

Price 1/-

Vol. 6. No. 61

ST
DUNSTAN'S
REVIEW

SIR ARTHUR PEARSON
SPECIAL
MEMORIAL NUMBER

"Victory over Blindness"

In Memoriam

"C. A. P."

YOU would not have us
grieve at Fate's fierce
blow,

You who turned blindness to
a braver cause,
But glory in the tributes we
may show

To one who triumphed over
Nature's laws
And said: "I will not own
that I am blind

Whilst I have will to work,
and brain to will ;

Whilst I can prove man's eyes
are in his mind,

No man my faith shall break,
my purpose kill."

Pity the Blind! You turned
that cry to scorn,

And gave us sight to see your
flaming creed ;

So that, in place of Pity, there
was born

Deep Understanding,
Pity's fruitful seed.

In pride we watched you,
when the god of War

Flung on Life's shore his
wreckage, maimed and
blind,

Build a great Lighthouse ; there
from near and far

Came young men broken sore
in limb and mind.

Pity the Blind! You gave them
laughter, life,

New hopes, new aims, a path
of work again ;

You gave them weapons for
their gristly strife,

That each who would, might
victory attain.

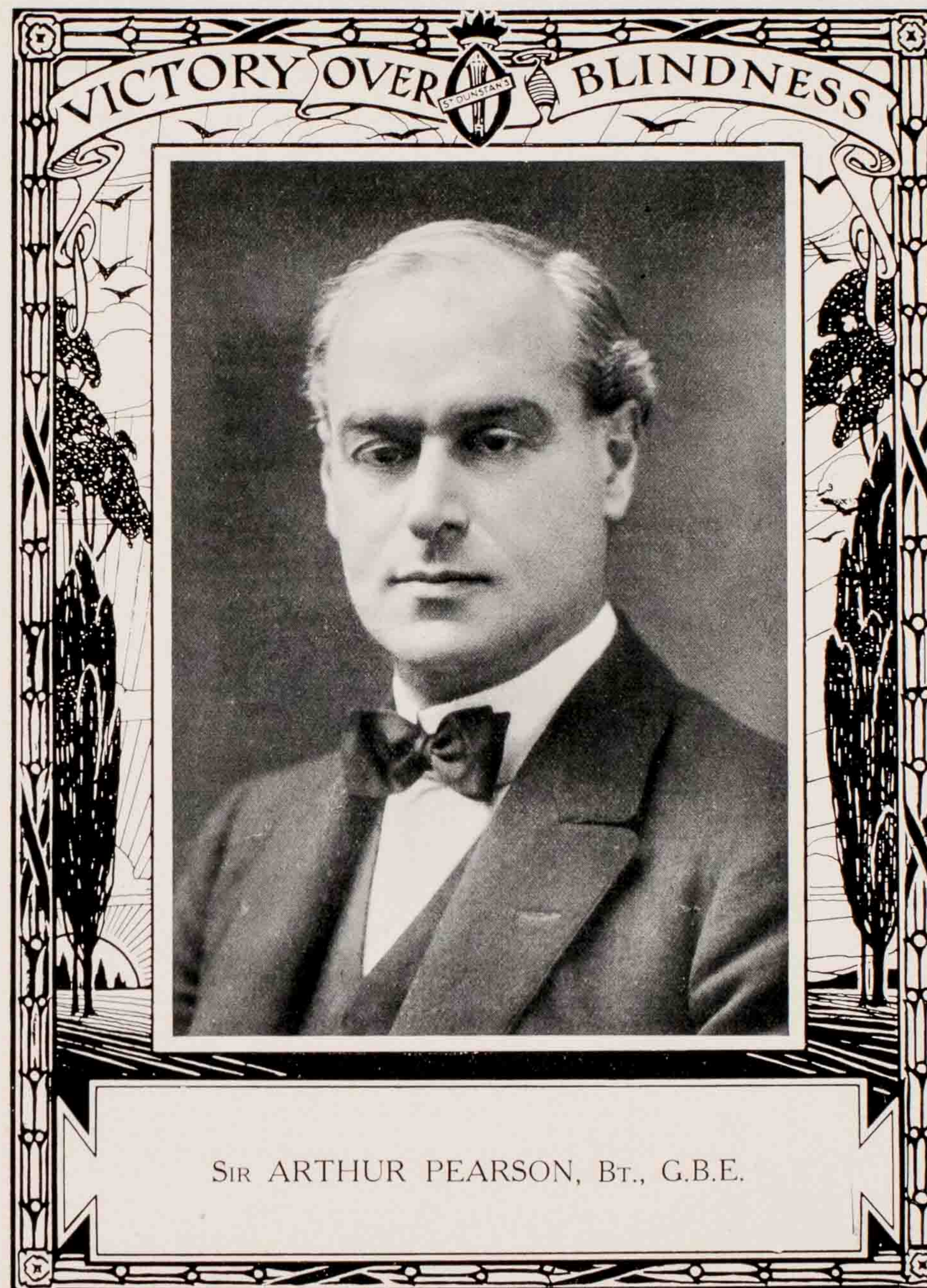
We must not grieve for you, we
will not weep,

But rather hide our grief with
smiling eyes ;

So that, when to us all comes
our Last Sleep,

We too may say: "The
ways of God are wise."

E. LE BRETON MARTIN.





WHEN on that Friday morning the news first came to me that the Chief—the man who, to one and all of us at St. Dunstan's, has been the most living, the most dominant influence in our lives—

was no more, it seemed to me that something impossible, something outside the range of thought had happened. Every effort I made to force my brain to think of other things—of the day's work that lay before me, of the movements and appointments I had planned—brought me up again and again before the blank wall that had been reared in front of me.

And then came the sheet anchor of all great trouble—the call to action, the need to do one's best to meet the difficulties which inevitably presented themselves, the need to help in arranging for the carrying on of St. Dunstan's on lines which our Chief himself would have approved; and here I must say how magnificently Lady Pearson and her son, Sir Neville Pearson, in the midst of their own personal grief, faced the new responsibilities which they were asked to discharge. That Lady Pearson was able at a time like this to give consideration to the interests of St. Dunstan's will, I know, be regarded by my comrades as worthy in the best sense of the word of her husband's great work, and as interpreting what would undoubtedly have been his wishes. While these arrangements, which my readers know eventually led to Lady Pearson's acceptance of the offer to become President, to the appointment of Sir Washington Ranger and Sir Neville Pearson as Vice-Presidents, and to my nomination as Chairman of the Committee, were going forward, the hurried organisation, which enabled the men of St. Dunstan's to attend their Chief's funeral and pay their last respects to him, had to be created.

I am thankful that I was given so little time to dwell upon the shock of our loss, and I do not now want in too personal a sense to lay stress upon all that the death of Sir Arthur has meant to me. We have all lost more than a much-loved Chief, and I more than a personal friend. We have lost the man whose own splendid buoyant courage, whose great human sympathy and personal example, has done much to make our lives so well worth living in the years since we had thought its pleasures, its interests, ended.

I have been asked from many quarters, since Sir Arthur's death, to add my quota to the world-wide tribute of praise of his personality, his ideals, and his achievements, and so far as I have been able I have been proud to tell what the Chief has been to us who shared his handicap, who rebuilt our lives under his guidance. On another page of this Journal I have written of Sir Arthur's work for St. Dunstan's, but here, in this personal note, I have felt for the first time that I might try and express what he meant to all of us—not as our splendid leader only, but as our loved friend. However halting my words may be, I am helped in writing them by the knowledge that I am speaking directly to my comrades, who will know that the depth of our regard, the poignancy of our loss, is not to be measured by the printed word or written phrase.

Universal tribute has been paid to our Chief by the world's greatest writers—its greatest men and women. My words can add little to the regard in which posterity will for ever hold him. Only this would I say. By the death of Sir Arthur Pearson the world has lost one of its greatest and best loved citizens, the whole blind community has lost a leader who has given them—men, women and children—far more than material help, the heart and hope to scorn their handicap. But we, men of St. Dunstan's, have lost the great Chief who made us fighting men again. Let us see to it that we maintain for all time the victories he has helped us to win. Our pride in that shall be his noblest epitaph.

Ian Fraser.



HEADQUARTERS OF ST. DUNSTAN'S WORK,
INNER CIRCLE,
REGENT'S PARK, N.W.1

A MESSAGE FROM LADY PEARSON TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN
OF ST. DUNSTAN'S

Though I realise that to many of you I am at present unknown, yet I feel most deeply for you, and send you my heartfelt appreciation for the kind messages of condolence which you have sent me. The sympathy of you, for whom my dear husband did so much, has helped my son and me tremendously in our time of sorrow.

I know how high Sir Arthur stood in your estimation, and how great will be the gap in your lives now that he has gone. It is impossible for anyone quite to take his place, but he always had the most complete confidence in Captain Ian Fraser, your new Chairman, whose election to that office has been received with such unanimous and whole-hearted approval. We all of us know that no-one could better undertake all business matters for you in the future.

I do so hope that you will fully realise that I and my son will do our best to make up to you for the loss which we one and all have sustained. Every day we will try our utmost to strengthen that bond of sympathy which existed between you and him. In this way we shall be able to help you to carry on, and so ensure that the torch of hope for those who cannot see, which he and you have lighted, shall never be dimmed. The generations of blind people who come after will thus become happier and yet more happy because of the work of our dear Sir Arthur and his St. Dunstaners.

Yours in very real sympathy,

Ethel Pearson

President



THE funeral of Sir Arthur Pearson took place on Tuesday, 13th December, and was attended by a vast concourse of persons representing every walk of life, and especially every phase of the great work for the blind in which Sir Arthur had been so great a leader.

The funeral service was held at Holy Trinity Church, St. Marylebone, and was conducted by the Bishop of London, assisted by the Rev. Prebendary E. N. Sharpe, M.A., and the Rev. Harold Gibb, B.A., who was blinded in the war. The great Church was filled to its utmost by an enormous congregation, which included a large number of St. Dunstan's blinded officers and men, leading officials of St. Dunstan's and the National Institute for the Blind, and representatives and deputations of Societies for the blind from every part of the country.

Thousands of the public who could not gain admission waited patiently outside the Church during the greater part of the hour which the service occupied, to pay their last tribute of respect to the man all the world loved and honoured. The pall bearers were Mr. Charles Knowles, Mr. H. F. Lipscomb (Sir Arthur's sons-in-law), Sir Washington Ranger, D.C.L. (Chairman of the Executive Council of the National Institute for the Blind), Captain Ian Fraser (now Chairman of St. Dunstan's), Mr. P. D. Everett, Mr. J. M. Bathgate (Directors of Messrs. C. A. Pearson, Ltd.), Sir John Kirk and Mr. Ernest

Kessell (representing the Fresh Air Fund). At the head of the chief mourners came Lady Pearson and her son, Sir Neville Pearson, followed by Mrs. Knowles, Mrs. Lipscomb, Mrs. Cotterell (Sir Arthur's daughters), Mrs. Menzies, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Pearson (his sisters), Mr. Menzies, Mr. Arnold (his brothers-in-law), Lady Stevenson, Miss Fraser, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Ivor Fraser and Mrs. Neele (Sir Arthur's sisters-in-law).

The King was represented by Sir Edward Wallington (Groom in Waiting), Queen Alexandra by Colonel Sir Henry Streatfeild (Private Secretary), the Prince of Wales by General F. Trotter, the Queen of Norway by Sir George Ponsonby, the Duke of Connaught by Colonel Douglas Gordon, and Princess Beatrice by Colonel Sir Frederick Packe.

The opening sentences of the burial service were followed by Psalm xxiii. and the Lesson from Corinthians, the hymns being "Lead, Kindly Light," "Abide with me," and "For all the saints." The Blessing was pronounced by the Bishop of London, and the service concluded with Chopin's Funeral March, played by the blind organist, Mr. F. C. Warrilow, F.R.C.O., head of the music department at the National Institute for the Blind.

Among those present were :

Lady Hulton, the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Coventry, Lady Riddell, Lady Marsham, the Marquis of Clydesdale, Lord and Lady Faringdon, Sir Harry and Lady Brittain, Sir Milsom Rees, Miss Edith Maxwell-Lyte, Mr. and Mrs. Hyde Thompson, Sir Malcolm and Lady Fraser, Rev. Dr. Fearon (Sir Arthur's headmaster at Winchester), Rev. H. C. and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. George Mackie (Rep-

resenting Pearson's Fresh Air Fund, Edinburgh), Major Strong and Miss Bell, Captain Towse, V.C., Miss Page Deane, Mr. Edwin Drew, General Sir Bindon Blood and Lady Blood, Captain Williams St. Thomas, Mr. Ivor Fraser, Mr. P. Macintyre Evans (chairman, Metropolitan and Adjacent Counties Association for the Blind), the Duke of Newcastle, Capt. Russell Roberts, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Mrs. Oscar Campbell, Miss Huxham, Mrs. Claremont (secretary Blind Babies' Home), Mrs. Ward (late matron St. Dunstan's), Mrs. Wade Wall, Miss Pierrepont Edwards, Miss Monk (principal Chorley Wood College for Blind Girls), Mr. C. W. Neele, Mr. Ayer-Carr, Major Arthur Haggard (representing Veterans' Club), Lady MacPherson, Miss Hamar Greenwood, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Brenton, Dr. and Mrs. Holland, Lord Beaverbrook, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Blumenfeld, Colonel Sir A. Lisle Webb, Sir Gilbert and Lady Parker, Major A. Stodart Walker, Captain W. Owen, the Rev. W. E. Lloyd, Lady Morgan, Miss Neele, the Right Hon. Ian Macpherson, Mrs. Trevelyan Martin, Lord Southwark, Lady Roxburgh, Lady Mond, Miss Mond, Mr. Walter

Maxwell-Lyte, Mr. Arthur H. Ward (Shaftesbury Society and Ragged School Union), Mr. T. F. Hobson (Swiss Cottage School for the Blind), Captain Houldsworth (representing General Lord and Lady Horne), Sir Frederick Bowater, Miss O. I. Prince, Lord Shaw, Lord Rothermere, Mr. Esmond Harmsworth, M.P., Mrs. Edith Hampson (Henshaw's Institute for the Blind), Countess of Limerick, Major Wade (representing Major Sir Robert Baden Powell and the Boy Scouts Association), Mr. Ormond A. Blyth (Blind Workshops), Viscount Chaplin, the High Commissioner for Canada and Lady Perley, Sir Samuel Waring, Miss Mary Garaway (College of Teachers of the Blind), Colonel Buckley (representing Acting High Commissioner of Australia), Sir Frank and Lady Newnes, Sir Emsley Carr, Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter, Mr. P. L. Way and Mrs. F. Chaplin Hall, Sir George Hastings, Mrs. Lionel Guest, Mr. Eric Alden (representing Sir L. Worthington-Evans), Mr. Howard Mullins, the Earl of Kintore, Lady Alexander, Sir James Allen (High Commissioner, New Zealand), Rev. E. A. Gillespie, Sir George Arthur, and Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield.

At The Graveside

SCENES unparalleled in their pathos were witnessed at the Hampstead Cemetery, where the body of Sir Arthur Pearson was lowered to rest. St. Dunstan's men from all over the country, by the medium of arrangements which are detailed elsewhere, had come from every part of Great Britain—the Battalions of the Blind, to honour their dead Chief. There were, too, large numbers of the civilian blind, and with the attendance of the public, the great congregation at the cemetery must have totalled nearly 3,000 people.

While the arrival of the cortège was being awaited, it had been arranged that there should be a service at the graveside for those unable to attend the Church. This was held by the Rev. E. W. Williams, Chaplain of St. Dunstan's, who spoke a brief and glowing eulogy of the Chief. Standing at a temporary pulpit the Chaplain said, "Boys, I can hardly say how much the passing of the Chief has overwhelmed us. He was so dear to us. You have come from north, south, east and west. No Chief ever loved his men more than Sir Arthur did, and no

chief was more beloved by his men. We have lost, not only our Commander-in-Chief, but a dear friend. His message to you would be: 'Carry on the good work, and let victory be achieved.'" A special prayer was said, referring to the indomitable courage of the founder of St. Dunstan's, and asking that those who mourned for him might be comforted. The men joined fervently in the singing of three hymns, and with muffled drums the band of the Grenadier Guards played Chopin's Funeral March, the men standing stiffly at attention till the last notes had died away. The singing was led by a choir from the Royal Normal College for the Blind, Upper Norwood.

Shortly after this brief service the funeral cortège arrived. On the way from Holy Trinity Church it had paused for one brief moment before the bungalow in Regent's Park, the original home of St. Dunstan's.

The coffin was supported to the graveside upon a wheeled bier, and upon its lid was placed a wreath from Queen Alexandra, bearing this inscription in her own handwriting :—

"With deepest regret and admiration for the noble benefactor of the Blind.

Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won,
Now comes rest.

From ALEXANDRA."

Before it walked a boy scout, carrying a floral Union Jack, surmounted by a dove, bearing the letters "V.O.B." (Victory over Blindness).

Sir Edward Wallington, for the King, and other representatives of the Royal Family, and the family mourners came in the brief procession.

The wreath from Lady Pearson, composed of violets in the form of an anchor, was lowered with the coffin into the grave, which was lined with laurels and white

The Floral Tributes

ONE of the most striking features of the funeral was the great beauty and immense numbers of the floral tributes. The Hampstead Cemetery had been transformed into a garden of glorious flowers. There were nearly 300 of these tokens of love and respect, and hundreds of them had been placed out on the grass avenues leading to the grave, where in the pale golden sun of the winter morning they made an inexpressibly lovely picture. These floral offerings came from people in every walk of life, from Associations and Public bodies all over the world. In addition to the tributes from Sir Arthur's own family and personal relations, there were offerings from the following, amongst many hundreds of others:—

St. Dunstan's Staff
Matron and Staff, St. Dunstan's Houses, London
Matrons and Staff of St. Dunstan's Annexes at St. Leonards, Ilkley, North Berwick, Brighton and Cheltenham
Officers, N.C.O.'s and men in training at St. Dunstan's
Officers, N.C.O.'s and men who have left St. Dunstan's
Seven St. Dunstan's Shorthand Typists, Enemy Departments
Civil Service
Staff at Officers' Annexe, Brighton
New Zealand Blinded Soldiers
Australian Blinded Soldiers

chrysanthemums. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." A verse of "O, God, our help in ages past" was sung. Then came the march past and silent farewell of the men of St. Dunstan's. From first to last it took nearly an hour. In silence, unbroken, save by the footfalls, passed the long columns of the men for whom Sir Arthur had done so much—Hand upon the shoulder of the man in front, each St. Dunstaner paused for a brief moment at the open grave, and then onward again with memory alone to recall the loved leader.

And so the Chief, his life's great work so nobly done, passed to his last long rest, but his memory will live for ever in the imperishable work that he has done.

Canadian Blinded Soldiers
South African Blinded Soldiers
Council of the National Institute for the Blind
Staff of the National Institute for the Blind
Branch Offices of the National Institute for the Blind
Braille Department, National Institute for the Blind
Cardiff Branch, National Institute for the Blind
Liverpool Branch, National Institute for the Blind
Blind Women of the Clifton Home, Bristol
Blind Women of the Residential Club, National Institute for the Blind
Boys of Worcester College for the Blind
Girls of Chorley Wood College for the Blind
Guests of Hoole Bank Guest-House for the Blind
Blind Babies of "Sunshine House"
Lady Pearson's Blind Concert Party and Miss Bell
Greater London Fund for the Blind
Association of Certificated Blind Masseurs
St. Dunstan's National Whist Championship
President and Executive, Canadian National Institute for the Blind
Canadian National Institute for the Blind
Scouts of St. Dunstan's
British Legion
Chairman and Members of Veterans' Club
Sir Washington Ranger, Chairman

Members of the Executive Council of the National Institute for the Blind:—

Miss E. M. Bainbrigge
Miss L. Douglas-Hamilton
Captain Ian Fraser
Mr. Godfrey Hamilton
Mr. W. P. Merrick
Mr. G. F. Mowatt
Mr. Sidney Parry
Mr. John Tennant

The Memorial Service at St. James', Paddington

'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with Me.'

A MEMORIAL SERVICE was held on Sunday evening, 18th December, at St. James' Church, Paddington, London, W., conducted by the Rev. Prebendary E. N. Sharpe, Vicar of the Parish and Hon. Chaplain of St. Dunstan's, assisted by the Rev. Ernest Williams, Chaplain of St. Dunstan's. The psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," the hymns, "Ten thousand times ten thousand," "Abide with Me," "Lead, kindly Light," "For All the Saints," and a verse written by Mr. John Lydgate were sung. The opening and closing voluntaries and Chopin's Funeral March were played by Mr. H. C. Warrilow, F.R.C.O., the blind Director of Music at the National Institute for the Blind. There was a large congregation, the following amongst many others being present: Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, Captain and Mrs. Fraser, Mr. John Tennant, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Wood, Captain Pollard, from the London Association for the Blind, Mr. P. M. Evans, Chairman of the Metropolitan and Adjacent Counties Association for the Blind, Mr. H. Stainsby, Secretary-General of the National Institute for the Blind and a member of St. Dunstan's Committee, Lady O'Dwyer, Hon. Secretary, Mr. H. J. Wagg, Mrs. De Carteret, Miss Robinson and three blind workers from the Barclay Workshop for Blind Women, Mr. and Mrs. Ottaway, Mrs. A. F. Heard, a number of sisters and blind men from St. Dunstan's, and many members of the staff of the National Institute for the Blind. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Prebendary Sharpe, who chose for his text the words quoted above. He suggested that the picture of Christ standing and knocking was continually being painted in the experiences of many lives, and alluded to the sudden summons which had come to Sir Arthur Pearson, as he was preparing to add another strenuous day to his ever-busy life.

He went on to tell how some months ago, Sir Arthur was present at one of the weekly services held in the little Chapel at St. Dunstan's and how interested and moved he was to learn that there, week by week, for some years prayer had been made for him and for his staff. "One day, perhaps," said the preacher, "we shall know something more of the answers given to those prayers;" and he urged that we should all go on praying that Sir Arthur's widow and son and those who had pledged themselves to carry on his noble work should have the needful strength and guidance given to them for the task. A sermon which deeply touched the hearts of all those present concluded:

"In the calling away of our well-loved Chief surely we can hear the Masters' knock at the door. Let us each and all, before we leave this church, not only hear the knock, but make response to that knocking, and consecrate ourselves afresh to the service of our Lord and Master; so that, when the hour comes for us to cross the river of Death, we may find Him ready to welcome us into the Land of Everlasting Light."

Messages of Sympathy

TELEGRAMS and letters of sympathy were received by Lady Pearson from every quarter of the Empire and from those in every station of life, testifying to the universal appeal of Sir Arthur's noble work. The following message was received from Their Majesties THE KING AND QUEEN.

"The King and Queen are shocked and distressed to hear of the grievous loss which has befallen you through a fatal accident to Sir Arthur Pearson, and I am commanded to convey to you the assurances of their Majesties' heartfelt sympathy. Their Majesties feel that his fellow-countrymen will gratefully remember the noble work accomplished by Sir Arthur in alleviating and brightening the lives of those suffering from that affliction which he himself had borne with such exemplary patience, courage and cheerfulness."

(Signed) STAMFORDHAM.

Immediately on hearing the news QUEEN ALEXANDRA wired as follows :

"Too distressed and horrified for words for the terribly sad and distressing news of your beloved husband's death. Words fail me to express all I feel for you and us all, at the loss of so great and valuable a man and friend to us all. God comfort you."

A further telegram from HER MAJESTY read :

"My thoughts and prayers never leave for a moment in your terrible loss and agony. Your beloved's husband loss is truly a National one, as well as a loss to us all. As a personal friend my thoughts never leave you for a moment."

The PRINCE OF WALES cabled from India :

"Please accept my deepest sympathy in your sad loss."

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE, Countess of Athlone :

"Heartfelt sympathy in your sorrow. Your husband's noble work was an inspiration to us all."

H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE :

"So deeply grieved at tragedy and your great loss. Pray accept my heartfelt sympathy."

H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN :

"Accept expression of my sincere sympathy in your great sorrow."

THE QUEEN OF NORWAY and H.R.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA :

"My sister Maud and I wish to express our heartfelt sympathy in your terrible sorrow. What a loss he will be."

H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE :

"Accept my sincerest sympathy in your great sorrow. His loss will be universally mourned. He made darkness day to many lives."

THE PRINCESS ROYAL :

"My deepest sympathy with you."

KING MANUEL OF PORTUGAL wired :

"The Queen and I send you our deeply-felt sympathy in your great loss."

The Prime Minister sent the following message :

"My wife and I are deeply shocked to hear of the tragic death of your husband. The loss of such a public benefactor will be very widely felt, and he will ever be remembered by the wonderful part which he played in brightening the lives of those suffering under a terrible affliction. Please accept our most sincere sympathy."

The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill :

"Please accept my profound sympathy in your irreparable loss."

The Rt. Hon. Ian MacPherson, Minister of Pensions :

"Deeply grieved to hear of your sad loss ; the whole Empire will mourn the death of one who was above all the friend of our Blinded Soldiers, and out of his own affliction created hope for them in place of despair."

The Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, Prime Minister of Canada, cabled :

"The Government of Canada convey to you deepest sympathy in the sad loss of your distinguished husband and desires to express its profound appreciation of the work which he did for blinded Canadian soldiers at St. Dunstan's during the Great War and for the further interest which he took during his life-time in the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, this having been of incalculable service to Canadian Soldiers, all of whom regarded him as a benefactor and a friend."

Col. The Hon. Sir James Allen, High Commissioner for New Zealand :

"On return to London I learn with regret of the sad death of Sir Arthur Pearson, and desire to express my sympathy in your bereavement. New Zealand very fully appreciates his great and sympathetic help to her sons who lost their sight in the great War. The loss of his noble example will be felt throughout the Empire."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Vincent, Superintendents of After-Care for South African Blinded Soldiers :

"South African Blinded Soldiers and we deeply grieve with you in your and our sad and irreparable loss, and wish to express to you our heartfelt sympathy."

Mr. Clutha McKenzie, M.P. for Auckland East, N.Z., a blinded New Zealand soldier who works for the benefit of his comrades :

"Great blow to us all. Deepest sympathy. New Zealand Blinded Soldiers."

Her Ex. Lady Forster, wife of Governor-General of Australia and President of the Australian Red Cross :

"Australian Red Cross laments death of Sir Arthur Pearson. His work for

Australian Blinded Soldiers will ever be remembered with deepest gratitude."

Mr. L. M. Wood, President of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind :

"Am inexpressibly grieved to learn of Sir Arthur's death. His loss to the world is incalculable. The blind of Canada, who owe him so much, extend their deep sympathy, and I with hundreds of Canadians who knew Sir Arthur personally mourn the loss of a warm-hearted and generous friend."

Captain Delvaux, Commandant Institution for Belgian War-blinded, Boitsfort, Bruxelles :

"The Belgian War-blinded, deeply touched by the death of Sir Arthur Pearson, send to their English Comrades the expression of their warmest sympathy."

President of American Permanent Blind Relief War Fund :

"Greatly shocked by sad news death Sir Arthur Pearson ; we mourn with you the loss of the Blind's most devoted and precious friend and benefactor. Please accept heart-felt sympathy, and convey our condolences to Sir Arthur's family."

Messages of condolence were also received from the following among many others :

His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster ; Lord and Lady Derby ; Lord Reading and Lord Erleigh ; The High Commissioners of the British Colonies ; Lord Faringdon ; Lord Leverhulme ; Mr. Gordon Selfridge ; Lord Burnham ; Lord Northcliffe ; Lord Riddell ; Sir Emsley Carr ; Sir Frank Newnes ; Sir Owen Seaman and many other influential newspaper owners and editors ; the Mayors of St. Marylebone and many other Boroughs ; many important members of the Theatrical Profession, and others too numerous to mention.

Messages also reached Lady Pearson from practically every Blind Institution in the British Empire, and from many of those interested in the welfare of the Blind in the United States, France and Italy.

SIR ARTHUR PEARSON B.T.G.B.E.

HIS LIFE & WORK

CYRIL ARTHUR PEARSON was born at Wookey, near Wells, in Somersetshire, on February 24th, 1866. His father was the Rev. A. Cyril Pearson, an Anglican clergyman, whose dictionary is well known. At ten years of age Arthur Pearson was sent to a preparatory school at Wimbledon, where he remained for four years. He then entered Winchester College, where he distinguished himself in every form of athletic sport.

On leaving school Arthur Pearson spent his time in miscellaneous reading under the guidance of his father in the country rectory. Then came his opportunity: The late Sir George Newnes, founder of *Tit-Bits*, announced that he would offer a situation with a salary of £100 a year to the reader who would supply the best answers to ten questions set each week for a period of three months. Arthur Pearson determined that he would be the winner. The nearest available library was at Bedford, a distance of thirty miles from Drayton Parslow, the little Buckinghamshire village where he then resided. An idea can be formed of his marvellous energy and persistence when it is stated that he cycled some 2,000 miles in all to find his answers in the necessary books.

As winner of the position offered by Sir George Newnes, Arthur Pearson came to London in September, 1884, and embarked on the career which was to bring him fame and fortune. Six months later the managership of the office became vacant, and Mr. Pearson, though only nineteen years of age, applied for and eventually obtained the post, which he

held for four years. In 1889, Mr. W. T. Stead founded the *Review of Reviews*, in partnership with Sir George Newnes, Mr. Pearson becoming their first manager. The strong wills of Newnes and Stead clashed before the appearance of the periodical, and Stead was left to start it alone. Soon after this Mr. Pearson left the Newnes firm.

Under circumstances none too favourable, and with but little capital, he then started a paper which he called by his own name: *Pearson's Weekly*. In founding this paper his ideal was to supply readers with wholesome and up-to-date reading matter, and although he was then only 24 years of age, his quick perception enabled him to know exactly what the public required. It must be mentioned that it was in connection with *Pearson's Weekly* that Mr. Pearson founded the "Fresh Air Fund," to enable poor slum children to have a change in the country, far from the fœtid air of the great city. This fund started in the early days of *Pearson's Weekly* with a Christmas feast given in Stepney to 2,000 poor children. Arthur Pearson went down to play with the children, and there realised that what they required was something more than an annual dinner. The result was the scheme which has enabled over four million children to obtain a day's country pleasures, whilst considerably over 60,000 little ones have been given a fortnight's holiday under the pleasantest conditions imaginable.

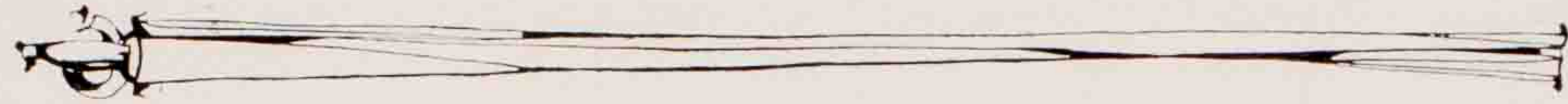
Pearson's Weekly was the forerunner of numerous periodicals. *Home Notes*, which was the first home paper of its size, was an immediate success and has remained so.

Pearson's Magazine, the *Royal Magazine*, the *Novel Magazine*, the *Smallholder*, the *Scout* (the official organ of the "Scout" movement), *Peg's Paper*, *Peg's Companion*, followed each other in rapid succession. Mr. Pearson soon turned his thoughts to the establishment of a daily newspaper, and in 1900 he founded the *Daily Express*. This paper was almost the first to advocate the political movement in favour of Tariff Reform, and Arthur Pearson soon became an important figure in the group of men who supported Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and the cause which he championed. He devoted the pages of his paper to the movement, and founded committees and organisations, thereby earning the sincere gratitude of Mr. Chamberlain, who alluded to him as "the greatest hustler I have ever known." It is interesting to note that he became a Vice-President of the Tariff Reform League, and acted as Chairman of the Tariff Commission in 1903. The *Daily Express* was the first newspaper to have news items printed on its front page. As time went on Mr. Pearson acquired the controlling interests of various newspapers in different parts of the country; first that of the *St. James's Gazette* in the year 1903. In 1904 he purchased the *Standard*, and with it the *Evening Standard*. Later he amalgamated the *Evening Standard* with the *St. James's Gazette*. He also had control of newspapers in Newcastle, Birmingham and other towns. All the hard work imposed upon him had laid a severe strain upon his eyesight, which had never been of the strongest. Eleven years ago his sight began to fade, and four years later, just before the outbreak of war, it failed completely. He had by then gradually relinquished a great many of his interests, always excepting that of his original business, and by dint of his indomitable will, unflinching patience and tireless industry he "taught himself

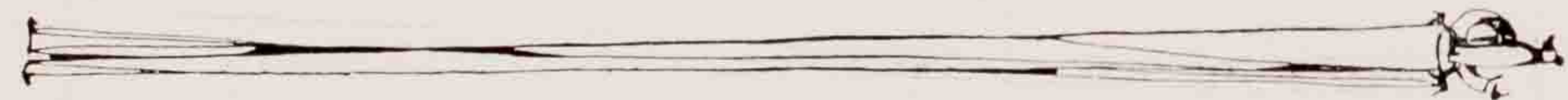
to be blind." How he passed that knowledge on to others, and kindled the fires of Hope in many a stricken heart, has now become History.

Arthur Pearson's connection with the National Institute for the Blind began in October, 1913, when he was unanimously elected a member of the Council. In January, 1914, he was elected, again unanimously, Honorary Treasurer, and in July of the same year, President, which office he held until the time of his death. His first work in connection with the Institute was the organisation of a vigorous money-raising campaign to cover the cost of the new building of the Institute at 224-6-8, Great Portland Street, W. 1, which was then in course of erection. He succeeded in raising a net sum of approximately £60,000, and the Institute was thus enabled to complete and equip a building—opened in March, 1914, by their Majesties the King and Queen—which is now the centre of a world-wide distribution of Braille literature and music for the blind, and other far-reaching activities.

But it was the outbreak of War in 1914 that gave Arthur Pearson the new field of action which was so soon to develop into an enterprise which, in its wonderful achievements has for ever set the seal on the noble and beneficent genius of its founder and guiding spirit. For, great as had been Arthur Pearson's efforts, not only for the blind but for other charitable enterprises, it is in connection with the founding and control of St. Dunstan's that his name will ever be linked and hallowed in the public memory. In these pages it will never be necessary to set on record any history of what Sir Arthur Pearson has done for St. Dunstan's. The monument to his labours will for ever be treasured in the happy hearts and homes of so many hundreds of war-blinded men, who, before they came under his fatherly



care and the inspiration of his own brave soul, had thought that the light and happiness of life was over for them. It was while Sir Arthur was visiting in hospital the first blinded man to be brought into this country, a Belgian soldier, who was almost certainly the first man to be blinded in the war, that the idea developed itself in his mind of a Hostel, where these men—for Sir Arthur foresaw that the toll of war-blinded men would inevitably grow—could learn to be blind. The actual start of the great Organisation, which came to be known to the world as St. Dunstan's, was made at a house in Bayswater Hill in February, 1915, with two blinded soldiers. Then came the greatly generous offer of Mr. Otto Kahn, who placed at Sir Arthur's disposal the splendid mansion and grounds of St. Dunstan's. When in March of the same year the move was made to the new Hostel, there were 16 men to care for, and before the end of 1918 there were over 1,500 names on the books and five large establishments with the original house of St. Dunstan's as their centre in London, in addition to several annexes in the provinces. Very quickly, even this accommodation became too small, and by degrees buildings were added, many other houses taken, and generally the whole of the Organisation was placed on a footing which made it easily the most important and widespread of privately controlled charitable enterprises the country had known. The consecutive history of that growth is known, almost in detail, by every reader of these pages, and it cannot be attempted here to even summarise that story, which has gripped public imagination and a world's admiration, and which Sir Arthur himself has told, better than anyone else could hope to tell, in his book, "Victory Over Blindness," which was published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.



It was in recognition of the great national services he had rendered in connection with St. Dunstan's that a baronetcy was conferred on Sir Arthur in 1916, while in the following year a further honour was bestowed upon him and he was made Grand Commander of the British Empire.

Notwithstanding the unceasing demand made upon his time and energies by the control of St. Dunstan's, Sir Arthur yet found opportunities for a great deal of other work. At the end of 1916, at the request of the King, he visited the French re-educational institutions for the blind, and again, at the end of 1917, he went to the Continent to pay another visit to the French Institutions, to make arrangements for British soldiers blinded in Italy, and to confer with the American authorities on the care of those of their men who might lose their sight. During 1918 and 1919, Sir Arthur visited Canada and America, where he addressed many great audiences and generally was the means of furthering to great effect public interest in work for the welfare of the blind community. Sir Arthur was made Honorary President of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, and there is no doubt that much of the work of that great Institution has been modelled upon his methods in dealing with the blind of this country.

He continued to devote also great attention to the work of the National Institute, and under his Presidency it has constantly extended its sphere of influence in all directions, to the lasting benefit of every section of the civilian blind.

In all his work for the blind, Sir Arthur always had the boundless sympathy and interest of his wife, Lady Pearson, who last year, in recognition of her loving labours, was created Dame of the British Empire.

"C. A. P."

(BY ONE WHO WORKED WITH HIM)

SIR ARTHUR PEARSON was known as The Chief to many groups of men. He was not called The Chief by those associated with him in the business that bears his name; at least, not in the early years of his work. To them he was always C. A. P., and to the end of his life many invariably spoke of him by those initials which became a term of endearment. But all who called him The Chief, meant also by it something more than respect to the one in authority—they, too, put into the words a note of affection; it was so in the many newspaper offices that he directed, and above all, at St. Dunstan's.

To speak only of actual work, Sir Arthur was more constantly occupied with the affairs of St. Dunstan's than he ever allowed himself to be continuously with any business he controlled. But he was always an indefatigable worker. The young C. A. P., building up his weekly, thought nothing of rising at five or six in the morning to write articles and to read proofs. He lived in a remote part of Surrey, and never wasted a moment of the long train-journey to town: when the return was made in the dark, he would still work on manuscripts and proofs, using a little electric lamp, fastened in the button-hole of his coat, so that he could see to read. It was characteristic of his relation to those whose chief he was that he provided a cottage near his own home, where members of the staff were made welcome during the week-ends. With his then natural abruptness of manner was combined an unfailing sympathy: to say that he was never careless of the personal troubles of those about him barely expresses the truth: he always showed a spontaneous eagerness to be of help. In those days, as to the end of his life, his own energy inspired all with whom he came in contact. Everyone was keyed-up to respond to the swift ideas and rapid

methods of C. A. P. He was strenuous in his hours of leisure, always ready to take up something new. When he began keeping horses, he started at once to drive a tandem and a four-in-hand without any previous experience. He trusted to his own judgment and skill; critical situations would arise, but his nerve never failed. The only accident I remember was when the front part of a wagonette broke away from the body of the carriage, and C. A. P., who was driving a spirited pair of horses, refusing to let go of the reins, was dragged a long distance down the road. For a time he was laid up from his injuries, but he was compensated for his inaction by thinking that the horses had not got away from him. In those days he might be seen driving through the Surrey lanes, always without a hat, sometimes with three horses together, sometimes with three or four in a line, the leader, or the two leaders, being ridden. He would often with his week-end guests set out, not once, but several times a day on horseback. Sometimes when all the riding-horses had been used saddles would be put on the carriage-horses for an evening ride over the hills. A little later in his life C. A. P. interested himself in breeding and training horses: he built a large riding-school near his house. Afterwards this building was converted into a huge aviary, where he collected all kinds of rare birds. Part of it was used as a covered lawn-tennis court. He laid out, too, a golf-course in the grounds. In his young days he was a keen hockey player; he was naturally good at all games, though his glasses sometimes handicapped him. As a boy C. A. P. rode the old-fashioned high bicycle: then a tricycle, and when the safety bicycle appeared, he spent much of his leisure time going for long rides. Finally the motor-car ousted even his beloved horses. He was a daring driver and always the higher the speed the





SOME CHARACTERISTIC STUDIES OF SIR ARTHUR PEARSON

1. In the Gardens 2. With the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary at St. Dunstan's 3. With Sir Ernest Shackleton at St. Dunstan's 4. With the Lord Mayor of London at St. Dunstan's
5. With Queen Alexandra at the Bungalow 6. With Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd and a group of St. Dunstaners

greater his enjoyment. It was not until after he became blind that he had the opportunity to fly.

No experience came amiss to C. A. P., but more than anything else in the way of recreation he enjoyed walking. He was a lover of nature, especially fond of studying bird-life: one of the first articles he wrote was on the sparrows of London. (It was published, I think, by W. T. Stead, with whom he afterwards once worked two days and nights without going home, bringing out the first number of the *Review of Reviews*.) Few men can ever have been more observant than C. A. P., and this made him a fascinating companion on a walk: he had, too, an inexhaustible fund of facts and stories. It was his intense enjoyment of every moment that kept up the spirits of the companion whose physical energy could hardly keep pace with his own. At one time C. A. P. went for a long walking-tour through Northern Italy and the South of France. He liked to live on high ground, and the ascent of mountains was to him a delight.

If you want a portrait of the young C. A. P. you must imagine him with a thick crop of wiry black hair, gold pince-nez and a small dark moustache. He was totally indifferent to dress, and usually wore at his office a Norfolk jacket, and a white piqué, four-in-hand, tie with a gold pin. He would at that time never dress for dinner if he could escape the necessity. If he smoked at all, it was very seldom: experiments in diet, then, as always, interested him. For long periods he would drink nothing but water, eat only fruit for breakfast and in the afternoon, when others were taking tea. Whatever idea caught his fancy he would give it a trial. Nothing was ever a pose with him. Reminded in after-life of his early carelessness in the matter of appearance, and of his once firm rule that a man should go about bare-headed, the recollection came back as something astonishing.

He was hardly what might be described as a great reader, though he enjoyed the relaxation of an exciting story. He was always doing things: he

depended much on his own observation and experience, and knowing so many of the interesting people of his day, he had a vital store of knowledge such as the mere student of literature seldom acquires. He cared little for art or for music, apart from tunes. He had a natural gift for writing in a vivid descriptive way. He wrote in the same manner as he spoke. In those early days C. A. P. almost invariably fell asleep immediately after dinner. Even if he had guests, he would often vanish to a deck chair or a hammock. There was nothing he disliked more than being aroused to go to bed.

Intensely interested in all that was going on in the world, C. A. P. had no real concern in politics. The exception was the Tariff Reform movement which, at the time when he became Mr. Chamberlain's "champion hustler," appealed strongly to his common-sense.

This brings us to the days of Sir Arthur's newspaper enterprises: it was then C. A. P. became The Chief. On the night of the first issue of the *Daily Express*, when all the anxiety of establishing a new daily had culminated in production, C. A. P., leaving the office, sat down on some doorstep in the street, and, in his own words, howled like a baby. I often think of that solitary figure in the darkness of Fleet Street: it may be because C. A. P. was a superman who always seemed capable of bearing any weight on his shoulders, and, perhaps, also because he was, in fact, a solitary man. Does anyone claim to have really known C. A. P.? Even with those who saw him almost daily there were immense reserves. He was fundamentally shy, though he usually gave exactly the opposite impression: his abruptness was often a sort of protective armour to hide a sensitive nature. His deepest convictions were hard to arrive at, from his habit of expressing with extraordinary emphasis some point of view that was only temporarily established in his mind. But the fact that he was always ready with a decision, and with the energy in any matter of enterprise to carry it out,



THE
SPLENDID
TRIBUTE OF
ST. DUNSTAN'S



A VIEW OF A PORTION OF
THE VAST CONCOURSE AT
THE GRAVESIDE



SOME OLD
ST.
DUNSTANERS
ARRIVE
AT
THE
CHURCH



LADY PEARSON
AND SIR NEVILLE
PEARSON



"AVENUES OF HUNDREDS
OF WREATHS"



A WONDERFUL
FLORAL EMBLEM
WITH ST. DUNSTANERS
AND GUARDSMEN
ESCORTS

Scenes at the funeral of
SIR ARTHUR PEARSON, B. G.B.E.

Dec. 13th 1921.

sweeping difficulties before him, made him an ideal chief. This very decisiveness, however, and his quick manner of talking had a paralysing effect on some natures. I remember that a novelist who was on the staff of one of The Chief's papers told me that he never entered C. A. P.'s room without the quaking sensation of a school-boy about to be interviewed by the Head, and that he found himself utterly unable to state what he wanted to say to him except in writing. These written disquisitions, by the way, C. A. P. was much too impatient to read. Usually, however, he was eager to encourage the expression of ideas and was always open to conviction until the moment that his mind was made up. After that the matter was finished. I should say that The Chief was feared by many who worked with him: the man was loved by all.

Several provincial newspapers became allied with the *Daily Express*: the *St. James's Gazette* was bought; then the *Standard* and the *Evening Standard*. Later negotiations were opened which might have led to the control of the *Times* passing into the same hands. But the story of this period is really only of interest to newspaper men.

They were high pressure days for C. A. P. but he showed no fatigue. He went down to his country-place during the week-ends, not to rest but to be tremendously active. It was home that he turned to—throughout his life he was a very infrequent visitor at others' houses. He entertained many guests: I remember an evening when, after dinner, Anthony Hope, Rider Haggard, Gilbert Parker and Austen Chamberlain formed a group on the floor playing dumbcrambo.

C. A. P. had a delight in practical jokes: in his early days, as a host, his intimate friends might find a wet sponge falling on them when they opened their doors, or get into bed only to drop through to the floor. He built a summer-house some way up the trunk of a tree in his garden, and in fine weather breakfast was often served there or on the terrace. He liked to be out of doors: he took an

immense interest in his garden, though I do not remember ever seeing him even gather a flower.

Then The Chief's sight failed him. If he knew how to deal with the first depression of blinded men, it was because he knew those hours, so inevitable, of hopelessness. There was the strain, too, of relinquishing his newspaper work. You can imagine what enforced idleness meant to the most active of men: how the loss of vision was felt by one who observed with almost phenomenal keenness. He went abroad for a time, but realised quickly, what he so often afterwards insisted on, that it is the blind man who, above all, needs occupation, and came back to London to throw himself into the task of re-organizing the National Institute for the Blind. There followed his whirlwind campaign for raising money; the tremendous energy he gave to Prince of Wales' Fund in raising £50,000, and early in 1915, the founding of St. Dunstan's. By a supreme effort of courage he brought himself back to the stir of every-day life: he was destined to do more work himself and to have a greater influence than at any time in his career. There is no need to speak here of what he accomplished as the leader of the blind, as The Chief at St. Dunstan's. Our hand is in C. A. P.'s. Let us not say anything that would have the embarrassment of praise.

I often told him how much his face had changed since he became blind. It was not only that he had become clean-shaven or that he no longer wore glasses. There was a new expression, and this expression was due to the fact that his whole life was now absorbed by an ideal. He was less impatient than before, less given to emphatic outbursts, more openly considerate of his colleagues, but all the same he remained his old self. There was nothing lost of his essential manliness, of his intense humanism, of his love of life. The difficulty, when you were with him, was to remember he was blind. Whatever was lost to him in the delight of a walk, he kept from you; I think he

enjoyed dining out and going to a theatre more than ever before. To a dramatist he recently criticised a new play he had attended, with a minuteness and care which seemed incredible. He had become an habitual smoker in his newspaper days, and now he was seldom without his cigar. He travelled a good deal, and his letters giving an account of his impressions and adventures were written with an indescribable gaiety: they were full of detail. On one or two occasions during the war I lunched or dined with C. A. P. and Lord Rhondda in a private room of an hotel. At the first meeting the Food Controller appeared with a little bag in which he told us that he had brought something special to drink. C. A. P. rubbed his hands. I had visions of a wine surpassing anything that the cellars of the famous restaurant could provide. The bottles were solemnly placed on the table: they contained unfermented apple juice which Lord Rhondda had brought up from his home. A little comedy followed. Plans then of importance were being discussed. C. A. P. could not see, of course, the waiters, and would often go on talking in his quick way before they had left the room. Lord Rhondda's concern to change the topic and to get rid of the attendant's was highly amusing: once he got up to peer into an alcove as if some listener might be concealed, and C. A. P. suddenly discovered that he was talking into space. He always enjoyed a well-chosen meal, as this was—in spite of the apple juice—for Lord Rhondda, who rationed himself with the utmost severity, argued for the occasion that those who could do so should turn to the luxuries that were beyond the scope of his restrictions.

In these days The Chief began work early in the morning, dealing for a short time with the affairs of his publishing business and then turning to his unending correspondence about St. Dunstan's. Sometimes he would stand with his back to the fireplace, but more often he would lie on the sofa while he dictated. During the course of a day he would make many notes in his pocket book, and these his

secretary had to decipher: a task sometimes almost baffling. The letters she would read extremely quickly, and it was remarkable how The Chief would remember the contents and how precise were the answers he dictated. Often the telephone, which was placed by his armchair, would ring. He would walk over unhesitatingly, seat himself, take up the instrument, deal in his quick way with the message, and return to an interrupted letter as if it lay before him. At about eleven he would drive in his car to St. Dunstan's often to begin at once his interviews with newly-blinded men—those pregnant interviews through which he imparted to them his own courage. If his day's work at St. Dunstan's did not end with a walk through the Park to the National Institute, there would be appointments awaiting him at the house in Portland Place where he lived with the blinded officers. He would often work till it was time to change for dinner, and frequently after dinner he would be engaged with other visitors concerned with the welfare of the blind. At dinner he was always the life of the party, as he was of the week-end gatherings of the blinded officers at the country house where they stayed. After the war he gradually allowed himself more rest: when in the company of his sighted friends he was interested in any topic that came up for discussion, but there was always a new eagerness in his manner when the subject concerned the blind. His memory was remarkable: it seemed astounding that he had in his mind so clearly the individual stories of the men who had passed through St. Dunstan's.

The last time I saw C. A. P. was a few days before his death. I met him riding with a friend on the South Downs. In spite of his blindness he seemed as happy as ever in the saddle. His powerful horse was a little restless, and he stopped only a few minutes, speaking affectionately of some blinded officers who were his guests at Brighton. Then he turned and rode on up the ascent, putting his horse into a canter. At the top of the hill he raised his riding-crop above his head in a farewell salute.

A MAGNETIC PERSONALITY

By MR. HENRY STAINSBY, Secretary-General of the National Institute for the Blind, who, with Sir Washington Ranger and the other members of the Council of the National Institute for the Blind, assisted Sir Arthur in the foundation of St. Dunstan's, of whose Committees he has been a member ever since.

"Death—sudden and tragic—has removed a great philanthropist and a magnetic personality from among us.

"I became acquainted with Sir Arthur Pearson in 1912, when his sight was fast failing and there was no prospect of its recovery. I was then greatly impressed by the courageous spirit with which he met the inevitable. He told me then that he was determined not to retire from the world and take life easily, as he could well have afforded to do, but to devote his life to the cause of those who, like himself, were suffering from a heavy handicap. The whole civilised world knows how faithfully he kept his word.

"A man of boundless energy, great natural ability and quick decision, it was sometimes hard to keep pace with him. He crowded into one day what would occupy an average man two or three days to accomplish, and he kept this up to my own personal knowledge for the whole of the ten years I worked with him. He could not brook slackness or inefficiency, but it was sometimes difficult to convince him that not everyone else had the same fine business qualities which he possessed. There were many points in his character which I greatly admired, and not least of these his great love for little children.

"His greatest interest was in the cause of the blind. He revelled in the fact that through his instrumentality many thousands of slum children enjoyed periods of rest and change in lovely country places; he worked liked a galley slave during the early days of the war to raise money for the Prince of Wales' Fund and was conspicuously successful; he took an active interest in many other similar undertakings, but the blind were his chief concern. He not only adopted their cause, but believed in it and persistently advocated it. He created an 'atmosphere' in favour of the blind, and convinced the world that

although a heavy handicap, blindness is not an insuperable barrier to success. We can scarcely realise that it is less than 140 years ago since work of any definite kind on behalf of the sightless was first undertaken. Much, very much remains to be accomplished, but the advances made during the last decade have been phenomenal. Among those who have brought about this condition the name of Cyril Arthur Pearson must hold the most conspicuous place."



A TRULY REMARKABLE MAN

By VISCOUNT CHAPLIN, a Member of St. Dunstan's Committees and one of England's leading Statesmen.

The loss of Sir Arthur Pearson, the Head and Leader of the Institute which he created at St. Dunstan's, will be well nigh irreparable; and he will be mourned as well, by thousands of blind people both here and in other lands across the seas, where his great work has borne fruit. For they owe to him and his teaching and example, in countless cases, not only the means of earning a livelihood for themselves, but a change from what otherwise would, too often, have been a life of helplessness and of black despair, to one of comparative cheerfulness and hope; with an object set before each one and all of them to live for, and to which they can dedicate their energies for the years which may remain to them in the future.

And a better, a higher, or more noble work than that which he inspired and carried out with such marvellous success, no man could wish for or desire.

It was my privilege to have known and worked with him for many years before he was afflicted with his great calamity. Our first acquaintance was on this wise. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, so to speak, had found, and induced him to undertake the Chairmanship of the Tariff Reform League.

A first-rate man of business, full of energy and go, and a determined supporter of the policy, he was just the man whom, from the moment I was satisfied that a continuance of Free Trade

unchecked must inevitably mean our dependence on Foreign Corn for the great staple of our food at home, I should have wished to see appointed, and to use Mr. Chamberlain's own expression: "He is such a hustler, he is sure to make it go." And so he did, until it became the accepted policy of the Unionist Party.

I always thought when I was with him that nothing was more remarkable than the patient but indomitable courage with which he bore his great affliction. That he felt it, and at times acutely, I have little doubt. How could it be otherwise? But he never showed it or allowed it be perceptible, except by the increasing efforts which it spurred him on to make for the relief of others suffering like himself. And to what an extent he was successful in his noble work is shown by the countless letters he received from others, not only in the United Kingdom, but from other countries, from men who had been under his treatment at St. Dunstan's, and which I think ought some day to be published.

It was only in the later years of our acquaintance that, a vacancy occurring on his Committee, he wrote to me, asking if I would take it; I agreed at once, telling him I was still actively engaged in political work, but that whenever he thought that I could be of use, I would do my best to attend and try to help him.

And perhaps the most remarkable thing of all, and which struck me most, was when he had to make a statement on the financial statement of St. Dunstan's—for instance, on the Budget of the year.

A Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Government has the assistance of the best experts on every branch of any Department that he has to deal with, and he can study all the figures which are put before him as much and as often as he pleases. But in Sir Arthur Pearson's case he could only know them by word of mouth, and by what he was told, and yet the situation was always put before the Committee with the utmost fluency and apparent ease, and I am unable to recall an instance in which he was mistaken.

The way in which he was successful too, their education being finished, in providing for the after care of his numerous patients, was no less satisfactory and remarkable. For what was it that was needed in this case? First, an adequate knowledge of the capacity of each separate patient for employment, and of what description—for the variety was infinite—and how far the worker and employment would be mutually suited to each other. And yet all this kind of work was most successfully accomplished, by the gift of organisation possessed and so happily exercised, notwithstanding his loss of sight, by this truly remarkable man.

It is true that he was admirably served by a first-rate staff of men and women. But the credit of their selection is due to him—and it is no exaggeration to say that they were one and all absolutely devoted to him and to his service.

And now, with these few words, and it is a privilege I value very greatly to have been asked to write them, let me conclude by saying this:

The Institute of St. Dunstan's is for the care of soldiers and sailors who were blinded in the War, and there never were so many of them blinded in their duties in any War before. It is a matter, therefore of the first importance that St. Dunstan's should be effectively continued and maintained, and that neither the teaching and example of Sir Arthur Pearson, nor his education of the Blind for work in a whole variety of different ways, should be lost or thrown away.

But for these beneficent purposes a large expenditure is unavoidable, and it is most earnestly to be hoped that the appeals which may be issued, and some have been already made, will meet with an adequate response. It would be a worthy recognition of the splendid efforts, which, while suffering from the same unequalled disadvantage himself, viz., complete and hopeless blindness, were made with such remarkable success by one of the best, the most courageous, and most noble men that it was ever my privilege to know.

It reminds me of a sentence in a speech which I heard myself in the House of Commons, by Mr. John Bright, who was in my humble judgment, "par excellence" the greatest orator that ever lived in my time, when appealing for support in what he believed to be a charitable object:

"It is true," he said, "that we can't do much, it is not given to us to reilluminate the exhausted Lamp of Reason, or on the sightless eye-balls to pour the light of day; but at least we can do something to lessen the load of affliction which rests upon suffering humanity." To one and all of those whom these few words may reach, I would dare to say—"Go thou, and do likewise."



A WORKER OF MIRACLES

By LIEUT.-COLONEL ERIC BALL, a Member of St. Dunstan's Committees, and a Member of the London County Council.

I shall never forget my first meeting with C. A. P. in a large ward at St. Mark's College, Chelsea, shortly after the advance on Loos, in September, 1915.

I was feeling rather sorry for myself, having a badly-shattered right arm, but feeling far more sorry for a young officer in the next bed to mine whose eyesight had been destroyed by a German sniper on the day before the actual attack.

C. A. P. visited him during the afternoon

of the day of his arrival, and I was particularly struck by the marvellous change he brought about in that officer's mental condition, after but an hour's conversation.

They became friends at the first hand-clasp, and it was my privilege to witness a modern miracle, one out of the hundreds he performed during those tragic years. One can imagine how pleased I was when Sir Arthur came up to my bedside afterwards and had a few words with me, for thus started our friendship and my keen interest in everything appertaining to St. Dunstan's, which culminated in my being asked to join the Care Committee a few months prior to his death.

Sir Arthur Pearson was not born great, but he achieved greatness and also had greatness thrust upon him by an all-seeing Providence; for surely it must have been arranged providentially that he should be in a position during the Great War not only to bring a message of Hope and Comfort to all those who suddenly found themselves similarly situated to himself, but to have the energy and ability to build up such a magnificent institution as St. Dunstan's.

There is in my opinion a wonderful similarity in the closing years of the lives of Sir Arthur and Lord Kitchener. They undertook gigantic tasks for the Empire in her hour of need, and died in the full knowledge that the success of their work was inevitably assured.

Other Memorial Services

At the same time as the service at Holy Trinity Church, Marylebone, a memorial service was held at St. Clement Danes to enable Sir Arthur's friends in Fleet Street and the City to pay their tribute to him. The Rev. W. Pennington Bickford (Rector) officiated, and at the organ was Mr. W. Wolstenholme, Mus. Bac., the blind composer. The form of the service was the same as that at the other church, with the addition of a special Requiem composed and written by the Rector and his wife.

In addition Memorial Services were held at St. Anne's Church, Brighton; The Cardiff Institute for the Blind; Birmingham Cathedral; Hoole Bank, Guest-House, Chester, the service conducted by the Bishop of Chester; St. Martin's Church, Leicester; Hardman Street Church, attached to the Liverpool School for the Indigent Blind, Liverpool; Henshaw's Institute for the Blind, Old Trafford, Manchester; St. Anne's Church, Newcastle; Bishopwearmouth Church, Sunderland.

THE WORLD'S TRIBUTES

FROM PRESS AND PUBLIC

"The whole Empire will mourn the death of one who was, above all, the friend of our blinded soldiers, and out of his own affliction created hope for them in the place of despair."

Rt. Hon. IAN MACPHERSON, K.C., M.P.

"Sir Arthur was himself a splendid example of energy, enthusiasm, and determination to overcome difficulties. Thousands of blind men will bless him as they mourn his loss to-day."

Lt.-Gen. Sir ROBERT BADEN-POWELL.

"Throughout life he lived to help others, and brought many a ray of sunshine to many a humble home."

Sir HARRY BRITAIN, M.P.

"Arthur Pearson was, above all things, vital. He was a man typical of all the best in his race—its courage, its fortitude, and its essential sympathy with misfortune. Great as have been his services to the blind, greatest of all was, and will remain, his shining example of triumph over adversity, achieved by sheer force of courage and moral staunchness."

T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

"A striking example of the triumph of character and determination. He made his private loss the world's gain. He knew, as no seeing philanthropist could, the deeds of the blind, and to their welfare devoted himself."—*The Times*.

"Sir Arthur Pearson will be remembered neither for his achievements in business nor for his unsuspected private taste in art, but for his quiet sacrifice of all ease, and leisure, and his own desires to the help and comfort not only of the stricken soldiers, but of the blind all the world over. Few men have won gratitude more enduring; none is more grievously mourned to-day."—*Morning Post*.

"He was idolised by all who came into contact with him. He revolutionised the ideas of benevolence and charity throughout the world."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Sir Arthur will probably be best remembered as the man who snatched the triumph of his life out of its tragedy."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"A man of achievement, a strong, vivid, radiant figure of energy, enthusiasm, and human affection. Arthur Pearson was one of those rare men who are born for a purpose, and who, having achieved that purpose, are taken away to be remembered as flaming examples to posterity. Never has man rendered greater service to fellow-stricken man."—*Daily Express*.

"His whole life was one long lesson in cheerfulness."—*Daily Graphic*.

"Blindness has been dealt with by him in a way never echoed in history, and therefore in that alone perhaps he has his monument—an everlasting monument in the hearts of the blind and their friends."—Bruce Bairnsfather in *The Graphic*.

"His triumph over darkness and the wonderful way in which he carried on with the normal detail of life were the fruits of an admirable and indomitable courage."—*Daily Herald*.

"Sir Arthur Pearson proved, during his years of blindness, that the intrinsic courage of the soul, its faith, its generosity, can rise above bodily affliction. He has left us a great example and a noble memory."—*Daily Mail*.

"He expected from them (the men blinded in the war) nothing he could not do himself; he infected them with his own optimism and good humour."—*Daily Mirror*.

"A passionate sympathy inspired and dignified his extraordinary energy and organising power. The work which he did was a national work in the best and highest sense of the word."—*Daily News*.

"His great work at St. Dunstan's and for the National Institute for the Blind has made his name honoured throughout the English-speaking world."—*Daily Sketch*.

"The encouragement which the blind derived from one who, though afflicted like themselves, could find cheerful interests in life and accomplish great and beneficent achievements will not easily be replaced."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"No man ever rose more triumphantly above a physical difficulty. The work of Sir Arthur Pearson's that will live the longest in the memory was the work of a blind man, aiding others who had lost their sight to have something of his own confidence in life, and of his own cheery conviction that whatever may be the handicap of blindness a man of spirit can still rise superior to the affliction."—*Westminster Gazette*.

"Sir Arthur was known to all as 'the blind man's friend.'"—*Evening News*.

"The career of Sir Arthur Pearson is at once a romance and a glory. This fight against the foe of physical darkness—a magnificent struggle—undoubtedly owes the major part of its success to the virile personality, the optimism, and the genius of a man who would never acknowledge defeat. He treated blindness from a new angle: he cut out entirely the word 'pity' and the word 'affliction,' and insisted that blind people, above all others, must be cheerful, with a wide, humorous outlook. Sir Arthur's cheerfulness in affliction, his joy of life in spite of it was, indeed, as a bright light in a dark world."—*Evening Standard*.

"The true meaning of the word 'charity' guided his whole life."—*Financial Times*.

"Sir Arthur Pearson's career will always remain one of the most remarkable examples of misfortune paving the way to highest success."—*Pall Mall and Globe*.

"It is to the lasting honour of Sir Arthur Pearson that when stricken down by blindness he refused to take refuge in despair, but set to work to assist other victims less fortunately placed as regards this world's goods."—*Star*.

"He met the darkness with a courage, serenity and resource never surpassed. By effort and example he became a Providence to all the blind. He showed that no human being in the world had a more helpful and unconquerable soul. So in adversity he rose to that moral greatness which none can deny."—*Observer*.

"The blind never had a more devoted friend."—*Referee*.

"His was an unquenchable spirit of mental activity."—*Sunday Express*.

"No man ever accomplished nobler achievements under the shadow of physical affliction."—*Sunday Pictorial*.

"He was a man whom it was always good to see; you felt the better in yourself from the radiating flame of his unselfish enthusiasm and his boundless courage. I never met a braver spirit, a more inspiring personality."—*Sunday Times*.

"Sir Arthur met the Apollyon of Despair and routed him in single combat; and because of that fight the whole future of the blind man has been changed and the joy and opportunities of life have been given back to him to use as his own instruments."—*Ladies' Field*.

"The one thing he resented in connexion with work for the blind was 'pity.' His ideal was that every blind man should be so independent and useful a member of the community that he could dispense with pity."—*Spectator*.

"His triumph over the greatest physical calamity almost that can happen to any one set the crown upon his career."—*Sphere*.

"His work may be termed as the brightest beacon that has lighted up the hope and the future of the blinded, and his own victory over blindness will live on after him as an undimmed memory of a great life of kindness for his fellow beings."—*Sporting Times*.

"Arthur Pearson lives, and ever will live, as the captain courageous of the blind—one who out of a great darkness cried to his fellows lost in the same gloom, 'Lux fiat'—Let there be light—and there was light."—*Town Topics*.

"He impressed upon all who are interested in the cause his own vigorous view that what was required for blind persons was not pity or sympathy, but exactly what is needed for normal people—namely, rational training and education, and afterwards the opportunity to put their training to practical account."—*Aberdeen Daily Journal*.

"He was a man of unique courage."—*Glasgow Bulletin*.

"Sir Arthur Pearson lighted for the blind a torch that will never be extinguished."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"His memory will be revered by thousands, his work a triumphant piece of altruism achieved with splendid resource, persistence, and energy. He was the trustee for the nation in its care for the blind. He was equally beloved for the greatness of his soul as for the beauty of his life."—*Liverpool Courier*.

"The victory over blindness, such as it is, had been achieved before his day; but he, with his tremendous physical energy and his genius for publicity and rousing popular sympathy, won for the blind a place that they had not occupied before."—*Liverpool Post*.

"He was the happiest man I have ever known."—*Manchester Guardian*.

"No man had a greater claim to fame and honour."—*Nottingham Journal*.

"He was the founder of a new earth for the blind."—*Sheffield Independent*.

"He lightened a vast burden of human misery; bearing his own blindness cheerfully, he strove to bring the same cheerfulness to others, and he did not fail."—*Sheffield Telegraph*.

"He consecrated his life to a great ideal."—*Yorkshire Evening News*.

The Chief's Photograph.

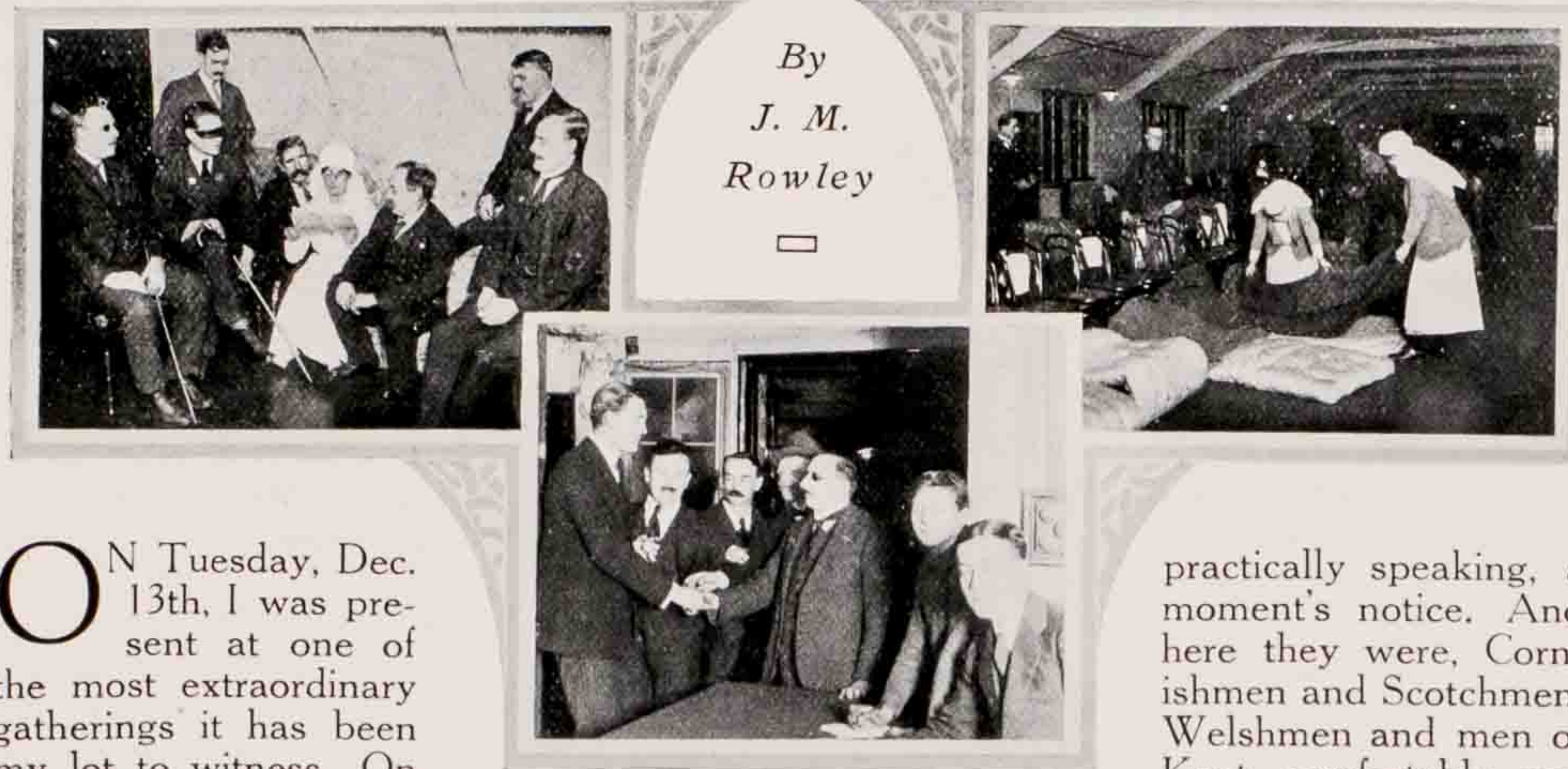
EVERY St. Dunstaner will, by this time, have received a photograph of our late Chief, which, it is hoped, is destined to be hung in a prominent position in his home.

A suggestion, however, has been made to us by one of the men that it would be nice and fitting that frames, where needed, should be supplied, made by St. Dunstan's Picture Framers, and in order to meet this possible requirement we have selected three suitable mouldings, one in oak, one in walnut, and one in black. These frames we shall be pleased to supply to any St. Dunstaner at the price of 3s. For those who would like us to do so, we will, upon receipt of their photograph, frame and return it complete. In such an event the full name of the owner should be written on the back of the photograph, and the choice of moulding stated.

As we cannot anticipate which of the three mouldings will prove to be most in demand, and as it is not an urgent matter, we are not placing the orders with our Picture Framers until replies have been received from those by whom this notice will be read. The cost of packing and postage will be borne by St. Dunstan's, the charge made being that actually paid to our framers. Applications for these frames should reach us not later than the end of the month, and should be accompanied by a postal order for 3s.

A Wonderful Reunion

PAST AND PRESENT ST. DUNSTANERS AT THE OLD BUNGALOW



ON Tuesday, Dec. 13th, I was present at one of the most extraordinary gatherings it has been my lot to witness. On the morning of that day, the late Sir Arthur Pearson, the great benefactor of the blind, had been borne to his last resting-place in Hampstead Cemetery. From all parts of the kingdom the blinded ex-service men, who had greater reason, perhaps, than all others to mourn him, came to the graveside to pay a last tribute to the chief they loved so well. This unique "gathering of the clans" in itself was a most remarkable one, but it was later, when, under the guidance of volunteers from the Guards Brigade, the blinded men mustered in force at the Bungalow, Regent's Park, that the strangeness—if I may use the term—of the occasion impressed itself on my memory.

Here was I, a man who could see, practically an alien in a country of the Blind. Around me, in a dense crowd, walked and talked men without sight—men who had sacrificed a sense so treasured by all who possess it. Surely here was an opportunity for an observer to learn a novel lesson, to reap something new and unknown in the harvest of knowledge.

By a miracle of organisation the St. Dunstan's authorities had arranged for the feeding, transport and accommodation of nearly 1,500 or more blinded men at,

practically speaking, a moment's notice. And here they were, Cornishmen and Scotchmen, Welshmen and men of Kent, comfortable and cared for under the wing

of St. Dunstan, that patron saint who once he becomes acquainted with a blinded soldier, never neglects him, but exists alone for his guidance and care.

On any other occasion these, "his boys," as Sir Arthur so loved to call them, would have been wreathed in smiles, and gay as larks at dawn. But this was a time of sunset, of mourning, a time of subdued tones, of subdued colours, which even the proverbial high spirits of a St. Dunstan's man could not overcome. For he who had acted as their saviour by his noble example and splendid abilities had passed away.

Their grief was that of the soldier who had lost his loved general—silent, even grim. Here and there a deep, gruff word of feeling; here and there an affected brightness of tone. But nothing more; the grief of the heart is beyond expression.

But as there is a bright side to every sorrow, so was there here. For Jock from Aberdeen met Harry from Plymouth; old pals in the class-rooms or playing-fields of St. Dunstan's, even in the trenches of Flanders, met again and told each other the family news, how business was going ahead, who had married, how many children

they had, local gossip, etc. And how wonderfully they recognised each other! A cough, a request for a cup of coffee, a hearty "Thanks!" and the old familiar tones were greeted with outstretched hands and crisp words of welcome.

After the men had lunched, Captain Ian Fraser, a blinded officer who was one of Sir Arthur's most able colleagues, arrived and addressed the men in his new capacity of Chairman. I have seldom heard a more impressive speech. The strange surroundings, that silent host of upturned, sightless faces, listening without movement to the simple, brave words of that tall, earnest speaker, himself blind; here the spot of white which marked the uniform of a V.A.D., there the brass-peaked cap of a stalwart Guardsman—these formed a scene which will live for ever in the memory.

Captain Fraser spoke in words of deepest sincerity. Referring to the meeting as the first mass meeting of St. Dunstan's that had ever taken place, he went on to speak of the tragic loss each one of those present had sustained. He knew he had done right in giving every St. Dunstaner a chance to pay his last tribute to a beloved chief. Speaking for himself, he said it was as though the loss of Sir Arthur were that of a father. Then came his call to action: "But let us hope that the spirit which our Chief engendered in us, his forceful vitality, the determination to go on and see through our difficulties, may lead us through to the end, each one of us, whatever our calling may be—let us carry on in the same spirit as he did, and see things in the way he would have liked."

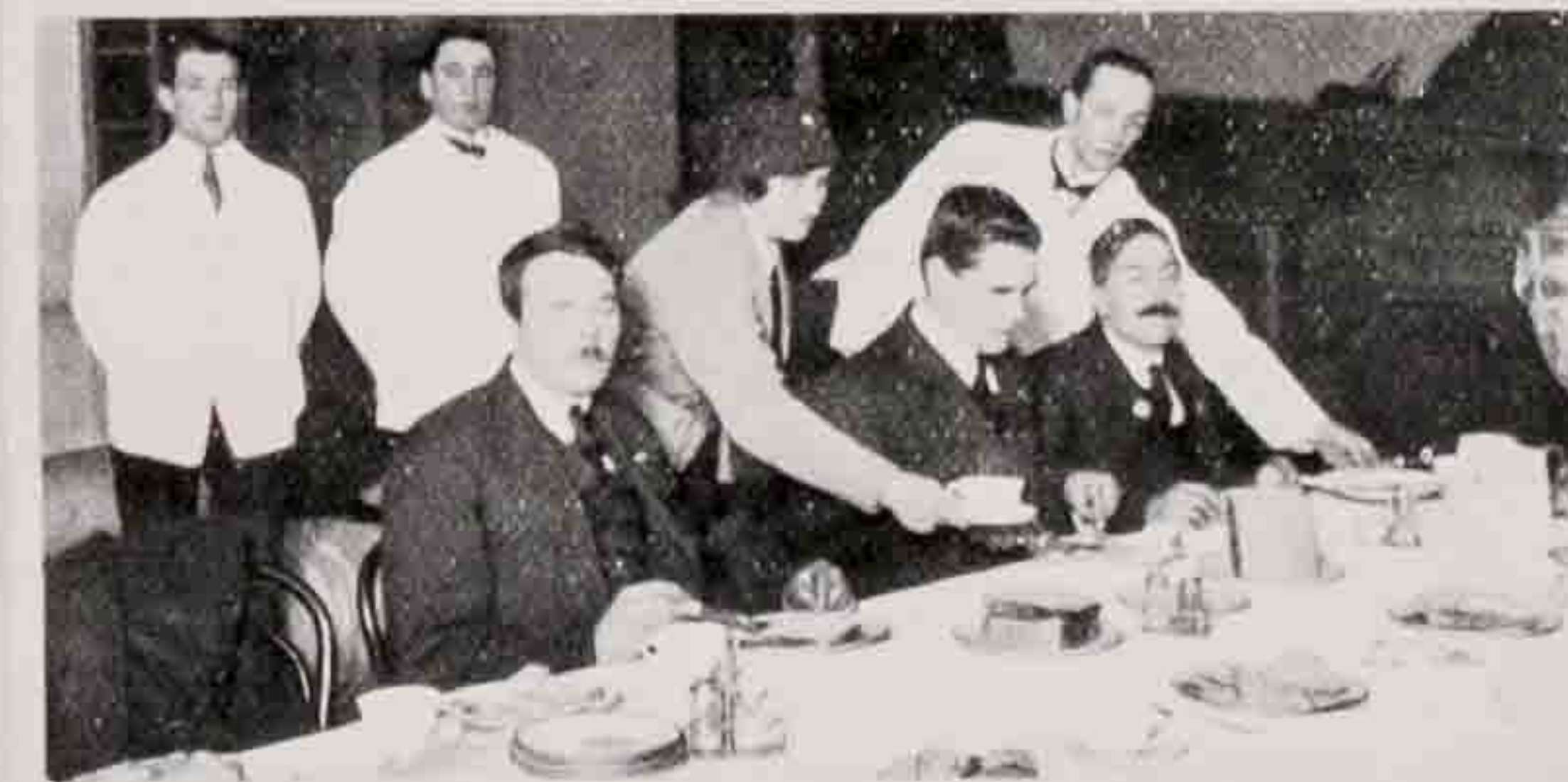
The deep impression this speech made on its audience was wonderful, and the

words of one of the men in reply, terminating in a vote of implicit confidence in Captain Fraser as their new leader, was unanimously applauded.

Colonel Eric Ball, a well-known member of the London County Council, followed with a statement as to the nominations of Lady Pearson, D.B.E., as President, Sir Washington Ranger, M.A., D.C.L., and Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., as Vice-Presidents. These appointments were received with great enthusiasm, after which Colonel Ball concluded with the remarks: "It is strange that I should have first met Sir Arthur under almost similar conditions to those in which most of you first made his acquaintance. It was at St. Mark's Hospital I was sent after being wounded and where I happened to have been placed in the next bed to that in which a blinded officer was lying. From that time forward it was my privilege frequently to meet Sir Arthur in various ways to help along the work of St. Dunstan's, until eventually I became a member of your Committees. I am absolutely confident that we did right in electing Captain Fraser as Chairman, and more particularly do I hold to this view since I know he will be assisted in his task by Mrs. Fraser, for so long a time of the greatest possible assistance to our late chief."

A most whole-hearted and sincere burst of applause greeted Colonel Ball's statements, and the meeting terminated.

And then—back to his work and his calling, back to his brave fight with fate, his noble defiance of destiny, went each man. And one knew that with each one went the unconquerable spirit of him who had been the harbinger of light, immortal, imperishable, the light of a deathless soul.



"Carry On"

AS much as the praise, verbal and written, which has been showered upon St. Dunstan's since the days when it first sprang into being in that corner house on the Bayswater Road—it now seems such "centuries" ago, as one now looks back upon them!—the "home-coming" of the Men of St. Dunstan's, on Monday night and Tuesday morning, seemed gloriously to symbolise the great achievement for their welfare by Sir Arthur. As one stood in the hall of the Bungalow greeting the travellers as they arrived, one felt—and found oneself uttering the thought instinctively—"This reunion would have made Sir Arthur HAPPIER than anything else!" For it was a COMING-HOME—in the best and truest signification of the word. Somehow one felt that he really *was there* in spirit, and that his spirit was also *GLAD*. Deeper than all the sorrow, greater, perhaps, than the present realisation of their irremediable loss, the Old St. Dunstaners, as they returned to pay their last respects to one who, more than any realise—perhaps, except those who were with St. Dunstan's from its very beginning—was indeed their *FRIEND*, was the joy and thankfulness of being once more back in the "old home"—that old home of which they all must guard so many happy memories. And that, one felt, would be as Sir Arthur would have wished it to be. Sadness—that sadness which must be shown—would come later on, we knew full well. In the meanwhile, there was the happiness of reunion—a reunion the more touching because it held the memory of so many happy days in the long ago. For myself, it was an all-night vigil which I would not have missed for anything in the world. I greeted so many old friends whom I feared I might never see again. And as I greeted them and tried to make them welcome, I felt all the time *IMPERSONAL*—as if, indeed, I were doing, in my small way, something that Sir Arthur would have loved to do

himself more than anything else—give a "welcome home" to the men of St. Dunstan's, whom he, too, had known so well and learned to respect so highly; and the thought made me very happy. There was no place in it for sadness. After all, were there not so many years of regret ahead of us all? Alas! we all realised too well there were! In the meanwhile, one *KNEW* that nothing would have pleased Sir Arthur better than to see the happy smile when friend met friend, the joy which radiated through the tears when the old St. Dunstaners found themselves once more in the happy hostel most of them loved so well.

To have worked so hard to make men happier—and *TO HAVE SUCCEEDED*—that surely is among the greatest of any human achievements! This Sir Arthur has done. So, one knew he would not look for tears—he, who faced so many dark days with the happy smile of courage. One knew that the joy of the old St. Dunstaners at this moment of their return home would have given him greater joy than all the lamentations in the world. Just as he hated the word "affliction" used in connection with "blindness," so, I am sure, he would have hated the word "despair" in connection with his Death. There is no such thing as "Death" in the life-work of a man who has left so much good, so many happy memories, behind him. And thus, his spirit seemed to haunt the Bungalow during the silent watches of Monday night—in no repining spirit, however, but in the spirit of one who shouted to all of us to "*CARRY ON*." So we have carried on in just the way we felt he would have wished. And that, surely, has always been the true spirit of St. Dunstan's, in both staff and men.

It was a night of many poignant memories. It was a night when the Past seemed more Present than reality. It brought back the "old days" so vividly, that I seemed to be standing in the hall of the House, meeting the men as they came

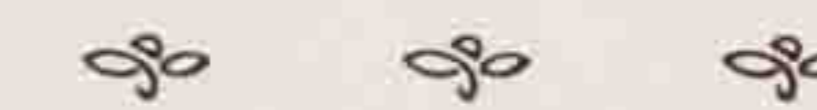
from the hospital in the old days. I even looked for the old kit bags. I felt inclined to rush into Mrs. Bates' office and ask her whether Sir Arthur could see the "boys" before they went home. The presence of Captain and Mrs. Fraser, "Auntie," Miss Cunyngham, Miss Evers, and just a few of the old original Staff who still remain—all added to the illusion. It was a night like the St. Dunstan's of long ago, returned for a few all-too-brief hours of the past. The long tables set out in the dining hall, at which a continuous meal was served all through the night, seemed to be just a table in the dining hall of the House, or the College, or the Bungalow, at which the men from hospital were sitting—so happy in each other's society and in the knowledge that they were surrounded by people only too willing to help them on in their new life and to make them happy now. And that was what Sir Arthur worked for: that was what he wished. That too is what he achieved.

I should require pages and pages to tell of the many signs of joy the men showed at being back again once more. There

was the joy of meeting old friends among the Staff; there was the perhaps greater joy of meeting their old "chums," whom they had not met since they had left, and from them all there radiated the happiness of coming back. And everyone felt—that Sir Arthur was there too, and that he was happy and very proud.

This thought shamed any too apparent signs of sadness—though sad we all were, though with a sadness which is at the same time *BRAVE*. And each man felt that now, more than ever before, he owed it to his Friend, who had passed away, to carry on more valiantly than ever; and each helper at that great reunion felt too that he, or she, could prove his love for the Great Work which Sir Arthur called into being in 1915 in no better way than by trying to make up to the "boys," in however small a degree, but to the best of his ability, for their loss in the death of one, without whose friendship and example they would have found it much more difficult to achieve their present "Victory over Blindness."

"Mr. H."



In Memory of Sir Arthur Pearson, Bt., G.B.E.

SLEEP well and rest, O big brave
Soul!
Death is a crown to such as thee;
Thy life robed with high principle—
Its memory is majesty!
Kind, selfless, generous; well beloved;
Peerless in crystal truth and faith;
By nought of fame or honour moved;
To God and goodness true till
death.
Since resolute pluck and friendship true,
Have lit thy years with surgent
light,
The path of hope thou didst pursue
Can never lead thee into night!
The army of the dawnless blind,
As Comrade, hail and honour thee;
To serve their need, High Heaven
didst bind
Thine own eyes that they might
be free!

The image of thyself is left
In those impressed with thy pure
mind;
And our poor world is not bereft
Of hope, while still she bears thy
kind.
Ah! when thy hands no more will
hold,
And when thy face no more we
see,
Thy name will still be left enscrolled
In hearts that love to cherish thee.
Thou art not dead; thou canst not be:
All souls are housed 'neath
Heaven's wide dome;
Angels of light have carried thee
To a brighter room in th' Father's
home!

REV. HENRY A. MACKENZIE, B.D.

How Sir Arthur Pearson Started in Business

By Ernest Kessell, Treasurer of St. Dunstan's

I WONDER how many readers have been associated in business with the same man for 37 years? It is an experience vouchsafed to few of us. And then suddenly a little thing happens—a slip in the bath—it ends in tragedy—a life-long associate is gone!

It was in the early part of 1885 that Sir Arthur and I first came together, when he was just 19 and I was two years younger. Though not manager at that time of the firm conducting the weekly paper called *Tit-Bits*, it was not long after that he was appointed to that important position. Young Pearson even in those days showed his mettle and demonstrated that he was not afraid to tackle fairly big things. As manager of a business which was bringing in a fortune every year to his employer, he naturally wanted to share in that prosperity. He therefore propounded a scheme which, however, was not acceptable to Mr. Newnes, the proprietor, who considered that £350 per year was adequate remuneration for his manager. Cyril Arthur Pearson thought otherwise, and made up his mind to transfer his services to another quarter when the opportunity occurred. It came in June, 1890, when he was away on holiday. Playing tennis one day, C. A. P.—for he was known by those initials even then—was told by another player that he wanted to invest a few thousand pounds. "All right," said C. A. P., "your money—my brains. Let me have it, and we will start a business with it." Terms were agreed upon, and C. A. P. returned to London to consult Mr. Newnes and to arrange a date for leaving. Mr. Newnes was by no means pleased at the news, and said that if the parting was coming it had better take place at once—that very day, in fact!

Later in the day C. A. P. called me into his room, where I found him clearing out his desk and weeping copiously like a child. "Here I am as happy as can be—I have got exactly what I wanted, and now that I have got it I can't stop crying!" he said. "I will not tell you now what it is," he added, mastering his emotions, "but come home with me this evening."

"Well, what do you think I am going to do?" he said. I expected the question, and hazarded: "Start a new paper." "Right first time," said he, "that's just what I am going to do, and I would like you to come with me if you will."

It didn't take me long to make up my mind, as was the case with several others of the old staff, who quickly rallied to his banner.

Known all the world over in his later days as a hustler, C. A. P. was a hustler then, for in less than a month the first number of *Pearson's Weekly* saw the light of day. C. A. P. was twenty-four, and I believe this is the first occasion that the inner story of the starting of *Pearson's Weekly* has ever been told. The courage which prompted the Pearson of twenty-four to break away, risk all and start a business of his own, was the same courage which helped him to commence and to carry through all his other schemes and ideas, every one of which has been of world-wide importance, and every one of which has called forth the admiration of people all over the globe.

Of Sir Arthur Pearson's many other activities and enterprises from this on, other pens have written in this issue of the REVIEW. I am proud to have been connected with them.

And now he has gone. Truly, what a break! It is not yet comprehensible.

The usual records of St. Dunstan's men and St. Dunstan's activities generally, which have been held over for the issue of this Special Memorial Number, will all appear in the February issue.

Sir Arthur's First Charity

SIR ARTHUR PEARSON was always devoted to children, and although he was always a generous giver and supporter of charitable enterprise, his first active effort at personal organisation of philanthropic work was the foundation, so long ago as 1892, of the Fresh Air Fund. The object of this Fund was, in its originality of intention and the vigour with which it was carried on from its very first inception, characteristic of the traits which have made the work of Sir Arthur beloved by all. There have been always Guilds and Funds and Societies for the practical help of the children of Britain's great slumdom—to educate, to clothe, to feed, these poor little neglected atomies. But the Fresh Air Fund was born in the mind of a man whose love and idealism of children made him want to do something for them which should make appeal to the imagination and soul of the child itself—which should throw some splashes of glowing colour into the drab background of their drear little lives, something which should, in its wonder and its joy, seem to have come from the magic wand of the good fairy a few, perhaps, had read about, but to whose lives so little of fairyland had come.

Sir Arthur made himself that fairy. By his efforts hundreds of thousands of children were transported to nature's gloryland, who had never known any playground but the evil, crowded, back streets of great cities, who had seen only, in tiny patches above smoky chimneys, God's great blue roof of sky, and whose knowledge of glad green fields and waving trees was so little, that one small child exclaimed, on first seeing a flower-strewn meadow, "Oh, look! it's all covered with green fur and 'goldie' drops (buttercups)."

That was the type of child to whom Sir Arthur's Fresh Air Fund, in the thirty years since it has been founded, has given holidays in the country to no fewer than 4,359,660 children, as is witnessed by the Thirtieth Annual Report of the Fund, which lies before me as I write. In the very first summer of its founding, 200 children per day were taken to Snaresbrook from the east end of London, and by the end of the season 20,000 children had tasted the delights of a few hours of the Epping Forest. Year after year, as the result of Sir Arthur's untiring efforts, and his genius in interesting others in the glad good work he was doing, the movement grew. Its operations were extended to other great slum-holding towns, and then, in 1908, came the wider and more wonderful idea of extending these brief few holiday hours to a whole fortnight's stay in the country or at the seaside. From the first all the expenses of management were borne by Sir Arthur's own firm, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., and the Shaftesbury Society and Ragged School Union, while two of Sir Arthur's greatest helpmates were Sir John Kirk and Mr. Ernest Kessell, St. Dunstan's Treasurer.

If further tribute to the world-wide honour that is being paid to the memory of Sir Arthur Pearson were needed, the issue of the report of the activities of an enterprise which lay very closely to his heart, will tell in facts and figures the moving story of this great man's love for the little ones and how splendidly he gave them cause to return that love. There will be many a donation to the Fresh Air Fund sent in memory of its founder, by those who, perhaps prosperous now, may once have first seen fairyland by the magic wand of Sir Arthur's "F. A. F."

B

The Arthur Pearson Memorial Fund

THIS was initiated by Lady and Sir Neville Pearson for the purpose of raising a national memorial to the late Sir Arthur Pearson.

The memorial is to be of a practical nature, namely, a Fund the object of which is to consolidate and endow all charities for the blind in which Sir Arthur was interested, but more particularly St. Dunstan's, the National Institute for the Blind, and the Fresh Air Fund, of all of which he was the founder. No memorial to this great blind philanthropist would be complete which did not embrace practically all the activities of the blind world, for as our readers are well aware, Sir Arthur's influence was not confined to any one section of the community, but was felt by all who are blind.

St. Dunstaners must not confuse the Arthur Pearson Memorial Fund, which is a world-wide effort, with the personal Memorial Fund which is being collected at Headquarters from blinded soldiers all over the world, as this latter is purely a private matter between the officers and men of St. Dunstan's themselves. As soon as contributions to this personal Memorial Fund are complete, blinded soldiers will be consulted as to the form this private memorial is to take.