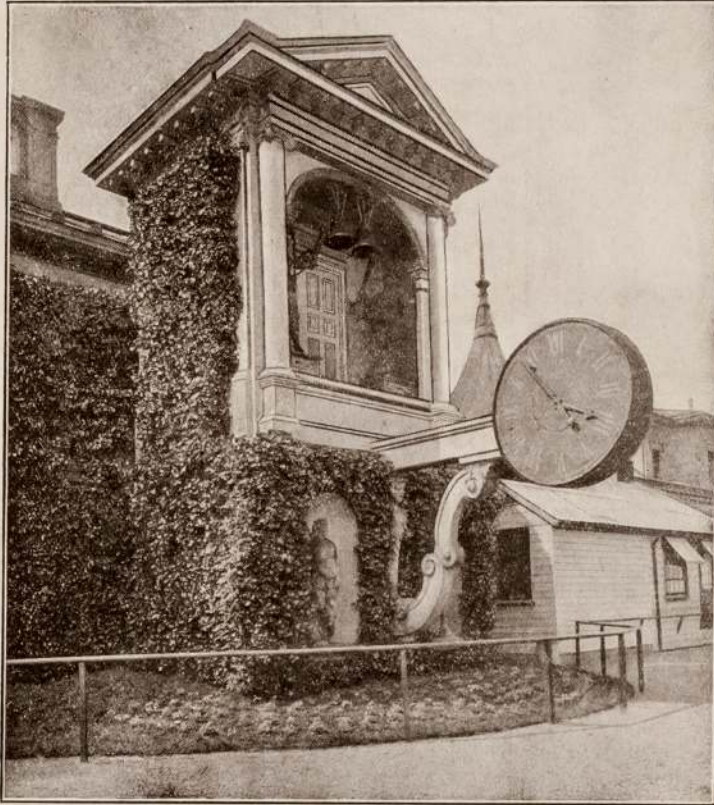


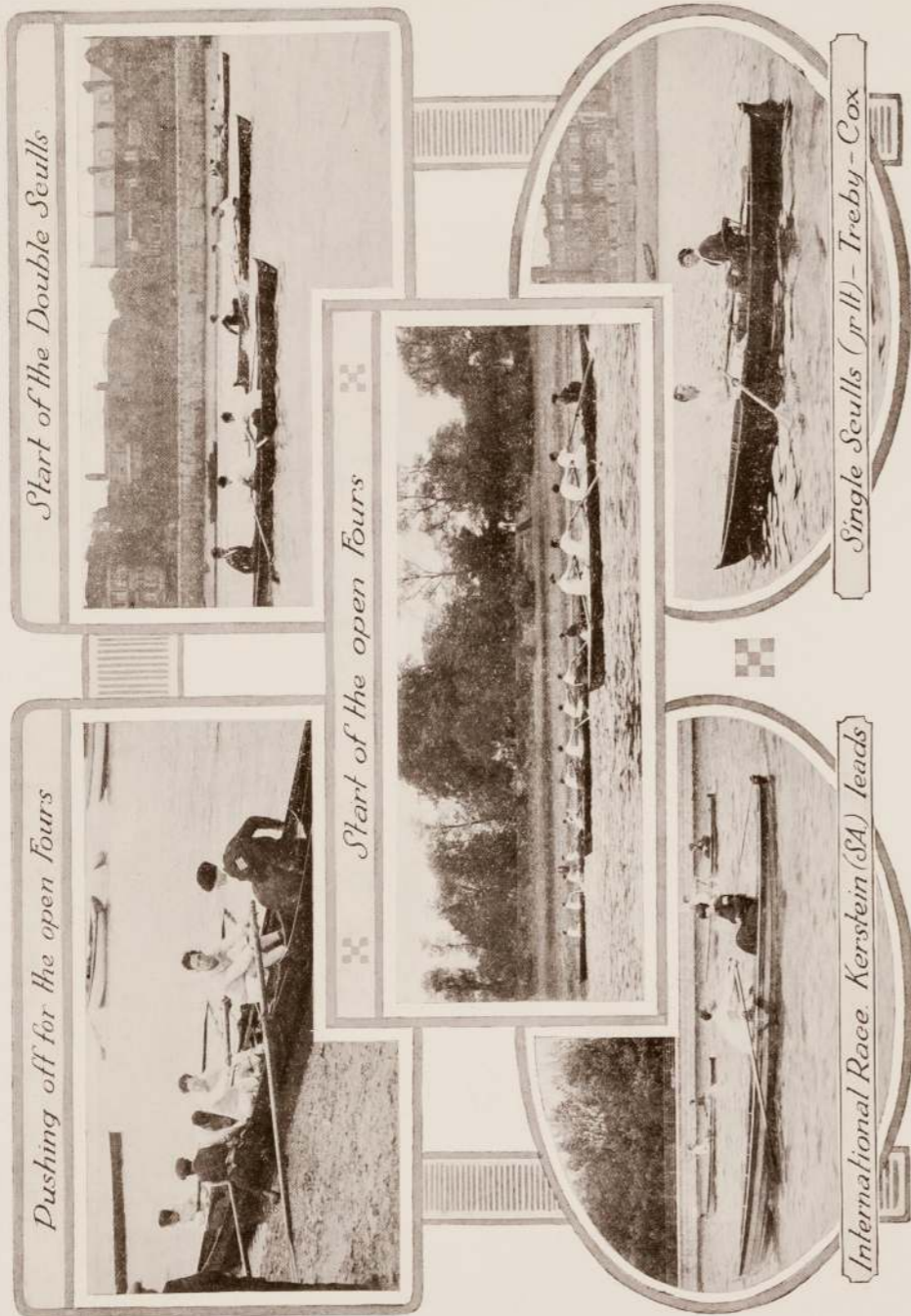
# St. Dunstan's



## Review

For the Amusement and Interest of Men Blinded in the War

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



THE ST. DUNSTAN'S REGATTA AT PUTNEY, MAY 18TH

# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 45.—VOLUME 4.

JUNE, 1920

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN.]

## EDITOR'S NOTES

**T**HIS number completes Volume IV of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW. We again notify our readers that attractive binding cases have been made for their magazines, and we shall be pleased to have sets bound for any St. Dunstaners who care to forward their copies at a cost of 5s. 6d. for supplying cases and binding. We hope that during its four years' life, the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW has been successful in assisting to keep alive the spirit of comradeship which existed at St. Dunstan's. It is with this special idea in view that we publish each month letters from men who have left St. Dunstan's, and we hope our readers will help us to keep these pages interesting by telling us of their progress in business and by sending us news of any experiences that come their way. We shall at all times be glad to receive contributions from our readers, and welcome any suggestions or criticisms that may be forthcoming.

**T**HOSE of our readers who are of an inventive turn of mind will be interested to hear of some ideas which have recently been brought before the Inventions and Research Committee of the National Institute for the Blind by a certain Dr. Herz, an Austrian, who has devoted considerable time to developing new systems of reading for blind people. In order not to raise anybody's hopes, we will state definitely at the outset that both his schemes have been turned down as being impracticable. We only refer to them here from the point of view of their mechanical interest and in the hope that they may stimulate thought on this very important matter. The first is a means of producing Braille literature by sticking solid dots on to ordinary paper instead of embossing the dots in the paper. At first sight the idea would appear to have the advantage that reading matter once made would be everlasting, for of course the dots, which are really little lumps of some sort of plaster of Paris, could not be pushed or worn down with the finger-tip as can the ordinary embossed Braille dots. However, it appears almost certain that when a book is in use the dots would rub against each other and break off, and experiments have shewn that quite an average degree of dampness will destroy the type. For this and other reasons such as cost, difficulty of manufacture, etc., the process has been turned down. The idea is, of course, not a new one, but the finished article when it was examined was so perfect to feel that we felt obliged to look thoroughly into the system. The result is achieved by punching holes in a thin sheet of zinc, the holes being placed in relation to each other in the same positions as Braille dots and then squeezing the prepared paste through the apertures on to a sheet of paper upon which they stick and dry with a perfectly round smooth surface.

**T**HE second notion Dr. Herz brought forward was what he called his Sound Reading system. The idea was to employ a little machine that produced, by means of a record rather similar to but smaller than that used on a gramophone, a sound not unlike the ticking of a Post Office Morse telegraph sounder. The Morse code, of course, could

not be used by the blind in any sound reading system with success owing to a fact which those of our men who have been signallers will at once appreciate, that even an expert telegraphist cannot read the code at a greater speed than thirty or thirty-five words a minute, whereas the average blind man very quickly doubles this speed in reading Braille, and we have met blind people who can quite easily keep up a speed of 150 to 200 words a minute reading strange copy. Owing to these limitations in the Morse system, Dr. Herz has invented his own code, which he claims is much shorter than Morse. We have examined this, and admit that with it a skilled blind person, carefully trained, might be able to reach a speed of forty to fifty words a minute, but it is to be remembered that the same blind person could, with probably less training and practice, double or treble this speed by means of the Braille system, without the necessity of having any machine. We have often been asked why Morse has not been made use of in connection with blind people's reading, and we hope the above considerations will make the limitations of any sounding code apparent. Experiments have been conducted with the gramophone which we hope in the near future will open up a new natural easy means by which blind folk from the very first day they lose their sight can keep in touch with the world of literature. This matter is being actively pursued at the moment, and we hope before long to be able to publish definite news as to the results of our experiments. *Editor.*

#### NOTES BY THE CHIEF

ALL old St. Dunstaners will notice with particular interest among the announcements of births one to the effect that Captain and Mrs. Fraser have a little daughter. Mrs. Fraser, or, as she then was, Miss Mace, took a very leading part in the starting of St. Dunstan's and is, I know, remembered with real affection by very many of the fellows who have been with us. It always seems to me particularly fitting that her husband's work still keeps her, and will, we all hope, continue to do so, in close touch with all that goes on amongst present and past inmates.

AMONG the letters which I have received from Colonial St. Dunstaners lately was the following amusing passage. The "Mac" to whom it relates is Cpl. D. J. MacDougal, who while with us learnt massage, and has since been acting as an instructor in this profession in Toronto. When I was in that city rather more than a year ago I heard many comments upon the extraordinary ease with which Cpl. MacDougal goes to and from his work:

"I heard a very good joke about Mac the other day. He had just alighted from his street car, and was proceeding home on foot when he was accosted by a young

man who asked him if he was all right. Mac replied that he was, and was rather astonished to hear the man say, 'Well, I'm not. I'm drunk and don't know the way home. Can you take me to such and such an address?' The address proved to be quite close to Mac's house, so he took his arm and they trundled off. When he judged they were near it, the stranger said: 'Do you see a motor-car standing in front of the house? If there is, my dad has left it there for me to take to the garage, and I can't do it.' Mac said, 'No: I don't see any car,' at which the young man was greatly relieved, and suggested that it would be better for him to walk about a bit before going home, so Mac walked him around a few blocks, and finally left him in front of his house, none the wiser that he had been piloted home by a blind man."

AFTER this year the offices and workshops which at present occupy so large a space in the grounds of St. Dunstan's will be established at St. John's Lodge, which is south-east from St. Dunstan's, on the Inner Circle, and just opposite the Botanical Gardens. The house will provide excellent permanent offices, and the workshops

which are at present in course of construction will give all the accommodation necessary. For the time being, some buildings next to the St. John's Lodge grounds which were occupied by the military authorities during the war, have been let to us for storage purposes, and as the necessity for the workshops decreases these will become the permanent stores for the vast quantity of material called for by the work of the After-Care Department. St. John's Lodge is only eight or ten minutes' walk across the Park from the Bungalow, and about the same distance from Cornwall Terrace.

I WONDER how many St. Dunstaners who live in the country can recognise a really considerable number of birds by their notes? I am fairly good at this, but not so good as I should like to be, and I find it a very nice lazy occupation on a warm day to listen to the birds singing or chirping around, and to try to identify them, or if I cannot do so, to endeavour to discover who they are. Some people seem to think that the songs of birds are much alike. Really they differ infinitely more than the voices of human beings, and we do not find much difficulty in distinguishing these. Even in the case of birds whose notes do bear a very close resemblance to one another there are always some distinctive qualities or habits. The thrush and the blackbird, for instance, sing very much alike, but a thrush continually in the course of its song repeats the same note three or four times, while a blackbird scarcely ever does this.

Has it ever struck you how wonderfully powerful the voice of a bird is? I do not know whether an exact calculation has been made with regard to the distance at which a human being could be heard if his voice travelled as far in proportion to his size as does that of, say, a lark, but I imagine the distance would work out at a surprising number of miles.

It is wonderful that a lark should be able to sing continuously while exercising the tremendous muscular exertion which must be necessary to lift its body straight up into the air. I have a theory that a lark sings simply because it cannot help doing

so; the very strenuous work involved in its upward flight must make it breathe quickly and deeply, and I fancy that this forced breathing results automatically in song. At all events so far as my observation goes a lark never soars without singing, and there seems to be no particular reason why this should be so unless it were obliged to sing.

I am very fond of natural history, and think it is an excellent study for blind people to interest themselves in. I was badly surprised at myself the other day to discover that a cow has no teeth in the front of its top jaw. I knew this was the case with sheep, and that the curious way in which they nod while feeding is owing to the fact that they do not nibble grass but jerk it off, after they have got it firmly fixed between the front teeth on the lower jaw and the callous pad which occupies the place of front teeth in the upper jaw, but I was thoroughly ashamed to find that I did not know this was the same in the case of a cow. But my annoyance with myself was lessened by the discovery that quite a number of people who had lived in the country all their lives were just as ignorant as I was.

*Arthur Pearson*

#### The Association of Women Workers of St. Dunstan's

THE first Reunion and General Meeting of the Association of Women Workers of St. Dunstan's will be held on Saturday, July 17th, in the Outer Lounge of St. Dunstan's (by kind permission). The meeting will be held at 3 p.m., and will be followed by tea, for which a small charge will be made.

The members of the Association intending being present are requested to communicate with the Hon. Sec., Miss Phillips, 41 Leigham Court Road, S.W.16

THE first fruits of romance are the wedding date and the bridal pair.

## News of St. Dunstan's Men

THE following letter was recently received by Sir Arthur from Lieut. G. Swales, who, after being trained at St. Dunstan's, returned to the firm for whom he worked before the war:—

"I am happy to say that so far my efforts in business appear to be successful. Keeping in mind one of your axioms, "Hasten slowly," I started out more as an onlooker, gradually taking over more and more until last week I got into full swing. It has been, of course, a bit of a strain for the first few weeks, but I have been much amused to study the attitude of my seniors. During the first week they appeared to show sympathy, and I could interpret their thoughts as something like the following: 'Poor fellow, he thought he could manage, but it is too much for him.' During the second week they appeared to be getting interested, and my interpretation was, 'Well, he is not so useless after all.' During the third week my interpretation was, 'He'll soon be able to take on as much as a sighted person,' and now after the fourth week I think they are amazed, and I have succeeded in gaining their confidence. My observations were not far off the mark, as they were confirmed a few days ago by my direct senior when he ventured the remark that it was wonderful the amount and quality of work that we blind people could get through.

"At the moment I cannot say that I have any suggestions to other commercial people to put forward beyond those that have from time to time appeared in the REVIEW. I find that at the same moment as a difficulty arises, a possible solution flies to one's brain. I must say, however, that I could not possibly get along without Braille shorthand."

T. E. Skelly, a boot-repairer, living in Batley, Yorks, writes:—

"I have to-day had a visit from one of the After-Care staff, and we were talking the old times over again, when we were

at St. Dunstan's together, and I can truthfully say it was a pleasure to recall what I think were the happiest days of my life. Of course the reason that I was there does not bother me one jot, I have been taught, through St. Dunstan's, how to forget my blindness and all credit is due to our splendid, Chief Sir Arthur. I am very pleased to say that trade is very busy just now."

P. Brown, a mat-maker living in Edinburgh, wrote recently to the Director of the After-Care Department, as follows:—

"I wish to acknowledge receipt of my sewing yarn and I am very pleased for the quick delivery; of course, all St. Dunstaners are always on the alert. Many a happy day I had there; I will never forget it."

T. W. Chamberlain, a poultry-farmer and basket-maker, living in Keelby, near Brocklesby, Lincs., writes:—

"I am pleased to tell you I am getting along quite nicely now. The poultry are doing well, and I have about 180 chicks off now, so you will see that things are beginning to look brighter than they were when I first started, but with hard work I think I have got over my troubles now. Of course it has been a struggle, but I should have found it more difficult if it had not been for the baskets; the profit from them has helped me to keep going with the poultry. I am pleased to tell you I keep getting plenty of work in for the baskets, in fact, I cannot get them out quick enough; of course, I have not been able to do any lately on account of the chickens, and I am hoping to get on with the baskets next week.

"I am pleased that we have such a good travelling instructor coming to see me, and he has been the means of teaching quite a lot of things that I did not know, and I always look forward to his visits.

"I am pleased to tell you that I still find a great pleasure in getting about

## —From all parts of the World

alone, and I find that one thing leads to another, that is, when I have mastered one thing I am not right till I have mastered another, and that is how I find myself doing things that would seem an impossibility to any sighted person. Of course, if it had not been for St. Dunstan's and the confidence that we gained there, I do not suppose that we would have ever been able to do what we are doing now."

In a recent letter to Capt. Ian Fraser, R. Usher, a boot-repairer, living in Sunderland, wrote:—

"You will no doubt be pleased to have

### Some Stunt

A LONDON newspaper specialising in what are known as stunts used to send to Glasgow extraordinary demands by wire. One of these was the following:—"Send full account Blind Men's Trip down the Clyde."

When the correspondent discovered that the Blind Men's Trip had taken place a week prior to the receipt of the wire he was undismayed. It was enough for him that London wanted a story, and he made up his mind he would send one.

He penned a graphic narrative, making a special feature of the blind man's love of flowers and bird song, and his keenness for sport. He told how with bat and ball they emulated the feats of the M.C.C. at the Oval or Lords, the happy plan having been hit on of putting a bell inside the ball, so that the batsman could hear it coming and know when to swipe at it. The whole story was swallowed by Fleet Street, and London was flooded with newspaper bills bearing the announcement—"Blind Men at Cricket."

Glasgow News.

"WHO was Nero, Bill? He was always cold, wasn't he?" "Nero? Not he. You are thinking of Zero, another bloke."

a few lines from me regarding my business; and I can truly say that I have one of the best, and what is more, things get better with me every day.

"Well, sir, when I left St. Dunstan's I started as a boot and shoe repairer, but I am very pleased indeed to say that within the last six months I have never looked behind, for my shop now is more of a general store, and I have heartily to thank my wife for my present position of sales, etc., but for my own interest in boot and shoe repairing I must thank the Chief, yourself, the instructor, and all others connected with St. Dunstan's."

### A Basket Story

A GOOD tip for basket-makers is contained in the following story:—A visitor calling on one of our boys—a basket-maker—had to listen to some considerable amount of growling about bad trade conditions. Just at this moment the wife of the "growser"—(who perhaps was merely carrying on a dear old Army habit!)—was going out shopping. The visitor noticed her, and then turned to the basket-maker: "Bad trade's a bit your own fault, my lad." "How's that?" asked the critic of trade conditions. "Why, fancy letting your wife go shopping with a bag when you are making baskets here fit for a Queen." The basket-maker chuckled, and gave his wife a basket, with the result that the good lady—happy, but fatigued—had to return thrice for what she wanted, having sold her own baskets three times on the way. Motto: Wives are both ornamental and useful.

It should be noted by all St. Dunstaners that Gillette Safety Razor, Limited, have generously consented to supply with their goods, at wholesale terms, all St. Dunstaners who call at their office at 184-188 Great Portland Street.

## Departmental Notes

### Massage

OWING to a typing error the list of passes in the I.S.T.M. Examination in Remedial Exercises, given in these notes in last month's REVIEW, did not read in order of merit. It should have read as follows:—

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

We much regret this error.

### Netting

WE draw the attention of our readers to a new type of hammock which has proved very popular this season. This is an extra strong model finished with large curved spreaders and mounted with naval clews. The net is done in double heavy twine on a 4-inch mesh.

Tennis nets are in good demand, and thanks to the excellent nets sent in by After-Care workers, we now hold good stocks and are able to meet all orders, even at short notice. *G. H. W.*

### The Braille Room

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

*Reading:* W. M. Jack, W. Strachan, A. Gautier, A. J. Jolly, T. S. Meredith, W. E. Bamber.

*Writing:* H. Roberts, F. W. Matthews, T. Rogers.

We should like to take this opportunity of once again thanking Miss Doris Grees and her "Daffodils" for their delightful gift of Braille books, which included various copies of the following works:—

"Treasure Island," R. L. Stevenson; "Three Stories from the Green Flag," Sir

A. Conan Doyle; "Master of Ballantrae," R. L. Stevenson; "Man with the Club Foot," Valentine; "Tales and Fantasies," R. L. Stevenson; "Scarlet Pimpernel," Baroness Orczy; "Pomp of the Lavillettes," Gilbert Parker; "Great Englishmen," B. M. Syngé.

We are indeed grateful for their kind thought and interest, and need hardly say how much this addition to St. Dunstan's Library will be appreciated.

*D.P.*

### Typewriting and Telephony

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

S. Gamble, A. B. Hill, E. E. Bryer, Coleman, S. Mackintosh, H. Lea, D. Fenton, O. J. Curtis, E. Garthwaite, A. D. Wernham, A. J. Holland, W. Moorcroft, C. Dennison, G. W. H. Wright, and H. Gunson.

Our best wishes and congratulations go to Geoffery Williams, who has secured a secretarial post with Messrs. Howard, Timber Merchants, 4 Stanhope Street, N.W.1., who supply St. Dunstan's with timber. Later on the same firm hopes to employ more of our men.

*E. Mc.L.*

### Thick or Clear

MR. HARRY YOUNG, whose billiard scheme for St. Dunstan's was such a success last month, tells the following story:—

"I was alone in a country hotel the other day and wanted a game of billiards. The proprietor said his marker was away ill, but that one of his waiters could give me a game. The waiter duly arrived. After spotting the red he came down to the baulk end and said: 'Now, sir, which ball will you have, thick or clear?'"

## News from the Workshops

THE assistance given to men under training by their comrades, acting as pupil teachers, has always been a remarkable feature of St. Dunstan's workshops. The men in each department who now act in that capacity are maintaining the high standard set by their predecessors. J. H. Whitten has been appointed in the Mat Department, and we anticipate that he will be able to assist others to reach the high standard he has attained himself. R. Eggleton, whose work in boots and mats has always been characterised by great thoroughness, will do similar work in the Boot Department. F. C. Harris has done valuable work in the Basket Shop and will now resign in order to make his stock baskets.

In the Mat Department, W. J. Packwood made an excellent mat with a black diamond border, and J. T. Rouse has made several good mats during the month. A. E. Trigg and P. Yuile are also working on quite the right lines. Steady progress has also been made by D. N. Livingstone and C. Dennison.

A square back cane chair and a cane suit case by A. Jenkinson were excellent, all the work being beautifully neat and regular. Hampers and suit case made by H. C. Boase are also worthy of the highest commendation. F. W. Wenborn has done splendidly on scalloped square corner-post hampers. A. Tillotson has made great efforts to overcome the difficulties of oval baskets and has got well into the shape. On square arm baskets, C. E. Thomas works his rods well and neatly and gets a good shape, and D. S. Munro is also doing promising work. B. Fitzpatrick has been turning out some very satisfactory barrel baskets during the last month. There is also a very marked improvement in all the work of P. Bolton.

Among the new men in the Boot Shop, M. H. Albertella is showing keen interest,

T. A. Wilson is doing quite well, and J. Bolton has a very good idea of the work. W. J. Harris has done exceptionally well in shape, finishing and general turnout, and is a most promising man. W. Alston ought to make a capable worker. T. W. North and C. F. Perrett have not found the trade an easy one, but they are now finding the benefit of their patient efforts. E. T. Hughes has made decided improvement recently, and C. A. Luker always makes a good job and keeps an even standard of work. G. H. Wiltshire is extremely painstaking and does thoroughly well on all classes of work, and S. O'Connell makes good use of his time and opportunities for gaining knowledge. The unaided work of E. W. Stevenson on a pair of men's boots thoroughly deserves commendation. C. B. Baker takes considerable pains to have all his work thoroughly correct, and can be relied upon to make a neat and sound job always. A pair of ladies' hand-sewn shoes repaired by C. F. Jones was a remarkably good job. F. C. Oram has a sound practical idea of all operations, and works consistently. In both boots and clogs S. Page is making steady and satisfactory progress, and the same may be said of E. Pugh in boots. E. J. Lloyd is doing very well on advanced repairs, which he can carry through independently. C. Pike has been covering a wide range of work and maintains a uniform standard which is very satisfactory.

The Joinery Department has been showing its average progress. J. R. Ridley has just completed a rabbit hutch, which is a splendid sample of patience and perseverance, when it is remembered that he is working under a double handicap. This piece of work has involved the use of a large variety of tools and gave him his first experience of mortising and tenoning. F. C. S. Hilling is hard at work making himself a cupboard, which is calling for a good deal of care, both from his instructor and himself. G. F. Smith has completed

a bed tray, which is a distinct advance on his previous work. J. Burley has just finished some bracket shelves for one of the masseurs, which are a great credit to him.



The following proficiency certificates were awarded during the month of May:—



### Paradise

**I**N Paradise we will not fail  
To find all those who taught us Braille,  
Nor those who took us for a walk,  
Nor those who sat with us to talk  
On subjects varied and serene,  
Whose sympathy, though blind, we've seen;  
We'll give them all that's good and nice,  
We'll wait on them in Paradise.

There we will sound the breakfast gong,  
And when the sisters troop along  
'Tis we who'll stand upon our legs  
And hand around the breakfast eggs;  
Their tea and coffee will be sweet;  
Of sugar they will have surfeit;  
'Tis we who'll stint ourselves up there  
That they may have the better fare.

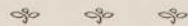
G. H. Hawkins (mats), A. F. Smith (boots),  
E. Varley (boots), G. Richards (baskets),  
S. Pullan (mats), A. B. Tanner (baskets),  
L. M. White (baskets), S. Ash (boots and  
mats), J. Worthington (mats), B. Wood  
(baskets), R. E. Hill (mats), W. R. French  
(mats), and A. Gauthier (mats).

W. H. O.

We won't need a dispensary,  
But we'll let "Auntie" have her way,  
And, should she wish our eyes to mop,  
She'll sit us down and there we'll stop,  
And think it part of all the fun  
To have our sightless sockets done.  
And should she wish, well! sure she may  
Keep singing out "Dispensary!"

In some big lounge, 'tis my belief,  
We'll dance and sing before the Chief,  
And we will chant some heavenly tune  
Each time we hear "Good Afternoon."  
And we will play before the staff  
Who used to take us to the gaff.  
If all you boys take my advice  
We'll "Stand and Serve" in Paradise.

Third Reserve.



### Music Hath Charms

["An Essex poultry-farmer has discovered that the laying power of hens can be stimulated by music."—Daily Paper.]

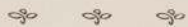
**F**OR many years, although I toiled and  
toiled,  
No profit came from out my chicken-  
pen,  
Till one glad day I found that music's  
charms  
Could soothe the savage hen.

I promptly went and bought a Steinway  
grand  
(They cost in these hard times a tidy sum),  
And now each day outside the chicken-  
house  
I sit for hours and strum.

"The Bay of Biscay" is a favourite tune,  
I start it gently, dreamily and slow,  
But when I reach the passage, "There we  
lay,"  
I fairly let it go.

Another strain which always does the  
trick,  
Is "Hearts of Oak"—its action's most  
direct;  
That bit about "We scorn the foreign  
yoke"  
Produces great effect.

Victor Bridges.



FARMER, to Boy: "Do hens when  
they cackle, prove to be good layers?"

BOY, to Farmer: "Not so sure; judging  
some of your hens by their cackle, I should  
say they were good liars."

TEACHER: "Can any of you children  
describe to me a zebra?"

SMART BOY: "Yes, teacher. A  
zebra is a donkey with a football shirt  
on."

## A Miss in the Bath

(By J. Francis Smith, a Canadian St. Dunstaner)

**T**HE following reminiscence of the  
jolly week-ends we used to have  
down at Brighton will probably in-  
terest, and possibly amuse, St. Dunstaners.

One Saturday morning then, at  
Brighton, some of us thought we'd go  
down along the front to a little joint we  
know where we could get some oysters,  
and after we had finished there, go to the  
swimming baths and sport around the  
water for a while. Cannuck—one of our  
party—considers himself a pretty good  
swimmer, and he comes along with us.

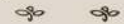
Marty, the only man in the crowd who  
can see, has his hands full looking after  
us, but he is game and sticks to us. To  
get down into the Restaurant of the  
"Shippers Inn" we have to go down six  
or seven steps, and when we arrive there,  
Marty says, "Now, be careful, Cannuck,  
of these steps." He comes back with:  
"You look after that dough head that  
can't see, and never mind me." He takes  
a step ahead and falls headlong down the  
steps, landing in the arms of a waiter  
carrying a tray full of stuff. He gets up  
and tries to apologise by saying "Sorry,  
old man, but you see I'm blind, and didn't  
know the steps were there." "Huh!"  
says the waiter, "Yes! I can see you are.  
Pretty early in the morning, too! Sorry,  
sir, but I can't serve you here while you  
are in that condition; lose my job if I  
did. Shall I call a taxi for you, sir?"  
This kind of tickles me and I give  
Cannuck the "Ha! ha!" He growls he'll  
get back at me when he gets me in the  
swimming bath. Marty now butts in and  
fixes things up, telling the waiter that  
Cannuck had told him the truth, and we  
go ahead and get our oysters.

We then amble on down to the baths,  
going in and getting our bathing togs, and  
making for the water. We have the baths  
all to ourselves, and so try out some fancy  
stunts. In a little while I hear Cannuck  
shouting "Hey, Smiffy, where are you?"  
I yell back "Here," and start away from  
that spot as fast as I know how. At the

same time I hear a splash alongside of me,  
and realise that there is another guy in with  
us. Then I hear a commotion up the bath  
a little way and Cannuck's voice shouting,  
"I've got you now, consarn you, and down  
you go." Then I hear a burble-burble,  
gurgle-gurgle, and a yell for help, a deuce  
of a splashing, and then Cannuck's voice:  
"No you don't, my lad, you don't get away  
from me that easy, you'll pay for that  
'Ha! ha! ha!' So down you go again!  
Come here! No, you haven't had enough  
yet!—down you go! Now, say you'll  
never!—UGH——!" It sounds to me  
as if, all of a sudden, the speaker has  
had a foot shoved into his middle with  
considerable force. Then I hear a howling,  
screeching thing splashing towards the  
side of the bath, climb out of it and go  
bleating away. Marty comes rushing out  
and shouts: "What the devil are you  
fellows up to? You've scared that old  
fellow clean loony. He went past me and  
out the door like a streak of lightning, his  
eyes popping out, and howling like a Red  
Indian on the war path. He's half a mile  
down the front now, in his bathing suit,  
and still going strong."

Marty noticed a sign in front of the  
baths the next week when we were  
down:—

"Any person or persons who use the  
baths between the hours of 10 and 11  
Saturday morning, while they are occu-  
pied by blinded soldiers, will do so at  
their own risk."



SCHOOL TEACHER: "What little boy  
can tell me where is the home of the  
swallow?"

ARTHUR: "Please, teacher, I ken"

TEACHER: "Well, Arthur?"

ARTHUR: "The home of the swallow  
is in the stummick."



SERGEANT: "To-morrow morning,  
drill at seven, mind!"

RAW RECRUIT: "Righto! If I ain't  
down, don't wait."

## Sports Club Notes

H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT AT ST. DUNSTAN'S SPORTS

ON Tuesday, May 25, another "Potted Sports" programme was arranged, similar to the one which received such notice in the Press during March last. This time it was arranged for H.R.H. Prince Albert. The Prince, accompanied by Wing Commander Louis Greig, his Equerry, arrived just before noon at the Bungalow, and was met by Capt. Williams, Capt. Russell Roberts, Mr. le Breton Martin and Mr. Rowley. As the Prince, accompanied by Capt. Williams, came on to the sports ground the men, all looking very smart and athletic in their singlets and shorts, stood smartly to attention.

The programme, which consisted of the following events, skipping, putting the shot, three long jumps, 90 yards sprint, rope climbing and football, was gone through quickly and smoothly, and the Prince expressed to Capt. Williams his surprise and delight at everything he saw, and said he intended coming again later on in the summer, when he would be able to spare more time and see more of our sports. The half hour's programme terminated with three hearty cheers for the Prince.

The following is a copy of a letter since received from the Prince's Equerry:—

" Buckingham Palace,

" May 26th, 1920.

" Dear Sir,

" Prince Albert asks me to desire you to convey to the men of St. Dunstan's his sincere admiration for the way they carried out their sports. H.R.H. was most interested to find how the men are able to overcome their handicap, and he hopes to come back and see over the Hostel more thoroughly.

" Yours truly,

(Signed) " LOUIS GREIG,

" Wing Commander.

" O.C. St. Dunstan's."

### PENALTY GAOL KICKING COMPETITION

Our third competition for Sir Arthur's Challenge Cup is now in the third round. Some excellent and exciting games have already been played and we are expecting some close finishes in the concluding rounds. The men are very keen upon continuing the competitions all through the year; if so, we must supply our Goalkeeper, Father Howell, with Sargol at the end of the Summer!!

### PUTNEY REGATTA

On Tuesday, May 18th, we held our first Regatta of the season. Everything went off exceedingly well in spite of a rather strong wind which increased as the day advanced. Unfortunately it reached its height just when the final race (Open Fours) was about to be started. It was therefore thought advisable to row the race at a later date, which was done on Friday, the 21st, under ideal weather conditions and resulted in a win for A. H. Craigie, L. E. Carter, A. D. Kerstein and J. H. Ham by one and a half lengths, after a splendid race. Three of the boats kept close together practically the whole length of the course. There were some wonderfully close finishes in the various races, notably in the Pair Oars which was won by F. Ashworth and J. Gimber from V. Guthrie and A. D. Kerstein by the narrow margin of two feet.

Everyone who witnessed the Regatta was struck by the excellence of the rowing, the swing, style and time being splendid. This is greatly to the credit of our rowing instructor.

As the Club-room of the Vesta Rowing Club was undergoing repairs, we were only able to use the dressing room, but fortunately the Thames Rowing Club kindly came to our rescue and offered us their Club-house for meals, which was very much appreciated by everybody. May we thank the President and Captain of the Vesta and Thames Rowing Clubs for their great kindness?

The International Singles was a very good race and was won by A. D. Kerstein of South Africa, but owing to a false start it was decided to re-row the race as soon as convenient.

May we congratulate Stewards and Judges on their very useful work? A word of thanks is particularly due to the Coxes for their tip-top coxing under very trying conditions.

The results of the races are as follows:

*Open Fours:* (1st) A. H. Craigie, L. E. Carter, A. D. Kerstein, J. H. Ham; (2nd) J. Gimber, F. Ashworth, E. C. Oram, R. Edwards; (3rd) W. M. Jones, J. C. Robbins, H. M. Steel, W. T. Scott.

*Single Sculls (Novices) Light Weight:* (1st) J. R. Treby; (2nd) W. Alston; (3rd) E. J. Lloyd.

*Single Sculls (Novices) Heavy Weight:* (1st) P. J. Conlin; (2nd) G. H. Wiltshire; (3rd) A. Greening.

*Double Sculls (Junior) Light Weight:* (1st) H. Northgreaves and A. Alston; (2nd) W. Muir and W. J. Hare; (3rd) E. H. Lea and E. Garthwaite.

*Single Sculls (Senior) Light Weight:* (1st) F. Ashworth; (2nd) J. Doubler; (3rd) A. F. Smith.

*Single Sculls (Senior) Heavy Weight:* (1st) A. D. Kerstein; (2nd) D. S. Gibson; (3rd) F. C. S. Hilling.

*Double Sculls (Senior) Light Weight:* (1st) J. Doubler and A. F. Smith; (2nd) W. T. Scott and E. M. Steel; (3rd) H. Jubb and M. Burran.

*Single Sculls (Junior) Heavy Weight:* (1st) H. T. Mummery; (2nd) E. C. Oram; (3rd) S. Ash.

*One-Armed Pairs:* (1st) H. Gunson and R. Young; (2nd) J. W. Simpson and J. P. Meighan.

*Single Sculls (Junior) Light Weight:* (1st) F. C. Harris; (2nd) A. James (3rd) H. M. Steel.

*Double Sculls (Senior) Heavy Weight:* (1st) F. Ashworth and J. Gimber; (2nd) A. H. Craigie and L. E. Carter (3rd) C. Pike and S. Ash.

*Pair Oars, Light Weight:* (1st) W. T. Scott and W. M. Jones; (2nd) H. Jubb and H. M. Steel; (3rd) R. Edwards and E. C. Oram.

*Double Sculls (Junior) Heavy Weight:*

(1st) J. R. Treby and E. J. Lloyd; (2nd) G. H. Barratt and J. H. Tindall; (3rd) H. T. Mummery and E. D. Martin.

*Pair Oars, Heavy Weight:* (1st) F. Ashworth and J. Gimber; (2nd) A. D. Kerstein and V. Guthrie; (3rd) D. S. Gibson and J. Harrison.

*Old Boys, Open Singles:* (1st) C. F. Thompson; (2nd) H. V. Thompson.

### NEWSPAPER REPORTS OF REGATTA

*Daily Express* (May 19th, 1920)

"No sporting event ever deserved the title better than the St. Dunstan's Regatta, which took place at Putney yesterday. All the competitors were soldiers and sailors from St. Dunstan's, and all were equally handicapped by the heavy sacrifices exacted of them by their patriotism in the war.

"This did not detract from the keenness of the contests. Pluck, endurance, and rare patience that disables disability itself, characterised every event and made the whole affair a real sports meeting on its merits alone. The races for blind and one-armed crews especially were typical of this truly marvellous spirit."

*Morning Post* (May 19th, 1920.)

"It is with a tug at the heart that one thinks of the blind, but any such sentiment disappears when once in touch with the activities of St. Dunstan's. The ex-soldiers who have 'learned to be blind' at that merciful institution do not pity themselves, and need no pity from others.

"Nothing could have been merrier or more sporting than their annual regatta held at Putney yesterday, with the assistance of the Vesta and Thames Rowing Clubs. Between fifty and sixty competitors, surviving from the elimination trials on Regent's Park Lake, where some 150 had previously tried their luck, entered for the various events in Singles, Doubles and Fours, and sculled with all their hearts.

"After all, rowing is the sport *par excellence* in which the blind can delight. They are independent; every thought and muscle is alert; they are able to do a big, manly thing by themselves, and to the top of their bent. A kind hand to guide them into the boat and they are their own masters. No wonder they are

out at practice in Regent's Park by half-past six in the morning.

"Perhaps the most remarkable event in the programme was a race for Singles manned by not only blind but one-armed competitors, which resulted in a spirited contest. International interest was associated with the Singles, in which rowed J. Gimber, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, representing England, A. D. Kerstein, a D.C.M. man from South Africa, and Harrison of Australia. The South African won after a stiff pull, the other two scoring a dead heat for second place. The other events were divided among the novices, who have never raced before; the juniors, who have rowed but not hitherto won anything; and the seniors, who are experienced winners.

"Allowing for the absence of flowers and a hired band, the meeting was as pleasant an affair as the riverside could show."

*Daily Chronicle* (May 19th, 1920).

"A little company of very gallant gentlemen from St. Dunstan's provided some excellent sport at Putney yesterday.

"It is quite certain that those who went to the river-side to watch the boat races had come prepared for a rather pathetic sight. Everyone of the fifty competitors in the final heats was blinded in the war; some of the men were one-armed.

"But their spirits were so high, their enjoyment so infectious, their faces so bright with smiles that it was impossible for the looker-on to be mournful.

"The Regatta began at ten o'clock. There had been about 150 entrants, of whom the fifty best were put in the final heats. There were generally ten men in each boat with a V.A.D. nurse from St. Dunstan's to act as cox.

"It was a delightful day, and the fact that the current was very strong pleased the men rather than otherwise, because it put their powers to the greater test.

"For some time the competitors had been practising on the lake in Regent's Park. The enthusiasts have been out on the water as early as six o'clock in the morning.

"'It's a grand sport,' one of them said to a *Daily Chronicle* representative yester-

day. 'And we've been looking forward to the regatta for a long time.'

"There was a large crowd on the river-side in the afternoon to see the final results, and the winners were cheered again and again.

"They will be presented with cups later, but their joy then cannot be greater than it was yesterday as they trooped up the river bank, hot but triumphant, knowing once more the joy of the game of which war had tried so hard to rob them."

#### TUG-OF-WAR AT OLYMPIA

The entry of the Tug-of-War teams in the great Arena at Olympia, at the Royal Naval and Military Tournament, on June 1st, was the cause of great enthusiasm, the huge audience continuously applauding and showing their keen admiration for the boys. The occasion was the final for Sir Arthur Pearson's Light-weight Tug-of-War Cup. Over sixty men had entered, and finally two teams were selected of men of all weights, making a total of 110 stone. The weights of both teams were practically identical, being just about one pound different.

The Tug-of-War teams were as follows:

*A Team*—F. Hemsworth, V. A. T. Guthrie, V. Archer, W. Paul, G. Woodburn, E. A. Pugh, J. Bruce, J. F. Lever, C. F. Jones, J. H. Tindall and W. J. Harris (Reserve).

*B Team*—A. Biggs, P. Conlin, W. J. W. R. Shread, G. H. Barratt, A. Horrell, A. Burtonshaw, J. H. Hey, A. T. Turrell, T. Cheshire, H. Northgreaves and C. F. Durkin (Reserve).

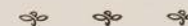
The men looked splendid as they marched in, keeping step to the music of the band of the 17th Lancers, and clad in white sweaters and ducks. Their marching and time were perfect—every bit as smart, if not smarter, than the sighted teams which followed them on the programme.

The pulls were not of long duration, but they were most strenuous. Not one inch was given by either team without a hard fight. At length B team won the first pull, and it was noticeable that the boys immediately stood to attention preparatory to marching to their new position, and did not lie about the Arena at full length like the next teams did.

The second pull was an excellent one—B team only succeeding after a great struggle.

The boys then marched in front of the Royal box, and the cup was presented by the general officer commanding to Northgreaves on behalf of B team. Their qualities of sportsmanship were shown when both teams, though sadly devoid of wind, cheered each other vociferously, and, accompanied by the band and loud acclamations from the huge audience, they retired in triumph from the vast Arena. We felt proud of them.

A word of congratulation is due to both the physical instructors, Corporal Major Tovell and Sergeant Hunt, for their excellent coaching.



### A Modern Orpheus

A BOY of eighteen recently stopped a serious riot by his wonderful playing on the violin. He is Vasa Prihoda, a Bohemian.

During his stay at Lucca, in Italy, for the purpose of fulfilling a musical engagement, a violent Socialist agitation broke out. An enormous crowd assembled for a meeting, and Enrico Malatesta, the well-known Anarchist leader, delivered a violent speech denouncing all governments, and condemning all the wealthy classes to extermination. The people listening grew excited. Their faces dark with fury, they started a wild procession through the main street, seemingly ready for any excess.

It was then that the boy violinist started to play from the balcony of his hotel to a group of enthusiasts in the street below. As the forerunners of the maddened mob reached this small group they involuntarily stopped and, fascinated by Prihoda's skill, remained to listen. The rest of the procession also halted. The boy continued playing until the wild fury of the crowd was soothed. The listeners got so enthusiastic that the meeting was completely forgotten! After applauding with great gusto, the crowd gradually dispersed.

### OLD BOYS—ROWING & SPORTS

We have been asked if any facilities can be granted to the Old Boys, so that they can keep up their rowing and general sports. Arrangements can be made for rowing practice on the lake and also for running and tug-of-war on our Sports field.

We very much regret that these arrangements can only apply to Old Boys who reside in London, as it is quite impossible to provide accommodation at the present time for men from the provinces.

Will any Old Boy who desires to have rowing facilities or Sports arrangements made please communicate with Captain Williams, the Sports captain, giving the days and times best suitable for practice, and he will see what can be done? J. D. V.

### Pickwickian Inns

THE recent release of the Adelphi Hotel by the Government is a happy reminder that London still boasts a few Pickwickian inns. It was to the Adelphi (known as Osborne's in the book) that the hapless Snodgrass brought Miss Emily Wardle after the elopement, and was there discovered by the Pickwickians. In the City is the George and Vulture, where poor Winkle took refuge after his damning evidence in the famous Bardell trial.

There is, too, the George at Southwark, the only galleried inn left in London. It is not expressly referred to in "Pickwick," but it was only a few yards from the White Hart, where Mr. Pickwick first met Sam Weller, and the novelist must have known it well. The elder Weller's favourite haunt, the Magpie and Stump, in Clare Market, is, alas, no more; but the Green Dragon (thinly veiled in the book as the Blue Boar) may be found in Leadenhall Market.



SANDY (viewing doctor's bill). "But the bill is no richt, Sir. Ye've charged me for seven days instead o' six. Dinna ye mind I was deleerious one day an' was not aweer of your presence?"

*Punch.*



## Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

### Church Notes

THE Lord Bishop of London visited St. Dunstan's on Ascension Day to confirm fourteen candidates. The service will be long remembered, not only for the hearty singing of the men, but for the helpful and inspiring address of the Bishop. Sir Arthur and Lady Pearson encouraged us all by their presence at the service. We heartily congratulate the following men who were confirmed:—

Ralph May, Harry Northgreaves, William Thomas Scott, George Frederick Taylor, Ernest Harry Carpenter, Cecil Willie Van Blerk, Arthur Thomas Hazel, Frank Wilfred Wenborn, Frederick Charles Harris, Thomas Sidney Meredith, Joseph Woodcock Gimber, Arthur Montague Brooke, John Wilson, Ernest Frederick Newton.

Unfortunately, E. S. Woods of the Bungalow, was unable to be present for confirmation through illness.

The new communicants made their first Communion at 8 a.m. on the following Sunday. It was most helpful to have the presence of so many of the regular communicants at this service. I feel sure the men appreciated their sympathetic support.

The Holy Communion will be celebrated at 6.30 a.m. on the following Saint Days: St. John the Baptist, June 24th; St. Peter, June 29th. Also at 8 a.m. each morning throughout the month, except on Sunday, the 26th inst., when the celebration will be at 7.15 and 10.15 a.m.

The Chaplain-General, Bishop Taylor Smith, C.V.C., kindly consented to preach at the morning service on Sunday, June 13th.

May I once again draw the attention of our workers and staff to the short service

held in the Chapel for fifteen minutes each Friday at 1.45 p.m.? It gives us all an opportunity of uniting in asking God's blessing upon the work at St. Dunstan's. The second Friday in each month will be a Litany Intercession. *J. W.*

### Catholic Chapel Notes

ON Wednesday, May 19th, the Feast of St. Dunstan's, Benediction was given at 2 o'clock, and as this appears to be a more convenient time than 5.30, the mid-week Benedictions will in future take place at that hour.

An interesting point about the wedding of Fred Hesketh and Miss Welsh, was the fact that the Rev. Raymond Hesketh, O.S.B., of Ampleford Abbey, Yorks, brother of the bridegroom, officiated at the ceremony and afterwards said the Nuptial Mass. This was the first marriage Father Hesketh had performed.

June 29th, the Feast of St. Peter and Paul, is a Holiday of Obligation. There will be the Holy Communion at 7.45, Mass at 8.30, and Benediction at 2 o'clock.

*P.H.*

### Births

G. BAYLIS, son	- - -	Mar. 25, 1920
J. G. NICOL, daughter	- - -	May 3, 1920
R. RAY, son	- - -	May 3, 1920
W. F. MCCARTHY, son	- - -	May 9, 1920
V. A. CLAY, son	- - -	May 10, 1920
L. BOWLES, daughter	- - -	May 13, 1920
A. THOMPSON, son	- - -	May 16, 1920
C. F. SMITH, daughter	- - -	May 17, 1920
IAN FRASER, Capt.		
	daughter	May 24, 1920
W. MURRAY, daughter	- - -	May 24, 1920
D. J. M. STEVENS, Lt.		
	daughter	May 25, 1920
R. BOYTER, daughter	- - -	May 27, 1920
L. HALPIN, daughter	- - -	May 30, 1920
H. B. BARNARD, daughter	- - -	June 8, 1920

### Baptisms

ON Sunday, May 23rd, Daisy Lilian, daughter of Caywood Adam Rideout, was baptised in the St. Dunstan's Chapel.

On Sunday, May 23rd, James George, son of James George Holmes, was baptised in the St. Dunstan's Chapel.

### Marriages

ON Wednesday, April 21st, F. H. Hesketh was married at St. James' Church, Spanish Place, W.1., to Miss E. E. Welsh.

## St. Dunstan's Competitions

THE first prize for the best description of a hobby for St. Dunstaners, the subject of our competition for April, and repeated in May, has been awarded to S. C. Loram, 14 Middle Street, Brixham, S. Devon. His idea is as follows:—

"At this time of the year I am following what can be safely termed a hobby, namely, catching mackerel. Now to give you some idea of the sport. Firstly, there must be two persons, one to do the rowing and the other to do the fishing, as you are no doubt aware that to catch mackerel the boat has to be moving through the water at a decent speed. The fishing lines are weighted with a heavy lead about three feet above the hook. This prevents it from coming to the surface when the boat is going through the water. The loss of sight is no handicap, because it is all done by feeling. When the fish bites at the bait, just haul up the line; you then know if you are successful or not. If you are lucky, the fish soon makes its presence felt by the dance it does as soon as it gets to the surface of the water. One thing about it is that when you get tired of rowing you can fish, or the other way about. The same things apply to all kinds of line fishing; the only difference is that with these kinds the boat is stationary. I hope this will commend itself to someone, as I can assure you it is fine sport on a summer's evening after the toil of the day is done, besides providing you with a first-class tea the following day."

On Thursday, April 29th, A. Griffin was married at the Wesleyan Church, Hereford, to Miss A. H. Garstone.

On Saturday, May 8th, W. Millar was married at the Parish Church, Radclive, Buckingham, to Miss R. A. Toulson.

On Monday, May 24th, E. G. Daniels was married at St. Augustine's Parish Church, Norwich, to Miss G. H. E. Howlett.

On Monday, May 31st, G. Craddock was married at St. Peter's Church, Prickwillow, to Miss Bridgeway.

On Saturday, June 5th, F. C. S. Hilling was married at Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss M. W. Schaler.

A second prize has been awarded to J. E. Bell, 56 War Seal Mansions, Fulham, London, S.W.6.

The prize of 10s. 6d. offered in our May issue for the best description of a novel tool invented by a St. Dunstaner goes to H. Gardiner, 10 Market Street, Swindon. The description is as follows:—

"Shortly after I learnt mat-making I thought of an idea that would prevent the yarn from making the hands sore when doing up the balls. When running off the winder I use a piece of piping, six inches long with half inch bore. I find it does not only save the fingers but it saves time. When I do up a ball of six ends I use a piece of pipe six inches long with one inch bore. Both pieces are of iron and cost about fourpence each. Another tip is, after putting up the worps to start a new mat, if they are rubbed with soap the maker will find it will soften the yarn and save sore finger tips, and also help on to speed. I think if these are used they will be found very useful."

We now offer a prize of 10s. 6s.—again generously sent to us for this purpose by Mr. Chas. J. Jones—for the best original Limerick with reference to St. Dunstan's which reaches us on or before the 6th July. All efforts should be addressed to—The Editor, "St. Dunstan's Review," St. Dunstan's Hostel, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1. St. Dunstaners have never been lacking in poetical talent, so we are expecting a great number of replies.

## How St. Dunstaners Saw The Derby

I WENT to the Derby in royal style to-day on board the King's omnibus—the "Old Bill" of the battlefields. This scarred warrior among omnibuses, which, it will be recalled, was inspected by the King on its return from France, was the pride of the *Daily Express* St. Dunstan's Derby-day fleet of omnibuses in the bravery of new paint, gaily-coloured draperies, and fluttering flags.

Mr. Herman Darewski, who had made the highest Derby-day bid—150 guineas—for the historic omnibus, placed it at the service of a party of blinded soldiers from St. Dunstan's, not one of whom could have gone to the Derby but for his generous action.

Such a cheery and cheering party it was that drove to Darewski House in the brilliant June sunshine to thank their kindly host, and take on board young Sidney Richardson, the second of the line of Jaggers, who had just returned from his mission to New York, and was now to see his first Derby.

"Well, boys, I hope you have a jolly good time," said Mr. Darewski, and his guests tactfully replied on the spur of the moment with "Where do flies go in the winter time?"

Then the long journey to the Epsom Downs began, and there wasn't a gayer, more outrageously joyous crowd in all that wonderful road which leads to the Derby than the blinded men on the King's omnibus.

The King could not have wished for a more cordial reception on the downs. "Why, if it isn't 'Old Bill!'" said the smiling policeman, welcoming an old familiar friend as they moved the omnibus nearer and nearer to the course, until at last "Old Bill" took up his appointed stand in a fine position in the enclosure with a long line of his satellites.

Many people of note who had discovered in the new service an expeditious and comfortable way of going to the Derby were to be seen lunching in the two spacious

*Daily Express* St. Dunstan's marquees, which accommodated 800 guests at a time. Lord Teynham, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the Hon. R. Curzon were among them. The large number of business men who had availed themselves of the service was another interesting feature.

After lunch the thousands of visitors who had travelled by the special Derby service took up their places on the omnibuses, which formed a grand stand, as it were, commanding a magnificent view of the racing.

Fortunes changed hands at the Derby to-day, but none among all the vast thousands who turned the downs into acres of blackness followed the racing with keener interest than the blinded men. They could not see, but in their own mystic way they sensed the sunshine, the crowds, and the zest of the race. The joy of the Derby was theirs in fullest measure. The few sighted passengers followed the great event with their glasses, interpreting from second to second the position of the rival horses.

"Can you see Tattenham Corner from here?"

"Where is black and white now?"

"Is yellow and blue leading?"

Questions came in quick succession from men gazing with unseeing eyes towards the course. And when the figures went up they were the first to name the horses. They had learned the numbers on their race cards by heart.

"No. 12. That's Spion Kop," cried the blind sportsmen in a chorus. "The lucky Lodgers again," remarked one among them.

The last race of the day was over, and the colossal crowd, the *Daily Express* St. Dunstan's omnibus with the rest, began to move. Everybody had wondered how the hundreds of thousands of people had ever got to the Derby. Now we began to doubt whether they would ever get away.

The fun was fast and furious on the homeward way. It was a great day for the people, a great day for "Old Bill."

*Daily Express.*

## A Chair of Adventure

This amusing article is reprinted from a recent issue of the *Morning Post*, by kind permission of that paper and the author. Mr. Frederick Martin is a blind officer who, when he left St. Dunstan's, settled in Mintlaw, Aberdeenshire. He interests himself in important local business and is a well-known figure in local politics. In pre-war days, Mr. Martin was a journalist on the staff of a leading London newspaper, and since he has lost his sight the blind community has been fortunate in getting him to edit that most important Braille publication, the "Literary Journal." Quite apart from its humour, this article is of particular interest, for it is not only written by a St. Dunstaner, but is also about one, for the gallant Captain who accompanied the "Chair of Adventure" in its travels is Capt. W. Harris, who had, we regret to say, been obliged to spend many months in a London hospital as a result of his wounds.—THE EDITOR.]

FOR reasons associated with a shell which came his way some two years ago, my friend, the Gunner Subaltern, now goes about his business and his pleasure in a wheeled chair. Technically the vehicle is known as a hand-propelled tricycle. Under competent direction it becomes a very safe and a rapid means of conveyance. When I called upon the Gunner he told me of this thing, and we agreed to lunch together in some lively place next day. To a suggestion that I should come and fetch him, the reply was that such a course was unnecessary. "Tell me the time and the place," said he, "and I'll be there all right." Accordingly, suspecting that a nurse was to be one of our party, I ordered a table for three at the appointed rendezvous. Arrived, I found the chair and its occupant there before me and no sign of an escort. We had our meal, and then set out to make a call in a distant part of the town.

That hand-propelled tricycle fairly took my breath away, both literally and figuratively. It went along the pavement at a furious rate until I begged for mercy, being quite blown. As for the street crossings, the placid yet decided manner in which the slender vehicle made its way amid the riot of cars and 'buses and drays filled me with alarm and wonder. At one

particularly nasty place I lingered for a lull in the traffic. "Hang on to me," said the cheery Gunner. "I never get run over: I'll see you through all right." And he did. All the same, the experience of hanging on to what most people would call an invalid chair in the midst of Piccadilly Circus, while a restive dray horse breathes down the back of your neck, and an impatient taxi snorts at your elbow, lacks on the score of pleasure.

### THE CAPTAIN OF HORSE

When leisure to do so presented itself I congratulated the Gunner on his prowess, and expressed my gratitude for the preservation of my life and limbs. "Oh, that's nothing," laughed he. "Do you remember the Captain of Horse?" I did. The Captain of Horse is a friend of ours who had the worst of all luck; he lost his sight in the war. It seems that he had come to the Gunner's hospital for a few weeks to have some patching done, and that the two of them—the man who could not walk and the man who could not see—had gone on expeditions together. "Dashing around the town" they called it.

According to the Gunner, these adventures were the greatest of sport. When on rare occasions the pair did get into difficulty, public wrath always descended upon the head of the Captain. Indignant drivers of horse and power vehicles glared at him, and asked him what the something he meant by pushing the poor helpless fellow into danger like that. How would he like it if he were treated in that manner? He ought to be ashamed of himself, and so on and so on. Meantime "the poor helpless fellow" endeavoured to assume an expression in which pathos and indignation were supposed to be blended. The Captain of Horse is a man having the gift of tongues, and at first he was inclined to indulge in repartee; but he found difficulty in locating his critics sufficiently accurately to enable him to turn the stream of his invective directly upon them, and when a particularly personal rejoinder,

intended for a taxi-driver, had been interpreted and misinterpreted by a scandalised old lady, he decided to suffer without retort the verbal assaults made upon him.

In addition to "bearing the slings and arrows of outrageous" cabmen, the Captain contributed to the common cause the power of sturdy arms when the road lay uphill. The partnership worked admirably. "While we stuck together we were as good as one complete man," said they.

#### ARM-CHAIR PHILOSOPHY

The man in the chair has naturally a point of view of his own, which differs from that of the world in general. He has a philosophy both practical and theoretical. He gets to know all about short cuts, rough streets, and nasty gradients. His knowledge of restaurants and theatres is peculiar, for it has relation to whether or not these resorts must be approached by steps up or down. The question of the fare provided within these places is insignificant compared with this detail of architecture.

As for theories which form themselves by a contemplation of life from a lowly carriage, one gathers that mankind resolve themselves into two classes: those who are considerate and those who are not. If a big car dashes past, missing the chair by inches, or if it refuses to make way for the humble carriage, then the owner of that offending vehicle is writ down a war-profiteer. The strict application of this classification sometimes no doubt results in injustice, for it may very well be that the owner of the car is the kindest of men, who happens to have at the driving wheel a hireling Bolshevik. But it is no use having a theory unless you are prepared to stick to it.

Happily, experience shows that among all users of the road the inconsiderate are few. And here it may be added that if the County Council desires really skilled advice as to which of its streets are in most urgent need of repair, I can provide them with the services of several experts.

## The Evolution of the Detective

By Alec Waugh

(Reprinted from "John o'London's Weekly")

THERE are few more popular characters in fiction than Sherlock Holmes. The detective is always surrounded with the glamour of mystery. He is endowed with almost supernatural powers. He sees where others are blind, he moves in a world of danger and disaster, beyond the scope of our own experience, and Sherlock Holmes with his intellect and courage, appeals irresistibly to the imagination. He is such an extraordinary combination of ignorance and knowledge. He can tell from the mud on a man's boots where he has been walking, he can tell the make of a cigar from its ash, he has considerable chemical ability, and yet he has never heard of the solar system. He has specialized so intensely on the things that have really mattered to him that he has had no time to systematize his information.

#### THE PATTERN

His method is familiar to everyone. He

ignores everything that to the Scotland Yard detectives seemed most important, and asks apparently trivial questions. "There is madness in his method," an official said of him. And the blank distrust with which his investigations are watched show the suspicion which is always felt by mediocrity for genius. In the end, of course, his methods are vindicated, and Sherlock Holmes has become definitely the popular conception of the detective. He is the pattern, the noun. All the other modern detectives in fiction are only reflections and imitations of him; he represents the popular idea of what a detective is.

It is rather interesting to try to follow his genealogy, to show the stages by which he evolved, and how he combines the various ideas of other writers; for naturally he had his forerunners. It would be hardly possible for a man to create a complete type without any earlier assistance, and

Sir Conan Doyle owes as much to his predecessors as any other artist.

#### DUPIN THE UNREAL

The first genuine detective of modern fiction is, I suppose, Edgar Allan Poe's Dupin. There are only two stories about him, and he is really only interesting as a herald and a portent. His method is laborious and analytic, and Poe was probably more concerned with showing how a murder is tracked down than with creating a character. Dupin does not live, and Sherlock Holmes has got very little from him; indeed, the only thing he did get is the trick by which he follows the process of a companion's thought. Watson looks at a picture of General Gordon, and Holmes, following the stages of his thought, sees how Gordon will gradually bring Watson round to the music-hall comedy they were going to see next week. It is an ingenious trick, and Poe invented it.

#### SHERLOCK HOLMES' ANCESTORS

But as a character, as a living individual, Sherlock Holmes is mainly the descendant of two men: Sergeant Cuff, in Wilkie Collins's "The Moonstone," and Gaboriau's detective. Sergeant Cuff is only one character in a long novel, and is never introduced again; as such he could never bulk largely in the popular imagination. But in many ways he is the greatest of all detectives, even though he gets on to the wrong scent.

#### INSISTENCE ON THE TRIVIAL

"I had a private inquiry last week," he said. "At one end of the inquiry there was a murder, and at the other end there was a spot of ink on a table-cloth that nobody could account for." How much Holmes owes to that, to the insistence on the apparently trivial! And Sergeant Cuff's cross-examination of the witnesses is full of those questions that seem to mean so little and yet contain so much. And again there is a little trick that surrounds the prosaic, middle-aged little man with the glamour of mystery and terror. Whenever Cuff is on the scent, he begins to whistle slowly and sadly "The Last Rose of Summer."

#### WHISTLING THE TUNE

And anyone who knows the story

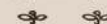
will remember with what extraordinary dramatic effect the whistling of that little tune is introduced. With great skill the sergeant pieces together his evidence, and yet he is on the wrong scent. For that is the great triumph of "The Moonstone," the way in which the mystery is concealed. All the clues are there, there is nothing impossible, and yet I doubt if any reader could unravel it. Sir Conan Doyle also learnt from Sergeant Cuff the trick of making the least likely person the criminal. Very often the murderer in a Sherlock Holmes story turns out to be the trusted family friend, and in "The Moonstone" the sanctimonious Godfrey Ablewhite is the last person that one would suspect.

#### FOOTPRINTS AND CIGAR-ASH

Then there is Gaboriau, and it is very hard to say whether Sir Conan Doyle owes anything to him or not. After all, the ideas were in the air, and it is quite possible that they both thought of the same things independently. Their two detectives certainly have much in common, they both make their deductions from footprints, cigar-ash, the mud of different localities, the main difference being that Gaboriau's creation is essentially French, while Sir Conan Doyle's is essentially English; Gaboriau makes his detective rush about excitedly, but Sherlock Holmes is calm, collected, and aloof. It is a national rather than an artistic difference.

#### THE IDEAL DETECTIVE OF ROMANCE

This is, of course, only a short sketch of the evolution of Sherlock Holmes, in which many links have been dropped, many stepping-stones ignored. But it is interesting to notice how Sherlock Holmes combines the characteristics of his predecessors. And it is Sir Conan Doyle's great achievement that he has thus been able to collect the rough work of others, turn it to his own use, and create a character who stands as the ideal detective of Romance, perhaps for all time.



It is said that the only way to make a new coat last is to make the trousers and waistcoat first. Ha! ha!

## What I Have Learnt from Dogs

(By A. De Corte)

PEOPLE are always quoting the famous writer who said that the more she knew about people, the better she liked dogs. Sometimes I feel that way myself. But whether there is good cause for it or not, I am very sure of one other thing: the more I know about dogs the better I understand people—especially if I see them together.

I have about forty dogs in my kennels now, all of one breed, the Belgian shepherd dog, or police dog. In Belgium we use them in guarding sheep, in hunting criminals, and in drawing our little vegetable and milk carts. They are trained to recognise one master and to protect whatever they are told to guard.

There are, of course, many interesting points of resemblance between dogs and human beings, but here is one that is not commonly known. It is not a good thing for a dog to be *too handsome*. It is curious, but true, that a very handsome or beautiful dog is likely to be dull and stupid.

I think there are two reasons for this. One is that the "too beautiful" animal is almost certain to be spoilt by petting. He attracts attention by his looks. Women are always stopping to pet him. Discipline is likely to be relaxed in his case. He gets approval without having to earn it, and the consequence is that he doesn't exert himself. He trades on his appearance.

Isn't the same thing true of human beings? A man who is an Apollo in face and figure may be a great success with the ladies, but I don't think you will find many of them running the business of the world, or handling great affairs of any kind—except affairs of the heart.

When I say "handsome" I mean the faultlessly regular type. In addition to being spoilt by admiration, there seems to be another reason why they do not measure up to their less handsome fellows. I don't pretend to understand it, but they are almost always less keenly intelligent. Whereas, if they depart from this absolute regularity of form and feature to a certain

limited extent, they are all right. They are better dogs and better men.

For instance, most of my dogs are the black ones of their breed. Now, if they have one white spot on the breast, and white toes, they are better than the entirely black. But if the variation from type goes too far, if they have two white spots and white stockings instead of merely white toes, they are not so good.

The only way I can account for it is that these markings come from some strain a good way back. The one spot and the white toes are a legacy from some particularly fine ancestor. The two spots and white stockings are the mark of a poorer strain. We recognise them now as "good points," or "bad points," because they run true through years of breeding.

You read about the various "points" of a certain kind of a dog: the ears must be just so; the muzzle, eyes, tail, legs, spots, and so on, must conform to an exact category. You wonder why those points are selected. But, they were *not* selected arbitrarily as making the best dog. The best dogs *had* those points. They got them, in the course of breeding, from the finest specimens of their kind.

It is just the same with human beings. Of course, we do not breed people in "classes" as we do dogs. About as near as we come to it is in some of the royal families of Europe. Take the Hapsburgs, for instance, or the Bourbons. You will find certain physical characteristics in those families which persist generation after generation.

Now, if the most intelligent, able, powerful member of either of these families in any generation were selected to *continue* the family, and if this should keep up through many generations, you would find that the finest, most intelligent, and able members of that family in time would show the physical characteristics of these selected ancestors. Those characteristics would be the "points" in which we would judge Airedales and bulldogs and setters.

There is another resemblance between dogs and men. If a dog is exceptionally large or small among his kind, he is not likely to be equal in intelligence and general ability to the standard-sized dog. He is like the giant or midget among human beings.

One of my dogs is too large—for his breed, I mean. And although his other points are good, he is not what he should be.

Even in a general way, large dogs are not the equal in intelligence, initiative, energy, alertness, or endurance of the medium-sized dog. This is true of St. Bernards, Great Danes, and Newfoundlands. They have their good qualities, but I think all dog fanciers will agree that they fall below the mark in the qualities I have named.

Here is one fact about dogs which I will not attempt to explain nor to set up for comparison with human beings: Female dogs are more intelligent than the males. They are less nervous and excitable; but it isn't only that. They are more *intelligent*. They not only learn more quickly, but they seem to have better understanding.

Training a dog is another test of human nature. Any dog can be trained if you go at it the right way. You can begin in certain ways when he has barely got his eyes open; but you can't do very much until he is about seven months old. Even before that you can teach him a certain amount of obedience, but he is too frolicsome and heedless to do much learning.

When you are really about to begin, take him away from the other dogs and keep him in a dark place two or three days. If he is out with the rest of the puppies he will be playing and will be all nervous and keyed up. He must be quiet and attentive, and a few days alone in a dark place, without any distraction, will accomplish this.

Then take him off by himself and talk to him quietly and gently. I begin by telling him to sit down. You must not give the order as a sharp command, but speak it very calmly and slowly: "Sit down—sit down—sit down." At the same time press him gently back on to his

haunches, so that he knows what you mean.

In this way I teach him to sit down, get up, lie down, come to attention. I am always very quiet and gentle with him—but I make him *do* it. If a dog is extremely careless and simply won't pay attention I may have to give him a little cuff on the head to make him listen to me. But when he does listen, I immediately pet him so that he will understand that now I am pleased with him.

I never find it necessary to punish my dogs severely, because when you can begin training a dog at seven months it can be done without any difficulty. But occasionally I have to give one of them a slap to make him obey. And the important thing is to give the punishment immediately, so that he will understand the connection. If I should let his disobedience pass, and give him his punishment later, out of a clear sky, he wouldn't know what it was all about. He would find me suddenly transformed from his friend to a cruel enemy. He would lose his faith in me, and become bewildered and suspicious. If you must punish, and you sometimes must, do it at once. And give your rewards just as promptly. Then he understands. And keep your own temper. Punishment that is given in anger is likely to be out of proportion to the offence. A good dog is not the one that *fears* his master, but the one that *understands* him. Just punishment and just rewards will appeal to a dog's intelligence. Gentleness, firmness, patience, consistency—these are the qualities needed in training dogs. I think they would fit the case in training human beings equally well.

✻ ✻

FUSSER (looking at his watch): "I should like to know just how much this train is overdue."

CYNIC: "A watch ain't no good—what you want is a halmanack." *Punch.*

✻ ✻

BAD MAN: "Pardon me, sir, but do you object to scenes?"

RICH OLD GENT: "Yes."

BAD MAN: "Then would you hand me your watch and money quietly, please?"

## Love and Pickles

(By Ronald M. Newman)

GEORGIE PICKLES was most hopelessly, horribly and cruelly in love.

He hardly knew what to do with himself. And he'd only seen her twice in his life. Once she had come into the post office when he was there. That was the first meeting. Georgie was in the act of purchasing a letter-card at the time, and hearing a wonderful low, sweet sort of voice just by his right ear, he turned round and beheld the prettiest girl he had ever set eyes on.

Georgie voted her a darling straight away. She was so little and fluffy, and so awfully cheeky-looking. He can't remember a thing about the meeting to this day, except that he arrived home the proud possessor of twelve fourpenny insurance stamps and a handful of sticky-paper.

He dreamt about her that night, and mentally pictured her sitting behind the coffee-pot at breakfast the next morning. The whole of the forenoon he hung about the village hoping to see her again. Finally his patience was rewarded. She came out of the gates of a big white house in the company of an elderly lady, and passed him by without even so much as a look. That was the second meeting.

Georgie Pickles was a writer, and lived in rooms by himself just outside Little Appleton. He was quite young—only twenty-three—and was busily engaged on his first book. Love, however, put a temporary end to that. He found work impossible, and spent the greater part of his time loafing about the gates of the afore-mentioned big house.

At last he grew desperate. Five whole days went by and he never saw her again. From inquiries in the village he culled the information that her name was Phyllis Hurst, and that she visited Little Appleton for a month each summer in order to keep her elderly aunt company.

After a week, and nothing further had occurred, Georgie decided to plot. He couldn't bear it any longer. He felt he'd got mad. He schemed a scheme.

About half-past three on Monday afternoon Georgie got out his ancient and freakish bicycle, pumped vigorously at the tyres with but small success, mounted, and rode off down the lane which led from his apartments to Little Appleton.

Strange to say, the road was quite deserted at the time. Stranger, still, on his way Georgie encountered some gates which led up to a big white house. But, strangest of all, at that identical spot he had an accident. Something must have gone wrong with his machine, for, letting out a couple of yells which would have done credit to a half-scalped Red Indian, he swerved violently, flung his hands into the air, and then rolled over in the mud.

Georgie lay in that mud several minutes. Nothing happened, except that he got colder and damper every second, so he groaned noisily and managed to break the glass of his bicycle lamp by kicking it with his foot.

Then something did happen. There was the sound of light, hasty feet upon a gravel drive. The gate clicked, and someone gave a little cry.

"Are—are you hurt very much?"

It was that wonderful, low, sweet sort of voice. Georgie was thrilled, the more so when the fair owner bent over him and touched—just ever so gently—his shoulder.

"I'll fetch somebody to you," she whispered. "Lie quite still."

Georgie opened his eyes and looked at her.

"It's all right, thank you," he muttered. "It's my shoulder. I—I think it's broken. I could get up if you would help me."

"No," she whispered. "I'll fetch the gardener to carry you in. Now you mustn't move until I come back. Promise?"

"Yes," said Georgie, and watched the neatest pair of silk-clad ankles disappear round the gate-post. He would gladly have waited there a week if she had asked him.

Things were turning out just as he had expected. She had gone to get the gardener to carry him in. He was going to be granted admittance to the abode of his beloved.

There was the sound of returning footsteps, light and heavy, on the gravel drive. Georgie lay very still.

"Yes, he's out there, John," said that wonderful voice. "He's badly hurt, poor man."

The gardener picked Georgie up in his arms, while Georgie, of course, groaned every now and then, just to show how much it hurt, and carried him up the drive towards the big white house. The wonderful girl walked by the side, supporting his head so gently.

He was laid on a big *settée*, and presently the girl leaned over him and whispered:

"Do you feel any better?"

Georgie nodded and looked into her big grey eyes.

"Well," she continued, "could you manage to get to bed by yourself? I'll telephone down for the doctor."

"Eh, what?" said Georgie. "Er—oh, please don't bother; I—I shall be all right soon."

"But you won't," said the beautiful girl decisively. "Now don't start talking nonsense about it being too much trouble," she continued, seeing the desperate look on Georgie's face. "You are to go to bed and lie very still, and the doctor will be up in a few minutes."

Georgie began to stammer and protest, and was feeling most horribly funky. He tried to rise, but she gently and firmly held him down.

"John," she said, "help this gentleman upstairs, please."

The gardener seized Georgie once again in his arms, and Georgie was carried bodily up the stairs into a bedroom. There, once the door had closed behind the gardener, he sat heavily down on the bed and swore. He cursed himself for having overdone the accident stunt. A doctor!

There came a tap on the door. Then: "The doctor is on his way, sir."

Georgie gave a little groan of despair

and disrobed. He forced admittance into a pair of pyjamas several sizes too small for him, and crept miserably between the sheets. He was just wondering whether the man of medicine would be a "sport" and take pity on him if he confessed, when the door was rapped and opened.

In walked the village doctor a red-faced, elderly, cheery sort of individual.

"Well, young man," he greeted his patient, "what have you been trying to do? Miss Hurst says you've had a bicycle smash. Let's have a look at you—no, don't sit up."

Georgie lay in silent misery (mental) whilst the doctor ran deft fingers over him.

"H'm!" said the doctor. "Sprained your shoulder. Bad. Very bad, young man. We'll have to look after that."

Georgie groaned feebly, but was really delighted to hear that something was the matter with him.

"You'll want that poulticed," continued the doctor, "twice an hour. Red-hot bread poultices—that will stop complications."

Georgie groaned again—with disgust this time.

"You must stay here for a bit. Keep quiet—no reading, nor smoking; and you'll find Miss Hurst a capital nurse."

Georgie felt sure of that, but—"No smoking?" he faltered. "Look here, doctor, I—I—"

"No," said the doctor cheerfully. "Sorry, but it would be bad for you." He prepared to leave. "Oh, and light diet. Just dry toast—and perhaps a little gruel. I'll come in again to-morrow. Good-bye." And Georgie was left to his own meditations.

He sat up in bed with remarkable alacrity for an invalid, and swore horribly to himself. He gazed wildly round him, and his eyes lighted on his clothes.

He crept out of bed and seized a garment. Then: Tap—tap—tap! "May I come in!"

Georgie slunk back between the sheets, and emitted a feeble "Yes."

Phyllis Hurst advanced boldly into the room and regarded her patient with a nice smile.

"Comfy?" she asked, and proceeded to tuck him in. "There are two hot-water

bottles coming up in a minute," she continued, "and I have told them to light the fire."

"You—you're very kind," murmured Georgie, wondering how he had the heart to deceive anything so extraordinarily beautiful. "You won't leave me for long, will you?" he pleaded. "I—I feel too ill to be left."

She leaned over him and pushed a stray lock of hair away from his face.

"Of course not," she said. "I'm all alone here. Auntie's in town and won't be back till to-morrow, so the only person who can apply the poultices every half-hour is me."

"You won't make them too hot, will you?" he asked anxiously.

Phyllis Hurst nodded.

"They've got to be absolutely boiling," she said. "The doctor is sending up some ointment in case they make your skin come off."

Georgie groaned, and wished the doctor in a clime as warm as his poultices.

"My—my skin off?" he echoed, as the information soaked in. "G-good Heavens! Here, I say, you know," he protested vigorously, "you can't do that. It—it's cruelty."

But the beautiful girl only replied with a smile, and flitted away. Then entered a maid, who lit a huge, blazing fire, and handed Georgie two hot-water bottles to place inside the bed. The bottles were hot, too. He burnt his feet on them, and immediately the servant had left the room pulled them out and hid them under the bed.

Soon Georgie began to gasp for breath and perspire. He was becoming uncomfortably warm.

After another ten minutes the door re-opened and Miss Hurst entered.

"Well, how are you feeling now," she said brightly, "Mr.—Mr.—?"

"Pickles," panted Georgie. "Phew!"

"Why, good gracious! Where are those hot-water bottles?" exclaimed the girl, patting the even counterpane. She seated herself on the edge of the bed and spoke accusingly. "Mr. Pickles, what—have—you—done—with—those—two—hot-water bottles?"

"They're under the bed," gasped

Georgie. "Oh Heavens! Can't I have the windows open?"

"Of course not!" replied the beautiful girl. "Why, you'd catch your death of cold." And she extracted the bottles and placed them back at Georgie's feet.

Georgie felt like an ignited candle. And the heat grew worse and worse.

"Now I'm going to get the poultice," said Phyllis. "The water will be boiling."

That settled things for Georgie.

"Here, I say," he called desperately, just as she reached the door, "d-don't go yet, Miss Hurst. I—I," he gulped, "want to talk to you. It—it's important."

She turned back and looked at him.

"You know, I'm an awful beast," began the gasping Georgie; "there's nothing the matter with me really. I—I shammed that accident outside because I wanted to know you. I think you're simply wonderful, and I love you like—" He paused from want of breath.

"I was beginning to wonder how long it would be before you gave in."

"G-gave in!" echoed Georgie. "What do you mean?"

"You old silly!" whispered Phyllis Hurst. "I was looking out of a window when the—the accident happened. I saw the whole thing. I knew it was only a sham, so I thought I'd better teach you not to be so clever."

"Great Scott!" said Georgie faintly. "But the doctor?"

"I've known him since I was a child," she answered. "I took him into my confidence."

Georgie sat up in bed, feeling the biggest of fools.

"You will forgive me, won't you?" he pleaded. "You see—er—you've won." He held out his arms to catch her. "And I love you so much. I've—er—whew!—I've earned something in return, don't you think?"

Phyllis Hurst crossed over and opened a window, whilst Georgie waited in suspense. At the door she paused.

"I shall be having tea alone in twenty minutes," she said softly. "Don't be late."

Georgie wasn't. He arrived fully eight minutes before the time, and—well, made remarkably good use of them.

## The Bank of England

WILL the Bank of England disappear? It is proposed to demolish it, says *Answers*, and erect a more commodious and up-to-date building in its place.

Square, grim, terrible in its grey rock-like walls—a prison-like place, frowning and chilly, with no door to let life into or out of it, and with no window at which one may catch a glimpse of a face or form in three of its wide-flung sides, stands "the Bank"—the money heart of Britain—from whence used to flow the stream of gold, replaced now by the pieces of magic, crisp, crinkly paper that is gold's worth—the money and notes that millions are striving and toiling for from rising sun till dusk.

### PROVED IMPREGNABLE.

The grim, stolid, blank walls are only broken on the front. There, through its pillared entrance, stream in and out people bringing and carrying away money through its jealously guarded doors. The Bank usually holds within it twenty million pounds worth of gold and notes. It is the strongest treasure-house in the world. Ever since it was first built hungry eyes of the most expert and desperate bank-breakers have scanned those grim walls in vain. Villainy has stealthily hovered around it, and ebbed and flowed about it, and given up hope of those millions. The rock has been impregnable.

A short distance away was another grim, grey stone building bearing many similar features—terrible, frowning. It was a prison—Newgate—and ever since the two sullen-faced places were built the deep-set iron-flanged door of the prison has opened to swallow up the enemies of the other. Newgate has been the Bank's faithful friend.

If villainy has found the treasures of the Bank unapproachable, it has embarked on a thousand desperate cunning schemes against its treasure from outside. Its money could be imitated, its notes forged. So the most cunning brains have waged perpetual war against it. But the grim building has

hands, and eyes, and ears, hidden and reaching throughout the world. Suddenly its hand has closed, and the door of Newgate has opened to swallow up and clang to upon another white-faced, despairing comer to its dreadful shadow-haunted cells—a "Bank prisoner."

### ROMANCE OR TRAGEDY.

A young and beautiful girl who for years waited for the chime of the marriage bells, and who was fated to hear in their place the dread execution bell of St. Sepulchre's knelling the death of her lover, is the figure which haunts one in connection with the first of the banknote forgers.

The daughter of a Lincoln's Inn solicitor, she had become engaged to a young fellow named Vaughan. Dashing, handsome Dick Vaughan had won her heart, and she, in turn, had at last wheedled her stern, law-dry old father to look with approval on him. He had heard stories of Vaughan's wild career at Oxford, but, anyway, the young fellow had taken his degree. He was twenty-six now, and seemed settled down to serious work, and to proving himself worthy of the girl he loved.

He was, he informed the old gentleman, making money. As a proof of his doing so, he showed the girl handfuls of notes, which, it was agreed, she should keep in a box only to be opened after their marriage.

When there were a thousand pounds in the box—a nice sum on which to start the home—the marriage should be celebrated. The day was only a week or two off now—the store of precious notes had grown and grown. Then suddenly stern-faced men swooped down on the solicitor's residence, and demanded to see the treasure. The notes were forgeries, and Vaughan was carried away—to death—the punishment at that time of such an offence.

In the grey light of early dawn, one morning in 1872, a man watched at the corner of a well-to-do street in Edinburgh, ever keeping his eyes bent on the door of one house. At length the door opened a



### The Bank of England—*continued.*

little, and a face peered out. Then a tall, good-looking, well-tailored young fellow sauntered down the steps, and, with the shadow following, strolled down the street to slip a letter he was carrying in his hand into a pillar-box. Suddenly he turned, his eyes met those of the shadow behind him, and, with a hoarse cry, he rushed away, with the other in fierce pursuit, ever growing closer and closer—ever bringing the terrible hands, eager to grip him and drag him to justice, nearer and nearer. His pursuer was on him at last. The captured man was George Bidwell, one of the famous band of bank forgers who, with his brother Austin and another, had come from the United States bent on reducing the Bank's treasure by a million of gold by means of forged bonds!

The plot had brought them in thousands, when a slip on the forgers' part had led to its detection, and the gang had fled to seek hiding where they might.

A week or two before that race in the Edinburgh streets, a merry wedding party had gathered in the great salon of the American Embassy in Paris. The bride was young and handsome—an English girl; and the bridegroom was a charming fellow almost as young as herself. He was wealthy, and after the ceremony the couple set off on their honeymoon to Spain. Thence they passed to the West Indies, and finally took up their abode in one of the beautiful white marble villas dotting the higher land around the gay little town of Havana. They were very happy, and entertained largely.

One evening, while a party of guests were there, the door of the dining-room flew open. Strangers were standing there, the first one revolver in hand. He was a detective, and he had come to arrest the host, the husband of the fainting dark-tressed girl with the dazzling diamonds in her hair. The host was Austin Bidwell. The hands of the Bank had stretched to that corner of the world and grasped him.

He and his brother both received sentence of penal servitude for life.

Hardly breathing, creeping with the soft feet of cats up the linoleum-covered stair of the little house in Winsen Street, in a Birmingham suburb, three men made their way like shadows up and up, pausing now and again as their feet awakened some louder creak in the stairs. Coming at last to a little landing, they crept towards a door.

In that room was "the eccentric lodger"—the man who allowed no one ever to pass inside—"doing for himself," as the landlady said. As they crept closer the door was, to their amazement, suddenly flung open, and a man confronted them. What ears he must have had? They were on him in an instant, and hurled him backward while the handcuffs clicked upon his wrists.

He was a man named Griffiths, a forger of banknotes—and never had the grim, grey building a more dangerous prey on its hoards than "the eccentric lodger" in the quiet, respectable Birmingham lodgings. "The game is up." Griffiths promised that if the detectives would take him for a drive the next day he would show them where part of his plant was buried. In a field at the back of the Birmingham Waterworks he waved his manacled hands to a bush. "I guess I shall never want it again," he said.

He was right. The prison swallowed him till death stilled the hands for ever.

The hands of the Bank stretch everywhere to drag to punishment those who dare to assail its majesty. So terrible is its reputation for bringing offenders against it to crushing bitter repentance that the criminal's heart shrinks in dread from incurring its wrath. The number of offenders against it has steadily dwindled and dwindled. In one year—long back—it prosecuted no fewer than 142 offenders. Now years pass without any serious attempt being made upon it.