcester and London and finally, in 960, became Archbishop of Canterbury. He was a patron of all the useful and fine arts and is said to have been a musician, painter and a very skilful worker in metal, some of the Cathedral plate having been made by his own hands. He died on May 19th, 988. St. Dunstan is commemorated in our Chapel by a statute in the Sanctuary and a stained glass window showing his emblem. A full account of St. Dunstan appears on page 14 of this issue.

On May 19th there will be Benediction at 2 p.m.

Thursday, June 3rd, is the feast of Corpus Christi and a Holiday of Obligation. There will be Holy Communion at 7.45, Mass at 8.30, and Benediction at 8.30.

Please note that the time for fulfilling the Paschal Precept ends on Trinity Sunday, May 30th.

P. H.

### Births

TAYLOR, G., son	-	-	Apr. 6, 1920
EDGE, H., son	-	-	Apr. 6, 1920
KITSON, A., daughter	-	-	Apr. 8, 1920
BESTS, F. P., daughter	-	-	Apr. 9, 1920
JENKINS, A., son	-	-	Apr. 12, 1920
HEALEY, G., daughter	-	-	Apr. 15, 1920
ARNOLD, A., son	-	-	Apr. 15, 1920

*Births, continued—*

JAMES, E., son	-	-	Apr. 16, 1920
SWINGLER, E., daughter	-	-	Apr. 16, 1920
LEWIS, D., son	-	-	Apr. 18, 1920
WILLIAMSON, A. F.,			
daughter	-	-	Apr. 18, 1920
JONES, B. F., son	-	-	Apr. 20, 1920
GIBB, Lt. H., daughter	-	-	Apr. 24, 1920
KENNEDY, J., daughter	-	-	Apr. 25, 1920
COOK, H. G., daughter	-	-	Apr. 30, 1920
BATES, H., son	-	-	May 2, 1920

### Baptism

ON Sunday, April 18th, Audrey Edith, daughter of George Douglas Warden, was baptised in the St. Dunstan's Chapel.

### Marriages

ON Wednesday, Feb. 4th, H. Myford was married, at St. John's Baptist Church, West Wickham, to Miss V. Balham.

## Was Columbus First?

THE popular belief that Christopher Columbus was the first to discover America, in 1492, has had another shock.

The theory that Buddhist missionaries first visited America in the fifth century, says *Tit-Bits*, was put forward some years ago by Professor John Fryer.

Hieroglyphics have now been discovered on the foundation stones of the pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacan, in Mexico, which are stated to be similar to symbols used in the Chinese language. These lend colour to Professor Fryer's beliefs.

He points out that from early times the Chinese classics, as well as the historical, geographical and poetical works, allude to a country or continent far to the east of China, under the name of Fusang or Fusu.

The narrative of only one visit to Fusang is on record in Chinese history—that of Hui Shen, a native of Cophene or Cabul, the centre of Buddhist missionary activities in early times.

The narrative states that Hui Shen, in the year 499 A.D., during the reign of the Emperor Yung Yuan, came from the country of Fusang to Kingchow, the capital of the Dynasty of Tsi. He was treated by

On Wednesday, March 31st, F. J. Guisley was married, at Clackheaton, Yorkshire, to Miss Cusworth.

On Monday, April 5th, I. H. Poole was married, at St. Marylebone Church, to Miss E. Cook.

On Monday, April 12th, E. W. Hall was married, at St. Marylebone Church, to Miss E. J. Cowley.

On Monday, April 19th, J. R. Macpherson was married, at St. Marylebone Church, to Miss E. Carman.

On Saturday, April 24th, S. Braizier was married, at St. Marylebone Church, to Miss C. A. Lister.

### Death

It is with deep regret that we record the death, on Feb. 13th, of Richard Corder, of 4, Beaconsfield Road, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk.

the Emperor as an envoy, and one of the principal feudal lords was deputed to interrogate him concerning the country and to take down his history in writing.

All the descriptions given of the country of Fusang and its people and their customs mark them as applying to the Pacific Coast in general and to Mexico in particular.

TWO travellers began talking and became friendly.

"Have a cigar?" said one.

"Don't think I'll take one, thank you!" said the other.

"Have a cigarette, then?"

"No, thank you!"

"How about a chew?" the first persisted in desperation.

"Don't use tobacco at all," thank you!"

"Well," the first man ejaculated in consternation, "What in the name of guinea-pigs do ye do with yer mouth?"

"WHY are you late this morning?"

"Please, teacher, my mother put my trousers on back to front and I walked the wrong way."

*Ives and Zoenini.*



## Our Patron Saint

ST. DUNSTAN—COURTIER, STATESMAN AND PRIEST

A NAME to signify good cheer and comfort—that is our first thought to-day when we hear mention of the magic words "St. Dunstan's." Surely it would rejoice the heart of the saint himself could he come back to earth and look down on the busy, cheerful scenes which are daily enacted in the house known by his name—the house to which so many a man looks back as to his beloved Alma Mater. Turning to the calendar we read that the 19th of May is the festival of St. Dunstan, and in imagination we go back through nine centuries of change and revolution, and find ourselves in the West Saxon Kingdom and

"in the island valley of Avilion,  
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly."

In the little hamlet of Glastonbury, in the year 925, there was born of noble parentage a child who was destined to become the most famous saint as well as the most famous statesman of his day. His father was a man of wealth and kinsman of three bishops and of many thegns at the court of King Athelstan.

The courtly manners and handsome face of the youthful Dunstan rendered him popular at the court, but soon aroused much jealousy, and he was forced to retire. Even when Edmund recalled him his rivals drove him from the king's train, threw him from his horse and with the passion of their age trampled him underfoot in the mire. The outrage ended in fever, and in the bitterness of his disappointment and shame Dunstan rose from his sick-bed a monk. He lived a life of the strictest austerity, frequently wrestling, as he believed, with the arch-enemy himself, and striving to resist temptation by constant labour at a forge. Everyone has heard of the legend of how the saint, assaulted by the devil in the form of a beautiful woman, seized his pincers and caught hold of his Satanic Majesty by the nose!

Throughout his life, we are told, Dunstan won the love of women. He became

the spiritual guide of a woman of high rank who lived only for charity and the entertainment of pilgrims. "He ever clave to her and loved her in wondrous fashion." On the death of Athelstan, Edmund invited Dunstan to return to court, and he willingly accepted. Again, however, he was forced to retire owing to the jealousy of his rivals. His loss of favour was not, however, of long duration. The King, we are told, had spent the day in the chase; the red deer which he was pursuing dashed over Cheddar cliffs, and it seemed likely that his horse would follow suit. Perceiving his danger, Edmund uttered a vow that if his life were spared he would at once recall Dunstan. Instantly his horse stopped on the very brink of the chasm. The royal train swept over the marshes to Dunstan's home; and, greeting him with the kiss of peace, the king seated him in the priestly chair as Abbot of Glastonbury.

For sixteen years Dunstan, who then became Archbishop of Canterbury, wielded both the secular and the ecclesiastical powers of the realm with a hand as firm as it was just. Never had England seemed so strong or so powerful. "Without, a fleet cruising round the coast, swept the sea of pirates; the Danes of Ireland had turned from foes to friends; eight vassal kings rowed Edgar (so ran the legend) in his boat on the Dee." The stern hand of Dunstan restored law and order. His influence was strongly felt in both the literary and the religious revival of the time.

Many are the tales that have been told, many the legends woven around the name of St. Dunstan, but one point stands firm—that he was the promoter of law and order and peace during the reigns of no less than five of our Anglo-Saxon monarchs. And he who, among countless beneficent acts, ordained that every priest in England should learn a handicraft in order that he might instruct others, has now fittingly become the patron saint of the blinded soldiers and sailors who live and learn and work in "his house."

## How Braille nearly caused a "Strafing"

DURING the Easter vacation I was staying with a cousin who had been taken prisoner at Gallipoli early in 1915, and who had been forced to spend the rest of the war in Turkish hands in various camps in Asia Minor.

During my holidays I heard the following story of a Stainsby-Wayne Braille machine, which when told me was very amusing, though when it happened the incident was far from being a joke.

Shortly after I was blinded, in the middle of 1916, I was staying with my cousin's wife and family, and she, out of kindness of heart, was helping me to learn Braille, and incidentally learning it herself so as to enable her to write to me.

For more than a year she had been casting about for new and interesting things to send to her husband, for with the prisoners hours dragged very heavily, and anything which relieved the monotony of thought was welcome. Partly with the idea that Braille would be something quite new to the camp in which her husband was a prisoner, and partly with the delightfully thoughtful idea that on his return my cousin might perhaps write to me in Braille, his wife had sent him a Stainsby-Wayne Braille writer and book of instructions in the Braille system.

The machine got through to the prisoners all right, but a few days after its arrival, instead of receiving the book of instructions which would unravel the mysteries of the little piece of apparatus and open his eyes to the system by which blind folk read, my cousin got a letter from the senior British officer of the Camp, which made him furiously to think. The Camp Commandant, a greasy, fat Turk, had had them up to inform them that one of the British officers had received an extremely cunning machine used by the English spy service for the writing of secret messages. A document, doubtless of extreme importance had been intercepted at Constantinople, and the Turkish cipher experts were quite at a loss to understand it. This officer

would have to be severely "strafed," which meant probably some weeks in solitary confinement.

My cousin showed the machine to his colleagues and explained that the document must be the book of instructions which his wife had told him he was to expect.

Experience has taught many of the British prisoners that the proper way to deal with a Turkish commandant is to talk to him or write to him in a high handed and important way. It appears that, quite contrary to expectation, the officers who get most out of their captors were those who addressed them in an authoritative tone and demanded their rights, or what they conceived to be their rights, whereas he who thought that a prisoner should be civil to his captor, and treated the Turk with any respect or even the mildest civility, was taken to be an unimportant sort of fellow and got nothing.

Accordingly, profiting by his observations of the Turk, my cousin wrote the commandant a very stiff letter, explaining that this machine and system was adopted by all civilised nations and was used exclusively by blind folk. He went on to say that interference by the censors was in his opinion impertinence, and demanded the return of the machine—which by this time had been confiscated—and the forwarding of the instructions. Whether the reference to civilised nations touched the Turks' pride or whether it was merely the tone of the note is not known, but at any rate an apology was made. He never received the machine back, nor the instructions, but this is just as likely due to mismanagement as to any decision of the Turk that it was to remain confiscated.

It is amazing to think that in these times a nation with a civilisation as old as the Turks, and living in a country so near Europe, indeed, with a capital in Europe, should show such appalling ignorance—ignorance which in this case nearly led to the solitary confinement in a verminous cell of an entirely innocent Englishman. *I. F.*

## The Mystery of Glamis

GLAMIS CASTLE, the seat of the Earls of Strathmore, in Forfarshire, contains, according to a widespread and popular belief, a hidden room, within the walls of which there exists some strange and very terrible secret known only to the owner of the property, his steward, and his eldest son (or next of kin), who is initiated into the secret on—and not before—the attainment of his twenty-first birthday. It is also said that immediately after the ceremony of initiation the heir invariably becomes an entirely different person—that is to say, he is changed from a gay (for instance) to a somewhat sad and eminently thoughtful man. Some people, indeed, go so far as to say that he never smiles again, but this, Mr. Elliott O'Donnell, in an article in the *Premier*, considers to be an exaggeration.

The mystery has, apparently, been in existence for many centuries, and although from time to time efforts have been made to discover the whereabouts of the hidden room, all such efforts have proved fruitless and not even a hint as to the secret connected with the room has ever been divulged by the aforesaid trio.

It is said that some workmen who were once engaged on repairs in the older and seldom used portion of the building, came across a door that they would have forced open had not the Earl, white with passion on discovering what they were about to do, bade them, at all costs, desist. The story goes on to say that, as soon as their job was done, every one of these workmen was given a good round sum of money and sent out of the country, whither no one ever knew.

One of the most widely circulated stories in connection with Glamis Castle is the following:—

About the middle of the fifteenth century the castle was owned by a certain Earl Patie or Beardie, the first Lord of Glamis. Now, this Earl Patie was an inveterate gambler, and finding one night no one bold enough to play with him, he

swore he would play with the devil if only his Satanic Majesty would come. A loud rap was then heard on the front door of the castle and a moment afterwards, into the hall, from out the blinding darkness, rain and wind, stepped a tall man enveloped in a thick black cloak. The stranger stated that he had travelled thither from a very long distance for the express purpose of playing a hand of cards with one whose skill at the card-table was accounted phenomenal; adding, however, that he would only play conditionally that the Earl signed a document to the effect that if he, the Earl, lost, the stranger should have, not his money, but—his soul. Upon hearing this curious stipulation, Earl Patie, convinced that the stranger was mad, laughed long and loud, and picking up a pen, signed the document, at the same time bidding the stranger seat himself and prepare for a good beating.

The issue of that card-playing is not known. Some say that while Earl Patie was out of the room the stranger in some inexplicable manner vanished, taking with him the precious document—at least, that is how the Earl explained to his household the non-appearance of his mysterious visitor in the morning. According to another version of the story, the stranger never left the room alive. At any rate, the room was at once bricked up and Patie peremptorily forbade any further reference to the incident by anyone in the castle under the pain of the severest penalties.

As years rolled by and all the retainers who had served in the castle under Patie died, the very locality of the room gradually became a matter of mere speculation, until, finally, none knew of its whereabouts saving the owner of the place, his eldest or next heir, and the steward of the property.

That is one popular explanation of the present mystery. Another is as follows:—Many centuries ago, when there was a constant feud going on between the Ogilvies and the Lindsays, a party of fugitives

belonging to the former clan came to Glamis and besought the Earl to give them shelter from their enemies. At first the Earl hesitated, for, although as was pretty generally known, he was not on the most friendly terms with the Lindsays, he had certain very subtle reasons for wishing it to go ill with the Ogilvies; then in the end, seemingly moved by quite a spontaneous impulse of humanity and generosity, he bade the poor harassed ones welcome and invited them into a chamber where, he assured them, they would be perfectly safe. However, no sooner had they all entered the apartment than he shut the door, and bolting and barring it on the outside, gave orders that no one should either go in or come out, but that all who were now inside should be left there to die of starvation and thirst.

Some years afterwards, when at last the door was opened, the spectacle witnessed was such as the mind dare hardly conceive. It is said that even the Earl, hardened as he was to all kinds of cruelty and villiany, was so appalled at his handiwork that he forthwith became a changed being and from that time onwards led a strictly penitent and virtuous life. It is said that the room, which, without anything being touched in it, was immediately bricked up, has remained practically in the same undisturbed condition ever since.

There is yet another tradition, albeit unauthenticated and mysterious, according to which the secret room contains some awful monstrosity, some toad-like, ghoulish caricature of humanity, and, in support of this theory, it is said that once on the occasion of a dance in the castle, the tapestry on one of the walls was seen suddenly to bulge in such a fashion as to suggest that there was something extraordinarily grotesque behind it; and that directly this happened the music was instantly stopped, the guests were all hurried from the room, and the Earl and steward left in possession. What took place in the ballroom then has never been disclosed, but it was said that for days afterwards the Earl and his chief factor went about looking like shadows.

The ghosts do not seem to be entirely confined to one room, for once when a lady

was visiting the castle she was awakened in the night by loud knocking and hammering, coming apparently from just underneath her window and sounding as if a number of workmen were there busily engaged in erecting a wooden building, which, somehow she could not help thinking, was a scaffold. Moreover, the longer she listened, the more convinced she was there was something very peculiar about the hammering. Fired at last with the determination to see what it really was, she got up and went to the window, but when she looked out she saw nothing but the moonlight and paving-stones, the still shadows of the outhouses, and the gently oscillating shadows of the tall pines beyond. The noises, too, had ceased, and everywhere there was silence, broken only now and again by the soft sighing of the wind as it rustled through the tree-tops, and the whizzing and whirling of enormous bats. Much mystified, and not a little nervous, the lady hastily got into bed, but had hardly lain down again when the knocking and hammering recommenced, and continuing on and off all through the night, at last terminated abruptly with the first glimmering of dawn.

Naturally, the matter was referred to the following morning by the unfortunate guest, but the Countess, to whom she addressed herself, turning deadly pale and without a word of explanation, at once changed the conversation, nor was the subject ever referred to again.

It is probable that there is in some of these stories a considerable substratum of truth, sufficient, at all events, to warrant the assumption that there are at times very odd and mysterious happenings in the castle, and that there does exist a room in it to which a secret that is dark and impenetrable to the outside world, at all events, is attached.

❖ ❖

“CONGRATULATE me! I've just been presented with the Freedom of London.”  
“No! How's that?” “My wife's gone to Brighton.”  
O'Gorman Brothers.

❖ ❖

“Ah, I can remember the time when whisky didn't give you water on the brain!”  
Neil Kenyon.

## Hospital-School for the Blind

ATTACHED TO THE ST. MARIA VIKTORIA HOSPITAL, BERLIN.

WE have received a lengthy report of the activities undertaken by a hospital-school for the blind in Berlin. The report covers a period of three years, from November, 1914, to November, 1917, and a short account may be of interest to St. Dunstaners as affording a comparison of work undertaken for the blind in Germany and in England. The account starts with a lengthy dissertation as to the exact meaning of the word "blind," arriving at the conclusion that up to the present no generally accepted definition of the word exists. It proceeds to a consideration of the injuries which were the causes of the different cases of blindness, and reports that up to November, 1917, 2,080 cases of war blindness in all were notified, and that this number were daily being augmented.

Of the 250 patients in this hospital during the period covered by the report, 218 were blinded by injuries and internal diseases of the eye.

A course of lessons was started by the hospital-school on November 22nd, 1914. There were five pupils, and instruction was at first confined to writing for the blind. By Christmas one of the pupils could already read and write in embossed type. Typewriting lessons were soon started, the Blickensderfer typewriter being the first to be used. Later on other makes were introduced. War-blinded men were sent from other hospitals and provinces, and it became necessary to devise a definite plan of instruction.

"The first thing we put into the hands of our war-blinded men," says the report, "is a simple board for ordinary writing. We employ an ordinary cardboard slab fitted with a lid cut out in the form of a grating, in the grooves of which the blind man can write in his ordinary handwriting with a lead pencil. Immediately on admission to the hospital each pupil is presented with a watch for the blind, which is provided with stout hands and a dial having raised figures or dots. The watch

is put to constant use, whereas the board, when replaced by a typewriter, naturally loses its value. Courses of lessons take place twice, four times, or six times weekly, according to the state of health of the men. Dot writing is learnt on a board.

"The following were presented to our protégées during the three years under review:—250 watches, 220 writing-boards, 220 metal writing-boards, 53 flat-type machines, 137 typewriters, two of which were for the use of one-armed men; 57 shorthand-machines, ten atlases, various maps, war maps and other means of study for the blind; 200 complete script primers, 70 shorthand-primers, books, music, three upright pianos, one grand piano, violins, zithers, accordians, gramophones, lutes, 175 packs of playing-cards, draughts, dice boxes, twelve sets of chess, a few games of dominoes, etc.

"Far more difficult than the problem of tuition was the question of professions and trades for the blind men. Many were discouraged at the thought of giving up their former callings and undergoing a new apprenticeship. The idea was conceived of employing some of the blinded men at munition factories, and in September, 1915, the first five men were initiated in the work. The result was completely satisfactory, and thirty men were very soon employed. Soon afterwards other Government offices and big private industries also opened their doors to the men. The class of work to which the blind are at first put in factories is that of testing parts of projectiles by gauges, packing cartridges into munition-belts and cases, packing star lights into cases, and many similar operations. Machine-work is then extended as follows:—Putting screws into metal parts, extending the diameter of cartridge cases, removing seams from parts of fuses, work on horizontal thread-cutting machines, on boring machines, punching machines, friction presses, lathe work, etc. Other kinds of factory work are now performed by the blind in Germany. Some work in

cigar and cigarette factories. After four to six weeks a fairly good wage (up to twenty-five marks per week) can be earned. The danger of injury to blind persons from machinery is obviated as far as possible by providing guards and other protections of various kinds. After two years' experience the factory managers report that the blind perform their work as accurately, as rapidly and as perfectly as do the sighted.

"Among the war-blinded were a number of educated men—officers, teachers, officials, students and merchants—for whom it was a far more difficult task to provide occupations. After training, some of these men were able to resume their old callings. The institution has trained thirty-six typists and secretaries, and thirty of these have obtained employment in Government and municipal offices as well as in private business houses. Seven telephone operators have found employment and are proving excellent workers. Good reports are to hand concerning the three blind masseurs who were trained at this institution. The earnings of the masseur working at a military hospital were four marks per day, the masseur employed at the clinical hospital receiving forty marks per month, with board and lodging. Brush-making has been learnt for the most part by men who were too feeble for other work. They have been passed on to their own provincial schools for the blind. An Agricultural School for the Blind has been opened, the aim and object of which is to train the blind man in such farm work as will enable him to earn an independent livelihood with the aid of his wife. This branch of the work is going very well, and much assistance has been given by the War Office.

"The 250 patients who have been or are still in training at this institution have adopted the following callings:—One doctor, two lawyers, one mining engineer, eight students, four musicians, one post office official, two teachers, six merchants, thirty-six typists, seven telephone operators, three masseurs, one butcher, one baker, three harness-makers, one shoemaker, two cigar workers, five cigarette-workers, eighty-eight factory hands, eight brush-makers, four basket-makers, two chair-canners and thirty-three farmers."

## Watch Liars Breathing

WHEN you are telling a lie you breathe differently from when you are telling the truth. The difference was discovered by means of some tests made upon his students by Professor Benussi recently.

He prepared cards bearing letters, figures and diagrams, and distributed these among his pupils. They were required to describe the cards correctly, except in certain cases when the cards were marked with a red star, and the students receiving them were required to describe them falsely. Each student was watched carefully by his fellows, who, ignorant of the nature of the card, tried to judge from his manner whether he were telling the truth or not. The watchers were unable to judge with any certainty.

But before each student began his test the time occupied in breathing in and out was measured, and the measurement was taken again immediately after he finished. It was found that when he lied it took longer for him to take a breathe than when he was telling the truth.

In further experiments it was proved that even a clever liar is likely to fail in an attempt to escape detection by breathing irregularly. Professor Benussi having discovered that men are unable voluntarily to change their breathing because they cannot think about the lie they are telling and their breathing at the same time.

When you doubt someone, therefore, pay careful attention to his breathing.



"GOING far?" asked the chatty little man in the train.

"Only to Liverpool," replied the other, who hated talking to strangers and wished to nip this one in the bud. "I am a commercial traveller. My age is 46. I am married. I have a son 19. He is at Oxford. My father died last January. He was on the Stock Exchange. Mother is still living. I have a niece with red hair. Our cook's name is Bridget. Is there anything else?"

The chatty little man smiled affably. "What oil do you use on your tongue?" he inquired slowly.

## Animals in Aeroplanes

(By Henry Woodhouse)

ALTHOUGH everyone is thinking and talking about flying, there is one feature of the aviation game which nobody has mentioned. Yet it is a very novel and amusing one; and it is also scientifically interesting.

I refer to the extraordinary number and variety of animals which have gone up as passengers in aeroplanes. I know of at least a score of dogs that are as much at home in the air as are the pilots with whom they fly. And the list includes also cats, monkeys and other animals.

As for birds—well, you wonder how chickens and pelicans must have felt to find themselves hundreds of feet in the air. And what do you suppose were the sensations of an eagle when it discovered that it could soar and swoop and dive without using its own wings?

I have seen it stated that a dog cannot safely go to an altitude above 5,000 feet, and that cats cannot live above 3,000 feet.

These limits may apply to some dogs and cats, for it has been found that animals differ, just as human beings do, in their ability to withstand the loss of oxygen at high elevations. Certain individuals—either among men or animals—cannot with safety reach so great an altitude as others can.

But it is a mistake to apply the above limits to *all* cats and dogs. So far as I know, an English bulldog named Don Orsino holds the altitude record for animals. He has been up 12,500 feet. Don belongs to Major Cushman A. Rice, and has made all the flights and taken part in all the stunts which a human flyer performs to get his certificate.

Among the animals which have actually flown, dogs are easily in the lead, both in numbers and in their enjoyment of the sport. Captain Boyriven, the French airman, has a bulldog named Billiken, who is a close second to Don Orsino in high flying. Billiken has gone to 12,000 feet without feeling ill effects.

Like other dogs that go to high altitudes,

Don has special clothes to protect him from the cold. He will sit up in an aeroplane for hours, all toggled up like a regular aviator, without even taking the trouble to look over the side of the machine.

A remarkable case of instinct in a dog is that of Jim, canine pet of Maurice Hewlett, jun., son of the famous novelist. Hewlett, who was in the Royal Air Force during the war, always had his dog with him and whenever possible took him on flights.

Jim had what we call "air sense," an intuitive feeling about atmospheric conditions. But he also had an uncanny instinct about the aeroplane itself. If anything was wrong with the mechanism he seemed to "sense" it and would bark and jump about nervously until the necessary repairs or adjustments were made. It is asserted that he actually inspected the machine and, if any part of the fittings were not bright and shining, would move about restlessly until they were polished up. Then he would jump into his place and signify unmistakably his readiness to start.

Jim enjoyed flying and made scores of trips across the English Channel with his master. If Hewlett made a flight without him he was almost broken-hearted. He could not be induced to go up with any other aviator and he took absolutely no interest in their machines. When his master went up without him he refused to go off about his own business, but sat patiently waiting until Hewlett returned, no matter how long he was delayed.

The only animal which, so far as I know, ever jumped from an aeroplane when the machine was in the air was Jeff, a little monkey belonging to the late Captain Vernon Castle, famous first as a dancer and later as a skilled aeronaut.

Castle had an extraordinary love for animals. He never was happy unless he had one or more pets—the more the better. He was as tender-hearted as a woman in all that concerned these little friends of his, and if one of them died he was as

grieved as if he had lost a human comrade. When he travelled it was never too much trouble for him to carry bird cages and cat baskets, or to escort enough dogs to fill a kennel.

When he was with his squadron in France one of his pets was Jeff, the monkey I spoke of. Castle used to take the little fellow up with him whenever he could, and Jeff, while he was not very keen about flying, preferred to go along rather than be separated from the master he loved.

The monkey was inclined to be nervous, so Castle usually tied him to the machine. One day, however, he neglected this precaution, and Jeff took it into his head to jump out. The aeroplane was at a great height, but to everybody's amazement and Castle's profound joy, the little creature landed on its feet and was quite unhurt.

I believe the first cat to take an aeroplane trip was the one carried by John B. Moissant when he made his very first air crossing of the English Channel. That was back in 1910, when even very few human beings had made flights. The kitten which was presented to Moissant by a lady as he was on his way to the Channel, was in a small basket, with only its head sticking out.

The average cat does not like to go up in an aeroplane, but it is not because of any instinctive objection to flying. Cats do not like to go into any strange environment. They are confirmed "home bodies," and this particular kitten was no exception. At first it protested by mewing piteously, but after a while it philosophically accepted the situation and went to sleep until Moissant landed on English soil.

Bully, mascot of one of the squadrons of the British R.A.F., has been flying with his master, Colonel Halahan, since 1913. He is always keen to go up, and will jump into the observer's seat without being told. He thinks he has a right to that place and resents it if anybody takes it away from him. He always wears a flying uniform, with all the badges.

Practically every flying unit in the United States had a mascot of some sort which made frequent flying trips. Booze was an Airedale, belonging to Maj.-Gen. Reinburg, commanding officer at Taliaferro

Field, in Texas. Like Don Orsino, Booze repeatedly went through all the Junior Military Aviator test flights. He enjoyed the sport so much that if his master went up without taking him along he would seize the tail skid with his teeth and hang on until the machine actually left the ground. Then, giving it up as hopeless, he would let go and be rolled over and over by the fall. Booze was keen about "stunting"—that is, looping the loop, spinning nose dives, and that sort of thing. Unfortunately, in his eagerness to get to the plane one day, he ran into the whirling propeller and was killed.

One of the strangest of these flying animals is a grey fox which belonged to one of the British squadrons. It was adopted when quite young, which may account for the ease with which it acquired a taste for aviation. The flying animals run a long gamut. One British squadron had a jay for a mascot, another had a raven; another pet was Nancy, an antelope, which the South Africans brought with them to France. Rabbits, chickens—the barn-yard variety—pigeons, canaries; all these have "done duty" at the military aerodrome. Some Scottish aviators had a pair of eagle owls as their mascots.

One of the British airmen at Salonica had a stork, which would meet the pilots as they landed and perch on their machines.

One mascot, which was secured in an unusual way, is an eagle, the pet of Captain Montureaux. The eagle and its mate encountered the Captain's machine in the air and resented this invasion of their special domain so much that they proceeded to attack him. He was forced to turn his machine-gun on them to keep them from clawing the wings of the plane or getting into the propeller blades. One of them was killed. The other was wounded and, being forced to make a "landing," was captured.

The Newport News Air Station, in Virginia, had a young bear cub, but he was an arm-chair aviator. None of the land planes at the station was large enough to accommodate him, and they couldn't take him on a seaplane because he didn't like the water and would set up a rumpus if taken near it.

## Au Revoir, Dad!

By E. L. Lawrenson

"GEORGE," said the Mayor, "your conduct has not been edifying."

"Yes, father."

"Don't say 'yes' unless you mean it."

"No, father."

"Which do you mean—yes or no?"

"Both, father."

"What are you getting at? What are you talking about?"

"I don't know, father."

"Then you're a fool. Well, your conduct has been such as would, were it made public, sully the dignity of the position I hold—a position which I may say, without vanity, is a position which might fairly be envied by a very large number of our most eminent citizens."

"There was nothing in my conduct, father; it is of the results that you will have to complain. You ought to blame the results, not me."

"Absurd! Your conduct brings about results, therefore you are to blame for them."

"Well, then, father, if I am a bad son, it must be your fault, for you brought me into the world, and I am the result of your conduct."

"How dare you speak like that! Confound your impudence! Why, it is almost blasphemy!"

"Nearly, father, but, of course, not quite."

"I'm glad you have the sense to see that. Now, look here, I'm going to talk to you straight from the shoulder. When I was a young fella I was put into my father's office, and there I had just got to do what I was told—no nonsense, no gadding about. I had half-an-hour for lunch, and I did not leave in the evening till I was told to go. None of these late hours. No philandering, none of this here betting."

"You must have had a dull time, father."

"Don't mind whether I had a dull time or not! What was good enough for me is good enough for you."

"That does not seem kind, father. If

you had a bad time, why should you want me to have one, too?"

"You young pup! Discipline is what you want. I have a bad time? Not I. I knew my business and I stuck to it. Now, you've just got that way of attending to other things besides your business. Got that from your mother, you did. She used to do it at first, but I had to speak to her."

"Poor mother!"

"Well, your poor mother has been dead this many a year, and a nice fool you'd have been if she'd had her way, petting you up and putting silly notions about poetry and painting into your head."

"Perhaps she did put some of those silly notions into my head."

"Well, then, they'll have to come out, stock and block, every one of them."

"I'm afraid they're too deeply rooted."

"Rooted be damned! You're my son, and I'm not going to have any of your nonsense. Let us go back a bit and see where we are. You didn't do badly, in a way, at school, only it always happened that you did well in the wrong things—useless things, ornamental things, fal-lals, such as I never learnt. Then there was that rubbish about going to Oxford and wasting years there, getting all sorts of foolish notions about literature and such stuff. Then you came home and wanted a motor-cycle. What was the good of that?"

"Why, father, it gave me a delightful holiday in the Lake District. I did it all much cheaper than if I had gone by train."

"Lake District, indeed! Whatever did you want to go there for? Why, there are the reservoirs not two miles away from here, if it is water you wanted. And very good reservoirs they are, too—and a tidy bit I made over that contract, owing to the architect from London being a fine gentleman who always wrote and told me when he was coming, so I always had the right stuff being laid down when he arrived, and he didn't know what was underneath."

"Don't, father, please!"

"Oh, there you are, with your fine ways! Business is business—will you never learn that? Now, about your trip to the Lakes—why, when your mother and I were courting, we didn't want any motor-bicycles. We had a good horse, and we just drove out to the 'Three Pigeons' and had a chop and a bit of cheese and then drove home again, like good Christians. We didn't want any Lakes. Then you take up these new-fangled ideas about dancing. I don't suppose you'd like to see me jazzing?"

"Oh, no, father! Still, it would be rather a scream to see you—"

"You won't see me, so it won't be a scream, as you call it. Now, when I was courting your mother, we used to dance a quadrille now and then, and darned well we danced it. But none of your round dance stuff; and as to these new capers, we didn't think such things were possible."

"No, father, I'm quite sure you didn't."

"Of course we didn't! Why should we? Then, when I was young, I liked a good song like 'Tom Bowling,' but I see you dress yourself up and go off to listen to a mouthful of German slush or some Frenchy hammering on the piano. What's this man I heard you talking about?"

"Do you mean, Debussy, father?"

"Yes, that's the chap. Well, what good is he to me?"

"No good, father."

"Well, what is he, then?"

"Well, I suppose he is a chap who is no good to you, father."

"That's what he is, and all the rest of 'em the same. Then I fix up a first-class match for you, but what do you do? Nothing. You haven't asked the girl yet."

"I don't want to."

"Then what do you want? Her father and I have been in business together for the last forty years. He's got a tidy bit put away by this time, and will put more in the same place before he dies. You couldn't find a sharper man to bring through a contract where there was a bit of trouble. What have you got to say to that?"

"That I don't want to marry him either."

"Who wants you to marry him? It's

his daughter you've got to marry. She can humour you in all your antics. She plays the piano; old Jobson, the organist, taught her, as good a teacher as any of 'em. Probably would be better than most of 'em if he wasn't stone deaf. Why, I should have thought she was made for you. She told me she knew all Marie Corelli's books by heart. She goes to the pictures every Saturday night. She doesn't have to do any messing about in the kitchen now with her father where he is; she just sits in the dining-room calling the servants by their surnames, and discharges each of them with a printed character—no talking, just a wave of the hand. Surely you don't want more than that!"

"Oh no, father, a wave of the hand ought to be enough. But do they always go for that?"

"Of course they go. She makes 'em go. I believe one of them did ask some question, but that didn't occur again."

"I'm afraid she's too good for me, father."

"Not at all, my boy, not at all. I'd like to see the woman who'd be too good for my son. She's not that sort. Why, she was here the other day and was admiring those plaster dogs on the front steps, and she said to me, 'Now, this is just the sort of house I'd like to live in!'"

"Yes, father. But because she wants to live in this house, that doesn't make me want to marry her."

"But, bless my soul, living in the same house is marrying, or all of it except the ceremony. But what's the good of talking to you, you don't know nothing about it, nothing at all. Well, what I'd like to know is, where did you get all these crazy ideas of yours from? You didn't get 'em from me."

"Oh, no, father."

"Then you can't blame me for that."

"Certainly I won't."

"Well, where did you get them from? Was it from other young fools? Or out of your own head, or out of Old Moore's Almanac?"

"I think they must have come out of Old Moore's Almanac."

"Ah, there you are! That's what comes of too much reading. If you can read your

letters in the morning and the answers in the evening and check over an estimate or such like, that's all the reading you want; any more reading than that only confuses a man. Why, when the High Street was going to be widened and I had five houses on one side and the father of the girl you are going to marry owned six houses on the other side, was it not I that got it carried that the street should be widened on both sides, so that both of us should get compensation, instead of being widened only on one side, as the other councillors wanted? It wasn't reading that taught me to do that."

"No, father. Perhaps reading might have prevented you."

"You're right there! Reading only muddles a man. And now with regard to this here betting that I had you here to talk about. You've got to stop that.

You've got to give me your word of honour that you won't bet any more."

"I need not do that."

"Are you going to bet any more?"

"No."

"Then what are you going to do?"

"Well, for one thing I'm going to America."

"You go to America! How?"

"I won some money speculating. Call it betting if you like. Same principle as your High Street compensation stunt."

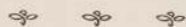
"You won a pound or two, I suppose."

"I'm not going to bet any more because I've won enough," rising and opening the door. "Au revoir, Dad!"

"Stop a minute. How much did you win?"

"Ten thousand." Goes out and closes the door.

The Mayor: "I wonder if I have made any kind of mistake?"



### Our New Silver Coinage

A SHILLING to-day is really worth a good deal more than its face value, says an article in *The Captain*. In other words, if you were to melt down a sackful of silver coins and sell the metal at the market price of silver you would make a handsome profit on the deal, so great has been the advance in price of bullion silver. But you had better not try to get rich quickly that way, for it is a legal offence, subject to heavy penalties. And, anyway, the temptation will be removed before long, for a bill is now passing through Parliament authorising the issue of a new silver coinage containing a much reduced proportion of silver.

At present our silver coins contain 925 parts of silver to 75 of copper. This composition gives what is called English "standard silver," of which hall-marked silver plate is also made. No currency in the world contains so large a proportion of this precious metal. The silver coins of the United States contain 900 parts of silver to 100 of alloy, and the same figures applied, before the war, to the principal silver coins of France and Austria.

The new British coins will contain half

silver and half alloy. Even so they will be worth more intrinsically than they were before the war, for at that date the price of silver was exceptionally low. Prior to the war the Government made a profit out of minting silver currency; now it is minted at a loss. Until about forty years ago the price of silver bullion remained fairly steady at 5s. per ounce. Then it began to fall. In 1888 its price averaged about 3s. 7d. per ounce, in 1892 about 3s. 4d., in 1894 2s. 5d., and in 1902 it reached the low figure of slightly under 1s. 11½d. In 1914 it stood at approximately 2s. 4d. per ounce. Since then it has risen enormously, and last February reached the record price of 7s. 5½d. per ounce. During recent months it has fluctuated between 6s. 3d. and 7s. per ounce. As a half-crown weighs nearly half an ounce, the silver in a sovereign's worth of half-crowns would be worth, at 7s. per ounce, about 22s. 6d.

The greater part of the world's silver has come from Mexico. Large quantities are also mined in Bolivia, Peru, Chili, Australasia, and certain of the western states of the U.S.A.

### County Scores for Fame

A MOST interesting article appears in *Answers* on the proportions in which different parts of a country contribute to its intellectual exchequer by seeing where our most distinguished men and women were cradled.

Confining himself to 500 names about which there could probably be little dispute, the writer finds that England and Wales claim 362, Scotland 81, and Ireland 57. Thus on the basis of present population, England and Wales claim one of the 500 for every 105,000 inhabitants; Scotland one to 62,000; and Ireland one to 75,000; and thus we reach the conclusion, unflattering to English national pride, that we occupy the lowest place on the intellectual tripod, with Scotland at its head and Ireland second.

#### KENT'S BIG LEAD.

Another discovery, which is not a little surprising, is that of our 362 great English and Welsh men and women no fewer than 104 hail from London, leaving 258 for all the rest of the country; whereas London's proper share, on the basis of relative population, is only 45. This disproportion, however, is satisfactorily accounted for by the fact that, of London's 104 persons of genius, 60 are the children of parents born outside its borders and are thus really of provincial origin.

Let us take the principal English counties and see in what proportions they have contributed to our small company of the intellectually elect. Kent, we find, stands at the head of our list, with twenty-two notables to her credit, including such distinguished names in science and medicine as Faraday and Harvey; such great soldiers as Gordon, Wolfe, and Sir Philip Sidney; Pitt the great statesman; Grote, the historian; and Caxton, the "father of printing."

Yorkshire and Devon are bracketed for the second place, each with a total of twenty. Devon, as is but fitting, has been the cradle of many of our greatest sailors, such as Drake, and Raleigh, and Hawkins;

and also of that supreme soldier, the Duke of Marlborough. To art she has contributed Joshua Reynolds; to letters, Coleridge and Kingsley, Gay and Froude.

Yorkshire, with more than twice the area and only the same record, counts among her famous sons Leighton and Flaxman in art; Smeaton, the great engineer; the Brontë sisters, in literature; Lord Lawrence of Indian fame; and Wilberforce the philanthropist.

#### FROM SOUTH TO EAST.

Hampshire, which takes fourth place on our list, was the cradle of Jane Austen, Dickens, and Meredith; she has given Millais to art, Palmerston to politics, and Brunel to engineering. After Hampshire come Lancashire and Gloucestershire, with the same total (fifteen), towards which the former contributes three of our greatest statesmen and orators—Peel, Gladstone, and Bright; a great artist in Romney; an actor of genius in Kemble; and a famous inventor in Arkwright. To Gloucester we owe Southey and that ill-fated genius, Chatterton, Whittington of civic fame, Jenner and Locke.

Norfolk takes the next place on the roster, with the creditable record of fourteen names, including our national hero and idol, Nelson. Among her other distinguished sons are Coke, one of the greatest lawyers of all time; Porson, king of Greek scholars; Prime Minister Walpole; and Lytton and Borrow, famous in literature.

Suffolk, which ties with Norfolk on our list, was the cradle of those immortals in art, Constable and Gainsborough; of Wolsey, of Crabbe and Fitzgerald.

To Cornwall we owe a round dozen of our celebrities, including Grenville and Foote; to Lincoln, Newton, Tennyson, Wesley and nine others, and to Staffordshire eight. Worcester yields only five names, but among them is the greatest of all, Shakespeare, while Cheshire, Shropshire, Hereford and Oxford have to be content with ten among them.

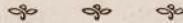


County Scores for Fame—continued.

A FEW OF THE CITY'S "LIGHTS."

In London, however, we have indeed a rich field which has contributed more than one out of every five of our half-thousand notables—more, in fact, than the combined product of the five counties which head our list. So rich indeed is the crop that the embarrassment is to pick and choose among the great ones who jostle each other within the narrow confines of our space.

Among the poets we find Milton and Spenser, Chaucer, Pope and Moore, Keats, Swinburne and Rossetti. Among prose writers, Bacon, Lamb and Ruskin; among statesmen, Chatham and Fox, Melbourne and Disraeli; Romilly, the great lawyer; Hogarth and Turner, artists; Kean, Macready and Irving, glorious names of the stage; and so on through the long and bewildering list of the famous people who first opened their eyes to the light in England's capital.



Things You Know and Your Wife Doesn't

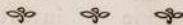
Ask her these questions and note how many she can answer correctly:—

- What is meant by ten per cent.?
- What is "discount for cash"?
- How many men play in a soccer match?
- How many hundredweights of coal go to a ton?
- Who is Chancellor of the Exchequer?
- What is the price (per packet) of your cigarettes?
- How many buttons hold your braces?
- How many pockets you have?
- What day in June is Derby Day?
- What is flat racing?
- There is a President of the United States. Is there a President of Canada?
- What is the safety-valve of a locomotive used for?
- Why the cistern is always full yet never overflows?

Things You Know and Your Husband Doesn't

Ask him these questions and note how many he can answer correctly:—

- What is the price of a quartern loaf?
- How long does it take to boil potatoes?
- What do you pay a pound for your soda?
- What is the colour of the blouse you had on yesterday?
- How many yards of cotton are there on a reel?
- What is the size of the gloves you wear?
- How many drawers are there in the chest in your bedroom?
- How do you make pastry "short"? (We doubt if he knows what "short" means anyway!)
- How do you make Yorkshire pudding?
- How many yards of material go to a skirt length for you?
- The cost of a dozen hairpins?



A GOOD story is told by Mr. Arthur Greening in his entertaining book, "The Better Yarn":—

"A discharged Tommy," writes the author, "had served in the East. Civil life had brought its dangers and difficulties with it—chiefly of a matrimonial nature. As a consequence, both the silver-badged

one and his wife were brought before a metropolitan magistrate.

"What do you mean by striking your wife?" asked the magistrate.

"She used awful language to me, sir," explained the culprit. "Most terrible words she used. Why, I ain't 'eard such language since I left the 'Oly Land!"