

ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

Monthly,
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No. 52
Vol. V

For the Amusement & Interest of Men Blinded in the War.

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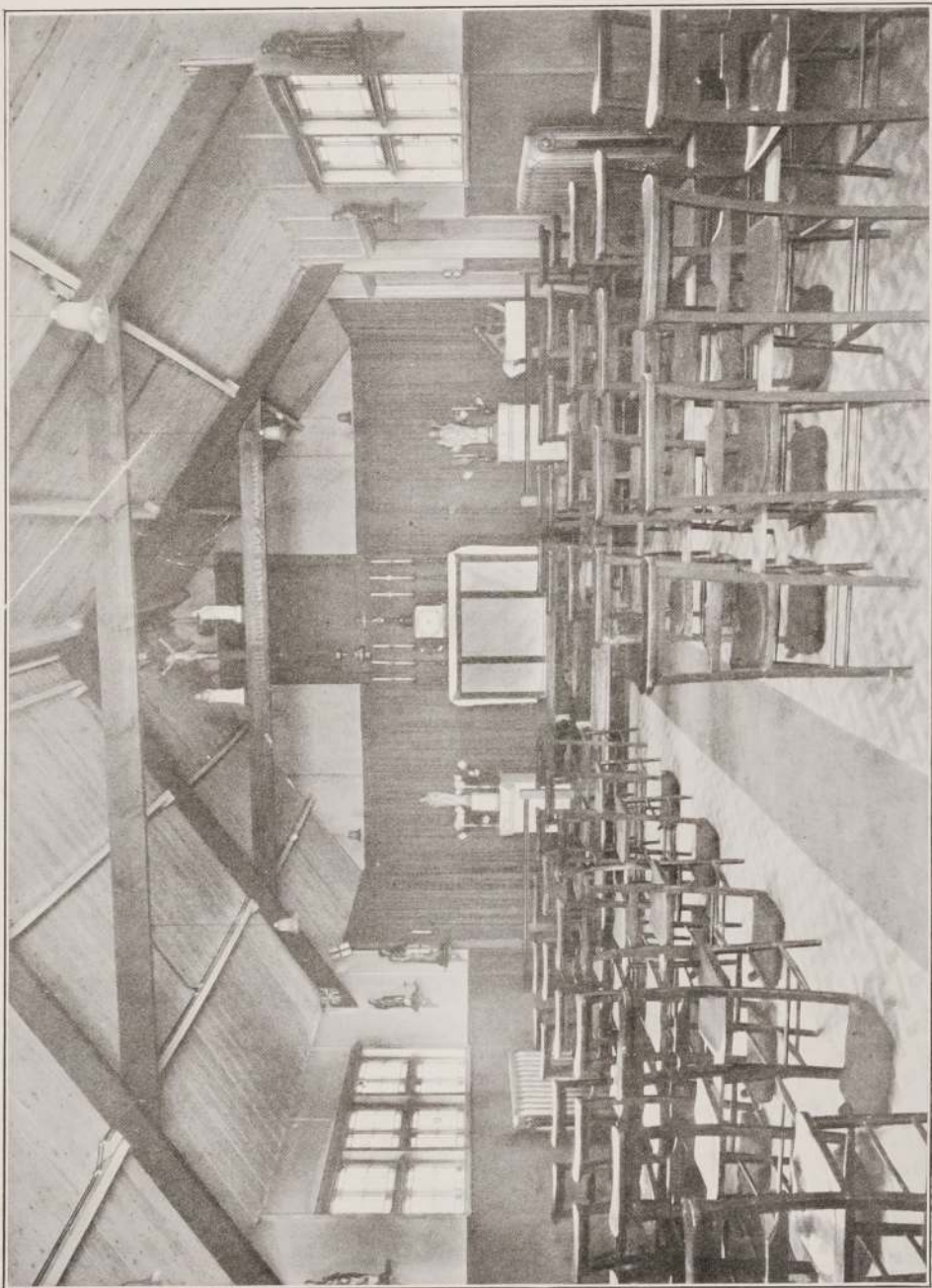
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ST. DUNSTAN'S MOTTO: "VICTORY OVER BLINDNESS"



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CATHOLIC CHAPEL AT ST. DUNSTAN'S. THE CHAPEL WAS OPENED BY CARDINAL BOURNE IN DECEMBER, 1917, AND PRESENTED TO THE ARCHDIOCESE OF WESTMINSTER BY SIR ARTHUR PEARSON IN DECEMBER, 1920

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 52.—VOLUME V.

FEBRUARY, 1921.

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN.]

EDITOR'S NOTES

WHAT is the greatest difficulty in connection with the conduct of the business affairs of St. Dunstan's? This question is one which would be answered by different people in different ways. Very few St. Dunstaners would, we think, say that the getting of houses, shops and farms in which men may settle as they leave the Hostel is a worse problem than any other which Sir Arthur Pearson and his staff have to face, but such is probably the case. Its extent may be gauged from the fact that during the period 1st March to 31st December, 1920, particulars of 1,537 properties of all descriptions were obtained, both town and country, by our Estate Officers, and of this number no less than 1,045 were surveyed and reported upon to our Settlement Department. Here the decision is made as to whether or not the property is suitable for one of our men, and if it is, alterations are carried out and everything is made ready for the blinded soldier to take up his particular occupation. It may be asked, "Why are so many new settlements required by the men of St. Dunstan's?" The answer is that for various reasons only a very small number of our men have homes to go to which are suitable for the particular trade or profession they have mastered. Some, perhaps, are young fellows who had just left school when war broke out, who had been married since, and who now desire to establish their own home. Some have a home to which they could return, but very often this is not large enough or suitably placed to allow of the successful carrying on of the home industry which has been learned at St. Dunstan's, and additional workshop accommodation has to be provided, while yet another group of men need to change their home from town to country, or *vice versa*, to suit the calling which they have chosen since they have lost their sight. A few are inevitably kept waiting for a time, but we can congratulate ourselves upon the fact that this number is very small indeed, and when unfortunate circumstances of this sort occur it must be attributed, not to lack of efforts on the part of our organisation, which is scattered all over the country, and from the figures mentioned is shown to be very far-reaching indeed, but from the absolute impossibility of obtaining exactly what is wanted by a particular man in a particular place.

ANY St. Dunstaner who wants to get a really good idea as to the extent of the work involved in carrying out that part of our After-Care system which is concerned with the supply of materials to the home workers all over the country should ask Mr. Black's permission to see over the stores which, for the first time since St. Dunstan's was opened, are now gathered under one roof. The building in which they are housed is described more fully in an article on another page. It provides more than 10,000 feet of floor space for storage and a bewildering number of articles, materials or grades of material are dealt with. Here are to be seen piles upon piles of willows, all carefully graded and stacked, hundreds of bales of yarn, endless varieties of mouldings and timber,

considerable quantities of leather, boot polish, laces, rivets, and all the hundred and one other commodities required by our various craftsmen. In another portion of the building are to be seen the finished articles, baskets, mats and wood work fashioned from these materials by the men who have left and forwarded to us for sale. It is difficult to describe the activity that is to be seen in this department. It can only be appreciated through a visit, and we can confidently recommend anyone who is sufficiently interested to get permission to pay one. He will spend a very instructive time and will be much impressed with the efficiency with which the enormous amount of detail in this department is handled. Mr. Black and Mr. Hall, who so ably assists him are greatly to be congratulated.

ONE or two complaints have reached us that joinery is not sufficiently represented in the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW. If this is true it is due solely to the fact that there are fewer joiners than mat-makers, basket-makers and boot-repairers, and the Editor, therefore, has fewer chances of receiving contributions from them. Bricks cannot be made without straw, and we most thoroughly agree with our critics that the activities of blinded soldiers who have taken up this difficult and interesting craft should be fully recorded. We bring this matter to their notice in the hope that as a result we may receive their news. This month there are, indeed, two most admirable letters on the subject to be found in our correspondence pages. Let us hope for a constant flow of similar contributions, not only from joiners, but from all who pass through St. Dunstan's in the future.



Questions and Answers

A NEW FEATURE

IT is proposed, for the benefit of all concerned, to begin a series of questions and answers in the REVIEW, our readers to propound the question and we to deliver the answers in the columns of the REVIEW, well packed and carriage paid.

Now, we know that in undertaking so grave a responsibility we are taking on our shoulders that which may prove, as the famous American poet so neatly puts it, "some job." But, as we are always willing to run risks for an heroic object, we fling discretion to the winds, and with the latest dictionaries in our hands, and the volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" bulging the pockets of our waistcoat, face our friends—the enemy!

Throughout life one is always up against "I don't know." Through busy brains questions flock like sheep one after another, following idly from the abyss of ignorance into the overwhelming waters of "and I can't find out." If one pauses a second, questions flood to the brink. "Who first found out all the poisons, and how?" A shudder trims one's ignorance and you go on: "Why do bees buzz?" "Why are

potatoes pronounced potatoes, and not potatoes like tomatoes?" "Why is cold pepper hot?" "How do worms find out the odd halves for joinery purposes when cut in twain?" "Why does one have a tendency to spend more than one's earnings?" "What induced George Washington never to tell a lie?" "What does the King of the Solomon Islands think of haricot beans?" (or if not, why not?)

But trifling apart, we think with modesty that we might occasionally be quite useful to our readers by offering them our services for the elucidation of any little question that may crop up either in connection with their business and ordinary affairs of the day, or with their reading. Our answers, it must be understood, will necessarily be brief, but we will do our best to pack as much solid information, without the embroidery of style, into the space at our disposal. All questions should be addressed to "The Editor, THE ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, Headquarters of St. Dunstan's Work, Inner Circle, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1," and the envelope should be marked "Queries."

The New St. Dunstan's Head-quarters

A WALK THROUGH THE OFFICES AND WORKSHOPS

ALTHOUGH men at present in training at St. Dunstan's are now getting familiar with the new head-quarters and workshops, nevertheless much of their surroundings must still seem strange to them. The well-trodden walks and familiar pathways are gone, old landmarks have vanished, and all of us are face to face with a novel topographical problem, the art of finding the way about the new head-quarters. So perhaps it will be valuable to everyone and especially interesting to the old St. Dunstaners scattered abroad in the four quarters of the globe, to know something of the highways and byways of the new St. Dunstan's.

THE ADMINISTRATION OFFICES

Come for a stroll with me, then, and I will try and give you as vivid an idea as possible of the relative positions of the offices and workshops. You will probably all know the Inner Circle, Regent's Park. At a point which might be described as Nor'-Nor'-East of the Royal Botanic Gardens, which are in the centre of the Inner Circle, our new headquarters are to be seen—a capacious mansion standing in its own grounds, once the town residence of the Marquesses of Bute, and now known as the Head-quarters of St. Dunstan's Work. Let us enter the open gate and have a look round. Wheeling to the left we are face to face with the house, and there is our old friend Hetherington at the door ready to welcome us in. Passing through an entrance hall—to which we shall return presently—we enter a very fine square inner hall, which acts as the centrepiece of this hive of industry. Directly in front of us is Mrs. Fraser's office, to our left front Sir Arthur's, and to our right front Captain Fraser's. From each side of this main hall we pass through lobbies into the two wings of the house. Let us take the left or south wing first. Through the lobbies we arrive at what is known as the Library, facing which is the Stationery Department. To the left are the Treasury Offices, to the right the Secretarial Offices. These

offices now fill the place of what were evidently at one time a library and reception rooms. Magnificent rooms they are, with their roofs as high as the two stories of the main building, and eminently fitted, if we look at the matter from a strictly utilitarian point of view, for forming the head-quarters of a big administrative work. The Treasury, for instance, is divided up into smaller offices, each handling a special branch of the work, but all branches are, as it were, cemented together by being within one huge room, ruled at the southern end by Mr. Kessel. The same remarks apply to Mrs. Bates' offices; here are filing departments, there typing sections, but all are grouped together in one whole, compact and complete.

THE AFTER-CARE DEPARTMENT

Returning to the Main Hall, we take the northern or right-hand passage and reach the After-Care Department. The same system is seen here. A huge room embraces the whole department, with the necessary connecting doors to Captain Fraser's room. This little section deals with technical matters, that with personal, and, lo and behold! here we get the Editorial Office of that flourishing publication the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW. We pass this *sanctum sanctorum* with awe, and turning to the right, we pass through big doors into the After-Care Accounts and Pensions Department. These two large rooms on the north of the house correspond with the Treasury and Secretarial Offices on the south which I have already described, and are divided up in similar manner. Passing through we reach a door at the right-hand corner which leads us into a kind of conservatory which has been transformed in quite a wonderful manner into the Poultry and Country Life Department. Along the conservatory, through a passage, we find, in an annexe built on to the back of the house, the Massage Department and the Estate Office. If we return to the After-Care Accounts Department we can pass directly from here by a passage into the

Front Entrance Hall, to which I told you above we should return.

This, briefly, is the position of the administration offices of St. Dunstan's in the new head-quarters. You will recognise at once how compact and yet how spacious everything is; in fact, the whole arrangement might be described as a model for an administrative centre.

Before we leave the main building it might be as well to mention that the upper portion of the house—which, by the way, is much less spacious than the lower, as the two large projecting wings are only one story high—is in part held in reserve for additional office accommodation which, as the After-Care work increases, is sure to be needed, and is in part occupied by Captain and Mrs. Fraser, while in the basement is conducted a restaurant at which the staff can purchase lunch, and thus save much valuable time.

THE WORKSHOPS

Now let us come to where I believe you will be most interested, and that is to the new workshops. Instead of turning to the left when you enter the main gates you must go to the right, and there by means of what is now a sufficiently muddy path, but which in the near future we hope to see well trodden into a superfine stability, we make our way to the workshops. Passing the garage on the right, the first door on your left leads into a corridor. Opposite this door is the Netting Material Store, and sharp to the left is the Netting Room itself, with Miss Witherby's office in the corner. There is far better accommodation here than in the old premises, and woolly mats and other netted articles of most multifiform design are ranged on the shelves. Going back to the corridor, on the left we enter the Basket Shop, and here we can appreciate what an immense advantage has been obtained by the removal. Each worker has adequate space, and wide aisles lead between the sections. There is an admirable system of heating throughout the whole of the workshops by which a uniform temperate heat is maintained, and the ventilation is in nearly every case by the most up-to-date overhead arrangement. In the Basket Shop, above the planks where the men are working, a series of

overhead racks has been erected, on which finished articles, etc., can be placed; this facilitates the duty of inspection. Leaving the Basket Shop, and passing the Willow Store on the left, we come straight into the Joiner's Shop, and the same characteristics of freedom of space, simplicity of arrangement, etc., are noticeable here. The heating apparatus runs down the centre of the shop, with the benches on each side, in front of parallel rows of side windows.

THE BOOT AND MAT SHOPS

The other wing of the workshops building is reached by a cross passage turning to the right from the corridor along which we have been walking. This cross passage has on the left side the administrative offices including Mr. Ottaway's office. The entrance to the Boot Shop is on the right. One corner will be occupied by the cloggers, the clog store, in which are all requisites for the manufacture and repairing of clogs, being adjacent. On the right are a store and a small lecture room, which is used for giving instruction on the latest boot-repairing methods or apparatus.

Following our old friend the cross passage, by turning to the right as we come from the Boot Shop, we can reach the lavatories, which are very commodious, and supplied with constant hot water. If, however, we walk straight ahead when leaving the Boot Shop, a door on the left leads us into the Mat Shop, where just now many new designs of mats are being made with much success. If we *don't* enter the mat shop we come out into the open country again, and can make away straight across country for forty or fifty yards till we reach the Stores. One's chief impression about the workshops is that they possess those two contra-distinctive qualities of snugness and spaciousness. They have, it is interesting to note, been specially designed with the idea of their forming packing, receiving and storing rooms for our After-Care work when the training of blinded soldiers has been completed. In the meantime some temporary buildings, formerly used as an R.A.S.C. depôt, have been rented, and you may judge from the following description what admirable facilities they afford.

THE STORE

The Stores? Well, the Stores, to say the least of them, are an eye-opener. They present to the visitor a wonderful mass of material from all parts of the world, showing beyond anything else the really marvellous manner in which St. Dunstan's men have projected themselves into trades of all kinds. As all of you know, St. Dunstan's must have always a big supply of all goods, which may suddenly be requested by a St. Dunstan's man, whether he is making clogs in Lancashire or mats in Matlock. Here is some one who wants a special oval shape of basket bottom; another a certain gilded moulding for a picture frame; another the best leather for a crusty farmer's boots; or yet another, some coloured yarn for a mat which the dear old lady at the Manor has insisted upon having. All this means that the Director of Stores must be wide-awake and never napping. So that as we pass slowly through store after store we are astonished at the vast array of the best materials of all kinds collected together for the use of St. Dunstan's men. Storing is no easy job, mind you! There is leather, for instance, objecting strongly to fog; tools who *will* have a good coal fire to prevent them rusting; willows that will snap away in your hands if you don't attend to their wants properly. Thus storage is a big problem, but we can say with confidence that all difficulties have been most successfully overcome here, especially those with regard to space requirements. Take, for example, one store where trays of all sorts and conditions line the walls and bales of mats and fibre mount to the ceiling, while overhead a firmament of baskets bob and twinkle; the whole is an epitome of how to economise space.

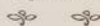
But apart from the stuff sent out, there is the stuff that comes in. From all parts of the country St. Dunstan's men are sending their finished goods—and admirably finished they are, too—for sale in London. After their arrival they are inspected in the inspection room, labelled with the maker's name or number and despatched again to the Sales Depôt. This requires, as can be easily understood, a highly perfected system.

The Stores are built round an open square where long, long ago during the war A.S.C. lorries were drawn up in hundreds for repair or to refill with petrol. If you stand with your back to the workshops, which we have just left, you would be staring at the doors of the Stores Administration Offices under Mr. Black. Here are correspondence and filing offices, etc., and then the Stores follow round, completing the square and bringing us back again to the Workshops.

STILL ON THE OLD SITE

We must mention that for the present the Braille and Typewriting Departments are still on the old site, near the old St. Dunstan's. The Sports Captain also sticks to his post there, and the Sports ground refuses with a stubborn pride in its old conquests to leave its native heath.

This, then, is the new St. Dunstan's Head-quarters. That everything has been done which can help both the learners and those set up in their different trades all over the country will, we think, be readily admitted. And we feel sure that with the aid of this more efficient organisation, St. Dunstan's men will reap more laurels even than heretofore and carry the proud words "Victory Over Blindness" into the uttermost parts of the earth.



HE wasn't fond of riddles, but he "bought" the one which inquires which is the longest word in the English language. "Smiles," said the idiot who asked him. "Smiles?" "Yes, because there's a mile between the first letter and the last." The victim sighed; then he said: "Now, I've got one for you. Are you interested in politics?" The idiot said he was. "Well, then, what's the difference between Great Britain and the United States?" "Three thousand miles," cried the idiot triumphantly. "You're miles out," said the other. "It's only a League."



MRS. PROFITEER: "Is this a pedigree dog?"

DEALER: "Pedigree! I should just think he is, mum. Why, if the animal could only talk he wouldnt speak to either of us."

News of St. Dunstan's Men

EXPERIENCES AS A JOINER

THE following very interesting letter is from Thomas Till, who is a joiner, at Lancaster:—

"I should like to relate my own particular experiences since setting up on my own as a joiner.

"I left St. Dunstan's last summer vacation and after spending some three or four weeks in getting installed in a workroom under a church near my home, I settled down in real earnest. During these few weeks previous to turning out actual work, I was not idle by any means. I had for some time before leaving St. Dunstan's, been studying out various contrivances which I thought would be of material assistance in my work, and I worked hard to get these fixed up in my new premises. Of these things I may explain later. As you may imagine, a church cellar was rather a queer place for a joiner's shop, but it was very handy, and quite comfortable. I soon had trouble with the fire insurance people, and I had orders to quit at Christmas. My father and I accordingly set out to find a new place for a suitable workshop and when found, we set about building it. It is a wooden structure in the main highroad, and in a very good position. My father did all the rough joinery, and I made the front window, measuring some 10-ft. by 8-ft. and also remade a front shop, and a couple of doorcasings. I then purchased a grindstone, and had a cranked axle fitted, after which I made a trestle to stand it on, and I have now got a really good grindstone. I can use it either by treadle or hand. I also purchased an 8-ft. single bench, and this I took to pieces and made into a flat-topped bench about 4 ft. wide. This is an extremely useful bench, especially when making step ladders and trays. In speaking of the contrivances I mentioned previously, I may tell you that I had three in mind. One was a vertical drill, made entirely from cycle fittings, and for drilling small holes. This, by the way, I have not yet made, but shall make when

I have suitable spare time. The second contrivance I made, and find it is a very great asset in my work. It is a vertical shooting board, or shall we call it a planing frame. This is a frame some 6-ft. in length, which is a fixture to the wall of my shop, and is entirely out of the way. On the top of this is a long ordinary shooting board, in a vertical position, while sliding up and down the frame itself is a guide, which fits into two metal bars, slotted every inch. Above this is a cramping arrangement which holds the wood placed into the frame into a position for planing. If I need a board planing, say 6-in. broad, and exactly parallel, I set my guide at 6-in. place in my board, cramp it by two turns of a button, and plane with both hands until I can plane no further. When I take it out of the frame, I can rely on its being exactly square and parallel. If I wish to plane a table top square, I put it into the frame, set my guide at the width I require, and fire away. The great advantage in having a planing frame of this kind is that I can plane anything up to 6-ft. long, and some 3-ft. wide, and I can use *both* hands and not one, as on the small shooting board. The third contrivance I made did not turn out so well as I had anticipated. It was a sawing bench for use in ripping a board down its length. This arrangement had a slotted groove over which was a clamping arrangement for holding the board in position. The saw passed through the groove, then through two oak boards placed $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. apart, forming what is known as the saw 'gate.' Why this arrangement did not prove a success I never really knew, but my saw kept nipping, and I was forced to acknowledge failure. Still, I am going to have another go at it.

"I hope I have not worried you too much with these details. Personally, I consider carpentry the most interesting of all crafts taught at St. Dunstan's, and I have to thank my good friend Mr. Atkinson, and my old friends Pell and Caven for

From all parts of the World

their good instruction in this branch. I should be very glad of a visit from any of our St. Dunstan's joiners to see my workshop and showroom. I have at present in stock in my showroom, a kitchen table, three small tables, all different—one french polished, by the way—a good assortment of trays, coffee-pot stands, teapot stands, two pairs steps, a couple of book troughs, one polished, and a few other things. I have never had a day's slackness since I started, and have never had to send anything up to London for sale. In looking over my books I find I have sold considerably over 100 trays and several more articles, such as clothesmaids, etc. I put in about eight hours a day, and find the times never hangs. At present I am finishing an octagonal table, and have some three or four orders to be going on with. Considering the terrible slackness in our town, where the mills are only working three days a week, I consider I am doing pretty well. On the whole I consider joinery a pretty good craft, providing one will give his heart and soul to the work, and put some enthusiasm into it. I should like to have some other fellow joiners' views on this matter, and see if we cannot keep our end up in the REVIEW as well as the boots, baskets, etc."

[As other joiners may be interested in the devices mentioned by Till, we have asked Mr. Black, who has a wide knowledge of the subject, for his opinion. As a result, Mr. Black wrote to Till about the matter, and we print below his letter, which will, we think, be found interesting.—ED.]

"DEAR TILL,—I read with a good deal of interest the description of the various contrivances you have set up in your workshop, and can well understand that you find them an advantage for particular jobs. All this is very creditable, and points well to your making a success of your work.

"I should very much like at some time

to be able to run in and have a look at you, as I take a particular interest in any special jig a man gets up with which to overcome difficulties. Things of this kind appeal to different men in different ways, and what one man likes and swears by another will not use. I have no doubt whatever that you derive particular benefit from these contrivances, but it is doubtful if at this late hour in the training of St. Dunstan's men it would be wise for us to attempt to adopt any of them here. When I was in Paris I saw some extraordinarily ingenious contrivances used by some of the blinded soldiers there, and they no doubt suited their particular requirements very well indeed, but owing to differences of method in this country they did not excite such admiration over here as I thought they would when I brought a set back.—Yours faithfully, H. D. BLACK."

HEARTY PRAISE FROM SIGHTED JOINER

Another interesting letter with reference to joinery comes from J. Knights, of Trimley, St. Mary, near Ipswich, Suffolk, who writes as follows:—

"I think its about time you had a few lines from me, letting you know how business is with me, and to give you an idea of the possibilities of a St. Dunstaner, who has been trained as a joiner, in competition against sighted folk who are in the same trade.

"You will see that I have sent you a list of work I have turned out this last month or so, including trays, a kitchen table, a large book shelf, a copper lid and, above all things, an attaché case. All these things have given my customers great satisfaction of which I am more than proud.

"You will be interested to hear about a little incident that happened in my shop a few weeks ago when I was at work on a kitchen table. About eleven o'clock one morning I was as busy as a little bee when someone came into the shop. I stopped what I was doing and spoke to him. But

as he didn't give me an order I went back to what I was doing. He followed me and looked at a table top which was standing in the corner. He came back, but did not say anything, while I continued gluing the rails into the legs. After I had finished I asked him what he thought of it. 'Well,' he said, 'Mr. Knights, you are a marvel. I cannot think how you do it. I have been watching the way you do it and how well you do it.' And then he told me he had been in the trade for thirty-five years. 'You have made that table,' he continued, 'as well as I could have made it myself.' This you will see is a great credit to me, and not only to me but to Mr. Atkinson and his pupil teachers.

"Just before Christmas there was a fair at Felixstowe in aid of St. Dunstan's. About a fortnight before it came off the lady who was organising it came to see me, asking me if I would like a stall to advertise my work. You can guess I was more than delighted. At the same time she gave me an order for a special tray for presentation to the Mayoress of Ipswich. The fair was opened and lasted two days, and it did me no end of good.

"I have found the assistance of the After-Care a great help to me, also buying and selling through the After-Care Department.

"I send my best wishes and heartiest thanks to all in St. Dunstan's for all what they did for me."

GOOD MESSAGE PROSPECTS IN NEW ZEALAND

J. McGowan, a masseur, writes from Wellington, New Zealand:—

"Just a few lines to let you know that the wife and myself arrived back safely. We had a very nice trip out, but a little on the hot side, and it just took us a little over six weeks. There was nothing much of interest on the voyage out except the Panama Canal. The only stop we had was at Colon, and we arrived there on the Saturday night and left on the Monday morning. The canal is a wonderful construction, but on our way through it we were delayed for two hours on account of

a land slip, and it took us about four hours to get through it, and it was very hot passing through. After landing in New Zealand we spent a fortnight's holiday, and then went house-hunting in Wellington and fixing up other business. It was a rare job to get a house in Wellington to suit me, and they are an enormous price, but eventually we got one very close to the centre, and expect to start private work on Monday, as I have been having the front room fitted up for my work. I started work for the military last Monday, working from four till seven in the afternoon, and the mornings and part of the afternoon I will have for private work. I received all my electrical apparatus and now have it fitted up. I was rather disappointed when the electricians told me that one of the big lamps was no good, as inside the globe the little hook was broken, but was very thankful that I have another to carry on with, I received the Braille maps, which you asked Mrs. Hall to forward to me yesterday, and I must thank you very much. Quite a lot of massage has been going on over here since the end of the war. A lot of nursing sisters who went over from here to nurse took it up when in London, and they are starting out here. The prospect for massage seems very good, and I think that I shall get on very well, as I have had introductions to all the doctors round here."

AN EXCELLENT TESTIMONIAL

The following letter of appreciation has been received from Messrs. James D. Bennett, Ltd., furniture manufacturers of Glasgow, with reference to Neil McDonald, employed by them as a carpenter and joiner:—

"We have much pleasure in stating that Mr. Neil McDonald (who unfortunately lost his sight in the recent Great War) has entered our employment, and his work has given great satisfaction. We wish to add, that we have no hesitation in stating that the good training which he received at St. Dunstan's has been a great advantage in enabling him to secure employment.—Yours truly, pp. J. D. Bennet, Ltd. (Signed) John Miller, Secretary.

Departmental Notes

Shorthand, Typewriting and Braille

WE are all settling down very comfortably in our new quarters; though not quite so large as the old, they are very much quieter. This we hope may compensate a little those men who—wet or fine—so cheerily trudge to and fro from the workshops for their typing and Braille lessons.

Will old St. Dunstaners please note that this Department's new telephone number is Paddington 650?

Shorthand and Typewriting

WE offer our heartiest congratulations to the following men on having passed their Typewriting Tests:—T. J. Dunn, F. Hills, Captain Hough, and J. Vernon.

Lieut. D. Campbell has obtained a post as stenographer to the well known firm of Messrs. Thornycroft and Co., and W. Henry at the Enemy Debts Department, Board of Trade, where three old St. Dunstaners are already working.

We offer them our heartiest congratulations and wish them the best of luck in their new posts.

The Braille Room

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

Reading: C. H. Brown and B. Ingrey.

Writing: F. C. Harris, J. R. Lynch, S. McCheyne and H. E. Robinson.

St. Dunstaners may be interested in some of the following books which have been recently added to the National Library for the Blind:—"Wireless Telegraphy," vol 1, by Fortescue; "Story of a Soldier's Life," by Viscount Wolseley; "Irish Impressions," by G. K. Chesterton; "Grow your own Vegetables," by S. C. Johnson; "Miser's Money," by Eden Philpotts; "A Man's Man," by Ian Hay; "Ghosts of Piccadilly," by G. S. Street;

"Mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown," by E. P. Oppenheim. D. P.

Netting

A NEW use has been found for 1-in. mesh netting, if this is made of rather heavy twine, preferably tanned. All such pieces, the larger the better, are eagerly sought by golfers, and especially those who are beginners, who practice their prowess in their gardens. Now, then, After-Care netters, please seek out your golfing acquaintances and explain to them how very much better are the St. Dunstan's hand-made nets of good tanned hemp, than machine-made stuff of poorer materials. G. H. W.

Two Clerical Stories

EPISCOPAL FALLIBILITY.—The following story about an absent-minded bishop is being whispered around ecclesiastical circles. At the end of a very tiring day he was conducting a Confirmation service, at which there was a large number of candidates. The last candidate to come up was an old man with a perfectly bald head. The bishop placed his hands upon his head in the usual manner, but in the most unusual manner was heard to exclaim as he did so: "I declare this stone to be well and truly laid!"

THE parson disliked people leaving church before his sermon, and had been known on various occasions to refer to these in strong terms of condemnation. One day his daughter, feeling unwell, was forced to leave the church as her father mounted the pulpit steps.

The parson, seeing a young girl departing, called out after her: "Farewell, child of the devil!"

His daughter turned round with a smile. "Good-bye, father!" she said.

News from the Workshops

OBVIOUSLY the great topic of interest this month has been the new workshops themselves. As these are fully described elsewhere, it will be quite sufficient to remark upon the complete satisfaction which they are giving to all who have the pleasure of working in them.

A very good start has been made on work all round and we may, in particular, just refer to the work of a few men.

MAT DEPARTMENT

J. T. Rouse has now concluded his work in the Mat Shop where, in addition to reaching a very good standard of work, he has been particularly valuable in assisting the instructors. M. H. Albertella did well with his test mat, and J. Hunter is still doing first class work. Mats by H. C. Clarke, A. E. Thompson, and S. G. Jordan were of a good standard. The work of P. D. Jensen, A. Knotwell, and R. Parsons is showing a very decided advance.

BASKET DEPARTMENT

All the work in the Basket Shop this month has been very pleasing. A barrel basket made by A. Waite was exceptionally good, and the work of G. Williams continues to improve in quality. Two waste paper baskets made by E. D. Martin were very nice, and also three barrels made by C. V. Smith.

BOOT DEPARTMENT

In the Boot Shop we may refer to the considerable improvement in the standard of work of F. T. Dance, and also several very satisfactory repairs carried through by S. O'Connell.

PROFICIENCY CERTIFICATE

A Proficiency Certificate was awarded this month to R. Wenlock (Baskets).

W. H. O.

St. Dunstan's Competitions

OUR generous correspondent, Mr. Chas. J. Jones, has offered another prize of 10s. for a new competition, so we have decided to offer this to whoever sends in the most fitting last line to the following poetical effusion:—

There was an old man in the Zoo
Who said: "What the deuce shall I do?
For ages and ages
I've looked at them cages—"

Now this opens a vast field to the imagination of our readers. Think of this dear old gentleman, waiting day after day, month after month, year after year in the midst of wolves, tigers, emus, ocelots, and other savage animals, with his eyes—one can almost see them, round, protuberant and glassy—fixed to the iron bars, and with the question so forceful, yet so restrained, "What the deuce shall I do?" hovering for ever on his lips! What was

the mystery? Why should he pursue this peculiar habit? What did he look for? What did he fear? Why in such a quandary?

Our readers will answer, we hope, by supplying the last line.

All efforts should be addressed to the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, Headquarters of St. Dunstan's Work, Inner Circle, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1, and should reach us not later than the 6th March.

In our November issue Miss Ada Youmans, of Chicago, kindly offered a prize of one dollar bill to the person who wrote in Braille the most interesting essay containing seven given words. We are happy to hear from Miss Youmans that the prize has been awarded to W. Charles Taplin, 16 Stafford Road, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset.

Sports Club Notes

THE weather has not been kind to our Sportsmen during the past month. The rain truly has been generous, but we can get too much of a good thing, consequently we have been unable to use our Sports ground, because the mud and damp made running quite impossible with any degree of safety. But we are not a bit downhearted; and our boys are looking forward to some dry weather this month, and further opportunities for creating fresh running and walking records, etc. Fortunately our new Football pitch, which is conveniently situated between the Bungalow and the Park, has been playable, and on Saturday, January 29th, we had a new Goal-kicking Competition in place of the usual Sports. Men entered in pairs—semi-sighted and totally blinded—and the three pairs which scored the highest number of goals won the prizes offered. It was a great success, for not only did fifty-six pairs enter, but the shooting was really splendid. Sergeant Hunt officiated in goal and had the time of his life. It was very hard work for him, but he performed brilliantly, and had the Sunderland Secretary been present a little earlier he would have wanted his transfer!

As that of Father Howell has already been requested, we are in danger of losing our regular team Goalies! We must, however, place a prohibitive transfer fee upon their heads and retain them for the St. Dunstan's Football Club!

The result of the Competition was as follows:—

1st, T. Nesbitt and P. Yuile, 6 goals;
2nd, H. Northgreaves and J. Simpson, 5 goals;
3rd, M. Keenan and J. Morris, 3 goals.

VISIT OF SUNDERLAND FOOTBALL CLUB

Just at the conclusion of our Competition we were delighted to receive a visit from the famous Sunderland Football Club. C. Buchan, their captain, the well-known

English International, was greatly impressed with the shooting of our boys, and promised to bring his team up and play a St. Dunstan's eleven on their next visit to town. I hope we won't have another attack of "stagefright" then similar to that we had when playing the Arsenal! At all events we will do our best to win.

GOAL-KICKING CUP COMPETITION

As I stated in last month's Notes, the Arsenal Football Club players, through their Goalkeeper, Mr. E. C. Williamson, have very generously offered gold medals for the Cup Winners in this Competition and suitable medals for the runners-up. This offer has caused great enthusiasm amongst our footballers, and sixteen teams entered, all keen upon obtaining the Arsenal's Medals. In addition to the old teams, entries were received from the following new teams with certainly "newer" names:—Neath United, The Lattices, Bungalow Arsenal, Jack's Jolly Jocks, Night Watchers, Northern Stars, Martonians, The Villa, Ashley Wanderers and Park North End. There have been some very exciting games, and already we are on to the Semi-Final.

In the account of our last Final between the Jazonians and Hills Athletic unfortunately the name of G. J. Webster, the Jazonian Captain, was omitted from the list of goal scorers. Webster scored a really fine goal, and set a proper example to his team in showing how the goalkeeper can be beaten.

PHYSICAL "JERKS" COMPETITION

This new Competition is going strong, and last week there was an average attendance of close on fifty at the Bungalow and Cornwall Terrace. A. G. Cole should be included in the list of highest attendances during the last Competition, his marks being thirty-three.

SWIMMING

Quite a large party attends the Marylebone Baths every Monday, Wednesday and Friday to receive instruction from their Swimming Instructor, Mr. W. Jones. The Instructor informs me that the men are progressing splendidly and should turn out accomplished swimmers before very long. Where there is such keenness and enthusiasm success is bound to come.

ROWING

Although the weather has not been just what we like, yet rowing men are on the Lake regularly. Before very long we hope to resume the morning practice which is so beneficial. There is nothing like regular exercise for keeping us fit and equal to a good day's work in the Workshops.

E. W.

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There Are Times

(By R. C. O. Cowley)

THERE are times when the sea is smooth and calm,
When the clouds are high, and the heavens bright,
When the rising moon 's a soothing balm
To the rolling waves by her radiant light.

There are times when the sea is wild and high,
And the billows roll and the waters roar,
When the darkened clouds go fleeting by
And the angry waves towards them soar—
And this is the way of the sea.

And what of the ships in the midst of the sea,
When the tempest rages mountains high?
Do they—fearing, trembling—turn and flee,
Heaving a broken despairing sigh?

The ships in the midst of the sea know well—
The darkest hour is before the dawn;
If they bravely weather the rolling swell,
The lull will come with the breaking morn—
And this is the way of the ships at sea.

MOTHER (putting her little boy to bed):
"Tommy, say your prayers like a good little boy. Daddy downstairs is very lonely, and I want to talk to him."

TOMMY: "Mummy, oo top up 'ere and talk to Dod, I'll go down and tomfort Daddy."

There are times in life when hopes are high,
And the path we tread is bright and clear,
When the golden sunbeams dancing by
Bring ever a smile, and never a tear.

There are times in life when all is black,
Nothing but trouble, sorrow and care,
Not a glimmer of light on the winding track,
Only a wondering, blank despair—
And this is the way of life.

And what should we do when the sea of life
Is raging wild and high?
When burdened with anguish and bitter strife—
Should we faltering, fearing, hopeless—die?

Let us follow the way of the ships at sea,
And bravely fight, though weak and worn,
Knowing full well to-morrow will see
The dark clouds lift with the rising morn—
And this is the way for us in our lives.

MOTHER: "Did you give the penny to the monkey, dear?"

LUCY: "Yes, mummie."
"And what did the monkey do with it?"

"He gave it to his father who was turning the handle of the organ."

Discussion Club Notes

OUR AMERICAN COUSINS

ON December 6th, 1920, we had a visit from Sir John Foster Fraser, one of the best known journalists and travellers of the day, and he gave us a most interesting lecture entitled "John Bull and Uncle Sam." In it he described some of his personal experiences during a recent tour in the United States interspersed with many amusing stories and incidents. Although Sir John said he was not a prohibitionist himself he remarked on the undoubted result Prohibition has brought about in the big cities he visited in the way of clearing the streets of the gangs of drink-sodden loafers who used formerly to haunt the street corners. He described the great educational gathering which takes place frequently on Lake Chatuaqua, and spoke of the keenness of the average American to acquire knowledge and information of such means as these. Sir John mentioned a few figures as to the size and population of the United States, remarking on the extreme difficulty in a country of so vast and varied a population of producing or classifying any opinions as definitely American and, consequently, how easy it is for wrong impressions to be created over here. For instance, the speaker observed that the average decent American does not go about saying he won the war! The audience refused to allow Sir John to stop at the end of the usual 45 minutes, and he was listened to for an hour and a-half with the keenest attention and interest.

THE WORKING OF THE BRITISH LAW

Some of the men at St. Dunstan's having expressed a wish to hear something of how British Law operates, on December 13th, 1920, Mr. A. H. Cockburn, B.L., came and gave us a synopsis, as far as was possible with the limits of a short speech, of the Law System of our country.

Mr. Cockburn described the origin and developments of each system, the differences between the Courts, the various tribunals and the type of cases tried by each, and at the conclusion answered numerous questions put to him by members of the audience.

A FLEDGLING IN FLEET STREET

This was the title of an address given on January 10th, by Mr. F. Clare Pearson, and dealt with the speaker's early experiences as a journalist and author. He described the difficulties in the way of making a living out of journalism and reporting, and told many amusing stories of his own early adventures and gave some illuminating glimpses of what goes on behind the scenes in the world of journalism.

JAPAN

On January 17th, Dr. Walter Weston came to the Bungalow and gave a lecture on Japan, being the outcome of the speaker's long residence in that country. Dr. Weston's address dealt chiefly with the physical features of the country, and the influence its wonderful scenery has upon the character of the people. The lecture was enlivened with many humorous stories in connection with his own experiences which were much enjoyed by an appreciative audience.

A NEW LIGHT ON INDUSTRIAL PROBLEMS

On January 24th, Mr. G. F. Francis, organizing secretary of the Industrial League and Council, visited St. Dunstan's, and in the course of a most instructive address, pointed out the great need which exists just now for a really better spirit in Industry both among employers and employed. The speaker went on to say that the present industrial crisis is compelling much thought and attention; men

and women everywhere are asking how it is that, with a world sadly needing goods of all kinds, factories are idle and skilled, willing, and intelligent workers are daily swelling the ranks of the unemployed.

To find a solution for our present troubles some knowledge of industrial history is needed, and, as industry is the very foundation of the modern social order, it is important that all should know something of the nature of its birth and the forces that have developed it to its present pitch.

The existing industrial system, generally called the Capitalist System, began to emerge from what is now called the domestic system of industry, about a century ago. Its birth was made possible by the discovery of steam power, the development of coal supplies, and the invention of machines through which this new power could be applied.

The material effect was almost immediate, and its revolutionary influence will be realised if we reflect that in the realm of transport alone, the wealthiest person in the world could not travel a hundred years ago much quicker or more easily than Julius Cæsar or Alexander the Great, while to-day the humblest citizen can travel in comfort, at a relatively trivial cost, from one end of the country to the other in a few hours. The effect of this system upon the production of other material necessities and business has been equally great and has thus made us a powerful and wealthy country.

The material advantages of this system comprise only one side of the case. The human aspect is not so happy. The effects of the factory system with the long hours of labour and low wages and general insecurity that were too customary in the early days of the system, compelled workers to organise in self-defence. Efforts to suppress Unions, the victimisations of members, and the resistance to the attempts of the organised workers to improve their conditions of employment, have created in industry a bitterness of feeling, a considerable amount of inefficiency, and produced unhappiness, discomfort, and discontent in the minds of all concerned.

The industrial disruption caused by the war has left us with a crisis in which this mutually hostile attitude of mind is positively suicidal, and the Industrial League and Council, which is composed of employers and trade unionists, has come into existence to try and bring employers and employed into conference with each other, so that by mutual discussion of industrial problems that effect them both, they may try to understand each other better and endeavour to arrive at mutually agreed solutions.

The League has organised and arranged numerous conferences of employers and employed all over the country; it has branches meeting frequently in many large industrial centres, and as one result of these joint gatherings three ideas have emerged which, if adopted and practiced should produce a new and more humane atmosphere in industry, and thus contribute to its higher efficiency, as a means of advancing social progress and well-being.

These three ideas may be summarised thus:—

(1) The needs of the community will be more effectively provided, when employers and workers begin to regard industry rather as a channel for public services than merely a means for private enrichment.

(2) Industry will be more effectively conducted when employers and workers learn to regard each other as complementary factors in industry and not as hostile and conflicting forces.

(3) As a way out of the present crisis, employers and organised workers, nationally and in workshops, must come together to try and find some basis on which they can mutually co-operate, to exploit still further our natural resources of wealth in the interests of themselves and the community, rather than wasting time, money, and intellect on futile efforts at trying to exploit each other.

Several examples were given of beneficial results accruing from experiments in workshops, co-operation between workers and employers and an interesting discussion closed the meeting. *H. E. G.*

Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

Church Notes

WE are all pleased to have our new Chapel so conveniently placed in the Bungalow. It is larger than our last one, and in consequence, much more comfortable.

ORGANIST

Miss Warren has very kindly consented to be our organist during the term, and we are most grateful to her for her bright helpful music.

HOLY COMMUNION

The Holy Communion will be celebrated on Sundays 13th and 27th, at 7.30 and 10.15 a.m. and also on the 20th at 8 a.m. Thursday, 24th instant, being the Festival of S. Matthias, there will be a celebration at 7 a.m.

CONFIRMATION

I am anxious to present some of our boys for the Bishop of London's next Confirmation in St. Paul's Cathedral. Already one or two have given in their names, and I would be glad to hear of any others who desire to be confirmed, or would care to have a talk with me about it. *E. W.*

Catholic Chapel Notes

ON Sunday, January 16th, we bade farewell to the old Chapel and the week following the first Mass was said in the new. The services are held at the same times as formerly, but owing to circumstances it will be necessary for intending Communicants to give notice beforehand.

The photograph of the Chapel which was mentioned in last month's REVIEW is reproduced as the frontispiece to this issue, and has turned out very satisfactorily.

Copies may be obtained as follows:—
Size 12in. x 8in. - mounted 12s. 6d.
Ditto, ditto - - unmounted 8s. 6d.
Postcard size - - - - - 9d.

The times of Lenten services will be duly announced. The time for fulfilling the precept of Easter Communion begins on Sunday, March 6th. *P. H.*

Births

A. KNIGHT, son	- - -	Nov. 11, 1920
E. A. WEST, son	- - -	Dec. 13, 1920
H. SPENCER, daughter	- - -	Dec. 23, 1920
G. W. FRANCIS, son	- - -	Jan. 2, 1921
A. F. SMITH, son	- - -	Jan. 6, 1921
J. KNIGHTS, daughter	- - -	Jan. 9, 1921
A. ROWE, son	- - -	Jan. 9, 1921
A. PRETTEJOHNS, son	- - -	Jan. 10, 1921
J. O'BRIEN, son	- - -	Jan. 10, 1921
C. DAVEY, son	- - -	Jan. 10, 1921
W. HOWARTH, daughter	- - -	Jan. 11, 1921
D. BEE, daughter	- - -	Jan. 13, 1921
W. F. BAUGHAN, daughter	- - -	Jan. 22, 1921
L. F. WEBB, son	- - -	Jan. 25, 1921
W. L. REDHEAD, son	- - -	Jan. 26, 1921
H. F. PORTER, son	- - -	Jan. 26, 1921
D. POTTS, son	- - -	Jan. 27, 1921
H. HARGREAVES, daughter	- - -	Feb. 2, 1921
A. TAYLOR, son	- - -	Feb. 3, 1921

Baptism

ON Thursday, February 10th, Leslie Graham, son of Albert Prettejohns, was baptised in the St. Dunstan's Chapel.

Marriages

ON Saturday, February 5th, P. Ashton was married at St. Mary's Parish Church, Walthamstow, to Miss R. Glazer.

On Tuesday, January 25th, J. R. F. Treby was married at St. Marylebone Parish Church to Miss Ingeborg Hansine Berg.

Dogs as Guides for the Blind

THE following article on the use of dogs as guides for blind people has been taken from the *Swiss Messenger of the Blind*, a little paper which contains articles written in French, German and Italian, and is of great interest inasmuch as it contains useful information concerning the blind world in various European countries:—

"The question of guides plays a great part in the practical consideration of employment for the blind. In Germany the difficulty has been very largely overcome by the employment of dog guides. It may therefore be of interest to give some particulars concerning the training of these animals. The German sheep dog, the Dobermann, and the Airedale terrier are particularly amenable to training, especially the bitch, which by reason of its greater attachment to human beings is often preferable to the lively male. The dog guide wears round his neck and chest a leather harness, to the ring of which a strap is attached which is used by the blind man as a lead. The dog walks on the left of his master, always one step in advance. It is his duty to lead his master round obstacles or to indicate their presence. He takes a circuitous route when approaching trees, lamp posts, ditches, etc. When approaching steps, street curbs and so forth, he sits down, until his master bids him proceed. He stops when he comes to obstacles the nature of which is puzzling to him. Guide and guided must be in complete accord as to their observations. The blind man must be enabled to form a clear picture in his mind of the movements around him. The crossing of streets and squares demands great skill as well as extreme dexterity and assurance on the part of the dog guide.

"Not until he has followed the same path regularly every day can the blind man depend absolutely upon the guidance of his dog. But great must be the relief to his nerves when he can depend upon him to indicate obstacles.

"It is a mistake to surmise that instinct alone will enable the dog guide to fulfil his task. He has to undergo a severe and often cruel training. Amongst other things, he is led past deep ditches, into which the trainer throws him without compunction, until he learns to avoid them by making a wide détour. He learns, too, to pass trees, hedges, etc., at a sufficient distance, for he knows that he would otherwise badly injure his head. When the dog tries to go up a step or staircase with raised head, his trainer thrusts him aside, until he has learnt to approach them in a cowed and careful manner. He must also learn not to stand still and sniff at every street corner. I became acquainted with blinded industrial workers whose dogs sat quietly in a corner for the whole of the eight-hour day, till their masters called them to go home.

"The trainer's task is one of great difficulty. There is always the danger that the dog may become nervous or intimidated. When the task of training is accomplished, the dog is handed over to the blind man, who then has to undergo a certain amount of training together with his would-be guide. In many cases dogs have afterwards proved unsuited to their calling, and, once out of the hands of the trainer, have returned to all their old dog habits. But it is often the blind man who is at fault. He is sometimes incapable of making friends with his dog, and spoils the effects of his training by unkind treatment.

"In Germany the war-blinded men have just started to enjoy the advantages of trained dog guides, whose training is in the hands of the German Society of Ambulance Dogs."



VISITOR (to little girl who has just shown her a photo of herself): "What a cross-looking little girl! Why didn't you smile?"

LITTLE GIRL: "I did, but the man forgot to put it in."

The Tale of a Trooper

By Clatha N. Mackenzie, Trooper, Wellington Mounted Rifles, N.Z.E.F.

THE best of what we came to call "war books" were limited in scope to that which lay between the narrator and the smoke of battle, and were properly full of sound and fury, for those things were significant at the time they were written. They are significant no longer, and if Mr. Mackenzie's book contained nothing else, it might be set aside as out of date. But with him the emotion is recollected in tranquillity—he has gone home and taken his wages, and they content him. He writes vividly of the things he saw, for he still sees them with the keen fresh eyes of the boy who had spent his life in New Zealand and to whom the East was new, but—like Amyas Leigh on the Devonshire crag, when he saw right over the ocean and away to the Spanish Main—he sees all things together and with detachment. He went to Gallipoli with the New Zealand contingent, fought with them to the battle of Chanak Bair, and was blinded there by a shell within a few feet of the fiercely contested ridge. For him "the fight was over; he had done what had been asked of him, and his spirit, serenely happy in this knowledge seemed to rise above earthly discomfort."

Though the tone of this passage pervades the whole book, it is only in the last few pages that we learn that the writer is blind. One understands and appreciates Mr. Mackenzie's motives—among others that he chooses to come before the public as one of themselves, not as one to whom concessions must be made; but his reticence in this—and in other matters as well—prevents the uninitiated from seeing what he conjured up for them from the writer's angle. For good as the book is as a narrative of a campaign, its chief interest to-day does not lie in the disaster at Gallipoli, which has been often described, but in what is bound up in this particular writer's disability—his capacity to rise above it. His pleasure in things seen is obvious, but we should enter his enjoyment with different

feelings if we understood from the first that he no longer sees, and that "he has no regrets." Again he recounts how he and a friend, irritated by the overcharges of donkey-boys as a class, "bilked" a donkey-boy who had done them no harm and turned his donkeys adrift. The story offends; but it ceased to offend when we remember that the narrator bore without a complaint so heavy a share of our common chastisement. Moreover, Mr. Mackenzie introduced himself as a New Zealand shepherd and refers to himself throughout as one "Mac"; once, it is true, he is accosted as "Mistah Mickkenzie," but that is only because such was the usual mode of natives' address to New Zealanders after the High Commissioner's visit. He is, as it happens, himself the son of the High Commissioner; and, with this undisclosed, the chapter headed "Mac lunches with the Sultan" might be taken as an attempt to recast in modern terms the meeting of a Pharaoh and a Shepherd King—a flight of imagination permissible in the story of a typical New Zealand trooper, but calculated to make the reader regard fact not only in that connection but in others as fiction. The value of the book is that it is a true story of a New Zealander who did have the experiences recorded.

Mr. Mackenzie begins with an admirable chapter with Mac and another boy looking at pictures of the Boer War in a hut on a sheep station high up in the New Zealand mountains: "Why in the devil didn't that blooming war come in our lives?" say the boys. A month later the war broke out, but people spoke of Europe as a sort of detached planet, and of its concerns as far from likely to set going eddies in these wild hills; the boys "had a vague apprehension, a terrible sinking, that there might not be a military force required from New Zealand." The tale goes on to tell of the embarkation and of pretty girls wildly enthusiastic and not particular how many troopers they fondly took farewell

of. Then the voyage, of the landing in Egypt and the life there—the unruliness of the young democrats being described from inside by one who was not himself a stickler for discipline. New Zealanders would probably have acquiesced in Western forms of dishonesty but the ancient Oriental method of bargaining was new to them and was much resented. One infers that for this and other offences they exacted retribution in their own way. Natives who intruded into the camp were tossed in blankets—blankets not designed for the purpose: “thus many blankets were rent in twain, and thus did many dusky ones learn that the belongings of the troopers were sacred property.” And so to Gallipoli and to trenches, with the Turks a few yards off:—

“A few shattered sticks were the forlorn remnants of the luxurious scrub. Wire twined in untidy coils here and there, but there was nothing to hide the blackened bodies (between the lines). Sometimes at night low fires flicked among the corpses apparently started by the Turks by throwing over their parapet paraffin or petrol, and there would be spasmodic explosions for an hour or more of the ammunition in the equipment round the dead forms, sounding like the burning of a Guy Fawkes effigy.”

Mr. Mackenzie, it may be added, was for some time at St. Dunstan's, and, on completion of his training there, edited a paper much appreciated by the New Zealand troops.

A Blind Lightning Calculator

SOME eight years ago an account was given in *The Lancet* of a remarkable case in which extraordinary ability in arithmetical calculation was associated with general mental inferiority, if not actual insanity. The patient was a youth of the name of Fleury, then aged eighteen, who was completely blind as the result of ophthalmia neonatorum. Partly by perseverance with the Braille method, partly by devising certain mental “tips” of his own, he had reached a stage of extraordinary facility in performing elaborate calculations.

A large number of details as to his methods were given on that occasion and, striking though they were, later information about the same case provides us with still more wonderful data, a description of which by Dr. L. Lotte, of the asylum at Armentières, will be found in *L'Encephale* for March, 1920. Fleury, for example, can give the square root of any number running into four figures in an average of four seconds, and the cube root of any number running into six figures in six seconds; he gave the cube root of 34,012,224 (324) in eleven seconds, and the cube root of 465,484,375 (775) in thirteen seconds. These seem mere trifles, however, compared with the following. He was asked how many grains of corn there would be in any one of sixty-four boxes, with one in the first, two in the second, four in the third, eight in the fourth, and so on in succession. He gave the answer for the fourteenth (8192), for the eighteenth (131,072), and the twenty-fourth (8,388,608) instantaneously, and he gave the figures for the forty-eighth box (140,737,488,355,328) in six seconds. Further, on the request to give the total in all the boxes up to and including the sixty-fourth, he furnished the correct answer (18,466,734,073,709,551,615) in forty-five seconds.

When it is remembered that Fleury has been blind from birth and can have no visual memories, the feat becomes really impressive. In an average of twelve seconds he can divide any number, say, of four figures, into its prime factors, thus: $2924 = 2^2 \times 17 \times 43$; $5564 = 2^2 \times 13 \times 107$; and so on. It is interesting to learn, on the authority of Dr. Lotte, that, thanks to more general recognition of Fleury's exceptional gifts, the opportunity is to be afforded him of further education and instruction, and it is quite possible he will rise to still greater heights of arithmetical attainment and of mathematical attainment in a wider sense, if he is handled by some professional exponent of these subjects. In any case, the psychological interest and importance of such a wonderful example of development of a practically isolated mental faculty warrants our giving the case greater publicity.

Blind Men in Greek Myth

By F. Le G. Clark—A BLINDED OFFICER FROM ST. DUNSTAN'S

I RECENTLY cudgelled my recollections for any instance of a blind man among the figures of ancient Greek history. So far my searchings have been in vain. During the great wars between Greece and Persia, during the rise, pre-eminence and fall of the Athenian Empire, and in the careers of Alexander the Great and his father, Philip, none of the names that rise to us from the pages of history books belong to men who have lost their sight. It may be that I have somewhere missed a page, and I stand accordingly ready and eager for correction; yet there is a sound reason for the submergence of the blind in those packed centuries of war and art and colonisation. When we recall that in Sparta the rule of infanticide held for many centuries, and that undesired children were merely exposed on the snow-mountains, we can see that a baby born blind would not long survive. Again, in Athens, even during her stateliest days, service in the field was the law for every citizen; Socrates the philosopher, Sophocles the poet served for the summer months of every year from one end of Greece to the other; the old and incapable are left at home—they are scarcely to be considered.

But when we go from History to pure Mythology, it is a different story altogether. Readers of Milton will recall that in the beginning of the fourth book of “Paradise Lost,” he speaks long and beautifully of his own blindness, and consoles himself by recalling the names of blind seers of old, who were wise by inner vision. It is startling enough to a student of folk-lore to survey this list of names. Why should the story of a blind prophet be so amazingly common in Greece? Myths do not arise out of thin air. For some reason, some very adequate reason, if we could only comprehend it, the primitive forefathers of the Greeks were interested in blindness. So much so, that strange old stories survived of blind visionaries from all parts of Greece. There is Homer, the

traditional father of poetry, Tiresias the prophet, doomed always to tell the truth to an unbelieving hearer, Phineus the king of Thrace, Œdipus the tragic king of Thebes, Thamyras and others.

Now it has been suggested that primitive folk believe strongly in the law of compensation, and balance very naturally the losses of outward vision by the gain of spiritual insight. I cannot for my part find that our forefathers had reached such a stage of philosophy, as this blindness due to disease is common enough in tropical regions, but I have so far been able to discover no instance where the sufferer from ophthalmia is held in higher respect as a counsellor by his fellow tribesmen. Why should he be? The primitive tribe that trusted happily and implicitly to the advice of its blind would soon cease to survive in the ruthless struggle for existence. No, the secret lies deeper than this. The savants who appeal to “compensation” have gripped the wrong end of the stick. It is not that all blind men are automatically wise, but that all wise men are automatically blind. To put it less crudely, there was a common belief in primitive Greece that a prophet, a divinely-inspired seer, should be afflicted with blindness. I wish very briefly to indicate three possible origins for this striking and wide-spread curiosity of folk-lore.

Firstly, we have the evidences from Ancient Egypt. Now there seems a high probability that the Egyptians employed blind men as musicians. This we gather from the figures on their sculptures and paintings, whose whole expression and pose indicate, it has been suggested, that they are intended to be studies of blind men. There is nothing new under the sun; to-day we have our blind organists—under the Pharaohs they had blind harpists. But these minstrels were organist and choir combined; they struck the chords, and they delivered the psalms. They were by their very trade semi-religious in character, expected to be of fertile imaginations,

and quite capable of improvising new songs and hymns when the old ones grew stale.

What of the Greeks? It is a certain fact that the Greeks traded and fought with Egypt from a very early date. They sacked her coast towns, they acted as her mercenaries, they were dragged thither as slaves. What more likely, then, than that a tradition of a strange race of blind bards and priests should trickle back to Europe? We know that the Greeks wove into their religion a number of Egyptian elements, especially their beliefs in the Future State. It is possible enough, therefore, that exaggerated stories of blind prophets were also carried across, eagerly accepted by the listeners at home, and gradually worked up into a series of highly-coloured fairy stories.

Now there is scarcely any scrap of ritual, or folk-lore, of mythology or belief holding in historical times through Greece (or indeed any other country in the world) which did not certainly have its origin in the savage ages of pre-historic man. No type of human culture, and especially no type of religious custom, has leapt suddenly into existence; it has been elaborated gradually, changing in its course and intermingling with other customs from the earliest forms of Magic and tribal belief. I suggest that any of my readers who care to pursue this point should read Professor Murray's fascinating work, "Four Stages of Greek Religion," which is shortly to be issued in Braille by the National Library for the Blind. There are, of course, a multitude of works on the subject, but this combines conciseness, vitality and delightful style in a greater degree than do most.

To get on with our Blind Prophets:—I conceive that something of this kind took place. In the very early days Greece was inhabited by a swarthy, short-statured race of men, scattered over her in tribal communities, industriously tilling the soil after their primitive fashion, fishing the rugged coasts, and with some aptitude for pottery and weaving. They worshipped, where their beliefs had so far become concrete, some form of the great Earth-goddess, the giver of all life and fruit; and keenly their

interest circled about the changing seasons—Springtime and Harvest; for if their harvest failed them they might starve. In various ways, by sacrifice, by ritual, by magic, they strove to influence the course of Nature, and govern to some degree the rain and the sun, the flocks and the crops, and, above all, the Earth that gave them all they possessed.

Communities would vary in the methods they used; and some would come in time to place greater reliance on the help of their "Medicine Men" than they would in any sacrifice or sacred dance. These Medicine Men are a feature of primitive religion all the world over, and it is difficult to see why they should have sprung up at all. They are not necessarily old men; on the contrary we find everywhere that some type of a Community or Brotherhood of Medicine Men will from time to time initiate fresh members into their secrets, and actually train them in the science popular at the time, e.g., the art of prophecy, the art of "rain-making," the art of "witch-hunting," or whatever it might be. Readers of the Bible will recall the Schools of the Prophets mentioned so frequently in the Old Testament, and it is of course obvious that many of the neophytes at these schools were young and sturdy men, going through a course in Religion, Magic and Prophecy.

There is abundant reason for supposing that here and there in primitive Greece were accepted Medicine Men, either banded in brotherhoods or practising in isolation. The tribe would make its little effort to bring rain and sun where the season demanded it, but when all else failed they would call in the local Medicine Man, and he would help them; he would produce the rain, cure their flocks, foretell the weather and the course of history, interpret the omens, comfort them in trouble, stimulate them in sloth. He was to them the man of the moment. Now, to take one point, there are dotted about Greece immensely ancient centres of Oracular utterance, of which Delphi is the most famous. Here, in historic times, we have the priest or priestess ready to answer such questions as are put to him, and usually doing so under the influence of some type

of trance or hypnotic suggestion, or an intoxicating vapour from the Earth. We have here and there in Greek literature descriptions of such a trance, and it is clear from the scanty evidence we possess that the priest was in a state of temporary "possession," and (here comes the point) *blind* to ordinary things. His eyes were fixed dully or wildly, and his mouth poured out mystic utterances that the hearer must interpret as best he could.

Again, a step further; we have various records from modern investigators of the character of this "Medicine brotherhood" among the primitive tribes of Australia, Africa, and so on. Occasionally a Medicine Man has even been persuaded to reveal his craft and the story of his initiation to a scientific enquirer. Here and there we get a story in which the notion of "blindness" figures more or less prominently; the neophyte declares that at the time of his initiation he was blind—actually and fully *blind* for several days. He was suffering, of course, from some type of hypnotism; but the interesting fact remains that blindness was considered to be a necessary part of the young man's entrance to his great calling. What type of man, then, would the brotherhood of Medicine Men choose to incorporate into their number? Clearly any young boy who appeared to have some peculiar aptitude for religious frenzy, noticeable strangeness of form or mind—in fact something uncanny about him. If he were a trifle mad, an epileptic, subject to hallucinations, etc., he would certainly attract the respect of the primitive community in which he lived, would be suspected of "possession" by the god, and would be listened to and watched with the deepest admiration. It is a feature of those subject to fits and trances that the eyes are frequently wide open, noticeable by their lack of expression, uncanny in their remoteness from the wild utterances that are pouring from the sufferer's lips, *blind* to all that concerns them.

I think, then, that to a primitive tribesman, accustomed to turn to his Medicine Man in trouble and fear, the sight of a frenzied prophet, crying wildly to him and yet blind to his presence, would be a common enough spectacle. We can picture

the Medicine Man, called in to produce rain, gradually working himself up to a mad effort, or the prophet, seized with the certainty that he had a message for the people, descending to them from the mountain, and crying wildly in their midst of famine or storm, or pestilence, or the oracle sitting in his hut and replying with fixed eyes to the questions put to him. Such I consider to have been the state of things among the mild, dark tribesmen of early Greece. I hope later to elaborate this theme and trace the further development of the myth.



Why Do Blind People Look Up?

(Continuation of last month's discussion)

To the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

SIR,—As you ask in this month's ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, for further suggestions as to why people without eyesight walk "with their heads thrown back," or, as it has also been expressed, "looking upward," may I, very diffidently, as a sighted person offer an idea?

Is it not perhaps greatly a matter of *balance*, brought into action unconsciously? When the head is held well back the spine is kept erect, which knits the whole frame firmly together and gives one a sense of assurance in going ahead.

I have often tested this, *with closed eyes*, for interest, and have noticed that when the head is held straight one's frame is inclined to slacken and one seems greatly thereby to lose one's direct aim in moving forward.

Does it also perhaps help *concentration*? In certain gymnastics one is told to keep one's eye fixed on some particular object, to help keep balance. In walking without eyesight we don't know what is *ahead* but our mental vision sees what is above, for we know what is there; may we not perhaps, therefore keep our eye fixed above upon what we mentally "see" and thereby help concentration and direct movement.

Yours, etc.,

ANNETTE PHIPPS TIARKS.

Some Parlour Games

The following description of three good Parlour Games has been sent us by Miss Youmans, of Chicago, herself blind, and will be read we think with interest by all St. Dunstaners.

GAME OF THE SENSES.

GUESTS are seated in a circle and presented with small pads of paper to which tiny pencils have been attached by means of short cords. The lights are switched off. *First Test.—Touch.* The hostess passes to each guest certain articles, such as a glass filled with water, a raw oyster, baby's bib, a toy animal, etc., giving but little time for examination. Lights switched on. Limited time given, say, five minutes, for the guests to write the names of the articles remembered. *Second Test.—Smell.* Several tiny bottles containing various liquids, such as bay rum, tea, coffee, extracts, perfume, etc., are passed around; repeat as above. *Third Test.—Taste.* This time the hostess passes to each guest tiny packets, containing cake crumbs, flour, bits of chopped nuts, salt, sugar, pepper, alum, etc., and the same performance is repeated. *Fourth Test.—Hearing.* In this test the hostess leaves her guests and repairs to an adjoining room. She moves a chair, she hums a tune, she give a few beats to an egg-beater, tells herself a bit of gossip, etc., then reappears among her guests, and the writing takes place once more. *Fifth Test.—Sight.* In this test the lights are left on. The hostess passes around a tray containing all kinds of articles, tooth brush, an egg, a letter, false hair (if you happen to have any), set of false teeth (if grandfather can spare them), cup and saucer, etc. The hostess walks around the circle quickly and the guests have but a glance to collect in their minds the various articles displayed. If any of the guests are blind they may be privileged to pass their hands rapidly over the tray.

LOVE'S LANGUAGE IN TANGLES.

Take a certain number of words that one is likely to find in a love-letter and mix up each word, rather the letters of

each word, in such a way that it is not to be recognized without careful study, write these tangle words on a slip of paper, then pass them around with a pencil to each guest.

Examples: Oyu-vloe-l. I love you.

Sdterae. Dearest.

Isks. Kiss.

Yrarm. Marry. Etc., etc., etc.

Any number of a collection of words may be substituted, such as the contents of a kitchen garden, a flower garden, an orchard, a doctor's medicine case, a fruit cake, a soldier's kit, etc.

BEING INITIATED.

The guests are placed in one room. The hostess repairs to an adjoining room and closes the door. One by one the guests in turn are called into the adjoining room. As the guest enters he is placed in a chair, and asked all sorts of questions, such as: "If necessary will you be ready to walk on your hands and knees for a quarter of a mile in order to save a lady's life? (Or a gentleman's?) according to the sex of the would-be member). "Will you promise to eat a pinch of salt every morning in order to prevent your sweetheart's hair from turning grey?" These and many more similar questions may be asked, the more original the questions, the more fun derived. When the hostess has concluded her questionings she turns to a plate of small bits of cake at her side, then asks the would-be member of the "Hair-raising-Devils" to open his mouth as wide as ever he can, and when he has opened his mouth as wide as ever he can get it, she calmly places the bit of cake into her own mouth. As the number of members increases, the merriment grows. Be very sure the door between the two rooms is tightly closed so that the uninitiated will have no suspicion as to what is going on in the room of "execution."

Halgernon's Glarse Heye—No. III.

SOME MORE (By Itself)

"The Shaddoes,"

Noe Man's Land,
Febuerrie, 1921.

The Heddytaw, SINT DUSTBINN'S REVUE.

DEER Mister Heddytaw,—Hex-queues mee! 'kos I as gottun the 'ikkups drefful bad. Fokes doo say has 'ow hit were a messidge from deepartid spirits, butt I tells yu flat I don't beeleave hin them: hunles they bee hin bottuls. Them ho'her sort, wot plays truant from 'eavin an' roams habout graveyards—or goes two spiritulum meetin's—I repeats an' 'ikkups, I don't beeleave hin them. Wye! Miss Lostim wat korls 'erself "yung spiritulum henthusiast," korled hin last weak too 'ave a fue wurds with Halgy. Hat leest, shee honly promist a fue wurds, but—, 'E were lyin' hin bed—just gettin' hover 'is newmoanium—wen Missis Dudd goes an' lets 'er hin. Lor bless yu, Mister Heddytaw! hif yu kan pikchure a krow horl dekked hup hin frills and ribbins, yu as a gudd hidea wot she were lyke. A 'er vois! Yung dus shee korl 'erself? Wye, shee must a spendid fourty yeers a tryin' too pik hup the belle lykenotes hof'er fethery double—an' she were mity sucksesful. Woon nite—a dark wonn—shee tride two pikk hup with a soldger. 'e hasks 'er naim, an' hunfortchunate fore 'er, strikes a match two lite 'is pipe. Hof korse, the verdikt were "Lostim."

Well yu nose sumthink habout 'er now, an' soe dus Halgy. Steddy has klokwork, she sets hof torkin' habout 's newmoanium, an' Molly. "Ave yu henny news hof 'er?" shee hasks, kold has steal. "Noe," says Halgy, an' sinks bakk furthur hin the pillars. "Well I as," Miss Lostim says, throwin' bakk 'er 'ead mity proud. "The spirits 'as toiled mee. Shee 'as 'ad a haksident an'—hoe! hits gloryus news—shee's safe hin—." "Were?" says Halgy, sittin' bolt hupwrite hin grate hexsitemunt. "Hin 'eavin' an'—," but shee 'ad noe tyme fore henny more, Halgy sprang hout of bed an' suddin fownd 'e

kuddunt stand hup. Miss Lostim gaive wonn shreek—lyke a dyein' 'eroine hin a nitemare—an' ffue hout of the 'ouse. Hif Halgy honly new were shee were—shee'd bee flyin' still. Missis Dudd were sune hon the seen. Furyus shee were, butt two lait.

Noe more visiturs that day, yu may bee shure Mister Heddytaw. The followin' day, Molly's pa kerls hin. This were a surprize, 'kos 'e were ded hagenst 'is dorter 'avin' henythink too doo with Halgy. Lowerin' 'erself hindeed, stupid rott I says emfatikally, but before Mister Greyland Hart sed gudbuy, horl that were chainged. "Halgy, my boy!" 'e says chokin' lyke. "Find my gurl, an' I'll hinvite Missis Dudd an' yu too my countrie 'ome in Hengland." Halgy gript 'is 'and, an' I felt as tho' I diddunt kare hif hit snowed hink, has the saying' his.

Then the ministur harrove, two cheer Halgy hup with a woeful fais ad' dish-koth pattur. 'E tolled 'im has 'ow 'e hort two be thankful 'e were gettin' well so quikly, an' sed has 'ow things wudd wurk hout fore the best. Um! says Halgy, an' the ministur tooked the 'int and retires to tork hover a kup hof tee with Missis Dudd.

Fore a long time, Halgy lied thinkin' wen suddin like 'e taiks hup 'is brail machine an' starts tappin' hin a 'urry Sheet hafter sheet 'e ters hup but hiv-ventual keeps wonn hor too. Silly littul dots they were, I 'addunt an ocean wot they were horl about then, but laiter I diskuvvers hit were wot they korls poetrie, Grayshus mee! Mister Heddytaw, 'oo wudd 'ave thort it hof Halgy? Yet, wen I lukks kareful hat 'im, I seas 'ow long 'is 'air were, an' hof korse I hunderstandid then that 'e kuddant 'elp 'isself. 'Orful pity too bee taikun that way so yung I thort, but then, has the minister says: "horl things wurk hout for the best."

Deer Mister Heddytaw, I were soe hupset about Halgy bein' tooked buy the poetrie complaint, I kuddunt goe hon with hit, but now I 'as sum news I must lett yu 'ave. Molly 'as turned hup. Heye deer! horl this hexsitemunt, my 'ikkups 'as cum hagen.

Did I say Molly 'ad turned hup? Well that's not quiet k'rekt. 'Enery 'as just scent a messidge—knot by spirits— "Molly his hon 'er way 'home. Shee 'as heskaipt."

Missis Dudd his skurryin' about lyke a rabbit lukkin' for hit's 'ole, Halgy his trying too maik 'is 'air lukk 'spektabul—poets' eads must 'ave a ruff tyme.

Sumwere a klok strikes fore—the purr hof a powerful kar groes louder an' louder—a 'ooter shreeks lyke a startuld howl—the gardun gait slamms two—merrie voisis ring hout hin the 'all beloe, wonn more merrie thun the rest. "Hat last" says Halgy with a sigh wot neerly burst 'is silk pijarmas. Beloe, the voisis was hunmistookabull. There were 'Enery, Mister Grayland Hart, Missis Dudd, an'—Molly.

Soon there were a pattur hon the stares, and a swish hof silk. "Molly!" Halgy kries, and throes hout 'is alms. "Halgy!" Molly sighs, an'—

Nestlin' 'er 'ead hon Halgy's sholdur, Molly lukt the sweetust dreemgirl yu hever thort yu saw. 'Ow brite 'er big brown heyes shonn, has they tookt sly peaps from beehind long kurlin' lashis, an' 'ow beewitchin' were the loose whisps hof horborn 'air playin' about 'er snow wite tempuls. "Charmin'" yu say Mister Heddytaw. Yes, I shudd just think soe.

"Molly," says Halgy, laiter hon "doo yu beeleave hin spirits?" "Spirits?" she says, 'uggin' 'im klose. "Wye hof korse I doo." Halgy were silent fore a bit—"Miss Lostim tolled mee the spirits sed yu 'ad a haksident, and that yu 'ad gonn two 'eaven," 'e falturred wistfull lyke. "Wonderful!" Molly smiled, "Shee's perfektly k'rekt. I 'ad the haksident wen the Shinn Fainurs took mee, an' I'm hin 'eavin now I'm with yu." Well Mister Heddytaw, hif this were lyke wot 'eaven his, I don't want too goe there, kos there's, honly rume fore two. But then, I don't

hunderstood these things, an' wye count my chikks 'afore they hatch I says?

Hoe deer! these ikkups 'is worryin' mee hagen. Soe I thinks I'll just henklose wonn hof Halgy's poems, has they korls them. I don't hunderstand them kos I 'se higgerent, an' I nose hit. Bah! I'm tyred—I doo live hin sturrin' tymes.—Yours, etc., "HALGERNON'S GLARSE HEYE."—M.T.L.3.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SOUL.

Friend o' mine ' Aye, that thou art and more!
Oh that humanity, her oneness could behold!
Then would earth's friendships higher ever soar:
Then could Eternal arms an earthly bride enfold.

But let the dreamer weave his thoughts without restraint,
Let inspired action, ne'er forget its source,
And let the twain unite, lest singly they grow faint
And fall: to close life's chapter with remorse.

Then carry on! o' friend, o' mine!
Strive hard the laurels of the soul to gain:
For loving service will endure throughout all time,
Though empires crash, and mighty planets wane.

Plod on brave heart, though rugged is the way,
Plod on, and on! thy course unerring tread.
Barriers: treacherous and steep: across thy pathway lay.
Plod on! for no true soul will suffer mortal dread.

Grey days will dawn, and stormy winds shall blow,
And fools with wagging tongues shall call thy labour vain,
But ever on, the conquering soul must go
Through life, and death: aye time and time again.

So, friend o' mine: toil on!
The harvest of thy thoughts humanity shall reap.
Thus shall mortal and immortal, be as one:
Thus, shall Eternal love and joy o'er earth its sceptre sweep.

At eventide; when shadows o'er the sky will softly creep,
As night outspreads her sable wings:
Just e'er thine eyelids close in restful sleep.
Ponder—friend o' mine, upon life deeper things.
—Algernon Dudd

YOUNG WIFE: "How careless the post office people are sometimes!"

HER FRIEND: "Why, dear?"

YOUNG WIFE: "Well, here's a letter from dear Bertie, who went to Manchester on business yesterday, and they've put the Brighton post-mark on the envelope!"

The Bells

"I heard the Bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play."

BELL-RINGING is associated with the secular and religious life of every modern civilized community. Early specimens of bells have been found in Egyptian tombs, and small bronze articles, supposed to be bells, have been dug up in the ruins of Nineveh. Their association with religion dates from a remote age, although there is no trustworthy evidence of their existence before the Christian era. The instruments which summoned the Romans to public baths or processions, or that which Lucian describes as set in motion by a water-clock to measure time, were probably cymbals or resonant plates of metal like the timbrels used in the worship of Cybele, or the Egyptian "sistrum," which seems to have been a sort of rattle. The earliest Latin word for bell, "campana," is late Latin of the 4th or 5th century, A.D. 400. In a letter from Paulinus to the Emperor Severus, however, describing very fully all the decorations of his church, the bishop makes no mention of bells. It seems evident that they were introduced into France as early as 550. The rise of Christian architecture and the introduction of towers or turrets were favourable to the increase in the size of the bells. In the 7th century Bede mentions a bell brought from Italy by Benedict Biscop for his abbey at Wearmouth, and speaks of the sound of a bell being well known at Whitby Abbey at the time of St. Hilda's death in 680. In the 10th century St. Dunstan appears to have introduced them very generally, and in the 11th century they were not uncommon in Switzerland and Germany. It is said that the Greek Christians were unacquainted with bells until the 9th century; but it is known that, for political reasons, after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, their use was forbidden lest they should provide a popular signal for revolt.

Bells seem to have been used in the services of the Roman Catholic Church

from the earliest times. The more notable of these are the Ave Maria bell, the vesper bell and the compline bell. The sanctus bell, used in the celebration of the Mass, was formerly hung in a small turret outside the church, so that all within hearing of it might prostrate themselves. In excommunication by "bell, book or candle," the bell was rung to summon the congregation to the ceremony. The consecration or baptism of bells is still practised in the Roman Catholic Church.

There are many old customs connected with the use of church bells, some of which have died out whilst others remain here and there. The best known and perhaps oldest of these is the curfew (couvre-feu) introduced from Normandy into England by William the Conqueror as a signal for all lights and fires to be extinguished at eight o'clock in the evening—a necessary precaution when houses were built of wood. In many towns it survived until the 19th century as a signal for closing shops at eight or nine, and it is still kept up in various places as an old custom. The largest and heaviest bells were used for the curfew, to carry the sound as far as possible, as it did to Milton's ear, suggesting the descriptive lines in "Il Penseroso":—

"Oft on a plot of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar."

Gray's allusion in the *Elegy*:—"the curfew tolls the knell of parting day" is well known; as also are those of Shakespeare to the elves that "rejoice to hear the solemn curfew" (*Tempest*) or the fiend that "begins at curfew and walks till the first cock" (*King Lear*).

The names of bells were often stamped upon them in the casting, and inscriptions upon church bells gave in Latin the name of some saint, a prayer to the Virgin, or for the soul of the donor, or a distich upon the function of the bell itself, e.g.:

"Funera plange, fulgura frango, Sabbato pango,
Excito lentos, dissipos ventos, paco cruentos."



The Bells—*continued.*

(I mourn for death, I break the lightning,
I fix the Sabbath, I rouse the lazy, I scatter
the winds, I appease the cruel.)

In civilized times bells have been intimately associated, not only with all kinds of religious and social uses, but with almost every important historical event. Bells early summoned soldiers to arms, as well as Christians to church. They sounded the alarm in fire or tumult; and the rights of the burghers in their bells were jealously guarded. Thus the chief bell in the cathedral often belonged to the town, not to the cathedral chapter. He who commanded the bell commanded the town; for by that sound, at a moment's notice, he could rally and concentrate his adherents. Hence a conqueror commonly acknowledged the political importance of bells by melting them down; and the cannon of the conquered was in turn melted up to supply the garrison with bells to be used in the suppression of revolts. Many a bloody chapter in history has been rung in and out by bells. On the third day of Easter, 1282, at the ringing of the Sicilian vespers, 8,000 French were massacred in cold blood by John of Procida, who had thus planned to free Sicily from Charles of Anjou. On the 24th August, St. Bartholmew's Day, 1571, bells ushered in the massacre of the Huguenots in France, to the number, it is said, of 100,000. Bells have been rung alike over slaughtered and ransomed cities, and far and wide throughout Europe in the hour of victory or irreparable loss. At the news of Nelson's triumph and death at Trafalgar the Bells of Chester rang a merry peal alternated with one deep toll, and similar incidents could be multiplied.

Among secular uses connected with church bells are the "mote" or "common" bell, summoning to municipal or other meetings. The "pancake bell," still rung here and there on Shrove Tuesday, was originally a summons to confession before

Lent; the "harvest bell" and "seeding bell" called labourers to their work; whilst the "gleaning bell" fixed the hours for beginning or leaving off gleaning, so that everyone might start fair and have an even chance. The "oven bell" gave notice when the lord of the manor's oven was ready for his tenants to bake their bread; the "market bell" was a signal for selling to begin; and in some country districts a church bell is still rung at dinner time. The general diffusion of clocks and watches has rendered bells less necessary for marking the events of daily life; and most of these old customs have unfortunately disappeared or are fast disappearing.



The First Playing Cards

PLAYING CARDS were invented about the year 1390 in order to amuse Charles VI, then King of France, who was subject to fits of melancholy.

The inventor proposed to represent the four classes of men in the kingdom. The clergy were represented by hearts, for which reason the Spaniards—who took the cards from the French—used, instead of heart a *copa* or chalice.

The nobility and military were represented by the points of spears, and the Anglo-Saxon ignorance of the meaning of the figure led to them being called "spades."

Diamonds stood for citizens, merchants and tradespeople, not because of their connection with the precious stones, but because of the *carreaux*, the red marks that appear upon the cards, were intended to represent the square stone tiles of which the houses of the middle class were built.

The figure we call a "club" was originally a clover-leaf, and alluded to peasants and farmers. Spanish cards bear a *stave* or *basto* in lieu of the French clover-leaf, and it is probably because of this that we refer to the suit as "clubs."