



ST.
DUNSTAN'S
REVIEW

Monthly,
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No. 60
Vol. VI

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

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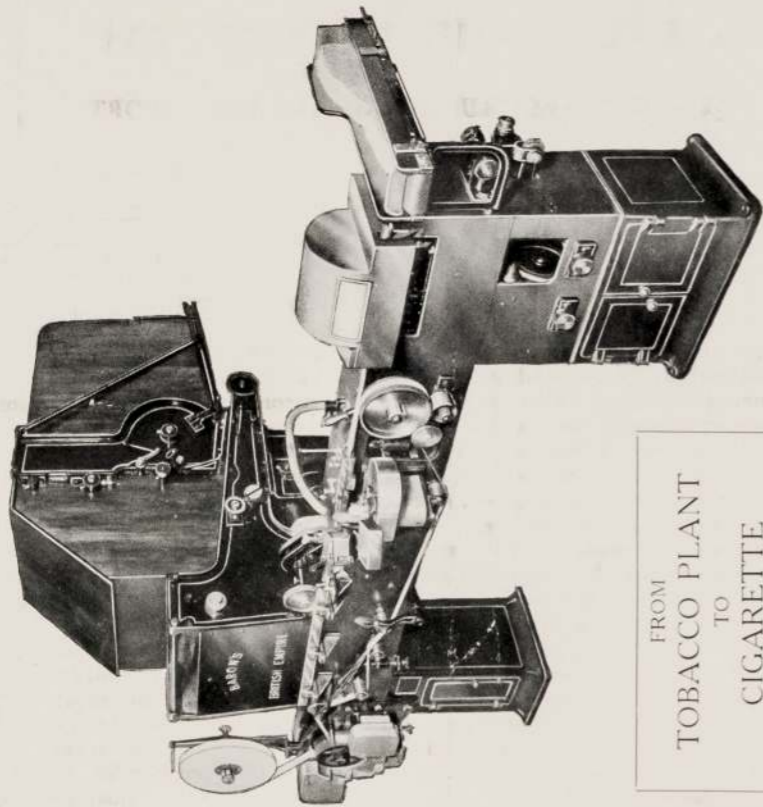
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A MACHINE THAT MAKES CIGARETTES
AT THE RATE OF 39,000 AN HOUR

FROM
TOBACCO PLANT
TO
CIGARETTE



THE TOBACCO PLANT GROWING

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St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

No. 60.—VOLUME VI.

NOVEMBER, 1921.

PRICE 6d.

[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN.]

EDITORIAL

IT is with deep regret that we have to announce the resignation of Mr. T. H. Martin from his position as Superintendent of our London area. Mr. Martin, with a life-long experience in educational matters, particularly in connection with blind persons, came to St. Dunstan's towards the end of 1915, to take up important duties at a time when our After-Care arrangements were being inaugurated. Subsequently, the responsibility for our various activities had to be divided up, and Mr. Martin took charge of the whole of the South of England, and later on again, when our numbers increased very rapidly, he devoted his attention to the London area. At a time when travelling arrangements and facilities as regards accommodation were extremely difficult, Mr. Martin bore the brunt of the visiting work which is such a necessary part of our organisation, and it is undoubtedly to a large extent the strain of this work which has necessitated his abandoning the heavy responsibilities of the London area.

We are, fortunately, not entirely losing Mr. Martin's services, for his state of health does not prevent him carrying on less arduous but at the same time extremely valuable work in the country, and he has accepted an appointment as our representative in a district comprising the counties of Sussex and Hampshire. Mr. Martin's move is a loss to London but a gain to Sussex and Hampshire, for no member of our staff has worked harder nor more devotedly than he has in the interests of men who have been blinded in the war.

These new arrangements unfortunately lead to our losing also the valuable services of Mrs. Martin, who has, since she first came here with her husband, been one of the most popular, efficient, and hard-working voluntary teachers in our Netting Rooms. But here again the men in the district in which Mr. Martin is going to work are fortunate, for Mrs. Martin intends to help her husband in a voluntary capacity by giving any technical assistance which is required to netters in that area.

At Headquarters on Monday, 7th November, at a little meeting composed of representatives of the men and some heads of departments, Sir Arthur presented Mr. Martin with a handsome cheque, the result of subscriptions sent in from many hundreds of the men who wanted to show in some tangible form their appreciation of his services. The Chairman and Committee also presented Mr. Martin with a silver inkstand and the members of the staff with two handsome arm-chairs. On a previous occasion the staff of voluntary teachers in the netting room met together to convey their appreciation of Mrs. Martin's work, and asked her to accept a beautiful leather blotter, and Mr. Martin's personal staff of After-Care visitors gave him a silk umbrella with a silver handle.

Mr. Swain, who started with control of a limited area in the North of England, and subsequently took charge of all the visiting arrangements outside London, will now take over responsibility for London in addition. Mr. Swain has obtained the confidence of the men in the Provinces to such an extent that we feel sure that the London men, much as they will regret losing Mr. Martin, will welcome the new superintendent of their area.

Farewell Message to the Prince

WE have pleasure in printing the following telegram from Sir Arthur to the Prince of Wales, and His Royal Highness's reply:—

H.R.H. Prince of Wales,
H.M.S. "Renown,"
Portsmouth Harbour.

Please allow me to wish your Royal Highness safety and happiness during your Indian tour. With millions of your future subjects, I and the men of St. Dunstan's shall watch its progress with the utmost interest. ARTHUR PEARSON.

Sir Arthur Pearson,

St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, London.
My best thanks to you, and all at St. Dunstan's, for your kind farewell telegram of good wishes. EDWARD P.

The Prince of Wales has always had a very warm corner in his heart for St. Dunstan's. He has given evidence of this feeling on many occasions during his visits in this country and in the Colonies, and it has been our pleasure in previous issues to refer over and over again to occasions in which he has singled out St. Dunstan's men, among the crowds that have been welcoming him, for a hearty handshake and a short talk. His Royal Highness showed his sympathy in very practical form with Sir Arthur's efforts to raise funds for St. Dunstan's, when, on his return from Australia, he acceded to Sir Arthur's request that a book of photographs of his tour should be produced and sold for the benefit of our funds. This book has had a very large sale, and has found its way into every corner of the British Empire.

In connection with the Prince's visit to India we are happy to record that he has again been good enough to promise that all the official photographs, together with the narrative of his journeyings in India, may be published on his return in the same manner. If it is possible, these photographs will be found even more interesting than those which came from Canada and Australia, because the great Indian Empire is so full of wonderful scenery and unusual sights, while the people themselves so quaintly costumed naturally behave in a manner which we Western people regard as weird and extraordinary.

A New Competition

WE have received from Mr. Charles J. Jones a cheque for 10s., which he desires to offer as a prize for a competition among readers of the REVIEW. Mr. Jones, who, it will be remembered, has very generously given several prizes previously, suggests that in this case the competition should be confined to totally blind St. Dunstaners, and that the prize should be awarded for:—

THE BEST DESCRIPTION OF THE LEAF OF A TREE

The competition seems a very simple one, but a little consideration will show that it offers scope for the exercise of a good many qualities. The following are the conditions of entry:—

(1) Any single leaf of any tree or plant in nature can be used.

(2) Definition of the best description will include everything that would enable the leaf to be identified by any other sightless person, such as its shape, raised or indented markings and veinings, its feel, smell, and method of growing.

The judge of this competition will be the Editor, and the method employed by him in arriving at the winner will be to have the descriptions read to him at the same time that he is actually handling the leaf itself (which must be sent in with the entry). The prize will be awarded to the competitor whose description tallies most closely with his own impression of the leaf.

In the event of this form of competition receiving adequate support, we may extend it in other directions.

Entries, which should be addressed "Leaf Competition, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, Headquarters St. Dunstan's Work, Inner Circle, Regent's Park, W.1," should reach these Offices by December 6th.

WE congratulate Mr. A. Cohen, of Sutton, upon winning the first prize at a local whist drive. Cohen is a keen card-player and of course uses Braille Cards. The press have given quite a lot of attention to this win of Cohen's, and especially the fact that he was able to detect an opponent in a "revoke."

Departmental Notes

The Braille Room

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

Reading: J. Lloyd and W. A. Foolkes.

Writing: W. J. McQuirk, T. E. Clarke, D. McLoughlin and J. McDonough.

The National Institute for the Blind has lately published a series of lives of famous men and women, which we think may be of interest to St. Dunstaners who like a short and simply-told biography. The present publications in this series are as follows:—"The Story of Joan of Arc," by Lang; "The Story of Captain Cook," by Lang; "The Story of Sir Francis Drake," by Eldon; "The Story of General Gordon," by Lang; "The Story of Abraham Lincoln," by Hamilton; "The Story of David Livingstone," by Golding; "The Story of Napoleon," by Marshall; "The Story of Nelson," by Sellar; "The Story of Sir Walter Raleigh," by Kelly; "The Story of Lord Roberts," by Sellar; "The Story of H. M. Stanley," by Golding; "The Story of Columbus," by Imlach; "The Story of Oliver Cromwell," by Marshall.

All these books are, of course, obtainable at the National Library for the Blind.

Typewriting

WE heartily congratulate the following men on having passed their Test:—

S. Goodwin, W. A. Foolkes and P. Donegan.

Netting

ST. DUNSTAN'S was well represented at "A Rainbow Fair" held on November 1st, at 11, Carlton

House Terrace. At the kind invitation of Lady Keppel a stall was erected for us, where we had a good show of baskets, rugs and nets. The Fair was opened by Prince Alonso and Prince Ataulfo of Bourbon-Orleans, who afterwards helped at the St. Dunstan's Stall. These two little Princes, 7 and 8 years of age, were most helpful, especially in selling great numbers of string bags, string containers and sponge bags. The stall was decorated in the Spanish colours and looked very attractive. In addition to good cash sales, we were able to book orders for rugs and nets.

G.H.W.

Questions Answered

To the Editor of ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Would you be so good as to answer me in the columns of the REVIEW the following questions:—

1. What is the best dressing for the strop of an "Autostrop" safety razor?

2. When an account of over £2 in amount is settled by cheque, is a stamped receipt necessary?

3. (a) When payment is given on delivery of goods, can a receipt be legally required? and (b) if the purchase is of a value of more than £2, is a stamped receipt necessary?

4. My only service during the war was with the M.E.F. at Gallipoli. I belonged to a Territorial Battalion. To what medals am I entitled, and in what order are these worn?

Yours &c.,

MAC.

1. The Auto-Strop people suggest a little castor oil rubbed into the strop as the best thing possible. They have no special dressing of their own make.—2. Yes.—3. (a) Yes.—(b) Yes.—4. 1914-15 Star, British War Medal, Victory Medal, and worn in same order.

News of St. Dunstan's Men

THE SPIRIT THAT WINS OUT

THE following letter, received from A. Billingham of Northampton, tells the sort of story which in some ways is even more inspiring to read than records of consistent success. The general industrial depression has affected Billingham, no doubt in common with many other St. Dunstaners, but it will be seen from his letter that he has no intention of letting trade depression affect his own determination to "make good." We heartily congratulate Billingham on his fine spirit, and he may be sure that in common with all others of our men we shall maintain our practical interest in his progress. With regard to Billingham's mention of Miss McKenel, many others of our men will have also grateful memories of her interest and sympathy with St. Dunstan's.

Dear Sir,—I have not written to you since I have been home as an After-Care man, and think it is about time that I did so. Well, first of all, I am enjoying good health now, and I hope to do so for some time to come. When I first came home and got fixed up with my bench and all my kit I did very well indeed right up to Easter, and then things began to get a bit slack. But I did not mind that, as every one gets their bad and good times, and that I thought was mine. One thing that I pride myself upon and that is that I haven't had to send any of my goods up to you for you to sell them for me. The reason that I did not do so was because you have been doing your best for me, and I thought it was my duty to try to sell them locally; and if I can do so I think that it will be better for me and not so much worry for you, and I think that I can sell them myself as the trade is picking up a bit now; at least it is for me, as I have just received an order for eight trays, several pairs of steps, a tool box, and several other items. As a matter of fact, I think that I have enough orders to last me

up to Christmas. I should like to tell you that I have been praised by Mr. Atkinson and also by several good cabinet makers. One of them to whom I showed a tray said, after he had examined it, that he couldn't do it better himself. How it is that I have got so many orders is through a lady named Miss McKenel. She used to be at St. Dunstan's when it first started—at least, I believe so—and she had to leave owing to illness; but she is still a very good worker for all ex-soldiers as well as St. Dunstaners, and I only hope there is another such lady for some of the other fellows. I am sure they would be very grateful to her for what she has done for them. Well, I think that I have said enough for this time, so will close, still remaining—Yours truly,

A. BILLINGHAM.

KEEPING RACING PIGEONS.

One of the most popular—and oft times one of the most paying—of hobbies among north country men is the breeding and keeping of racing pigeons, and we print an interesting letter on this subject that we have received from A. Thompson, of Upton Deacon. We commend the sound advice and useful suggestions given in Thompson's letter to others of our men who may be thinking of taking up this hobby, and we wish Thompson every success with his own birds. We are not experts on pigeon racing ourselves, but we would not be surprised at any time now if a pigeon alights on the editorial table with a message of good wishes from Yorkshire!

Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter of September 9th, I am sending a few particulars of my hobby of keeping racing pigeons.

I have no doubt there are many men who have left St. Dunstan's who were interested in them before the War, and if they have not tried to keep them since losing their sight I have no hesitation in

—From all parts of the World

saying that they would find just as much pleasure in them now, and be able to manage them equally as well as before. The management of them is simple, and there is no part in it a blind man cannot manage by himself, unless he goes in for racing, and then he must have some assistance to check rings. I do not race my birds with any club, as, so far, I have not got a good enough strain to be of much use for actual racing; but I hope, by careful breeding and by keeping only my best youngsters, that in a few years I shall have a good strain of birds that will hold their own along with others when put to it.

It is a very slow game, trying to work up a good strain of racers; but it is the only way, unless a man can afford to pay large prices for pigeons of well known strains; but if a man is enthusiastic and is content to play a waiting game, he will get more satisfaction from this method than by buying birds, from proved birds of quality, which, as I have already stated, are very expensive.

I should not advise any men to go in for it who have not had any previous experience, as, unless a man knows a little about them, he is certain to have a number of disappointments. Since returning home in 1919 I have reared several birds that I expected to turn out fairly good ones; but, when I have tried them, in nearly every case they have proved to be too slow in returning home; and so I get rid of these birds; and, as there is often a favourite among them, a man is soon going to get tired of it all, unless he is very keen and means to keep only useful birds and not merely ornaments.

There are several methods of feeding and management in general; but, for myself, I believe in good food, just sufficient, and not too much; plenty of open places for air to get through the loft, plenty of clean water, no overcrowding, and great care should be taken to keep the whole loft clean, and the birds should have

plenty of exercise when the weather is suitable.

The last mentioned is, in my opinion, very particular; as birds that are allowed to sit about in damp weather will soon lose their vigour and become very dull and lazy. Pigeons are very fond of being out in a shower during warm weather, and it does them good; but when it is cold or foggy they dislike it, and will not take any exercise in it. The rearing of youngsters is very simple, as also is distinguishing the sex of birds.

I am sure that many blind men would obtain much pleasure by keeping them, whether, like myself, they are trying to get a good lot together, and keep experimenting to that end, or whether they keep them merely for fancy.—I am, Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR THOMPSON.

A PENSION REDUCTION.

H. J. F. Goodwin, of Ramsgate, mentions, in the course of a letter (in which, incidentally, he says some pleasant things about the prompt attention our After-Care organisation have given to some business points), that there is a prospect of his pension being reduced. As is our custom, we are, of course, taking up Goodwin's case with the Authorities, and hope we may do something for him; but, meanwhile, we are glad to know that St. Dunstan's means so much to our men, as Goodwin so nicely expresses it.

Dear Sir,—I should like to tell you that I had a nice letter from Mr. Hall relating to the basket, which, on arrival, gave every satisfaction. I think it says something for the promptness of all the After-Care department, as I only ordered these things on Monday, and here the business is transacted and goods supplied in less than a week.

I have also to thank you for Remington ribbon, and also surprised at receiving this *gratis*.

I may be able to call and see you soon, as, worse luck, the Board at Canterbury (although admitting my sight was worse) have lowered my pension by 14s. ; and as, of course, you can guess and understand what this means to one of us chaps, we cannot let matters rest. Mr. Askew, with his usual promptness, has looked into matters and sent in an appeal, which, I suppose, will mean my travelling up to Chelsea, and thus might be able to take a peep at dear old St. Dunstan's.

It really seems one trouble on top of another ; and if it wasn't for St. Dunstan's After-Care my spirits would, indeed, sink very low. Kindest regards from my wife and myself.—Yours gratefully,

H. J. F. GOODWIN.

GOOD BASKET WORK

We heartily congratulate Macauley, of Manchester, on the excellent basket work he is doing. Recently one of our technical visitors wrote that he had just called at the Co-operative Stores, Adlington, with regard to baskets repaired by Macauley. The manager of the stores stated that the work had been better carried out than any he had ever had done before, and that in future all basket work would be sent to Macauley. Splendid !

A MEDAL FOR LANGUAGES

In the course of a letter which Sir Arthur has just received from Captain R. W. H. Callaghan, the writer says : "You will be pleased to hear that I have graduated in Trinity College, Dublin, with a Moderatorship in Modern Languages, which brings with it a Silver Medal. This may encourage others to do the same, and show the world that blindness is not an insurmountable obstacle." We are sure Captain Callaghan will have the heartiest congratulations of all St. Dunstaners on his well-deserved success.

A ST. DUNSTANER M.P.

It is very rarely a month passes that we are not able to recall some striking example of success in public, professional or commercial life by St.

Dunstaners. These announcements give us very special pleasure, for they mean that once again a blind man has proved to the world that his handicap need be no bar to achievement in any walk of life. Many St. Dunstaners will remember Captain Clutha Mackenzie, and will be interested and pleased to learn that he has just been returned to the New Zealand Parliament as a Governor of Auckland East. Captain Mackenzie, who is the son of the late High Commissioner for New Zealand, lost his eyesight in Gallipoli. It will be remembered, too, that he was the author of that very interesting book, "Tales of a Trooper."

A Welcome Home

A HEARTY "welcome home" has been accorded to Mr. Alec Kirstein on his return to South Africa after training as a masseur at St. Dunstan's Hostel. Mr. Kirstein successfully qualified at the examinations of the Chartered Society of Massage and Medical Gymnastics in June-July, 1921, and has now left England in order to take up his profession in his own country. The following account of his visit to Worcester, South Africa, has been sent us by the St. Dunstan's Guild in that town :—

On September 17th, upon the occasion of Mr. Alec Kirstein's visit to Worcester, a reception was given by the committee of the Guild to welcome him to South Africa. The programme was arranged by Mr. Greenwood, and at the close of a really delightful evening Mr. Kirstein gave an intensely interesting account of life at St. Dunstan's and the course of training he—now a fully qualified masseur—has just completed. It would be difficult to express the feeling of deep gratitude felt by all present, when on this occasion more than ever before they realised what St. Dunstan's had done for him and for all our young blinded South Africans.

The following Monday Mr. Greenwood gave his Annual Concert in aid of St. Dunstan's—this was an unqualified success, and the small Town Hall was filled with a most enthusiastic audience.

After-Care Sale's Activities

IT must always be of keen interest to St. Dunstaners everywhere to hear of the many activities of the After-Care Organisation in connection with the development of new avenues for furthering their professional and trade connections. Indeed, we have always regarded it as one of the most important provinces of THE REVIEW, that through its columns we can keep our readers fully up-to-date in these matters.

In each profession and branch of industry in which St. Dunstan's men engage we are, as our readers know, always on the *qui vive* to further in this way the interests of every department. Naturally, the opportunities for this form of activity are not occurring daily, and it may sometimes appear to our readers that one industry seems to receive at times more than its due share of propaganda. But, on the whole, honours rest fairly easy, and, what one department may gain over another, on, we will say, one month's activities in this direction, another department may make up the following month. As we have pointed out, this form of outside "stunt" for St. Dunstan's men is generally a question of seizing opportunities which present themselves from outside sources.

ST. DUNSTAN'S AT THE MOTOR SHOW

Last month we were able to chronicle one or two directions in which our masseurs' interests were being specially furthered, and this month we are putting on record how another important branch of St. Dunstan's work—mat making—is being pushed.

At the great Motor Exhibition, which is being held this month at both the White City and Olympia, St. Dunstan's have a special stand (at the White City) which is devoted to our Motor Mats. As we write these notes the Show has only been in progress a few days, but already it has

been made obvious that this little enterprise is going to do a world of good to this department of our mat-maker's work, both in the way of securing actual orders for the men, and also in bringing to the notice of practically every potential buyer in the country the important fact that St. Dunstan's men not merely make Motor Mats, but make Motor Mats that can defy competition with any others.

It may be noted, *en passant*, that the securing of this stand at the Exhibition was a matter of no small difficulty. The Exhibition is entirely confined to members of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, and membership of this body, as its name implies, is confined to actual manufacturers of motor cars and accessories for them. We are indebted to the kindly courtesy of the Executive Committee of the Society, not only for their consenting to waive in our case this point, but also for the generous gift of the space at the Exhibition on which our stall stands.

Now, a word as to the stand itself. Right in the front is placed what seems at first sight to be a very nice motor car, cut cleanly in two just behind the driving wheel, so displaying not only the shaped fibre mat with the portions cut away for brake pedals, steering column, etc., but also our step mats at the side. Closer examination reveals that this motor car is built of wood ! It was designed and carried out by Mr. Black, and he is to be congratulated, not only upon evolving an arresting idea for display, but also upon another amusing notion which attracts a lot of enquiries—and puts most enquirers into a good humour. This is one of our shaped mats, bearing the words NE MAT. Most people suppose this is some patent or registered design, but it is merely intended to suggest the universality of St. Dunstan's mats. Do our readers see the point of the wording ? Our exhibit should really be confined to Motor Mats only,

but we are also showing rugs for car interiors, foot cosies, and so on.

The exhibit has been backed up by advertisements in the Motor Trade Press, which make highly effective use of photographs showing respectively, sections of a St. Dunstan's mat, and a poor machine-made production, to the obvious disadvantage of the latter.

ST. DUNSTAN'S MATS IN THE ARMY

Another very valuable field for the disposal of the mats made by our men has been opened up recently. A large number of mats are used in Officers' Messes, Canteens, Barracks, Orderly Rooms, and Regimental Depots; and, as the outcome of special efforts to open a market for St. Dunstan's Mats in these directions, a very considerable number of orders have been secured by our Sales Department.

The Army Authorities, who, as most St. Dunstaners will know, are highly conservative and very full of red-tape in all matters outside discipline and routine, have been most generously helpful to us.

In every one of the Command Orders of the British Army the General Officer Commanding has permitted the insertion of a special recommendation that St. Dunstan's-made Mats should be ordered for Army purposes whenever possible. This order reads generally in the following terms:—

COMMAND ORDERS

AFTER-CARE DEPARTMENT OF ST. DUNSTAN'S

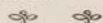
"A letter has been received from the After-Care Department of St. Dunstan's calling attention to the admirable cocoa-fibre mats that are produced by the blinded soldiers of St. Dunstan's, and suggesting that Officers' and Sergeants' Mess Committees could support the work in a very practical manner if they would place orders for these mats.

"They can be supplied in stock sizes, or to any desired dimensions, and, by a special process, wording can be indelibly dyed on them, e.g., 'Officers' Mess, 1st Life Guards.'

"Prices and all particulars can be obtained by Presidents of Mess Committees on application to the Sales Manager, St. Dunstan's Sales Depot, 13 New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

"The General Officer Commanding-in-Chief hopes that Commanding Officers will do all they can to assist in the manner suggested."

As we have stated, insertion of these notices has had a most excellent effect already on sales, and, perhaps, it will interest St. Dunstaners to know also that the appearance of such a recommendation in an official Army Order is probably without a precedent.



Bampton War Memorial Unveiled by a St. Dunstaner

ON the 31st instant Bampton Town War Memorial was unveiled and dedicated. The Memorial is in the form of a Cross, made of plain grey Devonshire granite, standing ten feet high on a pedestal, and two square steps with a six-foot base. The inscription on the Memorial reads:—

"To the Glory of God and in sacred memory of forty-one parishioners who gave their lives for their country, 1914-1919.

"Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."

A large number of ex-service men and townspeople attended.

The unveiling was performed by W. C. Carnell, who said: My duty this afternoon is one that recalls to all our minds a dark past, but, thank God, those days are gone. Memory is now all that is left to most of us, but as a permanent reminder to this and future generations this Memorial has been erected. To those who have gone we render this tribute of homage. With these few words I unveil this cross in memory of the men of Bampton who gave their lives for their King and Country in the Great War.

The Rev. E. V. Cox dedicated the Memorial, and the "Last Post" was sounded. Many relatives and friends laid wreaths and flowers at the foot of the Memorial, and a muffled peal was rung on the church bells.

News from the Workshops

SIR ARTHUR when visiting the Workshops on Wednesday, October 26th, took the opportunity of giving one of his characteristic cheery speeches in each department, making special reference of course to the particular value of each craft. He also examined various finished pieces of work and many articles in different stages of construction or repair, and discussed their merits with their Instructors and each of the men concerned.



BOOT REPAIRING

J. Davies, though a new man, has quite a good idea of how to get to work, and is particularly good with his rivetting. A. E. Sherwood has also made a good start, and is turning out work in good style. Ill-health has been a hindrance to T. A. Wilson, but his work has shown a marked advance, and he is more patient and self-reliant. A. J. Jones continues to get good all-round experience with all classes of Boot-repairing, and has also made a successful start in the Mat Shop. The work done by P. Sheridan has also shown marked advance; he has a good general idea of the work, and a pair of ladies' boots soled and heeled recently were quite a nice job. Excellent reports have also been made this month on the work of C. Marshall. During the last few months he has made very consistent advance, and is particularly good with regard to shape, edges, and finish. A uniform standard of work is always maintained by J. Bolton, and he has been improving considerably during the last few months. He has also given attention to weak points in his work in the Clog Shop, and made a marked advance during the term. J. W. Yarwood has also been turning out work of a very good order on Clogs; hand-sewing and brass nailing, general finish and appearance are now quite first-class.

In Boot-repairing he has been having experience with more difficult jobs. A. H. W. James still continues to do excellent work both on Boots and Mats. His interest is strongly fixed on all he does. This month he made a pair of rivetted boots from two left machine-sewn boots: this meant of course taking them both to pieces and entirely re-making.



BASKET MAKING

In addition to making barrel baskets and work baskets, W. Bonner has had instruction in letter baskets, oval trays, and waste-paper baskets. G. Colbeck has also been doing work of a similar character, and in addition has had marked success with oval arm baskets with plaited borders. G. Brewer has recently been making hampers, and the one now under construction, made entirely of cane, shows a very marked advance, and deserves every commendation. The recent work of G. J. Smith has included hampers and also three oval arm baskets, on which he has done very well indeed. J. Buckle has been covering a good range of work to stock his shop, and we may refer in particular to his oval baskets which have been very carefully and strongly made. He is really interested in his work, and takes great pains to master it. At the Centre Cane table the work done by R. Tudor this term has been exceptionally good. He has got a good grip of things, and is now well away with it. J. Deegan has turned out some really good straight-up work baskets and teapot stands. Again we have to congratulate a one-armed man, in this case R. Barber, upon success with this work; a straight-up work basket with a wood base was entirely his own work, and he also did a considerable part of a barrel basket. We are confident that he will succeed.

MAT MAKING

E. Donald has been turning out a much better type of mat this month. A. Cook should be congratulated on his success with coloured fibre border mats. G. Tibbs gets along quite well for the short period under instruction, and has recently made a special size mat in good style. W. Walters has also made distinct improvement on his previous mats; he also goes steadily on with a sound class of work in the Boot Shop. A five diamond design mat made by G. Southen was quite good. This man's persistent application to his work here and in the Boot Shop has now brought him to a thoroughly satisfactory level. H. D. Clevitt was also very successful with a black and red design mat, and scored good points with his test mat. His steady work in the Boot Shop has also got him on top of his difficulties. A number of mats, made during the last two months by W. T. E. Collins, have reached a thoroughly satisfactory standard.

JOINERY

T. Rogers has been remarkably successful in spite of his various disablements, and has made really wonderful progress with his tool chest and chicken coop. T. W. Moore has done well with oak trays, and has now reached a good standard with picture framing.

All our readers, even those with the longest memories, will hear with the deepest interest of the marriage of Instructor Geo. W. Pell of the Joiner's Shop. His fellow Instructors and friends in the Workshops made a small presentation of a silver match box and ash tray to indicate their sincere wishes on the occasion of his marriage, and their appreciation of the valuable work he has done at St. Dunstan's. Fell has been associated with the Joiner's Shop from the beginning, first as a pupil, and then as a Pupil Teacher and Instructor. He may be regarded as a pioneer who met the full brunt of the difficulties which blind men alone know, and, having overcome them, he was able with

an easy confidence to make the path easier for many a stricken comrade.

PROFICIENCY CERTIFICATES

The following Proficiency Certificates have been awarded since our July Issue:

L. T. Evans (mats and boots); F. Crabtree (mats); A. Campbell (mats); A. J. Burtenshaw (mats and boots); R. Colville (mats); C. Johns (boots); E. A. Pugh (boots); E. T. Hughes (boots); F. T. Dance (boots); S. G. Jordan (mats); E. J. Lloyd (mats); J. Powell (mats); J. Hunter (mats); S. Brydson (clogs); F. Cooper (boots); A. Cook (mats); S. R. Gamble (mats and boots); H. C. Boase (willow baskets); A. Mann (centre cane baskets); C. H. Hainsworth (picture framing and trays); A. Morgan (boots and mats); L. Johns (boots and mats); J. Benson (willow baskets); A. Waite (willow baskets); W. Shute (joinery).

W.H.O.

Binding Cases and Indices for the "Review"

A CORRESPONDENT has recently asked if we would prepare indices of the first five volumes of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW and of future volumes. Some years ago we offered to do this and also to supply binding cases if there was sufficient demand. However, only one or two enquiries for cases were received and none for indices, until the other day, and we therefore felt that we would not be justified in incurring the expenditure which preparation and printing would involve.

We are bringing the matter to our readers' notice again in case there should be a considerable number who would like this work done. Binding cases and indices will be charged for at cost price, and therefore the more enquiries we have the greater will be the possibility of preparing them, and if they are prepared the lower will be the cost. We shall be glad to hear from our readers about this matter.

St. Dunstan's Cigarettes

AN ENTERPRISE THAT IS AROUSING WIDESPREAD INTEREST

BY the time this issue of the REVIEW appears there will be, we imagine, few of our readers who will not have heard of St. Dunstan's Cigarettes, and, indeed, very few who will not have already smoked them.

The placing of St. Dunstan's Cigarettes upon the market is a practical effort to devise a means of interesting the public still further in St. Dunstan's work, and giving them, at the same time, material value for their support of it.

The raising of funds for the efficient carrying on of the widespread activities of St. Dunstan's is a strenuous and difficult business nowadays. Departure from routine lines is more than ever necessary; and we are hoping that the marketing of St. Dunstan's Cigarettes will relieve us of a good deal of financial anxiety as to the future. We do not think there is any doubt that there is a very large proportion of the public who have the cause of St. Dunstan's very deeply at heart, but who actually have not the means to make even the most modest donation to its funds. It is not that they are unwilling to give; it is simply that they cannot. The issue of St. Dunstan's Cigarettes provides, we are hoping, the *via media* for these kindly folk.

The Cigarettes are made for us by Messrs. Carreras, Ltd., one of the oldest established and best known firms in the tobacco trade, and they have made most generous arrangements with us as regards the profits from the sales. They take

charge of the whole of the production and the marketing, and we receive, of course, the great benefit of their unique experience of the trade.

St. Dunstan's Cigarettes are sold at popular prices, namely, 6d. for 10, 1s. for 20, and so on; and we believe they represent the highest possible smoking value. St. Dunstaners everywhere will have been able to prove this for themselves, as Sir Arthur has had a special package sent to all our men.

No doubt there will be much of further interest to chronicle in future issues with regard to this latest enterprise of ours, but, meanwhile, we shall all hope that this adventure will justify the aims and intentions which gave it birth.

By an interesting coincidence an exceptionally able article on the production of a packet of cigarettes, from the growing of the leaf to the final boxing, appears in this month's issue of *Conquest*; and, in view of the added interest in cigarettes generally which St. Dunstaners will have just now, we have secured permission to reproduce this article and some of the illustrations, which might (and, in fact, we are not sure they did not) have been produced specially about St. Dunstan's Cigarettes. At any rate, the splendid factory in which the pictures were made, and the wonderful machines described, are those of Messrs. Carreras, Ltd., who, as we have said, are the producers of St. Dunstan's Cigarettes.

A Packet of Cigarettes

HOW TOBACCO IS GROWN, CHOSEN AND TREATED

By David Masters

There are multitudes of men to-day who would much rather go without food than go without tobacco, and no one will ever know how many wounded men in the Great War found in a cigarette the

courage and comfort which enabled them to bear their agony in silence, nor the ease and solace dying men drew from the little white tube of tobacco between their lips. The first call of the wounded and stricken

was for a cigarette, and cigarettes were sent to the battle fronts by the million.

The romance of a packet of cigarettes is but the end of the story of tobacco itself. There are dozens of different varieties of tobacco growing in various parts of the world, all giving leaves of different sizes and qualities, some suitable for

The stalk throws out a leaf about every 2 inches, and if a line be drawn from one leaf bud to another it will be found that they form a spiral up the stalk. Eight leaves make a complete circuit of the stalk, and the ninth leaf overhangs the first, and so on.

The grower of a pipe tobacco, or heavy



NATIVE BOYS GRADING TOBACCO LEAVES

cigars, some for pipe-smoking, and some for making into cigarettes. The tobacco plant flourishes in most countries, but America is its home, and America is the biggest grower and the largest exporter of tobacco.

The tobacco plant which supplies most of the tobacco smoked in the world is *Nicotiana tobacum*. It may grow to a height of 8 feet, or it may assume a dwarf habit, and grow no more than 2 feet high. In different localities in various parts of the globe it may be found growing to any height between these two extremes. Its leaves vary in length and breadth, just as the plants vary in height: some may be a foot long, others nearly 4 feet long; the width will vary from 8 inches to 2 feet.

tobacco, removes the top of the plants when they have produced eight or ten leaves. For a cigarette tobacco about sixteen leaves are left before the plants are stopped or topped. A month after the yellow tobacco is topped the leaves attain a golden hue, and harvesting begins. As the leaves turn yellow on the stems, so they are stripped off, tied together into little bundles, and hung over sticks, which go to the curing houses.

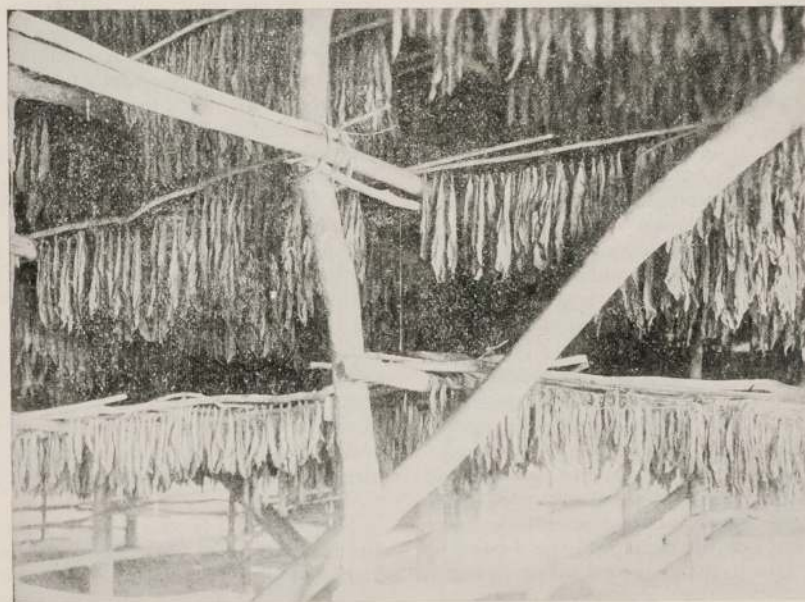
As for the curing, it varies, again, with the type of tobacco. It is an operation upon which everything depends, and many growers have their own little secret methods, which they guard most jealously. For instance, the tobacco of the pipe smoker is generally cured by lighting fires

of wood on the floors of the curing house. The smoke from the fire rises and circulates among the drying leaves which hang overhead, and at the same time imparts to the tobacco a flavour which the smoker demands. Some tobaccos are cured just by hanging them in the curing sheds, and without any application of artificial heat; others are cured in the sun in the open air.

The golden cigarette tobacco, in which we are particularly interested, is generally hung in curing sheds built of logs. All openings and cracks in the curing sheds are carefully stopped, and the temperature within is raised by circulating artificial heat through iron pipes running around the interior of the shed. Thus the cigarette

most of the noxious substances in them are passing out; consequently the men who attend to this part of the tobacco-making aim to improve the leaf by making it sweat and dry out once in twenty-four hours. Then the heat is raised to make the leaves sweat again. In this manner the noxious juices are driven from the leaves and the flavour of the tobacco improved. The cheapest tobaccos are frequently doctored by spraying them with curious mixtures, of which rum forms the greater part, in order to improve their flavour.

When the tobacco is properly cured, it is graded according to the quality of the leaf and packed for shipment. Cigar



HOW TOBACCO LEAVES ARE CURED

tobacco is prevented from acquiring that stronger flavour which the smoke of the open fire imparts to the heavier tobaccos.

During the process of curing, the tobacco leaves sweat. Little beads of moisture exude from them as the heat is applied. This fermentation or sweating largely influences the character of the finished tobacco, for while the leaves are sweating

tobacco is packed in boxes a yard long by 2 feet wide, holding about 300 lbs. of leaf. The golden leaves of our cigarette tobacco are made up into bunches of six leaves, another leaf being twisted round the stalks to fasten the leaves together. These bunches are packed into casks or hogsheads that contain about 1,000 lbs. of tobacco.

These hogsheads are not of the well-known beer barrel form; they have flat sides, just like a drum, and they stand a trifle under 5 feet high and measure about 3½ feet across. In packing the tobacco the stalks of the leaves are always placed against the wooden sides, with the leaves pointing towards the centre of the hogshead. Packed thus the leaves are less likely to be damaged through moisture percolating through the cracks of the hogsheads.

A peep into a cigarette factory discloses dozens of these big hogsheads of tobacco ranged around. When it is realised that on each hogshead of leaf the manufacturer has had to pay to the Government about £400 for duty, we begin to get an idea of the revenue that tobacco brings to the nation, as well as the vast sums of money that are necessary for carrying on a big modern cigarette factory.

It is well known that tobacco matures with age. If it is smoked in too new a condition the flavour is not nearly so mellow as when the tobacco has ripened. The cigarette manufacturer knows this only too well; he also knows that if he turned out stocks of cigarettes made of immature tobacco he would soon lose his trade. The consequence is that he is compelled to carry very heavy stocks of leaf. These stocks are stored in bond, or Government warehouses in charge of excisemen, and the manufacturers who accorded me the privilege of going over their factory have always stored in bond enough tobacco to last them for three years. They have bought and paid for three years' stock of raw material, but they do not pay the duty until the tobacco is withdrawn from bond and taken to the factory.

When the hogsheads are broken open, the bunches of tobacco leaves are in a very dry and brittle state, so dry that they may be crushed to powder in the hand. The importer pays duty according to the weight; therefore it is a matter of business to dry out the tobacco as much as possible, for the drier the tobacco the lighter it weighs, and the more actual tobacco, as apart from moisture, the importer gets for his money.

Obviously it is impossible to manufacture tobacco from leaves that crumble to pieces at the touch, so the first thing the manufacturer does after unpacking is to add moisture to the tobacco. Deft work-girls sit in a circle untying the bundles of leaves. A sharp twist, and the bundle is shaken to pieces and the leaves thrown into the centre of the circle. There may be as many as half a dozen girls to each circle, and as each girl is untying different kinds of tobacco, it is naturally well mixed when it is thrown upon the centre heap. Thus the blending of the different tobaccos which go to make up the various kinds of cigarettes is started with the very first operation of manufacture.

When the heap of leaves becomes very large men reduce it, and, taking the leaves to another part of the warehouse, sprinkle them with water. This sprinkling makes them soft and pliable, almost like kid, so that from henceforth they may be handled without any danger of crumbling to dust. The leaves are here given another mixing by hand. They go now to girls who strip the leaves. With a deft movement the girls break the hard rib or stalk about half way up the leaf, and throw the rib on one side of them and the tobacco into a bin on the other side of them. The rib is useless for the manufacture of cigarette tobacco, so the manufacturer carefully saves all the ribs taken from the leaves, returns them to bond, and obtains a rebate from the Government of the full duty that he has paid for this waste material. The ribs are, therefore, almost as valuable as real tobacco.

The stripping of the leaves automatically mixes up the different tobaccos still more. The stripped leaf is given a final shake and mix before going to the cutting machines. The leaf is fed into a hopper and carried by rollers to a steel bed, where it is compressed into a solid mass of tobacco about 2 inches thick. The cutting machine is adjusted to cut the tobacco to the requisite fineness, and the face of the compressed tobacco comes under a knife or guillotine, which cuts as it falls. While the knife is rising the tobacco is automatically moved forward to come under the knife again.

The bins containing the cut tobacco stand on three little wheels, which enable them to move about the warehouse very easily. Each bin holds about 150 lbs. of tobacco, and the bins of tobacco are wheeled in to feed the batteries of voracious cigarette-making machines.

The noise of whirring machinery in the cutting room is fairly great, but among the batteries of cigarette-making machines it grows to a roar that makes ordinary conversation impossible. Remarks have to be shouted to be heard above the noise, and comments are consequently condensed into telegraphic form, as though each word cost a penny to utter. I examined several different types of machines that were pouring forth cigarettes ceaselessly; then I stopped before the most up-to-date type of them all, the Baron British Empire machine, and studied its wonders at my leisure.

It is a narrow machine, about 10 feet long, weighing just over a ton and a half. At the left end of it, projecting over the back, is a box-like arrangement, in front of which is a three-mile-long roll of cigarette paper. A pier like the pier of a roll-top desk supports this end of the machine; there is then a gap, bridged by devices I will attempt to describe later, and at the other side is another pier, full of little wheels and pulleys, to which is attached a tray wherein the finished cigarettes pour.

The tobacco is poured into a hopper which forms part of the box-like projection at the left side. A cylinder set at equal distances with tiny metal points slowly turns, and as it turns each one of the little metal picks catches up a thread of tobacco and throws it upon a flat band. The tobacco falls in a perfectly even layer on this band, which travels always towards the front of the machine, carrying with it the thin layer of tobacco. Passing under a series of powerful magnets, which withdraw any metal particles that may have got into the tobacco, the tobacco arrives at the very end of the moving band and falls straight down for perhaps 6 inches on to the cigarette paper passing along a metal groove beneath. The fall serves

the purpose of making the tobacco lie straight in the paper.

Meanwhile the roll of cigarette paper is unwinding continuously. It is taken over and under a series of tiny metal rollers attached to the front of the machine, over another roller, which automatically inks itself from a reserve reservoir of ink and prints at intervals upon the paper the name of the cigarette. If necessary, the machine can be set to attach the cork mouthpieces to the cigarette paper. The upper surface of the cork, which is very thin indeed, passes under a roller applying an adhesive, and then comes into contact with the underside of the cigarette paper; so the paper passes along divided up into lengths by strips of thin cork.

The paper now comes to the point mentioned in the previous paragraph, where the tobacco falls into it, just enough tobacco falling to make a nice tight cigarette. The paper travels along the metal groove, the tobacco in the middle of it and the two sides of the paper curving outwards. A metal guide gradually guides the two edges of the paper to form a complete cylinder enwrapping the tobacco. But before the cylinder of paper is complete, one lip or edge of it passes between two tiny rollers, which apply casein for sticking the two edges together. A moment afterwards the other edge overlaps the sticky edge, and the two are pressed together. The stuck edges are, of course, moist, so, to dry them quickly and prevent them from coming unstuck, they are taken through a little drying chamber, where a gentle heat is automatically applied. On passes the endless cigarette along its metal channel to come under the razor-like knives, and to pour out on the tray at the remarkable rate of 650 a minute!

To make the knives do their work properly has always been a difficulty with cigarette-making machines. If the knives get a little blunt, they do not cut truly, but tear the paper and spoil the cigarettes. In the machine described the problem has been solved by sharpening the knives all the time the machine is at work. The edges of the knives pass over emery wheels, which make the sparks fly just as the knife grinder makes the sparks fly

when he is sharpening a knife outside the butcher's shop.

As the cigarettes pour from the machine a girl picks up a number from time to time, and weighs them on a tiny scale to see that they are the correct weight. From the machine the cigarettes go to the conditioning room, being packed in an open-sided box containing 2,500 cigarettes and travelling on an endless band, off which they are lifted by girls.

A series of appliances enable the atmosphere of the conditioning room to be regulated at will. If the weather is too dry, the atmosphere of the conditioning room can be made moist; if the weather is wet, the atmosphere of the room can be dried. Millions of cigarettes are stacked in this room in wooden racks. They remain here for about two days, and then go to the packing machines.

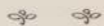
These machines, in their way, are as wonderful as the cigarette-making machine, and they rank among the marvels of modern mechanism. To watch a packet of ten cigarettes being packed is to see efficiency at its highest development. The cigarettes are piled up in a holder at the highest part of the machine. They slip down, one at a time, against two upright flat steels until there are five cigarettes one on top of another. Meantime the inner wrapper or paper, or foil if the cigarettes happen to be for export, automatically slips below the cigarettes over a little box-like compartment. The holder containing the cigarettes moves down and deposits the five cigarettes within the wrapper. As the holder rises for five more cigarettes the cigarettes within the wrapper move forward just the width of one cigarette, to make room for the five cigarettes that complete the packet. Directly these are inserted, steel fingers fold in the top and bottom of the wrapper simultaneously at each end, then steel thumbs about the width of five cigarettes push forward to fold in the sides of the wrapper. Two steel rods or fingers grip the packet within the machine, and as another packet is completed the fingers release their grip for a moment and allow a packet to fall from the front of the machine upon a moving band,

while all the packets within the machine automatically move forward, and thus make room for the latest one to join the end of the line.

The packet is carried by the endless band to a machine which completes the operation of inserting it into the cardboard case. Examination of any case will show that it is made in two pieces, the outer case, consisting of the front and back and two sides, and the inner case, which folds over to form the two ends. A girl with a pile of these inner cases beside her feeds them into compartments on an endless chain. The cases are quite flat, and as each one comes opposite the entrance to the machine a packet of cigarettes is automatically placed upon it. The packet now journeys round a circular table, while guides and fingers fold the inner cardboard round the packet. The several compartments of this circular machine all contain packets in progressive stages of folding.

At the opposite side of the machine to that which the packet entered is a feeder full of the outer, box-like wrappers. They are, of course, quite flat, and stacked like bars of chocolate in an automatic machine. One by one they fall from the bottom of the container into their own compartments, two fingers rise and press the flat case open, and as it comes to a momentary halt the ten cigarettes in their inner wrapper and cover are inserted and pushed home, the fingers holding the cigarettes squeezing them sufficiently to insert them in the packet.

Thus the modern cigarette manufacturer, by making use of these marvellous machines, is able to supply smokers with all the cigarettes they desire, cigarettes which in the United Kingdom alone number thousands of millions during the year.



AN Irish woman wanting to emigrate went to the agent and after giving her name and age, was asked where she was born.

"Oirland," she answered, proudly.

"What part?" enquired the agent.

"Shure, the whoule av me," was the surprised answer.

The Making of "Bulls"

By Nina Stephenson Browne

AMONG other faults and failings of the people of the Emerald Isle, the practice of making "Bulls" is supposed to stand pre-eminent. Strangers to Ireland fondly suppose that an Irishman can scarcely open his mouth without committing one of the solecisms of speech popularly known as "bulls."

Like charity, confession should begin at home, and I, myself, plead guilty to the general failing. A few days ago I asked a porter—"Does the five-ten train from C—leave now at four-thirty?"

I do not know if there is anything in the atmosphere of Ireland which makes people predisposed to commit "bulls," but I have heard two clergymen, both Scotchmen, perpetrate a delicious example.

One, an eminent Doctor of Divinity, in the course of his address, in which he referred to a college friend, informed us that he—the friend—"never walked down the street, but he ran."

The second clergyman was speaking in the local church. The building was crowded, and many had to be accommodated with seats in the aisle. During the singing of the final hymn the chairs were removed to facilitate the dispersal of the congregation. Before pronouncing the Benediction the celebrated minister announced:—

"Will the people who are now standing in the aisles kindly remember when they sit down that the chairs are gone."

Surely there must be something in the air of Ireland when such "grave and reverend signors" commit such solecisms.

A minister of my acquaintance was conducting the services at a Harvest Festival. The building was crowded, and, during the singing of the first hymn, he gravely announced—"If, when the congregation stand up to sing, they would sit closer, there would be more room."

Rather a difficult feat.

I once read a story in which the principal events took place during the war. In

one chapter the C.O. asked a soldier if he had delivered a certain message to his officer. The soldier's reply was truly Hibernian. "No, Sir, he was gone when I reached him."

Members of Parliament are not above the making of "bulls," as the following two specimens will show:—

"We have to go back centuries for a parallel to such treatment, and even then we don't find it."

Whilst another member described a certain report as:

"A wholly garbled version of what never took place."

Though the following is not a "bull," it is well worth repeating:

Some weeks ago I was standing on the station platform of the neighbouring town of C—as the train for Belfast was on the point of departure. An old woman put her head out of the window and asked anxiously:

"Am I in the right train?"

"Where are you going to?" asked the porter addressed.

"It's none of your business where I'm goin' to," was the irate response. "Is this the right train?"

"How can I tell you if it is the right train if I don't know where you're going to?" was the equally irate answer.

"Well, I'm goin' to London, then."

"If you're going to London you're all right."

At this juncture the train moved off, and the old dame, raising her voice, shouted.

"You're wrong this time. I'm not goin' to London at all, at all, I'm goin' to Saltcoats."

If you keep your ears open for these "bulls" and blunders, you will hear them on every hand; and the recalling of them at some future time will brighten a dull moment, or, repeated, serve as an amusing tit-bit at some friendly gathering.

Discussion Club Notes

"RUSSIA"

ON October 17th, Miss Adams of the National Political League gave us her personal experience of life in Russia under the Soviet Government. She worked among the prisoners, and was herself a prisoner for a few days. The things we learnt certainly made none of us long for such government here: rather we might describe it as a tyranny by the few, a tyranny before which the horrors of the French Revolution pale. Life is not life in Russia at present, only existence under a government that crushes out initiative and ambition, and leaves nothing to work for, no opportunity to expand; in fact it would turn humanity into machines and slaves of the State. Lenin and Trotsky are arch-autocrats. More people have been killed in Russia during the few short years of the Soviet Government than perished in the Great War. There is no freedom of speech; no freedom of the press; no public meeting is allowed. We were much interested to hear that many of the police officials have lived in the East End of London and now speak excellent English. Spying is rife; everybody spies on everybody, and Lenin's Gospel is one of Hate.

Miss Adams suggested that the downfall of Bolshevism will come from two terrible mistakes they have made, viz. :—

- (a) Their attitude towards women;
- (b) Their attitude towards religion.

At heart the Russians are a deeply religious people.

ANIMAL FIGHTERS

On Monday, October 10th, Capt. McCunn, S.P.C.A., gave a most interesting lecture on "Animal Fighters." He said very little has been written, and very little known, of animals' work in war, but we knew they had taken their part in it for centuries past.

In the Middle Ages horses carried their masters covered in steel mail; later on

they were used in many cavalry charges, to pull cannon, and also carry food. Dogs, too, had been used in many ways, and Capt. McCunn described the time when dogs had been sent into battle with knives strapped on each side of them, which cut the enemy's legs. But still little was known of the work many animals had done during this last Great War. The S.P.C.A. had established hospitals behind the lines for animals, and over 2,800,000 horses alone had passed through them.

We had been much behind the French and the Germans in having no dogs trained when war broke out, in fact we only had "one" fully trained, while the French had 15,000 messenger dogs alone. But Col. Richardson had done wonders for us, and training schools had been started at once with great results.

It was found that dogs hear three times further off than men and so were used as sentries, and trained to attract attention, but to make no noise; they wore gas masks like the Tommies. Mules had done strenuous work, camels were used in Mesopotamia, and even elephants were brought to the front to help.

The lecturer reminded us we must not forget the part monkeys had played by being the victims of gas experiments, which helped us devise the best non-conducting gas masks. Altogether, animals had done much to bring victory in the Great War.

"GUILDS OLD AND NEW"

On October 24th, a lecture by the Rev. Lea (who has kindly come to us twice before), on "Guilds Old and New," proved most interesting and enlightening. To begin with, we were told that at the moment there is a breakdown of the Economical System, not only in England, but in other nations, and a fresh system must be found or our Western civilization will prove a failure. Three possible

systems were brought before us, viz. :—

(1) Collectivism or State ownership, as propounded by Karl Marx.

(2) Christian Socialism, according to William Morris and Charles Kingsley.

(3) A system of Arts and Crafts in national life as propounded by John Ruskin, in opposition to our present commercialism.

The lecturer said that men are now labourers only, not craftsmen, and that imagination is banished from daily life. A description was given of the Guilds of :—
(a) Merchants, corresponding to the Employers Federation. (b) Crafts, corresponding to Trades Unions.

In the Middle Ages commerce was moralised by a just price scheme, and the Barons were called to order if they oppressed their serfs. A contrast was drawn between the life of mechanical drudgery now-a-days and life in the Middle Ages when a man was a master of his craft; and we came away from the lecture feeling that our forefathers had surely a better sense of proportion, and united work and beauty, art and life.

MR. STEPHEN LEACOCK

On October 31st, Mr. Stephen Leacock gave a most delightful "talk" to the men at Cornwall Terrace.

Mr. Leacock is a Professor of Economics at the McGill University, Montreal, but is better known to us as the writer of the most delightful nonsense.

Sir Arthur was in the Chair, and after introducing Mr. Leacock, that gentleman immediately began to make everyone laugh by describing Chairmen in general: the Chairman who made the lecturer so nervous he was almost unable to speak; and the one who began by reading out all the telegrams from influential people who would *not* be there. He then told of one of his first lectures when the Chairman got up and informed his audience that they were beginning a second series of lectures that night, the first of which had been such a financial failure, they had decided to get "Cheaper Talent" (Stephen Leacock being the "Cheaper Talent"). He described many amusing political meetings when he

had been a candidate for election, and spoke of the days when as an actor he had made such a "hit" as a piece of floating ice, that the management had given him the great part of the howl of a dog "outside"! But as he said most great Americans had been "raised" on a farm, and both he and Abraham Lincoln had followed in their footsteps, and both had crossed the Delaware! Mr. Leacock gave a most entertaining skit on early Victorian novels with their sylph-like heroines, who seemed too sylph-like even to breathe and who swooned on every occasion, and the dashing heroes who rescued them in distress. The room simply rocked with laughter all the time he spoke, but it is very difficult to describe his "fun," it needs Stephen Leacock to do it himself.

In proposing a vote of thanks Sir Arthur said it was the most amusing lecture he had ever heard at St. Dunstan's, and everyone thoroughly agreed with him.

More about Newspaper Work for the Blind.

WITH reference to the article which appeared in last month's REVIEW on newspaper work for the blind, the following letter will be read with interest :—

Dear Sir,—It was with great interest that I read the article on the above subject, and heard that more than one blind person has proved the practicability of newspaper work. It is nearly ten years since I was appointed local correspondent for a weekly paper at Boston, some twenty miles or more from my town. After gaining experience of the work by proceeding slowly and gathering hints from other newspaper correspondents with whom I came in contact, I satisfied myself that the work could be made really profitable if I put myself in touch with other journals; and in course of time I have been able to establish relations with a number of weekly papers in Lincolnshire, as well as several provincial dailies—among others the *Yorkshire Post*. It may interest your readers to know that one of my connections is with the oldest newspaper in the

country, the *Lincoln, Rutland and Stamford Mercury*, which has appeared continuously since 1695.

According to my view, a blind man has almost as good a chance at journalism in a small town as a sighted man, but I imagine could hardly keep pace with a sighted rival in a large city, where news has to be served up too rapidly for a blind man to cope with it. Given a convenient sphere of operation, the main essentials, I think, are a typewriter, a retentive memory, a large circle of friends, and above all what may be described as the news scent—the readiness to discriminate between what is news and what mere gossip. All these can be acquired by any blind man of average ability. A knowledge of shorthand, though of course useful, is not absolutely necessary for work in small towns, unless one is actually on the office staff. As a proof that such work can be made remunerative, I may add that I now derive from it more than half of a taxable income.

Trusting this information may be interesting and useful to some of your readers, I remain, dear Sir, Yours faithfully.

"LIMERICUS."



A Nightmare

By D. McL.

CAN it be just 30 years to-day since I left St. Dunstan's—an efficient Telephone Operator? Except that I have long since parted with my eye teeth and now find it quicker to propel my anatomy with the aid of two sticks, I feel myself little changed, and yet everything around me is so different.

As it is a small business matter which has brought me back to my old haunts, my first visit must be to the "After-Care" department. After shouting in vain to the utmost capacity of my once powerful lungs I finally gain admittance by the use of an ear trumpet. Inside, the atmosphere is overpoweringly somnolent, though on all sides voices declare the business of looking for houses and going concerns, and of making wreaths—is quite over-

whelming! Rapidity being a thing of the past, it is hoped my small matter can be settled in a few weeks.

The Braille Room brings tears to my eyes. Here are bald-headed veterans, blinded at Mons, being instructed by toothless Braille teachers in the mysteries of dots as big as footballs, and that weird instrument, fixed to the typewriter to replace fingers which have grown too stiff to bend. The attention of the telephone instructor can usually be attracted, I am told, by the ringing of that bell which seems to have escaped from St. Paul's.

To get over to Cornwall Terrace could not be the same easy matter it used to be when one rushed madly along the rails, but fortunately I can use one of those donkey chairs which the authorities have now provided for transport.

On crossing the threshold of that veritable beehive as I remember it, 3, Cornwall Terrace, I am again overcome with emotion. Here is our poor old friend the Hall Porter tucked away in a corner with every surrounding keyhole and crevice stuffed up to keep out the draught. Rheumatism prevents him from rising to welcome me. Who, I wonder, are those six middle-aged men in scouts uniform?—some of them seem to know me.

The shades of ancient peace brood over all, from the Matron's office to the dining room, where sisters move in a dignified way, a plate in one hand and supported by a stick in the other.

Mince is the sole diet now, and feeding bottles are provided for those who are too shaky to hold a glass. Can this be the Lounge, and are these my companions who used to share my escapades at the B.S. and the Volunteer? Here is a collection of bald heads and gouty feet!—of telephone operators who have gone deaf at their work—of men who have several times made fortunes at baskets, mats, and boots—and crowning horror—here, too, are sisters in red shawls and elastic side boots!

At this point the contrast becomes too painful, and I awake comforting myself with the thought that dreams seldom come true.

Chapel Notes

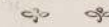
THE attendances at our Chapel services during the past month have been most cheering, and, in spite of the distance, the boys have supported us splendidly. We shall greatly miss L. Johns and F. Crabtree, who, with Mrs. Crabtree, have been most regular in their attendances; and our best wishes go out to them for their future success.

Our Harvest Festival service was held on October 9th. The Chapel was tastefully decorated by Sister Howell, and a plentiful supply of fruit was sent to us by Sergeant F. Ellis from the Salvation Army, and also by the boys themselves. We had a very bright and happy service, and it was good to hear the Harvest hymns sung so heartily.

On October 23rd we had a return visit from the Rev. Harold Gibb, and quite a large congregation was present to welcome him. I do not think we will ever forget his inspiring address—we all felt he had done us a world of good. I hope he will come again and talk to us.

For Armistice Day Commemoration Services we are hopeful of a special celebration at 6.45 a.m., and a short service which will incorporate the two minutes' silence at 10.50 a.m.

Notice will be given of the celebrations arranged during the month. E. W.



Births

L. E. TURNER, daughter - Sept. 3, 1921
 W. D. ALEXANDER, son - Sept. 3, 1921
 J. W. BOOTHMAN, son - Sept. 4, 1921
 G. BROOKS, daughter - Sept. 14, 1921
 J. BATCHELOR, daughter - Sept. 15, 1921
 J. R. RIDLEY, son - Sept. 17, 1921
 R. A. NEWTON, son - Sept. 27, 1921
 G. HOLLINS, daughter - Sept. 30, 1921
 V. J. FENNELL, son - Oct. 1, 1921
 P. M. AUSTIN, son - Oct. 2, 1921
 G. BURNETT, son - Oct. 3, 1921
 T. E. SKELLY, son - Oct. 4, 1921
 E. S. CASS, daughter - Oct. 8, 1921
 T. LATH, son - Oct. 9, 1921

H. BRIDGEMAN, son - Oct. 9, 1921
 R. SMITH, daughter - Oct. 10, 1921
 P. SAINTY, daughter - Oct. 14, 1921
 C. F. THOMPSON, daughter - Oct. 18, 1921
 H. C. GRANSBY, daughter - Oct. 18, 1921
 H. TOMKINSON, son - Oct. 18, 1921
 A. PALFREY, daughter - Oct. 19, 1921
 W. HEUSHAW, son - Oct. 20, 1921
 A. WILLIAMS, daughter - Oct. 21, 1921
 T. STEVENSON, son - Oct. 21, 1921
 W. SHURROCK, son - Oct. 22, 1921
 W. G. PARKER, daughter - Oct. 23, 1921
 H. W. KIRBY, son - Oct. 24, 1921



Marriages

ON Thursday, September 29th, Carington Pyke was married in Sheffield to Miss Eileen Abecasis.

On Saturday, October 22nd, W. Webb was married at St. Mary's Church, Gt. Houghton, to Miss Maud Walker.

On Saturday, October 22nd, T. H. Denison was married at Stoke-on-Trent to Miss E. M. Sadler.

On Thursday, October 27th, Samuel Durrant was married at the Wesleyan Church, Wimborne, to Miss Dorothy Beatrice Gallop.

On Saturday, October 29th, Bruce Edmund Ingre was married at St. Marylebone Church to Miss T. E. J. Bates.

"BOOTS and shoes repaired neatly while you wait," said a notice in a shop window.

A small boy entered the shop, and placed a pair of football boots on the counter.

"Please, farver wants 'em repaired," he ventured, timidly.

"What does he want done to them?" inquired the tradesman.

"Wants new studs put in, and wants 'em stretched," piped the youngster.

"Stretched as well, does he? And where do they pinch him?"

"They don't pinch him," replied the boy. "He pinched them!"

Sports Club Notes

OUR Saturday Sports are going along with a good swing, and the numbers are keeping up wonderfully well. On Saturday, 29th October, we were delighted to welcome a splendid band of new athletes from our Blackheath Annexe. It is a good thing to have some fresh competitors, because it keeps the competitive spirit alive, and the Blackheath boys will soon be making their presence felt. With the view of giving our beginners a chance against the more experienced athletes, we have raised our weekly handicaps considerably. The winner of the Cricket Ball Throwing Competition, for instance, is handicapped for the following week by six yards—four yards for a second place, and two yards for a third. A similar scheme of handicapping is in force for several of the other events, such as throwing the football, putting the weight, the long jump, and the sprint. In the case of the sprint we found that the handicap was not enough to give the boys of "B" Class a chance, so, in addition, they have received a very liberal start. As a result some wonderfully close racing has been seen, and men who have never won the sprint before are being returned winners. This is good for sport, for whilst it is splendid to have men who can lose well, to keep on losing week after week is very disheartening, isn't it? It is not often we get the opportunity of changing a man from the totally blinded section to that of the partially sighted men; but during the past week our old friend, J. Greaves, of Od'ham, as the result of a successful operation, has recovered a little sight, and therefore goes to the "S.S." Class. This is a wonderful experience after four years of total darkness, and we all heartily congratulate Greaves, who is one of our best sportsmen, and wish him the very best of luck.

SIR ARTHUR'S PRIZE

The competition for the honour of sharing Sir Arthur's prize for Saturday Sports was exceedingly keen; only five

points dividing the leaders during the last two weeks in the S.S. Section. A. Biggs easily won first place in the T.B.'s, and J. W. Yarwood splendidly secured first place in the S.S. The leading scores throughout the last competition are as follows:—

T.B.		S.S.	
A. Biggs	715	J. W. Yarwood	545
J. Greaves	455	G. Taylor	525
P. Nuyens	450	T. Moore	400
J. Deegan	420	R. Warren	285
D. McLoughlin	295	A. James	285
T. Ramsbottom	200	A. Dixon	220
J. Davies	100	J. Fawcett	195
C. Singleton	95	R. Noble	180
J. Meighen	75	W. Bonner	175
T. Eaton	75	F. Stew	150

FOOTBALL

Continues to thrive, and I rather fear that some of our Townshend House boys spend a far greater time during the dinner period each day kicking the football than eating. I noticed a number returning the other day, looking very hot and thirsty, well after dinner had started. The weather has been so kind to us that it has been possible to carry through our Cup programme without a match being postponed. After some very exciting games, the finalists in the last Cup Competition proved to be Blackheath Ramblers and Nelson Villa. So on Thursday, October 13th, at 12.30, in front of a large audience, and in perfect weather, the final was played. Mr. E. C. Williamson, of the Arsenal Football Club, most kindly kept goal, whilst Mr. E. G. Hayes, M.B.E., the Surrey and All England Cricketer, acted as "ref." We had, therefore, a footer international in goal and a cricket international as referee. The game proved to be most exciting. Both sides shot remarkably well and gave Williamson a very hot time. When full time was called the score was five goals each, and this necessitated extra time being played. P. Dixon then scored a beauty for the Villa; but this was equalised by the Ramblers, whose captain, E. Sayers,

popped on the winning goal in the last kick of the match. The Ramblers thus won the Cup at the first time of asking by seven goals to six. Whilst heartily congratulating the winners, who played a very sporting and clever game all through, the excellent Villa team deserves much praise, for it has not often occurred in our Cup Finals that a team scoring six goals loses the game. They played well and took their defeat like good sportsmen, heartily cheering the winning team, who responded in no uncertain manner. Miss Hamar Greenwood most graciously handed over the Cup to the winning captain, and I hope that Sir Arthur will be able to personally present the miniature cups to the winning team.

The contesting teams were:—

VILLA	BLACKHEATH RAMBLERS
W. Ruddock (Capt.)	J. E. Howe
P. Dixon	E. Sayers (Capt.)
L. Johns	D. A. Purvies
B. C. Sexty	H. Sida
E. Lupton	J. Davies
D. McLoughlin	J. Davison

For the winners E. Sayers scored two goals, Purvies three, and Davies two; whilst P. Dixon (three goals), L. Johns, W. Ruddock, and E. Lupton scored for the losers.

The following press account, taken from Mr. Harry Young's article in the *Evening News*, may be of interest:—

"As a change before going to a billiard match one day last week I went to see a football final tie. This was in Regent's Park, for the 'Arthur Pearson Challenge Cup,' and the players, with the exception of Williamson, the Arsenal goalkeeper, were all blinded soldiers. It was a wonderful game, as although Williamson was shot at only sixty times, he was beaten upon thirteen occasions.

"A football enthusiast outside the railings, who evidently knows more about these matters than I do, evoked much hilarity by shouting to a blind man who had scored three times—'Chelsea could do with you!'

"There were two teams of six in the final:—*Villa*: Dixon, Johns, Ruddock, Sexty, Lupton, and McLoughlin; and *Blackheath Ramblers*: Howe, Sayers, Purvies, Davies, Sida, and Davison.

"*The Scorers*.—Each man stood on a line fifteen yards away from goal, and had two shots in each half to try to beat Williamson. Villa led at half-time by three goals to two, but at time the score was five all. Extra time was played, one shot each, and Blackheath, scoring two to one, won with the last kick of the match, amid great enthusiasm, by seven goals to six. Signaller Purvies (Royal Engineers) scored three goals for Blackheath, and Pte. Dixon, of the West Yorks, beat Williamson three times for Villa. Ernie Hayes, the Surrey Cricketer, was referee, and the cup was handed to the skipper of the winning team by Miss Hamar Greenwood.

"I got a nice reception from the boys, and Sergeant Deegan, of the Lincs. Regiment, who was blinded in 1917, insisted upon going round with the hat amongst the boys for a copper collection for the Cobham billiard table. This realised £1, which he handed to me with the following letter written by himself in Braille:—

"Mr. Harry Young,—Please will you accept this little donation from the boys of St. Dunstan's towards the re-covering of the billiard table at Cobham Hospital for the 'Lads in Blue.' We hope that they will, after the table is covered, spend many a happy hour on it.

J. DEEGAN

(for the boys of St. Dunstan's)."

The results of the second round in the Competition are as follows:—

Oct.	Goals	Goals
4th Blackheath Ramblers	6	Townshend Harriers ... 4
5th The Villa	7	Dustomians ... 4
Semi-Final:		
Oct.	Goals	Goals
12th The Villa	5	Blackheath Rovers ... 3

Highest Goal Scores.—W. Ruddock heads the S.S. Section with nine goals, and P. Nuyens heads the T.B.'s, after a replay with J. Deegan, with three goals.

Our thanks, and very grateful ones, too, are due to the Rev. Father Howell and Sergeant Hunt for their goodness in keeping goal throughout. Only those who have experienced it realise its difficulty—yet good goalkeeping is essential to the successful carrying out of the Competition.

FOOTBALL LEAGUE
COMPETITION

Our next Competition is in League form, for, after all, it is very hard lines to lose a match in the first round of the Cup and have no other chance during the Competition. We have therefore decided to have a League this time. The teams have been limited to six, of ten men each, and they play each other once. Points are allowed as in League football, and a team beaten early has always a chance of avenging a defeat. So far some surprising games have been seen, and already the Cup-holders have been beaten!

The fixture list is as follows:—

- Oct. 25th Maroons v. Jazonians—won by Maroons, 3 goals to 2
 .. 26th Nelson Villa v. Dustonians—won by Dustonians, 1 goal to 0
 .. 27th Townshend Swifts v. Ramblers—won by Swifts, 3 goals to 0
 .. 28th Maroons v. Nelson Villa—resulted in a draw of 3 goals
 Nov. 1st Jazonians v. Ramblers
 .. 2nd Nelson Villa v. Townshend Swifts
 .. 3rd Dustonians v. Maroons
 .. 4th Ramblers v. Nelson Villa
 .. 8th Townshend Swifts v. Dustonians
 .. 9th Maroons v. Ramblers
 .. 10th Jazonians v. Nelson Villa

- .. 11th Dustonians v. Ramblers
 .. 15th Jazonians v. Dustonians
 .. 16th Townshend Swifts v. Maroons
 .. 17th Jazonians v. Townshend Swifts

SWIMMING

Continues to go well, and our men are making rapid progress. Instructor Jones has a large number of pupils at Marylebone Baths during each week, and he continues to speak most enthusiastically about them. I am hopeful of getting one of our leading champions to race against the boys; it will give them a good idea of what they are capable of doing against a first-class swimmer.

ROWING

Our rowing men have been taking advantage of the excellent weather for boating practice, and our new scullers are getting along famously. We are very grateful to the boat captain and ladies of Bedford College in so kindly providing us with coxes for the early morning. It has always been difficult to get assistance for 7 a.m., and the kindness of these ladies has enabled more boys to get out and have early practice. *E.W.*

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The Blind Beggars of Arabia

THE Arabs have a saying to the effect that "when you travel through the country of the blind, be blind yourselves," and though, like all proverbs, it is doubtless not intended to be taken literally, still the malady of blindness is so common in Algeria, especially among the tribes that inhabit the oases of the Sahara, that the traveller may almost stop and ask himself if he has indeed come to that country of the blind. The prevalence of eye-disease is due, perhaps, to the intense dazzling brilliance of the desert sun, and to that complete absence of shade which must be endured by the wandering Saharian. Ophthalmia, small-pox, flies that attack the eyes, producing sores and then diseases, to say nothing of the extreme dirt of many of the nomadic tribes, are also among the contributory causes, and it is certainly no infrequent occurrence to meet persons who have lost the sight of one or both eyes.

The Arabs are usually very kind and respectful to the aged or infirm, and a blind man or woman will seldom lack the escort of one or more children to pilot them safely along the roads, and who, if they are still young and active enough to work, will assist them in hoisting their load of sticks or barley upon their backs, and see them safely home to the humble dwelling which shelters them. "Donne un sou"! That so frequent appeal reached my ears one morning as I went down the sunlit, dusty street of the village, and a little brown hand was stretched out to me with a silver bangle encircling the slender wrist. The speaker was a little Arab girl with dark, sombre eyes; she wore her long black hair plaited into a tight rope with a strip of red cotton which almost hid it. With her, leaning on her shoulder, was an old man who seemed to belong to the days of Moses rather than to the twentieth century, so patriarchal was he in appear-

ance. A son of Ishmael—for so the Arabs proudly describe themselves—he was known in the village as the blind marabout. By some means or other he had acquired a reputation for sanctity; he begged from door to door for alms and food, knowing that he would be denied neither, and wearing poor and ragged clothing as a testimony to the special privileges accorded to him. Perhaps—who knows?—those sightless eyes, which beheld only an impenetrable darkness that shrouded alike the glory of the African sun at noon and the splendour of the African stars at night, had learnt to dwell upon visions not of earth. The marabout is in his highest development the mystic of Islam. Specially vowed to the strictest observance of the laws of the Koran, his word is obeyed with superstitious reverence, offerings of all kinds are made to him, and even if—as often happens—he follows a humble trade or calling, he is still a man set apart. He may save bloodshed by reconciling hostile tribes or persons, and the power of his anaïa it would be difficult to gauge. Much has been written about the anaïa, and perhaps the accounts have been exaggerated; but it is certain that it is capable of ensuring the safety of men, animals, and merchandise, even of caravans passing through the most lonely and dangerous regions. With this safe conduct, which the marabouts of certain tribes have the privilege of bestowing at will, a man may pass with complete security through the country of his bitterest foe, and this notwithstanding the enormity of the offences he may have committed. "To bear a charmed life" has, therefore, a real signification to the person upon whom the marabout has bestowed the anaïa. Men and women of certain tribes have a limited and local power of exercising it; the fugitive can receive it but once. A curious story is told of a party of Tunisian sailors who were shipwrecked near Bougie in the year 1833. The inhabitants, knowing them to be friends of the conquering French, attacked them, massacring all except two, who flung themselves at the feet of a woman of the tribe claiming anaïa. Consequently they were spared, although, even more than their companions, they were

the allies of the hated *Roumi*. But, truth to tell, it is not very difficult in these degenerate days for a man to acquire the title of marabout; the term is apt to be loosely applied, and may be gained by a man markedly eccentric or, perhaps, not quite sane, who has given evidence of occult power, for the Arabs are deeply superstitious. Moreover, the rôle has its disadvantages. I stayed once in a little Algerian village where a long drought, unusual at the time of year, was beginning to make the Arabs nervous as to the prospects of their crops. "If this goes on," I was told, "the Arabs will duck a marabout in the village pond—they say that is sure to bring rain!" But the marabouts of repute, the high men and great warriors of the past, are sons of Islam whose tombs or koubbas, with squat domes of dazzling whiteness, are to be seen all over Algeria. These are the resort of innumerable pilgrims, who journey thither to pray for some special blessing for themselves and their families, or to be healed of some disease, or perhaps in fulfilment of a vow. Sidi-Okba, who gave his name to the oasis south of Biskra, was a warrior of the seventh century. At his tomb the maimed and the stricken still congregate at all seasons, while it is the abode in particular of blind beggars and lepers. Many are the prayers uttered by the Mussulman pilgrims at that great tomb, which bears these words upon one of its pillars, inscribed in Kufic characters: "Hada kobr Okba ibn Nafê rhamah Allah" ("this is the tomb of Okba, son of Nafê, whom God in His mercy receive"!)

A word must be said about the blind musicians of the bazaars and nomad tents. One may see them sitting in the market-place of Biskra or by the roadside in the dusty waste of Sidi-Okba, as well as in the shadowy darkness of the Cafés Maures. Often they play that others may dance, and the thin plaintive sound of the Arab music seems to form a soft accompaniment to all the other sounds of the oasis. Indeed, it must remain always associated in one's mind with the hot African days and the moonlit African nights. The instruments are very primitive, the favourite being the *gezbah*, a

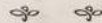


kind of flute open at both ends and usually ornamented with an engraved decorative pattern stained red. The taar is made something after the fashion of a sieve, and consists of a thin hoop of wood over which is stretched a skin of parchment; it is said to resemble very closely the tympanum of the ancients, and corresponds in form to those sometimes seen in the hands of statues representing the priests of Cybele. The gheita is a flute with a mouthpiece, the tobol is a tambourine. How skilfully the long fingers manipulate these rude instruments, producing a kind of savage, desolate, yet wistful music—the music of the desert, of the nomad's douar, of the sheltered, palm-grown oasis! In the white arcades of the Biskra market-place you can hear such music throbbing always in the background, half-drowned in the babel of voices, the barking of dogs, the low remonstrating snarl of the camel. Here are the Arabs playing endless games of rhonda and draughts; here, too, are the fortune-tellers, the story-tellers, relating to the insatiable interest of their hearers the legends of the Thousand and One Nights. Upon the stalls are displayed a strange medley of eastern and western commodities and merchandise. Turkish embroideries, Persian jewellery, native rugs, necklaces of beads, and curios, the little mirrors in frames of embroidered leather which the Arab women wear suspended round their waists, wooden couscous, spoons, native instruments and long scarves of net and sequins. Here, too, are piles of dried locusts, esteemed a delicacy by the Arabs; masses of golden oranges, lumps of blackened dates; baskets of galette and of the flat pale Arab bread. Bread-fruit, oil and honey—the Arabs need little more than these to sustain life.

The words of the wise man, Sidi Mohammed-ou-Allal, came back to me as I watched the busy little scene: "A free man, if he is grasping, is a slave; the slave is free if he lives on little. Choose tents to repose in; nourish yourself with

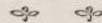
the fruits of the earth; satisfy your thirst with running water; you will leave the world in peace." For sunshine robs poverty of half its sting, and well may these simple dwellers in tents echo the words of the beautiful Russian woman, Isabelle Eberhardt, who for many years led a wandering life in the oases of the Sahara, meeting her death at last in the floods of Ain-Sefra: "Beaux jours de sable et de soleil! Je me sentais immortelle et si riche dans ma pauvreté!" (Beautiful days of sand and sun! I felt I was Immortal, and rich in my poverty!)

I CLARKE.



CALLER (home from the Continong): "And did dear Doris have much difficulty with her French while you were away?"

FOND MAMMA: "None at all. It was the foreigners' French that worried her."



MISS NERVY: "I want you to cut me off twenty-five pounds of beef, please."

Butcher: "Twenty-five pounds?"

Miss Nervy: "Yes, please."

Butcher (after he had finished cutting): "Will you take it or can I send it, madam?"

Miss Nervy: "Oh, I don't want to buy it. You see, my doctor tells me I have lost twenty-five pounds of flesh through playing tennis and I wanted to see what it looked like in a lump. Thanks ever so much."



THE Sunday school teacher was talking to her class about Solomon and his wisdom.

"When the Queen of Sheba came and laid jewels and finery before Solomon what did he say?" she asked presently.

One small girl, who evidently had experience in such matters, replied promptly:

"Ow much d'yer want for the lot?"