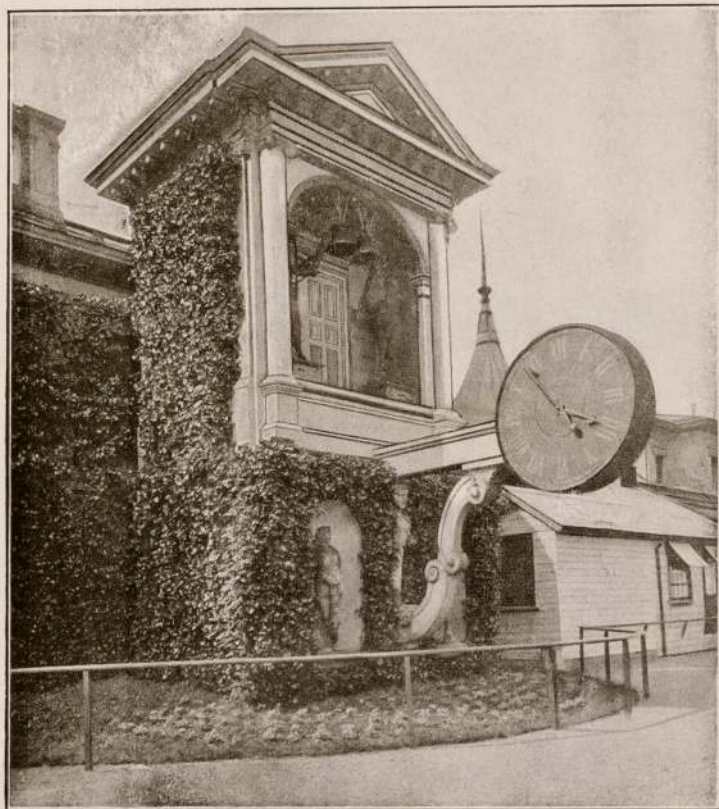


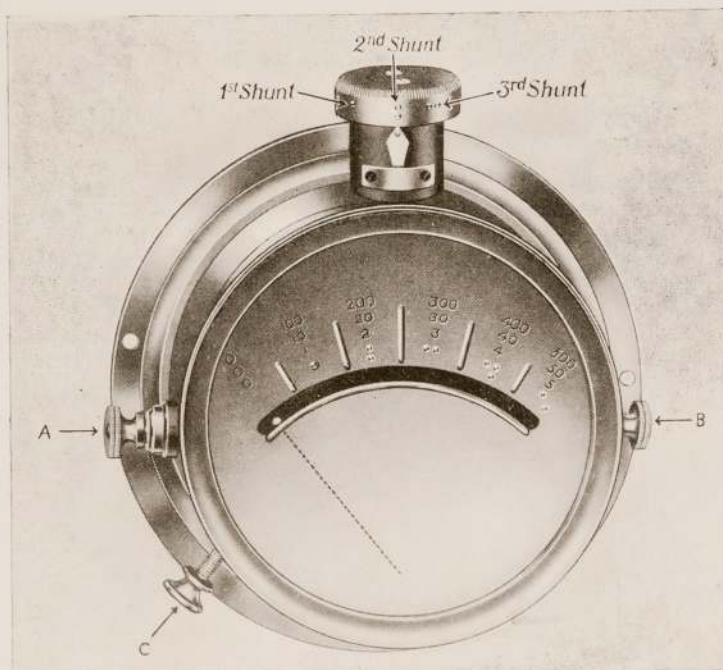
St. Dunstan's



Review

For the Amusement and Interest of Men Blinded in the War

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



Galvanometer for the Blind

THIS instrument was specially devised by Captain Ian Fraser to enable a blind man to give electro-therapeutic treatments.

(A detailed description is given on page 14.)



A TYPICAL MASSAGE TREATMENT ROOM EQUIPPED BY ST. DUNSTAN'S

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 49.—VOLUME V.

NOVEMBER, 1920.

PRICE 6d.
[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN.]

EDITOR'S NOTES

LAST month a very interesting experiment in connection with publicity for St. Dunstan's and the National Institute for the Blind was tried. A special number of the *Daily Mirror* was produced, showing every feature which appears in that newspaper from day to day, but dealing exclusively with the news, experiences and opinions of the blind world. Scores of pictures dealing with various aspects of the work of St. Dunstan's and of the National Institute for the Blind were included, and even such special features as Mr. Haselden's cartoon, the Children's Corner, the Stock Exchange and Fashions, were included. Mr. Haselden's cartoon, which was specially drawn for us, portrayed, in the artist's inimitable way, how the rich can economise and support the National Institute by their savings, and in the City Notes the public was advised to invest in the National Institute for the Blind, with the note, "In the City this investment is regarded most favourably, all people are advised to speculate a small proportion of their savings in this most promising deal. Buy these shares now, and leave the blind to draw the dividends."

Lord Rothermere very generously met the expenses of printing and editing this publication, and we, therefore, had only to meet the cost of the paper, which expense was almost recouped out of revenue on advertisements. Half a million copies of this *Daily Mirror* were sent out, and the publicity thus afforded should do much to make known the works of St. Dunstan's and the National Institute for the Blind throughout the country.

Sir Arthur is to be congratulated upon having obtained a unique collection of letters from kings, presidents and other great men all the world over. He is to be congratulated even more upon the splendid record which is mentioned and commented upon in these communications, which will be found published on pages 17-21 of this REVIEW.

WE direct attention of all men who have left St. Dunstan's to Mr. Askew's Pensions Note on page 8. It is most important that those men who think they are in a position to claim Alternative Pension should get in touch with our Pensions Office immediately, in order that their interests may be safeguarded. Following this Note will be found some particulars of St. Dunstan's Savings Bank as it applies to men who have left. We call particular attention to this because we want to be quite sure that no one is in ignorance of the facilities we can afford, and of the special inducements to save which are given by this bank. It may be of interest to note here that Mr. Askew is now definitely associated with our After-Care work as head of our Accountant's Department. We are very fortunate in being able to secure his permanent services for, apart from the advantages of having a man with his ability and knowledge of St. Dunstan's to look after our very complicated system of accounts, we shall for the future also be in a position to draw upon his inexhaustible fund of Pensions knowledge.

ELSEWHERE in this issue appears a report of a remarkable concert which took place on November 4th at the Æolian Hall, New Bond Street, in which a number of blinded soldiers took part. It is inevitable that out of nearly 2,000 men there should have been a few whose voices were of such quality as to bring them into the category in which they might stand a chance of making a success of singing as a profession, and this concert was inaugurated for the double purpose of bringing these few men into the limelight and giving them the publicity they need, and secondly of obtaining the advice of expert critics upon their performance. It is true that there are many men who have extremely pleasant voices, but there is a vast difference between a voice which would please you in a drawing room and one which would draw crowds of people to a concert room. We earnestly hope that some of our men will come into the latter category, meanwhile congratulating them and their teachers upon the splendid results that have already been obtained.

Music at St. Dunstan's really falls into two classes. There is the instruction of men like those mentioned above, in whose cases it is hoped that singing will become a profession, and the instruction given to very much larger numbers of men in singing and the playing of all manner of musical instruments by way of a pastime or hobby. The men of St. Dunstan's owe a great debt of gratitude to Miss Bald for the able way in which she organised music instruction on a large scale; and the concert at the Æolian Hall, for which she was responsible, brought her work to a splendid conclusion. She has recently found it impossible to devote so much time to the subject as heretofore, and Miss Espir, who has been one of her devoted assistants during the last two years, has taken over the organisation of this department. This does not mean that Miss Bald is disassociating herself entirely from St. Dunstan's, for arrangements are being made for her co-operation in assisting men who have left St. Dunstan's in regard to instruction, practices, and obtaining engagements. Few people realise the enormous amount of work involved in giving regular lessons to such a large number of men, and the opportunity we have just had of reading the report of past progress and future plans lead us to offer our very best congratulations to Miss Bald, Miss Espir and their splendid band of helpers.



The First Great Christmas Bazaar

IT is a difficult matter to organise a unique exhibition in a unique setting, but that this difficulty has been most successfully overcome will surely be recognised by the visitor to the Childhood Exhibition and Toy Fair, which will be held at Devonshire House from November 22nd to November 27th, in aid of "Sunshine House," the Blind Babies' Home of the National Institute for the Blind, which was described in last month's REVIEW.

This Exhibition will be the last public event to be held in the historic old mansion in Piccadilly, and all visitors will have a chance of inspecting the glories of one of the most famous of the stately homes of England. The Exhibition in itself will be a gathering of everything pertaining to children, interesting alike to boy and girl, papa and mamma, uncle and aunt.

All the leading firms dealing in children's goods will be represented.

Apart from the exhibits, which in novelty, design and colour will present the most unique display of children's goods ever gathered together, there will be side-shows of all kinds for the little visitors' amusement, including miniature roundabouts, swings, fishponds, etc.



At a concert given recently at Hinstock, near Market Drayton, in aid of St. Dunstan's, there was a draw for a mat, value 12s. 6d., made by J. Nolan, one of our men. This mat realised £2 12s. 6d. Nolan is also to be congratulated on the fact that he supplied the programmes and notices for the concert, which gave great satisfaction all round.

Dreams of the Blind

(Discussion continued from last month's "Review")

SIR ARTHUR PEARSON'S VIEWS

To the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

SIR,—I have been greatly interested in the Editorial Note in the September number of the REVIEW about Blind Person's Dreams, and in the letters which you printed in your October number.

I do not dream very frequently. That is to say I do not very often remember my dreams. As a rule I simply wake with a confused feeling that I have been dreaming, or I remember a dream just as I am waking, but cannot succeed in fixing it in my mind.

Sometimes, however, I remember my dreams very clearly, and curiously one of my most vivid experiences of this kind is a flying dream of the sort which Mr. Way describes. I love this flying dream, and wish it came to me oftener. I fly through the air as if I were swimming slowly; I can go just where I like, though I cannot always continue as long as I wish to, but my descent, though impossible to resist, is always steady and even.

This dream very often takes me above water, which I suppose has some connection with the method of my dream flight. I sometimes fly over country which in days gone by I knew by sight very well; more often over mountain scenery of which I sometimes recognise patches. My flights occasionally seem to last for hours, and the experience is always a delightful one. I am often puzzled at the failure of friends and acquaintances to accompany me on my aerial voyages.

And now as to the distinctness of the impressions of a dream. I see everything always perfectly clearly and vividly, with the exception of the faces of people whom I have only met since my sight left me; these are dim and cloudy, rather as though a thick white veil of some semi-transparent material were drawn over them. The figures of my dream people are always quite clear.

Though I see quite clearly in my dreams I always know that I am blind,

and, like Captain Fraser, often chuckle to myself at my cleverness in doing things which it should be impossible for a blind man to do.

Like Mr. Way, I sometimes dream of places with which I used to be familiar, and sometimes of places which have become familiar of late years. There is no difference in the clearness with which I see the surroundings of these two types of place, though in the case of places which I have never really seen dimensions are apt to be rather vague, and there are sometimes empty spaces which obviously should not be empty.

Next in frequency to my flying dream is a golf dream, in which I am playing a round over one of the courses which I used to know. This dream probably arises from the fact that I often help myself to go to sleep by mentally playing round a golf course and thus banishing worrying thoughts from my brains.—Yours, etc.

ARTHUR PEARSON



DREAMS DIVIDED INTO FOUR CLASSES

To the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

Sir,—I have read with interest the exchange of views on the subject of "Blind Men's Dreams," and I think that my own experiences, though containing nothing unique, may be worth relating.

For over five years I have been entirely without sight, and during that period my dreams have been many and varied, but may be roughly divided into four classes as follows:—

- (a) In which I enjoy normal vision.
- (b) In which I see quite clearly, but at the same time realise that I am supposed to be totally blind.
- (c) In which objects are seen indistinctly, as in the twilight.
- (d) In which I see nothing, but seem to receive the impressions through the other senses.

When first I lost my sight my dreams were all of class (a), but these have now

been partly superseded by dreams (b) and (c), and during the last two years dreams of class (d) have made their appearance.

Dreams (a) and (b) are almost entirely people and places I have seen, but also bring me into touch with people I have never met, whom I call "dream people." In these two classes the scene of my dream is invariably laid in the home of my youth, where for miles around I know the countryside perfectly. When walking any of these roads at home since losing my sight the landscape unfolds itself before my mental vision as easily and as perfectly as it did before my eyes in the past. In the houses, streets and roads we have seen things move about in a sighted manner because we have a true picture of our surroundings before our mind's eye, and for the time being it is easy to believe that we can see. It is, in my opinion, this habit of visualising our surroundings which accounts for dreams of class (b).

Dreams of class (c) are of the people and places mostly encountered since blindness. These dreams are probably dim, because in forming pictures of people and places I have never seen it is difficult to fill in details.

Dreams (d) generally take place in rooms and are of conversations with friends, some of whom I have seen, but also with others whom I have only met in recent years.

It is vain to prophecy what lies in the future, but it is quite probable that in years to come dreams of the first three classes will almost entirely disappear and give place to dreams more akin to conscious experience.

In conclusion, I should just like to say that the loss of my right leg obtrudes itself much more in my dreams than does my sightlessness. My artificial leg had figured prominently in many dreams, but never my glass eyes.—Yours, etc.,

C. McINTOSH.

EXPLORING THE SUBCONSCIOUS REALM

To the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

Sir,—The correspondence on dreams, which is appearing in your magazine, is certainly very interesting, and Mr. Way's letter in particular provides much food for

thought, for I should say that his experience—that of retaining sight in dreams—is unusual. I lost my sight about the age of ten, but I saw in my dreams for a considerable time after that event, though I do not remember for how long; I should say, however, for about a year, or perhaps two years. My vision in my dreams now—and I often have dreams that I can remember—is the same as in ordinary waking consciousness. My view is that the experiences of daily life are recorded in the subconsciousness and reproduced with strange mixtures in dreams, but when seeing is no part of ordinary consciousness, then dreams gradually take on the new attitude towards surrounding objects; that is, the sight-pictures registered in the subconscious either become obliterated, or they become covered over by the new pictures transmitted to the subconscious region.

I can remember vividly the scenes of my childhood, the details of houses, outside and in, the colour of flowers and leaves, and, though to a less extent, the faces and general appearance of relations and friends; but these are no longer daily pictures, and my dreams have therefore taken over present ways of looking at things. Mr. Way's experience, on the other hand, goes to show that the subconscious sight-pictures need not be covered over, and this leads to another interesting point. A friend of mine who became blind about the age of thirteen, went about quite confidently in his own town, hitting upon familiar houses with the same accuracy as when he could see, but after a time—and apparently merely because double stepped in—he lost this power and had to fall back upon blind methods. One naturally asks, in the light of Mr. Way's dream experience, could not the mental pictures and the confidence in getting about which originally accompanied them, be retained for active service in locating spots already known? Undoubtedly we have very much to learn about the subconscious realm, and as the last question is akin to dream experiences, possibly some of your correspondents might like to take it up.—Yours, etc.,

H. C. WARRILOW.

A COMBINATION OF SIGHT AND BLINDNESS.

To the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

Sir,—I wonder where you are going to land us by opening this subject now, when so many are would-be visionaries if not something more. But as you will assuredly confine your publications to the lighter experiences of St. Dunstaners and appear to ask for any experiences which may help to some decision as to whether a person blinded after having seen, dreams as a sighted or blind person, it may be worth while to tell you of a dream I dreamt during a mid-day "halt" only a few days ago, as typical of all my dreams (and on Sunday nights after a day of much "memorising" they are many) as my experience is a combination of sight and blindness.

First we have all experienced, doubtless, the nervy dream of hospital or soon after, when one is going through the air at 80 miles per hour in an aeroplane without a bottom to it, or sitting on a polo pony that is running away straight for the Grand Stand, or trying to dodge an on-coming battery by dodging behind the nearest blade of grass. That stage of dream kind died with a strong tonic for most of us, I imagine, though I have met one old stager, blinded in the South African War, who still prefers nightly to sit up talking till the late hours of the morning, rather than retire to suffer torture by such dreams, which leave him a wreck in the morning.

However, here is my dream—I find myself again a recruit, trooper in a London barrack room. I see every detail of the room, and the men who were fellow-troopers with me in '99. I hear the sergeant's whip strike the door to arouse us, and as I rouse myself I observe that I am laying on a very old brown "biscuit," and it appears to dawn on me that something is wrong, and I remember that I am a married man, quite unsuitable for such surroundings and couch.

Then I seem to make some further effort, when the fact of being blinded comes home to me, barrack room, etc., fade away, and probably I awake. Not an exciting dream, but it seems in a way to illustrate a combination of both sight and blindness.

It is in no sense a nightmare, but in every dream it is brought home to me in some way or another that a change has taken place.

This may not interest others, but I shall be interested to read if other blind people have the same experience.—Yours, etc.,

H. GIBB.

A CURIOUS MUDDLING OF THINGS

To the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

Sir,—With reference to dreaming after losing one's sight, I find personally that I muddle seeing and not seeing in an extraordinary way. Unfortunately I cannot remember a good example except one I have just had.

In this case I was in a drawing-room I had never seen before with several great friends. Everything was quite normal, and furniture, decorations, etc., were quite distinct. We were sitting talking when I noticed that a curtain pole was off its bracket, and I immediately climbed on two arm-chairs and put it right.

Now as I did this I thought to myself that someone would protest that it was a perilous position to be in for a blind man, and that I might easily fall off the back of the two chairs I was standing on. As a matter of fact, they knew me too well to venture any comment, but I was certain they thought a good deal as they watched me.

This is not very exciting, but it strikes me as a curious muddling of things, as it was the only suggestion of my being blind in a dream, which went on for a long time.

I have a hazy recollection of another occasion, walking through a large house knowing and realising I was blind, and then suddenly turning into a room with a large French mirror on the wall. And I promptly looked at it!—Yours, etc.,

W. G. T. PEMBERTON.

A motorist in the East End of London had a breakdown. After struggling for some time with the "innerds," he asked a small boy who was watching him to fetch him some pliers. The urchin returned after some minutes and exclaimed breathlessly, "Sorry, mister, they ain't got no "Plyers" so I brought yer "Wills's."

News of St. Dunstan's Men—

NEWS OF MISS DAY FROM SOUTH AFRICA

WE have quite a budget of Colonial correspondence this month. W. R. Meaker, poultry-farmer in South Africa, sends us some interesting details of his work, and incidentally news of Miss Day:—

"I have to thank you for your last two kind letters recently received and also for the book 'Victory over Blindness,' which arrived safe and in good condition.

"I must also mention that I duly received my test hammock and baby swing, and thank you for your promptness in the matter.

"About a month ago we had the pleasure of a visit from Miss Day, who seems to be quite taken up with South Africa; I daresay you have already heard from her. I expect she is nearing her destination for Australia. I hope she has a pleasant trip.

"I am hoping the time will pass by quickly so that we may have the pleasure of a visit from yourself as promised, and also hope that before then our seasons will have changed, as I am sorry to say that the drought continues.

"Now a word about my poultry. I still continue getting good results from my birds, although eggs have gone down in price. I have not lost any from sickness yet, as I have had no vermin amongst them, which I consider is very fortunate. I have had some very successful hatches, and had quite a number of chicks to rear.

"When I last wrote you I think I told you that I had made and sold about 200 string bags. Since then orders have been coming in very briskly, and I have over 300 more; this I know you will be pleased to hear."

SETTLING IN TASMANIA

T. M. Fisher, a poultry-farmer in Hobart, Tasmania, writes:—

"I feel ashamed of myself for not having written to you before to thank you for all

that you did for me at St. Dunstan's, but the time flies past before you know where you are, and I have been so busy getting settled. Houses are very scarce, and I wanted one with plenty of ground to keep my poultry in, which, of course, made it ever so much harder to get, but after six months looking round I managed to find one which I thought would suit me. It is about two miles from Hobart, on a small hill, and commands a beautiful view of the river Derwent. There is plenty of room for me to keep at least 200 fowls, and also enough room to grow all the green food required. I had rather a late start with my poultry this year, but have managed to get about fifty chicks, and have an incubator running with sixty eggs; also another fowl with fifteen eggs. This should make a good start for me this year, and probably I shall do better next year. I have about twenty fowls, some of which are very good ones I imported from Melbourne, and I am getting about fourteen eggs per day, which I consider very good. We had a most beautiful trip out, but unfortunately ran into a shipping strike in Melbourne, where we were detained for ten days, and only managed to get across by travelling in a very small cattle boat, which was not very nice after the R.M.S. 'Ormonde.' We got across safely, however, and were really none the worse for it.

"My wife and I are quite settled now, and both like our house and surroundings very much; we have such nice neighbours.

"I want to thank you very much for the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW and the two Braille Magazines which I receive every month. They are all a great treat. Mother told me she had had a letter from you the other day. I believe Miss Day is on her way to Australia; I sincerely hope she will pay a visit to Tasmania; it will be very nice to see some one straight from St. Dunstan's.

"I went out to see H. Fordyce during my stay in Melbourne, and he has a fine place, and I think is doing very well.

—From all parts of the World

"Now please let me thank you very much for all you did for me at St. Dunstan's. I spent a very happy time at St. Dunstan's, and I am sure it is only the spirit that I received at St. Dunstan's that is enabling me to spend such a happy life now. I shall never forget the kindness shown to me by you all at St. Dunstan's.

"I will write you soon and let you know how I am getting on."

A TUG-OF-WAR IN CANADA

J. W. Ogilvie, boot, mat, and net maker, writes to us from Ontario, Canada:—

"I have just received your most welcome letter, and was ever so glad to hear from you. I haven't got much news for you this time, as I am just as busy as I can be getting ready to move on Friday, so I put my new address on the top of this letter, and I think I will do very well out in that district. We had a sports day at Pearson Hall, but I did not win any prizes as I did not go in for them. All I went in for was the tug-of-war. There was a picked team of the St. Dunstan's boys, a team which MacDougal had of the masseurs, and a team of Pearson Hall. We drew for a bye, and the Pearson Hall fellows got it, so we had to pull MacDougal's masseurs, and we beat them after a very hard pull. Then we had to meet the Pearson Hall fellows, and we were so very tired that they took us over the first time. Then some of the fellows were so exhausted that they could not finish the other two pulls, so that made the Pearson Hall fellows the winners of that lot. Jimmy Green got away with quite a lot of the prizes.

"I did not do as well as I thought I should at the Exhibition. I fixed the baby-swing, for which I got second prize last year. I stained the seat a nice golden oak, and had it varnished, but it never got anything this year, neither my hammock or my little bag, but I did take a first prize for my piano lamp. Davies got third for

a bag, and Fairfield got first for a doubled-string hammock.

"Someone put a piece in the paper about Davies and myself being the only two blind shoe repairers in Toronto, and it brought quite a lot of work to me, but I was sorry that it did not give my new address. However, when the people come here with their boots, I tell them just where I am going, so that may be a good help."

POULTRY FARMING IN SUFFOLK

R. Davies, a poultry farmer at Sweffling, near Saxemundham, sends us the following letter:

"I will now just give you a little idea of what I have been doing since I came here. First of all I had three quarters of an acre of garden which I had ploughed and harrowed, and I sowed some vegetables on it, but the spear grass grew up so thick again that it smothered the vegetables. As you see, my first crop was a failure, but I am going to have the land ploughed up again and have another try, hoping to have better luck next time. The second thing we did was to look around and select the best room for the incubator, and my wife chose the pantry. We found it a very good place, for we had good luck with our hatching. My wife sees to the incubator and the chicks until they go into the cold breeder, and then she leaves them to me. The R. I. Reds breeding pen turned out to be anything but a good one, but I am thankful to say I managed to get sixty-one pullets, and some of them are laying, while the others I am expecting to commence in a week or two. The Leg-horns have done very well, and I hope to have good luck with them next hatching season. I bought a goat cheap, and I had just had it a fortnight when it had a kid."

G. Green, Sheffield, writes:—

"You will be pleased to hear that I got an order for six trays from the Manager of the Cinema Picture Palace here for use in their grill room."

Departmental Notes

Netting

AT the Dairy Show, held in October at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, we received a pleasing reminder of the extending usefulness of our nets among all classes of society. There was a most interesting section devoted to British goats, and it was remarked that those of the goats which were provided with St. Dunstan's hay nets wore a happy and contented air as they drew their nourishment comfortably from the nicely made nets that kept their stalls so neat. We were sorry for the goats which had to make shift with untidy bundles of hay, and we were informed that much jealousy of a capricious nature was created. We have promised to set up a Netting Stall at the Dairy Show next year, so that all the goats can have nice hay nets, and all the farmers attending the Cattle Section may be able to buy St. Dunstan's Agricultural Nets.

Pensions

ALL N.C.O.'s and men will, by now, have received a printed form from the Ministry of Pensions informing them that the latest date on which application can be made for Alternative Pension is the 6th December, 1920.

There are men who are not eligible for an Alternative Pension immediately as they are at present drawing allowances for a wife or children. They would, however, become eligible if, for any reason, such allowances ceased. It is most essential, therefore, for all men who were earning more than 25s. a week, averaged over the twelve months immediately prior to the outbreak of war, to communicate, *at once*, with Mr. Askew in order that their interests may be safeguarded.

NOTE:—Alternative Pensions are based on pre-war earnings plus a bonus of 60 per cent. and are issued in lieu of the Flat Rate Pension for a man, his wife and children. Attendant Allowance is, however, issued in addition.

St. Dunstan's Savings Bank

IN order to encourage men to save to the greatest possible extent the St. Dunstan's Savings Bank was started. The facilities of the Savings Bank are also extended to men who have left the Hostel. Deposits may be made up to any reasonable figure in multiples of £1. Money may be withdrawn at any time, and 5 per cent. per annum interest is paid on deposits. Deposits should be sent by registered post to Captain Ian Fraser, After-Care Department, St. Dunstan's Hostel, Regent's Park, N.W.1.

Typewriting

WE offer our heartiest congratulations to the following men on having passed their Typewriting Tests:—

B. Fitzpatrick, G. F. Furness, W. E. Agate, J. B. Lever, F. Crabtree, P. P. Dixon, C. Marshall, and D. Murphy.

The Braille Room

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

Reading: J. E. Bell, R. Wilkinson, A. J. Burtenshaw, F. A. Dakin, R. May, and W. Alston.

Writing: J. R. F. Treby, C. Davey, Mr. Rattray, A. E. Trigg, T. L. Evans, G. H. Wiltshire, T. Cheshire, A. B. Hill, R. Young, and G. Woodburn. D. P.

BOBBY had imparted to the minister the information that his father had got a new set of false teeth. "Indeed," replied the minister, "and what will he do with the old set, Bobby?" "Oh, I s'pose they'll do the same with them as they do with his breeks—cut 'em down and make me wear 'em," he replied dolefully.

News from the Workshops

AT the Exhibition held by the Worshipful Company of Basket Makers, at the Girdlers Hall, Basinghall Street, on Thursday, October 14th, 1920, the following men were awarded Certificates of Merit:—

Class 1—A. Jenkinson, cane hamper; E. Laker, cane hamper.

Class 3—A. Greening, square arm basket; F. Ashworth, baby linen hamper; W. H. Byrd, round arm basket; J. H. Tindall, picnic basket.

Class 4—A. Greening, soiled linen basket; W. H. Byrd, soiled linen basket; J. H. Tindall, soiled linen basket.

BASKET DEPARTMENT

D. Murphy has done exceptionally well on barrel baskets, in fact we can hardly conceive of anyone doing better in the time he has had. G. F. Furniss and J. Buckle have also shown keen interest, and have done quite well in the earlier part of their course. At the centre cane table, A. Man is quickly getting useful knowledge of the work, and F. S. Owen is doing surprising work with one hand only; with a little assistance he makes baskets of good shape and correct in technical details. C. Singleton has done good work with square clothes baskets, and W. H. Jones is also doing well with square work. F. J. W. Boothman is an industrious man, who works his rods quite well. A number of baskets made as a revision of work by A. Tillotson have been very good samples. H. C. Boase has made several lined hampers and fitted them with roller clogs, while F. C. Harris has done similar work with oval clothes baskets in addition. As pupil teachers, W. Knox, who has now considerable experience, and W. H. Byrd, who commenced early in October, are doing very valuable work.

BOOT DEPARTMENT

Another pupil teacher who is becoming quite a "veteran" is F. C. Morgan in this

department; he is doing just as useful work as ever. J. H. Ham is following well in the same direction. Two new men, L. Johns and R. Perkis, are turning out very satisfactory and sound repairs. W. H. Agate is getting a good general idea of the work, and it is evident that T. H. Marshall is really interested. R. Edwards and A. Ashley can do well with soling and heeling. Great improvement has been made by A. Dakin, especially in finish and appearance; his last mat also reached a very good standard. The same can be said in both respects of J. Fleming. The work done by A. J. Hornsby is of a good standard, including toe-capping and new inner soles. A pair of ladies' shoes set up for hand sewing, and also a clump on some men's boots, done by A. H. W. James, were specially noticed, and also the real good progress made recently by R. Wylie and W. J. Hare.

CLOG DEPARTMENT

In both boots and clogs, H. H. Oldroyd is having good experience in all classes of work, and he should make a very successful man. S. Brydson is making steady advance, and shows quite a preference for repairs. R. Cheshire does good work with both new and second-hand boot clogs, and also keeps up his standard in boot repairing. The advance made by J. Bolton with recent clog work is noteworthy, and J. L. Brooke is improving all round, especially with cutting out and stitching.

MAT DEPARTMENT

The new men here are doing remarkably well, particularly G. Powell, F. Hill and J. Hunter. W. S. Castle made a good mat with a design of five diamonds, and the last mat made by W. Coleman shows improvement in cutting and thrumming. A yarn border mat made by J. Lever had a very good report, and also similar mats, test work, and initial mats made by D. N. Livingstone, F. T. Boccock, O. E. Stevens

and A. S. Emerson. A. E. H. Brown turns out a quantity of work of a good standard. A mat with a key border, and also one of special size made by A. E. Trigg, were also very good. F. Hemsworth has made an advance on his previous good standard. D. Fenton has a sound idea of the work, and C. Davey has made very good progress with sinnet mats.

JOINERY DEPARTMENT

W. Tout and A. W. Birchall have both done very good work with a meat safe, and are now showing keen interest with the usual kitchen table. W. Higginson has done well with similar work, and also reached a very satisfactory standard with two pairs of steps and some oak trays. Another man who has done well is A. Billingham, who has recently gained much more confidence, and is consequently making good progress with all his recent work. W. Muir is still working steadily on oak trays, and T. Kent is giving close attention to his picture framing with greater success. Instructor G. E. W. Pell has just completed a music stool, which has been much admired. He was not content with the woodwork, but as an addition, upholstered it himself.

The following Proficiency Certificates were awarded during the month of October: H. Gunson (boots and clogs), C. B. Baker (boots and mats), A. H. Tuppen (picture framing), A. H. Luker (boots), R. Young (boots), W. J. Hare (boots and mats), F. Aubrey (mats), H. Roberts (mats), G. Woodburn (boots), H. J. Morrison (boots), and C. Cottrell (mats).

PUPIL TEACHERS

The assistance given to the men by their comrades, the Pupil Teachers, is still a very important and distinctive part of the workshops training, and the succession of men who have filled the position have responded splendidly to Sir Arthur's conception of the way in which a blind man who has recently learnt a craft can give in a special way assistance to a beginner.

The following St. Dunstaners, who have been responsible for some time for their own sections of men, and have shown a special capacity for imparting knowledge to others, have now been appointed as instructors:—

Mat Department—E. Woodward.

Basket Department—A. Smith.

Joinery Shop—R. Caven, W. E. Cook, F. Ralph, H. Thompson. C. E. W. Pell has for some time held this position.

The Joiner's Shop is staffed entirely with St. Dunstan's men, trained by Mr. Atkinson. *W. H. O.*

The Discussion Club

ON Monday, October 11th, Miss Lena Ashwell came to St. Dunstan's, and spoke to us on "Shakespeare," showing us the great humanity of his works, and dealing in a most interesting way with the varied characters in his plays.

Monday, the 18th, was devoted to a political lecture, when Captain Hacking, M.P. for Chorley, gave us a defence of "Coalition Policy," and answered questions afterwards. The speaker covered much ground in his address, and the men thoroughly enjoyed the lecture.

On the 25th, Mr. Le Breton Martin, the General Editor of the National Institute for the Blind, paid a return visit to St. Dunstan's, and spoke on "What is Wrong with the World," dealing with the problems of the hour and some suggested solutions, which resulted in a very interesting evening.

Monday, November 1st, Sir Philip Gibbs, the well-known writer and journalist, came to our lecture and spoke on "Some Journalistic Memories," dealing chiefly with some events in his own journalistic career. He told some excellent stories, and at the same time gave a good description of the difficulties surrounding the early career of a journalist. The lecture was much appreciated by a large audience. *H. E. G.*

DISGUSTED CUSTOMER: "Where is the man who keeps this restaurant?"

WAITER: "He's gone out to lunch, sir."

Sports Club Notes

OUR Saturday Sports are going along splendidly. Quite a large number of new men are turning up regularly week by week. The weather has been disappointing, and our games have had to be postponed once or twice, but in spite of rain and fog our keen sportsmen have been waiting to commence operations at the sports ground. The new competition of throwing the football caused much amusement, one competitor managing to reach a distance of thirty-one yards. Some very fast times are being done in the ninety yards sprint, the new handicapping scheme being responsible for making the men run "all out." The competition for Sir Arthur's monthly prize has been very keen. The following head the list:—

	Points		Points
N. Northgreaves	600	E. J. Lloyd	220
J. Simpson	425	E. L. Woods	210
J. H. Greaves	335	J. Morris	170
A. James	280	A. Jenkinson	165
J. L. Brooke	260	E. Lupton	160

FOOTBALL COMPETITION

The new competition is in full swing, and twenty teams have entered. The names the men have given to their respective teams are rather different from those of the English League Clubs, for we have such teams as the Splinters, the Noble Warriors, the Coolies, the Sharp Shooters, Meighonians, Jazonians, Windle Rovers, Bing Boys, Gamboskies, etc. The principle adopted appears to be that of working in the team captain's name, or his peculiarities, if he has any! In the matches already played some fine shooting has been witnessed; our boys think that Chelsea Football Club could not do better than send one or two of their players up here to see how goals can be scored!

We were delighted to have the presence of Captain G. G. Rawson at our Saturday Sports a week or so ago. Captain Rawson, who is the heavy-weight Amateur Champion of the World, in response to an appeal from some of the men, very kindly

played in goal for the penalty kicking competition. The boys got more shots past his defence than his opponents did in the Olympic Boxing Competition. A. James managed to secure seven consecutive goals, whilst N. Northgreaves got four. Captain Rawson was greatly impressed by the men's accurate shooting, and has a high opinion of our football ability.

SWIMMING

Swimming is still in full swing, and large parties go down to the Marylebone Baths on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. We are hopeful of being able to have a little gala on our own before very long.

OTHER SPORTS

Cycling and physical jerks are going strong, whilst many of the new men are keen upon learning the rudiments of rowing. *E. W.*

In a quiet little country town a visitor wandered round in search of a barber's, as he wanted to have his hair cut. He went into a shop, and after shaking the barber vigorously, managed to awaken him.

"How long will it take you to cut my hair?" he asked.

"Not long, sir," was the reply; and the barber, getting up, yawned and stretched himself, and shouted up to his wife:

"Here! Send the boy down to the newspaper office and tell the editor I want my scissors just as soon as he's done editin' the paper. There's a gent here waitin' for a hair-cut!"

MOTHER (to Beloved Son, as she inspects the packing of his bag): "Oh, Harold, you naughty boy! You've left out your tooth-brush."

BELoved SON: "Tooth-brush? Bah! I thought this was going to be a holiday!"

The Unknown Warrior

WHAT A BLINDED SOLDIER SAW IN THE ABBEY ON NOVEMBER 11, 1920
By Herbert Thompson, of St. Dunstan's (West Yorkshire Regiment)

THE ceremony in the Abbey left an indelible impression on my mind—a feeling of ineffable sadness and melancholy, yet there was a message of inspiration and hope. I felt as if the spirit of the Unknown Warrior had whispered in my ear, "Courage, brother; hope on."

I was one of the lucky three, chosen by ballot, from 170 blind inmates of St. Dunstan's.

I understood all; in addition, every step and every movement was explained to me by an accompanying guide. The atmosphere was impregnated with meaning. The Great Alchemist, by some miracle, vouchsafed to me a more powerful vision than those who had eyes to see. Clear-cut pictures of France and Flanders rose up before me. The dread solemnity of the occasion stirred the most poignant memories. I felt with my comrades almost ashamed that I had given so little, while he who lay sleeping by us had given all.

I stood near the tomb of a mighty king,

Not far away were the hundred V.C.'s. I heard them limp to their places and knew who they were. The solemn rolling of the drums and the slow martial music of the massed bands meant more to me, perhaps, than to other people. When the long roll of the *réveillé* echoed away in the distance I thought a cloud had passed over my head and had been chased away by the sunshine.

Then with my comrades I was granted a privilege denied to all others. Each of us had been given a chrysanthemum before we left St. Dunstan's. Others had placed their wreaths at the foot of the coffin. A hand guided us, and we were allowed to bestow our tribute on the coffin itself. We spoke in the name of our blind comrades, and I felt a supreme emotion as my fingers brushed the resting-place of the unknown hero. I came to the Abbey glad that I had been chosen from among so many. I went away sorrowing, but with the message of hope locked in my heart.—*Daily Express*.

"The Great Unknown"

A TRIBUTE TO THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

OF all the greatest heroes now at rest,
Of all the gallant men who've
journeyed west—

The greatest is the man who fell—alone—
And, in passing, left a name—The Great
Unknown.

He freely gave his noble life that we
Might live in peace in England fair and free;
He faced the galling dangers—undismayed,
And, when his life was asked, he gave
it—unafraid.

The greatest love of man is to this end—
To sacrifice his life to save his friend,
And in that, keep the great command of Him
Who said, "Ye die for him—ye die for Me."

So let us all go down on bended knee,
And honour him for all the world to see,
Oh mothers come and kneel before thine
own—

Of all the greatest in the Great Unknown.

R. C. O. Cowley.

THERE was one forgetfulness of self
in that quiet ritual, one desire that
its prophecy may be fulfilled—that
we may come to be one in life as our dead
are one in death; that we may, indeed,
all become members of one body politic

and of one immortal soul. That was the
meaning implied in the funeral of the
Unknown Dead, and it made the living
feel kinder to each other because of the
hope which they all shared as a part of
their grief for him.—*The Times*.

Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

Church Notes

OUR Harvest Festival Services were held on Sunday, 24th October, and were in every way encouraging. We had splendid attendances at all the services, especially at the 10.15 service, when quite a large congregation had to be accommodated outside the Chapel! We are most grateful to the following Sisters who decorated the Chapel so beautifully—Misses Morris, Pickup, Milnes and Glegg—their work was greatly admired; also to Misses Kirby, Lloyd and Inderwick, Mr. F. Ellis and Messrs. Lee and Sons for their gifts of fruit, flowers and corn.

The Rev. Prebendary Sharpe gave us a delightfully helpful address, whilst Mr. Kingston Stewart's music was greatly appreciated. The fruit and flowers were afterwards distributed amongst our sick comrades.

CHAPEL SISTERS

I am exceedingly sorry to have to record the departure, through ill-health, of our enthusiastic Chapel Sister, Miss Marks. She has done splendid work at St. Dunstan's, not only in the Chapel and choir, but also in her own department. She will be greatly missed and all St. Dunstaners wish her renewed health and strength at Broads'airs. We are glad to welcome Misses Brandt, Milne and Glegg as Chapel Sisters, and consider ourselves fortunate in having the assistance of such keen ladies.

ARMISTICE DAY

Special Services were arranged for November 11th, but as these Notes went to press before that date an account of them will have to be reserved for next month's issue.

HOLY COMMUNION

On Sunday, November 28th the celebrations will be at 7.30 a.m. and 10.15, and on November 21st at 8 a.m. On

Tuesday, November 30th, St. Andrew's Day, the celebration will be at 7 a.m.

WORKERS' INTERCESSION

It was a very great joy to us all to have the Rev. Dr. Stuart Holden with us on Friday, October 29th. I trust he will accept our expressions of gratitude for his eloquent and uplifting address. *E.W.*

Catholic Chapel Notes

IN common with the rest of the buildings below the Terrace the Chapel will be taken down during the Christmas holidays. For our future needs we have been promised a place for Sunday Mass in one of the buildings that remain, but where that will be has not yet been decided. No doubt we shall know more fully before the next issue of the REVIEW.

By the generosity of Sir Arthur the present chapel has been placed at the disposal of the Cardinal and it will in all probability be re-erected in a place where a Catholic Church is needed. This may be some consolation for the loss of our beautiful and beloved Chapel. *P.H.*

Marriages

ON Thursday, June 17th, E. A. West was married at Syderstone Parish Church, Norfolk, to Miss G. Barker.

On Saturday, July 31st, W. T. Curtis-Wilson was married at Woodberry Green, to Miss J. E. Robinson.

On Sunday, October 3rd, C. Reddish was married at St. Marylebone Church, to Miss E. G. Wennington.

On Monday, October 4th, C. McIntosh was married at Manchester Cathedral, to Miss N. Lomas.

On Wednesday, October 6th, J. Davidson was married at St. Mark's Church, Brighton, to Miss E. D. Lloyd.

On Wednesday, October 20th, J. Buckle was married at St. Marylebone Church, to Miss E. J. Basham.

On Wednesday, November 3rd, G. T. Shaw was married at St. Mary and All Saints' Church, Walsall, to Miss C. E. Underhill.

Births

J. McCUE, son - - - - Aug. 29, 1920
 W. CUBITT, daughter - - Sept. 6, 1920
 J. STEEL, son - - - - Sept. 8, 1920
 W. J. DIMOND, daughter - Oct. 1, 1920
 G. T. PINNER, daughter - Oct. 2, 1920
 A. WEBB, daughter - - Oct. 4, 1920
 A. FULLER, daughter - - Oct. 9, 1920
 D. MAKIN, son - - - - Oct. 13, 1920
 S. C. LORAM, son - - - Oct. 13, 1920
 G. MOORE, son - - - - Oct. 17, 1920
 J. BROADLEY, son - - - Oct. 20, 1920
 Lt. W. OLDFIELD, daughter - Oct. 21, 1920
 J. RENNIE, son - - - - Oct. 21, 1920
 C. H. WHEELER, son - - - Oct. 26, 1920
 C. SHEPPERD, son - - - Oct. 28, 1920

The Galvanometer for the Blind

DESCRIPTION OF A SPECIALLY ADAPTED MACHINE

THE top illustration on the inside of our front cover shows a Galvanometer specially designed for the use of the blind masseur. This instrument makes it possible for a sightless man to gauge the amount of electrical current passing through his patient at any given time, and thus enables him to undertake the electro-therapeutic treatments usually associated with massage.

The instrument has been described for publication in a forthcoming book on Electro-therapy as follows:—

"GALVANOMETER FOR THE BLIND.

"Before leaving the subject of galvanic currents, it may be of interest to note that a very ingenious Milliamperemeter has been invented for the use of our blinded soldiers by Captain Ian Fraser.

"The instrument is provided with three shunts, giving readings from 0.5, 0.50, 0.500 milliamperes, and is constructed with dead beat moving coil action. The indicating needle, shown in diagram by a dotted line, has a right angle bend in an upward direction at its extreme end. This projects through a curved slot in the dial,

W. CHAMBERS, daughter - Oct. 28, 1920
 A. W. BALLARD, daughter - Oct. 30, 1920

In our last issue, the notice "F. Polley, daughter, Aug. 7, 1920" should have been "G. Polley, daughter, Aug. 7, 1920." We much regret this error.

WE have pleasure in recording that Mrs. Arthur Edgar gave birth to a daughter on October 16th. Many Old Boys will remember her as Miss Thompkins, who was a very popular V.A.D. at the House from 1915 to 1919.

Baptism

ON Sunday, October 24th, Esther Mary, daughter of Charles Frederick Thompson, was baptised by the Resident Chaplain, at the Church of S. Matthias, Richmond.

where it can be felt by the blind man's finger. By means of Braille figures and raised lines, extremely accurate readings can be taken. For instance, in the case of the lowest shunt, 0.5 milliamperes, accuracy to within one-tenth milliamperè is assured. Similarly Braille figures are provided on the rim of the milled wheel controlling the shunts. On the under-side of the metal face is arranged a small shutter, upon which is fixed a damper pad of indiarubber, which is operated by a push (c) on the outer side of meter. Pressure upon this push with the thumb of the right hand fixes the indicating needle at the moment when a reading is taken, so that the right forefinger in finding the pointer does not move it. The wiring to the terminals (a) and (b) is so arranged that the movement of the indicator is from left to right, no matter in what direction the electric current is passing through the body."

"MR. —, jun., had another salmon on the Finavon Water. This is the second he has secured since the flood."

Scotch Paper.

The Blind Masseur

SOME OF THE CASES HANDLED BY HIM

OF all the professions in which the blind have qualified during the past twenty years, none has proved so eminently suited to their peculiar capabilities as massage. Here the acute delicacy of touch, the strong intuitive powers, and the quiet self-possession which the special difficulties of the blind man's life inevitably develop, can be turned to good account. The conditions which a masseur may be called upon to treat are many and varied. His delicacy of touch may be demanded in handling a fracture a few hours after it has been sustained by the patient, when too extensive a movement or even too firm a pressure might bring about disastrous results. In the treatment of such conditions the blind masseur has nothing to fear, for he relies upon a sense more precious in these cases than sight, and which he has developed to a higher stage of proficiency than his sighted confrères.

Again, in the soothing of pain and in allaying that tense nervous irritability, which so often leads to insomnia and all its attendant evils, the manipulations of the sensitive hands, trained by every conceivable means to act as a substitute for one of Nature's most delicate organs, often achieve results which may well prove the envy of many who use the hands only for functions which the eye cannot perform.

In many cases a patient's physical condition is accompanied by, and often to a large extent caused by, a severe degree of mental depression and a morbid outlook on life. Here the psychological effect of the ministrations of a blind masseur are of the greatest importance. His cheerful acceptance of the difficulties imposed upon him by his handicap, his courageous refusal to submit to the results of what appears to the patient as a crushing affliction, his independence and self-reliance in the practice of his profession, prove a mental stimulus to which the patient rapidly responds, and bring about a

healthier mental outlook, while his massage manipulations improve the physical condition.

Those of us who are in close touch with the blind masseurs scattered throughout London and the provinces know with what signal success their treatment of all forms of injury and disease has been attended. The instances which crowd to the memory are too numerous to be mentioned here in detail, but a few examples may be quoted and the following are descriptions of cases of more than ordinary interest, which have been undertaken by blind masseurs with exceedingly successful results.

(1) Case of excessive swelling of parotid glands due to gastric trouble. After one week's treatment by massage, administered twice daily, the swelling had practically disappeared, and the general condition of the patient was greatly improved.

(2) Ankylosed elbow joints. The patient was unable to carry on his ordinary trade as a brush worker owing to the very limited flexion and rotation of the arms. The ankylosis had existed for a period of twenty-three years. After eighteen months' treatment by massage and medical electricity, the patient was able to compete successfully with his other colleagues.

(3) Nerve injury. This case was diagnosed by a Harley Street specialist as injury to the ulnar nerve, showing reaction of degeneration. After three months' treatment by massage and medical electricity, the patient's hand became normal but for slight flexion of the little finger.

(4) An interesting case of a child suffering from a contracted chest was treated by massage and remedial exercises for twelve months. At the beginning of the treatment the child's chest measured 25½ inches; at the end of a year's treatment he had gained 4½ inches in chest measurement. This patient was also suffering from very excessive mannerisms, more especially twitchings of the facial muscles. As a result of treatment by remedial

exercises, this entirely disappeared. This case is typical of many similar successes with regard to the treatment of children by massage and remedial exercises.

(5) An interesting case of injury sustained at golf, internal lateral ligament of the right knee, was treated by a blind masseur with complete success. After two weeks' treatment by massage and exercises, the patient was able to play golf. He had previously been prevented from playing for six months.

(6) An outstanding case of infantile paralysis (right arm and right leg), treated by massage and ionisation, had wonderful results. The condition had existed for seven years. After four months' treatment, the masseur succeeded in getting voluntary movement of hand and foot. This case had been for some time regarded as hopeless. After the treatment received from a blind masseur, the patient was discharged from hospital as fit.

(7) Case of general weakness. This patient was confined to bed for twelve months. After eight massage treatments, spreading over three weeks, he made a splendid recovery.

(8) Functional aphonia due to shell shock. This condition had existed for three months when the patient came under the blind masseur. He had been to various hospitals for different treatments, all of which had failed, or had only succeeded in getting monosyllables or a groaning noise from the patient. After four minutes' treatment by a blind masseur, who had been specially trained by Mr. Cortland MacMahon in his method for speech defects, he started to cry, and after a short while the patient spoke quite clearly, when the medical man in charge of the case was called in to hear the result.

(9) Gunshot wound and a gas case. Speech trouble and difficulty in breathing. This patient was sent for treatment to a blind masseur for the breathing and speech trouble. The diagnosis of severe pain in the chest was left to the masseur, who discovered that two ribs which had been fractured by shrapnel had never united, leaving some space and causing a nipping of the muscles. This condition had to be treated surgically, but not until breathing

exercises and other forms of treatment for chest expansion had been given, as that side of the chest had partially collapsed owing to the constant pain. This patient had also been badly gassed, and the masseur discovered that a gas pocket or pouch had formed in the air tract. This was broken up and dispersed by special treatment. The pain, breathing and speech all improved, these results being gained after a period of three weeks' treatment.

(10) Neurasthenia. The following is a description of a very bad neurasthenic case of three years standing. When treatment began the patient was not able to walk, but went about in a bath-chair. The least excitement caused violent headaches, and screaming attacks. After three months treatment by massage and psychotherapy the patient was able to walk a little, the headaches and screaming attacks decreased, and after one year's treatment ceased entirely. The patient was in addition able to walk for a considerable distance, and was also able to dine out, etc.

An interesting case of gastric neurasthenia was treated by a blind operator with most gratifying results. This patient had been almost given up as hopeless—the severity of the case may be judged from the fact that he had attempted suicide on several occasions.

(11) Sciatica. A severe case of sciatica, which had been greatly increased by exposure on active service, was completely cured after two or three weeks' treatment by a blind masseur.

(12) Insomnia. This is the case of a man who had suffered from insomnia on and off for three years, and at the time of commencing treatment had had practically no sleep for a fortnight. After the first treatment he slept soundly for eight hours, and at the end of a fortnight's treatment had completely recovered.

The perusal of the above will amply show that the blind masseur has an extremely wide field for his activities, and that when working under medical supervision, he has the opportunity of proving himself to be a healer of men in the truest and highest sense of the word.

Messages from the "Mirror"

WE have much pleasure in reprinting below a series of messages from many world-known people which appeared in the special supplement of the "Daily Mirror," published on October 15th, and devoted throughout to the work of the National Institute for the Blind and St. Dunstan's. This issue has been characterised as "unique in journalism."

FROM THE POPE

WE greet with gladness and blessings the Institute which welcomes the unfortunate blind, confident that it will give them in abundance both spiritual and temporal comforts. May the firm hope of one day contemplating the Divine Beauty sustain them in their affliction.

BENEDICT XV. POPE.

FROM THE KING OF THE BELGIANS

I am glad to tell you how much the Belgian people admire the charitable activity of the National Institute for the Blind, which soothed for so many soldiers and so many sailors the painful consequences of the war.

Your personal experience has proved magnificently fruitful.

I congratulate you sincerely, and I wish to the Institute which you have founded a future in accordance with its humanitarian aims.

ALBERT

FRENCH PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

I thank you for the occasion you have given me of expressing my sympathy with and my admiration of the English citizens, both civil and military, who have lost their sight during the war, and of all those who sympathize with their misfortune and endeavour to lighten it.

Amongst the victims of the war the blind are in the forefront of those whom a great nation should aid and succour. Your National Institute for the Blind answers this end; its magnificent work will awaken unanimous sympathy in France, where there are also many combatants and civilians who have lost their sight.

The President of the Republic is happy to join in the tribute of homage which your

highly humanitarian work cannot fail to create.

A. MILLERAND.

[This message was sent before M. Deschanel's retirement, when M. Millerand, now President, was Premier.]

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

It seems hardly necessary to bear testimony to the value of the work done by the National Institute for the Blind. It is now "known and read of all men." The resource which has been shown in regard to this enterprise has been as remarkable as the perseverance with which the effort has been sustained.

The results cannot but be of inestimable benefit to the community, provided adequate financial support is forthcoming, and there can surely be no question that the men and women of this country are resolved that that support shall not fail

RANDAL CANTAUR.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF WALES

The Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Hostel has my very warmest sympathy and good wishes, and I hope the special edition of *The Daily Mirror* may help to make its excellent work better known and better supported.

A. G. CAMB.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN

Most earnestly do I wish "God-speed to the National Institute for the Blind in its effort to gain increased support for the beneficent work in which it is engaged."

CHARLES F. DUBLIN.

FROM THE BISHOP OF LONDON

The blind do not ask us to pity them; their cheerfulness puts us to shame, and their very affliction seems to develop in them senses which we do not know how to use. But it is our duty and privilege to

see that that curious faculty of acquiring what almost seems another sense should have every chance given it, so that they may gain that skill which they acquire so quickly, and the possession of which alleviates their lot by enabling them to hold their own in every department of human labour and craft. A. F. LONDON

A FREE CHURCH LEADER'S VIEW

The work that Sir Arthur Pearson and his collaborators are doing for the blind has no parallel. It is simply magnificent! If only the public could see what is being done there would be no need for words like these to commend it or elicit their support. Under the beneficent influence exerted by the National Institute the soul awakens from its despair, the vacant face brightens with intelligence, and the whole bearing of the blind man is smartened into alertness and confidence.

To be blind *now* does not involve the weary monotony of existence, nor the degradation of the pauper. The prison bars are broken. For hundreds the Valley of Baca has become the Place of Springs. Strength to your arm, Sir Arthur, and God Almighty's blessing. F. B. MEYER

FROM CANADA'S GOVERNOR-GENERAL

I am delighted to hear that you are contemplating the production of a special edition of *The Daily Mirror* with a view of arousing a still more widespread interest in the National Institute for the Blind.

The place which the Institute occupies in the estimation of the public will, I know, enable you to appeal with ever-increasing confidence for the further extension of its great and beneficent work.

In spite of the many appeals which we have in Canada, you can be fully assured that the cause to which Sir Arthur Pearson has devoted himself will always meet with a warm-hearted and characteristic response.

With most sincere good wishes for the success of the special production.

DEVONSHIRE.

LORD JELlicoe's MESSAGE

I should like to wish you all possible

success in your effort to arouse interest in the work of the National Institute for the Blind.

Those who have the blessing of sight cannot but feel the deepest sympathy for those deprived of this blessing, but the Institute does make the most successful effort to cause the blind to feel that the disability under which they suffer is not so great as either they imagined or as we think.

But, in order that this valuable end may be attained, support of the Institute is, of course, essential. I trust that support will be forthcoming. JELlicoe.

FROM LORD ALLENBY

I should like to express my keen interest in the great work carried out by the National Institute for the Blind.

The community of the blind have set a noble example of courage and of determination in overcoming difficulties which might well have been regarded as insuperable. The results attained are such as command the admiration of all.

I offer my warm congratulations on the success which has rewarded your efforts, and my best wishes for the further advancement of your undertakings. ALLENBY.

FROM THE AIR CHIEF

I feel that it is impossible to overestimate the debt which the nation owes to the National Institute for the Blind.

The value of the work which it has undertaken and carried on successfully in the past and the immense scope of its present activities have only to be considered for a moment to be appreciated.

The more the work of the National Institute for the Blind is considered the greater does its value appear, and the more apparent does the necessity for affording it support by all sections of the community become.

We cannot in these days cause the blind to see, but it is within the power of each one of us to alleviate their lot by supporting to the utmost of our means and ability the National Institute for the Blind.

H. TRENCHARD, Air Marshal,
Chief of the Air Staff.

FROM MR. BONAR LAW

I can think of no organisation more deserving of public support than the National Institute for the Blind, both on the grounds of its general work and also of the invaluable services that it is now performing through St. Dunstan's Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' After-Care Fund, and in many other directions to bring hope and usefulness into the lives of the blind.

A. BONAR LAW.

FROM THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

No one speaks with greater authority than Sir Arthur Pearson upon what can be done for the treatment of the blind, and no one has given a brighter example of how the great misfortune of loss of eyesight can be met, and even turned to the advantage of his fellow sufferers.

I hope that the special edition of *The Daily Mirror*, which is being issued for the purpose of spreading interest in the work of the Institute, will have all the success which it deserves and which you can desire. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

FROM LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND

No more excellent work is being done at this moment in the country than that connected with the National Institute for the Blind and St. Dunstan's. It is worthy of all the support that can be given to it as a tribute to the unflagging energy and devotion of those who direct these institutions and the high courage of all those for whom they care. READING.

FROM THE SECRETARY FOR IRELAND

Any who feel prompted to do something or to give something for the benefit of their fellow-men need not hesitate or remain for a moment in doubt. The National Institute for the Blind brings the warmest sympathy and the highest skill to the aid and instruction of those who have been deprived of their sight.

If any man who can respond to its call fails to do so, then he is devoid of imagination or destitute of human kindness.

HAMAR GREENWOOD.

FROM THE LORD CHANCELLOR

I welcome any opportunity which may be afforded to me to further the cause of the National Institute for the Blind.

It is hard to think of any institution more deserving of the sympathy and support of the public.

Without such support the splendid work that it has done, and is doing, for the relief of those who have been deprived of their sight must cease. It should be the first duty of everyone to help. BIRKENHEAD.

SIR EDWARD CARSON'S TRIBUTE

With all my heart I wish you success in your efforts to arouse our people to a sense of duty towards assisting the blind. The National Institute for the Blind is one of the noblest works that could be organised, and there is no limit to the benefits which it can confer. This subject has been far too much neglected in the past. EDWARD CARSON.

FROM THE FIRST LORD

I am glad indeed to know that a special effort is being made to support the National Institute for the Blind: I know what wonderful work it has done.

I remember your efforts for the blinded heroes of the war in the early days, and when I see the results I cannot but hope that you will receive all the support you desire. WALTER H. LONG.

THE MINERS' LEADER'S LETTER

I am delighted to know that *The Daily Mirror* is about to issue a special National Institute for the Blind edition, for which Sir Arthur Pearson has already done so much. The late war must have added enormously to the number of our blind brothers, and every effort should be made to assist them in learning some useful occupation which would help to keep their minds from brooding over the fearful calamity which has befallen them.

Our mining folk should be especially interested in this question, as the nature of the employment underground is of such a character as to add a considerable proportion to the number of the blind.

I sincerely hope that the appeal of the special edition of *The Daily Mirror* will be entirely successful in enabling you to meet the outlay in connection with the great work you have in hand.

ROBERT SMILLIE.

LABOUR'S VIEWS.

I hope you will be successful in your effort to raise the money you need on behalf of the blind. I wish it were possible to compel the Government to take over the care of all those who suffer or are in need, but until that day comes all of us must do what we can to assist in the sort of good work to which you have put your hand.

I hope your appeal will result in a very considerable sum being raised.

G. LANSBURY.

THE STAGE BEARS WITNESS

I am indeed glad to hear of *The Daily Mirror's* special number, as it cannot be too widely known how wonderful is Sir Arthur Pearson's devotion to the National Institute for the Blind and his untiring work at St. Dunstan's.

There I have seen all the extraordinary efforts he has made and which have been so successful in bringing back not only hope to the handicapped ones, but actually giving them a fresh start in life which 99 per cent. of them could never have reached but for his noble help.

J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

FROM A STAGE FAVOURITE

I have always been so honoured and happy to have been able to help in the very small way that I done with anything in connection with the National Institute for the Blind, which I think is the greatest and most deserving of all charities.

GLADYS COOPER.

FROM MISS VESTA TILLEY

It is with pleasure, not altogether unallied with pain, that I take this opportunity of pleading the cause of the National Institute for the Blind.

I have been able on several occasions

to assist the cause, but I realise that one should at all times bear in mind the cruel disadvantage borne by our blind brothers and sisters, and do all in our power to brighten their lives and assist the Institute in its splendid efforts to alleviate the sufferers' lot.

I do not think any person knows more of the sufferings of our fellow-creatures than myself; the individual cases brought daily to my notice makes one almost despair; there is so much to be done, and I, therefore, consider it a duty to impress upon the public generally the fact that whatever sums they subscribe to the National Institute for the Blind are handled by people who have made the cause of the blind their particular study.

The money received will help to assist an Institution splendidly conceived and organised for a purpose for which all the readers of *Daily Mirror* must have the fullest and deepest sympathy.

VESTA TILLEY DE FRECE.

COMMENDATION FROM COMMERCE

One of the most beautiful of the many institutions and organisations for helping the less fortunate in this country is that noble work of Sir Arthur Pearson and his associates, and their wonderfully practical and highly successful efforts to help the blind.

He and his co-workers have shown us how to make the blind individually self-supporting—how to help them to get sweetness and sunshine out of life although they cannot see the sunshine—how to overcome difficulties which we who can see would have looked upon as insurmountable—how to fill with happiness and good cheer the lives of those who to us seem the most afflicted of all mankind.

If ever a man in these islands was entitled to praise, and if ever an undertaking was entitled to encouragement, that man is Sir Arthur Pearson, and that undertaking is the beautiful work of helping the blind.

His name is fragrant with wonderful kindness and charming unselfishness, and his work is a monument of achieving the almost unachievable.

H. GORDON SELFRIDGE

"NONE SO BLIND—"

There is an old saying that "there are none so blind as those who won't see," and the man or woman must be blind indeed who does not see and recognise the good work done for the blind at St. Dunstan's.

LEVERHULME.

FROM A FAMOUS SCIENTIST

It gives me much pleasure to say how

Colonel Repington at Portland Place

COLONEL REPINGTON'S diary of the war years, recently published in two large volumes, is the sensational book of the season. To judge from his own records, Colonel Repingon was right at the heart of things from 1914 to 1918, enjoying the confidences of Statesmen and Sailors and Soldiers of all Allied countries and on many occasions acting as intermediary between opposing factions of politicians or schools of strategists. He wrote voluminously, first for the *Times* and later for the *Morning Post*. He visited France many times and Italy at least once, and he hobnobbed with Field Marshals and Prime Ministers on terms of easy familiarity. And he found time to lunch and dine out nearly every day of the week. His "Diary" contains many amazing mixtures of the serious and the frivolous. In one paragraph we will jump from a solemn consideration of a vital problem of a policy or tragedy, to a sparkling dinner at the Ritz or a gay week-end party in the country which frequently ended up with "a great rag." Since Colonel Repingon met everybody who was anybody in Society, it is natural to find that he became acquainted with St. Dunstan's. The following extract from the "Diary," dated February 28th, 1918, tells of his experiences at 21 Portland Place:—

"Dined at the Blind Officers' Home, 21 Portland Place, with Sir Arthur Pearson and some 30 or 30 blinded officers. They all seemed to get on wonderfully well with their dinners and quite without help. The

greatly I admire the work of the National Institute for the Blind and St. Dunstan's. The work being carried out there is not merely local or metropolitan, but as indicated by the name of the Institute, it is indeed National.

I wish continued success to the splendid work you and yours are carrying on for the poor sufferers, to whom all hearts go out in sympathy in their great affliction.

R. A. HADFIELD.

conversation was just as though they could all see, and Sir Arthur on one side of me, and a Canadian Colonel on the other, were very agreeable. I had been asked to talk to them about the War after dinner, when we adjourned into a comfortable sitting-room. I was a little anxious how I should feel with 30 or 40 pairs of sightless eyes directed on me, and thought I might suffer from stage fright. But all went well, and I took them round the world with our armies and fleets and told them the position. Then they asked many questions, and I answered them to the best of my ability. A most agreeable evening, and they seemed to be a charming lot of fellows, keenly interested in all that was going on. Sir Arthur told me that the great thing was to keep them up with the times, and that they would discuss amongst themselves for a week all the points that I had raised. He thought my little address was ideal. Derby, Winston, Auckland Geddes, and the Bishop of London had been amongst the guests who had preceded me in former weeks. One feels the deepest compassion for these gallant souls, most of whom are in the flower of their youth, and I promised to go to St. Dunstan's one afternoon to see more of the blind cases."

The Canadian Colonel mentioned by the diarist was Colonel T. E. Perrett, of Regina. By the way, readers of the *Braille Literary Journal* will find a long review of Colonel Repington's "diary" in the December number.

St. Dunstan's Competitions

PEOPLE I'D LIKE TO KILL

IF the Editorial Staff of the REVIEW were to proceed to carry out all the suggestions of the men who have entered for this competition and make a clean sweep of their pet aversions at once it would have to turn Bolshevik straight away! Fortunately, all we have to do is to send the prize of 10s. kindly given by Mr. Chas. J. Jones to A. M. Nicholls, 52M Cartwright Gardens, London, W.C.1, whose list of people he'd like to kill is as follows:—

(1) The shop assistant who remarks, "It's a nasty wet morning, sir," when your overcoat is saturated by the downpour.

(2) The companion at a variety entertainment who reminds one that "he" or "she" is singing, or "he" or "she" is step-dancing, and failing to give any account of the general mirth when the "turns" really need describing.

(3) The young gentleman who will "sit out" a bus or train journey while you "strap-hang," and condescendingly offer you his seat on leaving at the end of his journey.

(4) The dear old lady or gentleman who tries to "lift" you into a chair, or "carry" you on to the kerb or lead you by both hands upstairs.

(5) The lady who is walking in the street on a wet day watching her feet get wet with her umbrella up, who collides into you and knocks off your hat and inflicts other minor injuries to your face, finally remonstrating with you for not looking where you are going.

(6) The man who convinces you that he is in direct communication with the owner, trainer and jockey of a race-horse which is an "absolute cert," thus causing you to speculate, with a result that you temporarily cut down your cigarettes and walk more.

Mr. Charles J. Jones has again kindly offered a prize of 10s., so this month we are having a competition which should be beneficial to both our readers and ourselves. We offer the prize of 10s. to the best short suggestion for a new feature in

the REVIEW. There should be a large number of entries for this competition, and we are expecting a host of interesting ideas. State exactly what you want, and perhaps you may get it! All suggestions should be addressed to The Editor, The ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, St. Dunstan's Hostel, Regent's Park, N.W.1, and should reach us not later than the 6th December.

Competition for Braille Writers

MISS ADA M. YOUMANS, 5407 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, U.S.A. (herself blind and a subscriber to the REVIEW) offered, in a recent issue of the REVIEW, a prize of a one dollar bill to the person who wrote the most interesting essay, story, letter, article or poem, containing the following words: soldier, chocolates, "Over the top," birthday, braille, cigarettes, seven or seventh. This offer is now repeated, as the summer holidays may have prevented St. Dunstaners from entering for this competition. All solutions must be written in Braille, bearing the full name and address of the writer in Braille and in ink, and sent direct to Miss Youmans at the above address. All entries should be despatched, written on a good quality paper and rolled up in a strong protecting wrapper, so as to reach this address before December 31st. It should be noted that it still takes about four weeks for an embossed letter to travel from England to Chicago.

WHAT is the difference between the Prince of Wales and the water in a fountain?—One is heir to the throne and the other is thrown to the air.

What would be a good name for a boy whose father was telling him to squeeze into a crowded train?—Benjamin (Ben jam in).

Why is a crocodile the most deceitful of creatures?—Because his countenance is most open when he is taking you in.

Why is a swimming bath a splendid place to go for poultry?—Because you can get as many "ducks" as you want.

St. Dunstan's Concert at the Aeolian Hall

THE concert given by the pupils of the Music Department, St. Dunstan's, at the Aeolian Hall on November 4th, was a great success, and the result should gratify both teachers and pupils. The concert was given with a view to interesting musical critics and agents in the work which is being done by the Music Department of St. Dunstan's, and to judge from the number of people of influence in the musical world who were present, this object has been amply achieved.

The programme was an excellent one, and it is difficult to select items for special praise when all were of such a high quality. Each song was loudly applauded and followed by an encore in every case.

Amongst those present at the concert were the Duchess of Somerset, the Countess of Limerick, Lady Carnarvon, Sir R. Tower, Sir George and Lady Waring, Sir Arthur and Lady Pearson.

The newspaper criticisms of the concert were all exceptionally good. The following is from the *Daily Telegraph*:—

"BLIND MUSICIANS"

"How many branches of the art of music are taught at St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors we cannot say, but a concert which took place at the Aeolian Hall on Thursday afternoon showed that the cultivation of voices is an important feature of the excellent work carried on, and it was quite extraordinary to discover how high was the proportion of really good and admirably-trained voices out of the very few that were heard. To a critic accustomed year in and year out to attending recitals given by more or less ambitious young singers, and but rarely lighting upon anything above the level of dull mediocrity, this concert by St. Dunstan's pupils was an astonishing revelation and truly a very pleasant experience. There was inevitably a disposition to nervousness on the part of the singers, all of them young, seemingly, but their natural, confident bearing on the

platform served happily to banish thoughts of their sightlessness, and to make the occasion a splendid tribute to what is being done at the home in Regent's Park for those who sacrificed so much in the war.

"It was curious to find tenor voices predominating, and quite surprising to find one, in particular, of such compelling power and resonance as that possessed by Private T. Tell, who certainly has no need to force his tones, and who had one opportunity of showing a real sense of *bel canto*. H. Doubler's tenor voice, on the other hand, is light and very slight, but of a quite charming quality as used in one of Maud Valerie White's songs, and as an encore 'Where'er you walk.' . . . Handel's 'Arm ye brave' was sung with excellent spirit and diction by Lieutenant F. G. Ogg . . . It would have to be a very poor song indeed that could blind one to the gifts of such singers as T. G. Roden, whose voice only needs a little further development to reveal to the full its really beautiful quality, and H. Costigan. The latter's *timbre* reminded one occasionally of Harry Dearth, and his sense of phrasing was quite out of the ordinary. Mention should also be made of C. E. Thomas, and A. L. Kauffman, who shared with their companions the great virtue of a perfectly clear enunciation. By way of variety a very cheery little 'turn' was provided by Jock Jack."

MR. BROWN had had a wild night. His friends dropped him at the end of his street and waved an incoherent farewell from the taxi. Alas! all the houses were alike. Mr. Brown knew he lived at 69 or 96, but he couldn't for the life of him remember which. He decided to try 69 first. He rang and a maid came to the door.

"Does Mr. Brown live here?" he asked with an effort.

"Yes," said the maid.

"Thank goodness 'h," he said, and walked in.

Featherstone Farm

HAVE you ever got out of your warm little bed
 And thought to yourself, "How I wish I were dead!"
 For in this weary world there is no place for me,
 I'm not in the band—you can easily see."
 If you get up late you have icy-cold tea,
 And you whimper "Wherever can those Sisters be?"
 And when to Auntie you say, "This is all very fine!"
 She murmurs, "Young man, you must need number nine!"
 Then up comes our Adj.—he's just read to the boys,
 In that great big voice which makes such a noise—
 And this great lion-hunter cries: "What's this that is said?"
 They tell me, young man, that you're just out of bed!"
 So the long day wears on, there's not even a letter,
 Nothing to make a poor devil feel better.
 At twelve bumptious folk want to take you a walk,
 But you wish they were—elsewhere—you can't stand their talk!
 Then up comes a chap who enjoys a good tea,
 And he says, "Will you come down to Hendon with me?"
 And, as you don't care if you do or you don't,
 You growl and you say, "I could but I won't!"
 But he doesn't care a hang for such fuss,
 And the next thing you know—you're on top of a bus!
 How you e'er got there is not in your mind,
 But you fancy you've left quite a big crowd behind.
 The conductor three times rings his tinkling bell,
 And tells those awaiting to go quick to —(by the next bus)!

At Hendon you alight—in the churchyard you pass
 Some dear old lady, who sleeps in the grass.

Through kissing gates small and by meadows galore,
 Over stiles, through fields, until—happy once more—
 Though you haven't had tea, and it's nearly seven
 You arrive in the heart of a real Little Heaven.

For a motherly soul comes and waggles your hand,
 And welcomes you gaily as one of the band.
 George runs to milk cows, and to tell chicks to lay
 The very best eggs laid for many a day.

Alice, the dear, rushes out to churn butter,
 In fact all the farmhouse is in *such* a flutter!
 And you think "Do I sleep and *is* this a dream?
 Did an *angel* whisper: Forget not the cream!"

There's a noise in the garden—and something runs!
 At first you imagine it might be—Huns!
 But it's only a train, and that you don't mind—
 If it takes folks to Hendon, it's a boon to mankind.

And as we sat on in that garden so fair
 We talked of St. Dunstan's and all we did there;
 We talked of the past, and the future, too,
 Of the things we had done—of the things we would do.

The children brought rabbits, and other live toys;
 The years rolled away—again we were boys.
 And though dreams of our childhood aren't those of to-day,
 No locust hath eaten our Faith away.

And when we arose, at the fall of the dew,
 The birds seemed to sing, "Our songs are for you."
 And when I reached home at the end of the day
 I found that my troubles had melted away.

An Excellent Solution

(Reprinted by kind permission of *The Windsor Magazine*)

MONTAGUE and Millicent were a thoroughly modern young couple of the type that is frequently held up to us as a model, in domestic newspaper articles, for their solving of such problems as what to do with the baby when the bull-pup wants his kennel.

Not, of course, that they were actually concerned with bull-pups. That was merely put in *exempli gratia*, for their married life is still at the stage when she does the welcoming on the mat in person, and he prefers it thus.

No, the problem which they have so successfully solved is that of the housework—that incessant round of inglorious drudgery that, to judge from much that one reads to-day, explains why a woman grows bald sooner than a man.

It was shortly before their marriage that they read in the daily paper that the only way to ensure a happy married life was for the husband to do half the housework, and, a happy marriage being something they had rather set their hearts on, had resolved to adopt that plan without delay. The return from their honeymoon was to see that dawn of the era of bisected domesticity. As he nobly remarked, he wanted a partner, not a parlour-maid, and she, equally nobly assured him that he should have one.

"A really business-like arrangement," she reminded him on their first evening in their little nest; and when, next morning, he would chivalrously have taken first turn, she insisted on tossing.

"I'll put you in," he said laconically, when they had done so—he was a quick learner—"shaving water at 8 o'clock." And he turned over and went to sleep again.

Still guided by stray newspaper hints, they agreed to take alternate weeks at the task of running the house, and for seven days Montague's lucky toss stood him in good stead. Then came the Black Monday. Millicent declared her innings closed.

He was a well-meaning lad, Montague—so well-meaning that the office maintained that it did not feel its bright and cheery self if he were not there by nine-thirty, and consequently he had to set his alarm clock for an unearthly hour in order to get forward with his work before resorting to the place from which he drew his pay.

Filled with thoughts of what the neighbours would say if the steps were not cleaned daily, he rose in obedience to the remarks of the clock and hastened about his task. So unearthly was the hour that in the half-light, it was not until the milkman fell over him and they found themselves in a land flowing with milk and hearthstone that each was aware of the other's presence.

It was quite like old times, this doing full-knees bend and on the hands down at early dawn, and a passer-by who halted to enjoy their dialogue thought it like old times, too.

"Fancy us all three coming from Wapping," was his thought, as for a moment he was back in fancy in the home of his childhood.

Montague got his work well forward before starting for the office, but it was something of a shock to find, on his return, that the tasks of the day included the preparation of dinner. Cookhouse fatigue at 6.30 in the evening was, he felt, more than an empty stomach ought to be called upon to face, but nevertheless he faced it manfully, and about supper-time they dined.

The milkman was prepared for him next morning, and no accident occurred. On the contrary, both were glad of the meeting, having thought of several things that in the heat of the moment they forgot to say the previous morning.

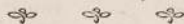
Prepared, too, was his chief, for, having lingered at home to peel the potatoes for dinner, he was late at the office. Chastened by his rebuke, Montague got home to cook another very late dinner, but to his



An Excellent Solution—continued.

credit it must be said that not for a moment did he doubt the essential wisdom and justice of their arrangement. Never for a moment did he think of crying off his bargain with Millicent. Anything rather than that—even the leaving the office at three the next afternoon.

As luck would have it he was missed. Such things do happen in offices—outside Whitehall—and to cut the story as short as did his chief, the demand for his services became appreciably smaller. There was a reduction of staff in the establishment. In fact, Montague was dismissed.



Souvenir Hunters

AN amusing anecdote is related by Lord Frederick Hamilton in his book "The Days before Yesterday."

"In a certain Balkan State, which I will refrain from naming, the inhabitants are also confirmed souvenir-hunters. At a dinner-party at the British Legation in this nameless State, one of the Diplomatic ladies was wearing a very fine necklace of pearls and enamel. A native of the State admired this necklace immensely, and begged for permission to examine it closer. The Diplomat's wife very unwisely unfastened her pearl necklace, and it was passed round from hand to hand amidst loud expressions of admiration at its beautiful workmanship. At the end of dinner the Diplomatic lady requested that her necklace might be returned to her, but it was not forthcoming; no one knew anything about it. The British Minister, who thought that he understood the people of the country, rose to the occasion. Getting up from his chair, he said with a smile, 'We have just witnessed a very clever and very amusing piece of legerdemain. Now we are going to see another little piece of conjuring.' The Minister walked quietly to both doors of the room, locked them, and put the keys in his pocket. He then placed a small silver bowl from the

You may think that this was his tragedy, but that is where you are wrong. It was merely the correction of his mistake. But for it he might still be tied to a desk, fettered to an office stool, selling his soul for a pittance and spending it on a season ticket. As it is, as the pioneer of the new married life, he is a howling success.

He and Millicent still share the housework, and by going out charing in their off week they contrive to keep the home fires burning. And Millicent feels that she is thus enabled to develop her Life (capital L) to the full.

sideboard in the centre of the dinner-table, and continued: 'I am now going to switch off all the lights, and to count ten slowly. When I have reached ten, I shall turn on the lights again, and hey presto! Madame de ——'s necklace will be found lying in that silver bowl!' The room became plunged in darkness, and the Minister counted slowly up to ten. The electric light blazed out again, there was no necklace, but the silver bowl had vanished!"



AN Irish servant was the factotum of the house. He even carried out the duties of domestic chaplain to the squire he served.

When his master came in to dinner, usually a lonely meal, so far was the house from other civilised dwellings, the servant tapped on the table for silence, and said: "For what Mr. Smith is about to receive, may the Lord make Mr. Smith thankful. Amen."



LADY (to rather raw servant from the country): "I've told you several times, Susan, to put your hand over your mouth when you yawn."

Susan: "Yas'm, but I got bit the last time I tried it."