

THE PALACE JOURNAL
PEOPLE'S PALACE MILE END. E.

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE
Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, October 23rd.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.
- SATURDAY, 24th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Concert by the Church Sunday School Choir, admission, 3d.
- SUNDAY, 25th.—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m., free. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 a.m. Organ Recitals at 4 p.m. and 8 p.m., free.
- MONDAY, 26th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Lecture by Mr. A. T. O. Sorrell, "Round the World in Ninety Minutes." Admission 1d., Reserved Seats, 3d.
- TUESDAY, 27th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 9.45 p.m. (ladies only).
- WEDNESDAY, 28th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8, Costume Recitals by Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Hasluck. Admission, 2d. Students of Evening Classes admitted free.
- THURSDAY, 29th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.
- FRIDAY, 30th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

THE Time-table and Illustrated Syllabus of the Evening Classes for the present Session may be obtained at the office.

OUR numbers are larger than in any previous session. Several classes have been filled up, and arrangements are now being made for extra classes to be held where possible, but this is difficult to arrange, as, notwithstanding our magnificent buildings, great difficulty is found in providing a room for any extra class that may be required.

WE commence on Tuesday next an extra practical class for carpentry and joinery; this will be filled up, I have no doubt, within the next few days.

THE Saturday afternoon Wood-carving Class has commenced; intending students should apply at once.

THE Monday night popular lectures for the people have made a good commencement. On Monday last, to an audience of 800, Mr. Eric Bruce, M.A., gave a very interesting and instructive lecture on "Ballooning," illustrated with several aeronautical experiments. Mr. H. Cunynghame, in introducing the lecturer, stated that arrangements had been completed for making this Monday lecture a permanent institution.

NEXT Monday Mr. A. T. O. Sorrell will lecture on "Round the World in Ninety Minutes," to be illustrated with dissolving views. Admission, one penny.

WE are hoping to have an addition made to our students' library before long. This will be welcome news to those concerned, who completely besiege the club room on the evenings. Miss James distributes the books.

ON Saturday week, the 31st, the juvenile choir and orchestra of the Forest Gate School of Music, of about 130 performers in fancy costumes, will give a concert and the Fairy operetta "Laila."

THE Swimming Bath will close for the season on Monday, November 2nd.

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.—At the general meeting held 12th inst., the following officers were elected:—*President*—R. Lamb, Esq.; *Captain*—J. Funnell; *Vice-Captain*—A. Webber; *Committee*—Messrs. Deane, Bowman, Watts, and Watson; *Hon. Treasurer*—H. H. Burdett; *Hon. Sec.*—W. Chas. Platt; *Assistant Hon. Sec.*—Mr. Donaldson.—The Committee have appointed Professor W. Dowdell as instructor, and, as there is a good balance in hand, the Committee anticipate a very successful season. As the club is not yet full, intending members are requested to give their names to either of the hon. secs. at an early date. Practice nights, Tuesdays and Wednesdays; Instructor's night, Friday, 8 to 10 p.m. Old members are reminded that subscriptions are now due.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—Saturday, October 31st, Charterhouse. Meet outside at 2.15 p.m. The nearest railway station is Aldersgate-street. Students not already members, but wishing to join this club can do so at the above mentioned ramble. The subscription is nominal, being only 2s. per annum. A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

THE first Social Dance of the season will be held in the Lecture Hall on Saturday, the 31st inst., for members of the Choral Society. Lady Brooke has very generously promised to provide for the evening's entertainment. The Girls' Gymnastic Club and the Ramblers' dances will follow on the 14th November and 28th November respectively.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PALACE JOURNAL."

SIR,—Might I suggest that your pages be thrown open to discuss the best means of developing social life among our students? It is a subject full of deep interest to those who wish to see the Palace progressive. As an educational centre, thanks to the officials, it holds a grand position, and it now depends upon the students to make the social life as successful as the educational work. One cannot but feel the difference between the life that exists at the Regent-street Polytechnic and ourselves. At the former, members make and feel it to be a second home, forming one common brotherhood for their mutual help. At our Institution, though we have "all sorts and conditions of men" in our midst, the feeling is yet dormant which should make the People's Palace for East London a palace of delight, a potent force, and a living example to all other institutions. We can still benefit by a perusal of Mr. Walter Besant's book on the subject.

W. MARSHALL.

London County Council Clerkships.

I THINK it may be useful to some of our members if I give the rules which govern the appointment of clerks to the offices of the London County Council. Candidates who intend to compete at the next examination will note that they have to attend at the City of London College, White-street, Little Moorfields, on Friday, the 30th October, between the hours of 12 and 4, to pay the first fee of 10s. for the examination in the obligatory subjects; they will then be informed when they will have to attend at the College for examination.

The only point I need remark upon with reference to the subjoined particulars is the extreme importance of shorthand. Members will notice that amongst the obligatory subjects shorthand is bracketed with book-keeping, and candidates may be examined in either one or the other. I am told, however, that shorthand is looked upon as the much more important of the two, and that in several cases candidates with the smaller number of marks, but knowing shorthand well, have been preferred to those getting slightly higher marks but ignorant of this particular subject. Shorthand is largely used in the County Council Offices, and even those who compete for the architect's office or similar places, where apparently shorthand would not be wanted, are strongly advised to fit themselves for examination in this subject:—

PARTICULARS AS TO CLERKSHIPS.

The classification of the subordinate officials of the Council is as follows:—

- Fourth Class, commencing at £80 a year and rising by £5 annually to £100.
 - Third Class, commencing at £100 a year and rising by £10 annually to £150.
 - Second Class, commencing at £150 a year and rising by £12 10s. annually to £200.
 - First Class (lower section) commencing at £200 a year and rising by £15 annually to £245.
 - First Class (upper section) commencing at £245 a year and rising by £15 the first year and afterwards by £20 a year to £300.
- The annual increment is in every case conditional on a certificate by the head of the department that the conduct of the official during the year has been in all respects satisfactory.

These appointments are held during the pleasure of the Council, and are subject to the conditions that the persons appointed shall not on retirement claim or be entitled to any superannuation or pension; that they shall submit to any general scheme which the Council may adopt with respect to insurance for pensions or superannuation; and further, that their first year's service shall be on probation, and that their engagement shall be terminable at the end of the first year without notice if they are reported by the heads of their respective departments to be for any reason unsuited for the service.

Candidates must be over 18 and under 23 years of age on the latest day for receiving applications. They must be British born and be resident in London or in the immediate neighbourhood.

The examination will be divided into two parts, viz.: I. Obligatory; II. Optional.

PART I.—OBLIGATORY.

Subjects.	Marks.
1. Handwriting...	150
Orthography...	150
2. English Composition ...	150
3. Arithmetic (including Cube Root, Mensuration, Vulgar Fractions, and Decimals) ...	200
4. Compound Addition ...	100
5. Geography ...	100
6. SHORTHAND or Book-keeping ...	150

(If a candidate desires to do both shorthand and book-keeping, he can take one as an obligatory and one as optional subject. Shorthand is obligatory for persons to be employed on the general clerical staff, and book-keeping for those in the Account branch.)

Half the maximum number of marks must be gained in each of the obligatory subjects. Candidates who have failed in the first part of the examination to gain half marks in any one subject, will not be admitted to the second part of the examination.

PART II.—OPTIONAL.

Subjects.	Marks.
1. Shorthand or Book-keeping (see note above) ...	100
2. Algebra, up to and including Quadratic Equations ...	100
3. Latin Translation of passages into English and ...	100
4. French <i>vice versa</i> , and grammatical questions ...	100
5. German <i>vice versa</i> , and grammatical questions ...	100
6. Drawing: Geometrical or Model and Perspective ...	100
7. Theoretical Mechanics (composition and resolution of forces, the mechanical powers and the elements of friction) ...	100
8. Chemistry (Elementary Inorganic) ...	100

Candidates must take up at least two, but not more than four, of the optional subjects.

Candidates will have to attend at the City of London College, White-street, Little Moorfields, on Friday, 30th October, 1891, between the hours of 12 and 4, and to pay the first fee of 10s. for the examination in the obligatory subjects. They will then be informed of the date on which they will have to attend at the College for examination.

The candidates successful in the first (the obligatory) part of the examination will, in due course, receive an intimation to that effect from the City of London College, and at the same time be asked to state in what optional subjects they wish to be examined, and to pay the second fee of 10s. for the second or optional part of the examination.

Candidates must be free from physical defect of every kind; and those who are successful in the examination will, before appointment, be submitted to a medical examination.

The Council reserves to itself the right of selecting for appointment any candidate out of the order of merit, if such candidate has shown in his examination special qualifications in any particular subject requisite for the appointment.

Applications must be made on the printed forms, which can only be obtained on *personal* application at the office of the Council.
 SPRING GARDENS, H. DE LA HOOKE,
 October, 1891. Clerk of the Council.

Are Free Schools a Failure?

PRACTICAL LESSONS FROM A MONTH'S EXPERIENCE.

UNDER this heading the *Pall Mall Gazette* of September 26th gives a very important analysis of the working of Free Education in a Bristol School. After describing the nature of the district in question and the many difficulties to contend with, the writer goes on to say:—

"We began well. The School Board had put forth extraordinary efforts to give Free Education a really good push off. When the schools 'broke up' on July 31st for three weeks' holiday, every child took home a leaflet headed in fat type—

NO MORE SCHOOL FEES,

and urging in simple, strong terms the need for greater regularity in attendance. Then, again, during the last day or two of the week previous to the re-opening of the schools the attendance officers made a house-to-house tramp around the district distributing similar leaflets to those already mentioned as they went. The result was that we ended the first week with an average attendance in this, the boys' school, of 236. There were 277 names on the rolls, so that the percentage of regularity was 85 per cent. This was the best record for an opening week up to date, the 236 average being 6 above the highest score in any of the corresponding weeks during the seven years the school has stood here.

"The second week of Free Education saw the gilt wearing a little from off the gingerbread. Strain as we would; impress from forty to fifty of the regular and punctual boys twice a day into the work of running round to the homes of the 'waverers' with inquiry for absence and entreaty for presence; and devote a few minutes at the close of each session to a strongly-put appeal to all the boys to try and turn up on the next occasion, the average for the second week, with 282 names on the rolls—for we had admitted five new pupils—fell to 234.4, and the percentage of regularity to 83 per cent. The third week told the same tale:—number on books, 286; average attendance, 232.3; percentage of regularity, 81 per cent.

"Last Monday saw the opening of the final week in this the first month of Free Education. At 9.15 a.m. (a quarter of an hour after the time of opening the school), with 287 names on the rolls, and absolutely no special reason for absence on the part of the very great majority of the pupils, all of whom live near the school, we had 160 boys present. By dint of swearing in 50 special juvenile attendance officers we got in 26 more, making the total present 216.

"This left us 61 absent, and, having a mind to exactly ascertain, as far as possible, and summarize the reasons for this absenteeism, I sent a message of inquiry to each house. The following is the tabulation of what I gleaned:—

- In 7 cases: "No one home."
(Both parents at work. Boys probably sent to school.)
- In 5 cases: "Truanting."
(The following are the sort of replies in these cases:—"He got up before it was light and ran away." "He has been out all night sleeping in railway trucks." "He hasn't been home since last Wednesday; we don't know where he is." And so on.)
- In 10 cases: "Gone to shop."
(A euphemism that needs no explanation.)
- In 7 cases: "Gone on an errand."
- In 5 cases: "Bad in bed."
- In 6 cases: "Minding the baby."
(An occupation by no means confined to the little mothers of the alley home.)
- In 6 cases: "No one up yet."
(It is a striking fact that on Monday mornings the whole neighbourhood appears to oversleep itself. I suppose the fathers

are in their places at 6 a.m. as usual; but the statement comes in very generally up to 10 a.m. on Mondays that there is "no one up yet.")

In 4 cases: "No boots."
(This is scarcely a legitimate excuse, as there are always several bare-footed boys present, and on no account would the lack of shoe-leather constitute a reason for non-attendance.)

In 11 cases: "Not coming this morning. Shan't tell you why."
(In several such cases as these the message comes back, "Tell the b—— schoolmaster to be d——d!" In two of these cases the child is at work—illegally, of course.)

"Some of these sixty-one absentees of Monday morning turn up, of course, as the week goes on, but nine-tenths of them *always* require to be sent for every time the school opens. One can readily excuse the teacher who gives them up in despair! To-day (Friday) I have just completed the summary returns for the fourth week of Free Education. They show: on the books, 287; average attendance, 228.9; percentage of regularity, 79 per cent.

"The following table will show the month's experience at a glance:—

Weeks.	(a) Number on the Books.	(b) Average Attendance.	(c) Percentage of Regularity.	(d) Number not present at all.	(e) Number, additional to those under (d), who have not made more than half the possible Attendances.	(f) Number of boys who have not been near their Free Schools during the Month.
First week of Free Education ...	277	236.	85	14	8	} 12
Second week, do. ...	282	234.4	83	17	14	
Third week, do. ...	286	232.2	81	22	9	
Fourth week, do. ...	287	228.9	79	27	12	

"There are the figures, make your own deductions. But before you begin it is necessary that one other explanation should be made. It is this, that the percentages of regularity (85, 83, 81, and 79) have not been obtained by *all*, the pupils, generally speaking, making a fairly good attendance. They have been reached as a result of a thoroughly satisfactory attendance on the part of from 80 to 85 per cent. of the pupils, and a thoroughly bad attendance on the part of the remainder."

These figures convince one that what is necessary is the strictest enforcement of the Education Act by a special effort on the part of the authorities.

Taking this view, the writer follows this remarkable show of figures by an appeal to the magistrates, and is strongly of opinion that "six months of steady, firm, and judicious administration of the law" would emancipate many thousands of little children from the mental and physical slavery involved in their continued absence from school. In conclusion, he asks whether "in the face of facts like these, which can be corroborated and multiplied all over the country, is it not worth our while making an effort to see fair play for Free Education?"

[Since the above was written other letters have appeared, showing that these figures can hardly be accepted as a fair statement of the case. I hope to return to the subject in a future issue.—ED.]

Advertising in China.

In the *Voyage of the Sunbeam*, the late Lady Brassey translated from Brazilian newspapers certain advertisements of slaves for sale, remarking that the presence of announcements of such a kind in journals of standing, showed, not only that the sale of slaves was carried on freely and openly in Brazil, but that Brazilian public opinion found nothing to object to in the practice. There can be little doubt (says the *Cornhill* of this present month) indeed, of the value, to an enquiring sociologist, of the advertising columns of a leading paper. Advertisements give unconscious, and therefore, trustworthy, evidence of the current standards of intelligence, morality, and refinement, quite as much as of the prosperity or poverty of a country. It is not time wasted then, to take up the advertisement sheet of that comparatively modern institution the Chinese vernacular press, and see what light it throws on Chinese manners and morals.

In China proper there are at present four daily papers—one published at Canton, one at Tientsin, and two at Shanghai. Of these, the first is the only one not under foreign protection, and, probably for this very reason its advertisement sheet contains little of interest. It is largely occupied, in fact, by the puffs of an enterprising English druggist. The most characteristic advertisements are to be found, for those who have patience and eyesight, in the *Shên Pao*, or *Shanghai Gazette*.

Nearly half the general trade announcements and about a third of the "miscellaneous" are foreign, as are all the sales by

auction and a fair proportion of the medicines. The rest may be taken as purely native.

The remarkable preponderance of gambling and medical advertisements will be noticed at once; indeed, I cannot help thinking that (except in the matter of theatres) the proportions which the various entries in this list bear to one another correspond pretty closely to the ingredients of a Chinaman's character. The one thing which he will import, whether into his country or himself, in practically unlimited quantities, is physic. China is the happy hunting-ground of the patent medicine man. This is no new discovery, for more than one foreign drug company has flourished, and is flourishing, through the fact. With a spirit of reciprocity which she does not exhibit on all occasions, China returns the kindness of Messrs. Eno, Fellows, Beecham, etc., by exporting her medical men (save the mark!)—chiefly, I am happy to say, to the Pacific Slope.

The writer in the *Cornhill* goes on to describe several announcements of Chinese medicines, which are remarkable. Here is an extract from one, recounting the discovery and properties of the "Fairy Receipt for Lengthening Life." The whole production is worthy of the genius who evolved Mother Seigel and her syrup:—

"This receipt has come down to us from a physician of the Ming Dynasty. A certain official was journeying in the hill country when he saw a woman passing southward over the mountains as if flying. In her hand she held a stick, and she was pursuing an old fellow of a hundred years. The mandarin asked the woman, saying, 'Why do you beat that old man?' 'He is my grandson,' she answered; 'for I am 500 years old, and he 111; he will not purify himself or take his medicine, and so I am beating him.' The mandarin alighted from his horse, and knelt down and did obeisance to her, saying, 'Give me, I pray you, this drug, that I may hand it down to posterity for the salvation of mankind.' Hence it got its name.

"It will cure all affections of the five intestines and derangement of the seven emotions, constitutional debility, feebleness of limb, dimness of vision, rheumatic pains in the loins and knees, and cramp in the feet. A dose is ¼ oz. Take it for five days, and the body will feel light; take it for ten days, and your spirits will become brisk; for twenty days, and the voice will be strong and clear, and the hands and feet supple; for one year, and white hairs become black again, and you move as though flying. Take it constantly, and all troubles will vanish, and you will pass a long life without growing old. Price per bottle, 3s. 3d."

Besides the numerous advertisements of cosmetics are some which deal with that other feminine vanity of China, the tiny feet. These "golden lilies," that will go into a shoe which a conscientious nurse at home would reject for a year-old baby, are not acquired without a certain inconvenience, not—as, however, the fair owner would most desire—to put too fine a point on it. Hence the justification of advertisements such as this:—

"Our Lily-print powder has been sold for many years, and may be described as miraculous in its effects. By its use the foot can be bound tight without any painful swelling, and yet be easily brought to a narrow point. Price per bottle, twopence. Also our Paragon Powder, the sole cure for fetid sores caused by binding. Threepence a bottle. Sold only at Prince's Drug Store, at the sign of Great Good Luck in Paoshan ('Precious and Moral') Street, at Shanghai. All others are imitations."

The Chinese advertiser does not lack imagination: in picturesqueness he can give points to his Western rival. "What he needs," says the *Cornhill*, "is a Herkomer or a Millais. So far he has been hampered in his flights by the limitation of the wood block: when he begins to import canvases and R.A.'s, then, ah, then! Pears, and Eno, and Beecham, and the monkey brand that won't wash clothes will have to lay in a new stock of poets and men of letters if they would vie successfully with the Chinese uses of advertisement."

Ecce Venit.

THOU, O most compassionate,
 Who didst stoop to our estate,
 Drinking of the cup we drain,
 Treating in our path of pain,—
 Through the doubt and mystery
 Grant to us Thy steps to see,
 And the grace to draw from thence
 Larger hope and confidence.
 Show thy vacant tomb, and let,
 As of old, the angels sit,
 Whispering, by its open door,
 "Fear not, He hath gone before."

Gleanings—Grave and Gay.

THE enormous power which the existing system of huge standing armies throws into the hands of Continental Governments for the purpose of controlling labour questions has been pretty clearly brought out during the past few months in France. Apparently the Government consider the army capable of being used in two ways during labour troubles:—(1) To prevent and suppress disorder; (2) To break down strikes by making the soldiers do the work of the strikers.

THE first method had, perhaps, its most striking example at Fourmies last May, where, it will be remembered, the army was called in with terrible effect to prevent rioting, and the drastic way in which it did its work created a somewhat uneasy impression throughout the working world. Since that date, M. Constans, the Minister of the Interior, has been a terror to all rioters, and the French working people have apparently had a considerable dread of the French soldier. In order to enable the Government to strike whenever it sees fit, a Corps d'Armée has been stationed in every manufacturing centre.

THE second use to which the French Government puts its army is by calling the soldiers into special service to supply the place of the strikers, and this, if continued to its legitimate end, can hardly result otherwise than in oppression to the labouring classes and probably some catastrophe later on. During the summer the French army has been called into this kind of service on at least three important labour crises in Paris. When the butchers and bakers struck, stating that they were oppressed by employment agencies, who exacted enormous sums for securing them situations, Paris was threatened with starvation; immediately, pressure was brought to bear on the Government, and M. Constans called on the bakers in the army to go to work. The result was that Paris got more bread than it could eat, and the strike collapsed, as of course the butchers could not hold out alone.

A FEW weeks later nearly all the employés of the great railroad system of France struck work; immediately the army was called upon to supply the place of the workmen, and every railroad station throughout the country assumed the appearance of a military parade ground. Soldiers took the places of engineers, porters, breaksmen, and the like, and business suffered very little serious interruption. Of course the workmen had to succumb.

LASTLY the workmen on the streets struck. Once more the soldiers intervened, this time making pavements, repairing streets, hauling stone, etc., and the third time the strikers were bowled out. What the end of Government intervention in labour disputes, always on one side, will be, readers of history probably will not find it hard to guess.

It is somewhat confusing and unfortunate that the names of both the gentlemen who have been writing about London labour and London poor are Booth. But while every one has heard a good deal about the scheme of William Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, I fancy those who have taken the trouble to look through the two very interesting volumes, with appendices, issued by Mr. Charles Booth, and entitled "Life and Labour of the People," are comparatively few. Starting with a careful survey, carried out by many helpers, and embodied in some hundreds of note-books, he has laid before us in his two volumes what is, I should fancy, by far the most accurate popular representation of the relative poverty and wealth, not only of London as a whole, but of each of the districts into which London is subdivided. Roughly speaking, he finds that 30 per cent. of the people of London are poor, while 70 per cent. are comfortable or wealthy. He puts his facts before us in the following somewhat graphic manner:—

A (lowest)	37,610	or—9 per cent.	} In poverty,
B (very poor)	316,834	" 75 "	
C and D (poor)	938,293	" 22.3 "	cent.
E and F (comfortable)	2,166,503	" 51.5 "	} In comfort,
G and H (middle class and above)	749,930	" 17.8 "	
	4,209,170	100 per cent.	

It will be noticed that the 30 per cent. spoken of generally as "poor" are subdivided, and it is to this subdivision that Mr. Booth addresses himself when dealing with the real problem which lies before us in treating of London poverty. Mr. Booth repeats at the end of his second volume the conviction which he expressed when he closed his first, viz.: that the crux of the situation is in class B. How to prevent class B from sinking into class A, and still more to keep it from hanging round the necks of classes C and D, that, in his opinion, is the gist of the Social Question in London. Classes C and D, un-

impeded by the competition of the casual labour of class B, would tend to rise into self-support; class A, if unrecruited from class B, would remain an insignificant fraction of the community. The really critical problem, therefore, involves not 30 per cent. of the population, but something less than 8 per cent. One must not, of course, forget how many of class C stand close to the limit of class B, and through misfortune, sickness, or drink, are liable to slip into the ranks of casual labour. On the other hand, the figures fairly looked at seem to me to point that if the 70 per cent. of the well-to-do people in London could but apply themselves in a systematic way to the redemption of the 8 per cent. represented by class B, the 22 per cent. now just holding its own would be able to achieve independence, and the residuum, less than 1 per cent. of the whole, would be easily controlled.

IN sickness it is everything to get a good diagnosis of your disease, and to have the conditions of your malady fairly stated, so as to know what remedies are required. Mr. Charles Booth has made an earnest attempt to do this for us, and promises us yet further statements in years to come which will enable us to trace still more effectually the upward or downward progress of the lines of poverty or comfort. In the meantime it is really beyond the power of the wealthiest city in the world so to deal with class B so as to enable classes C and D to permanently establish themselves in independence, instead of remaining in constant terror of slipping into actual destitution? Here is a work for practical Christianity. May God help each one of us to do our part in the solution of the problem. If only one man in ten among the comfortable classes would interest himself in a single unit of class B the question would be solved once and for ever.

WE often make ourselves merry at the expense of what we deem Yankee unconventionality. I noticed the other day that the compliment was being returned in an American paper, which gives the following clipping from advertisements in some recent English religious papers.

A "PATRON'S Agent" offers the next presentation of a "gem church"—small population, *duty light*, tithes com. [commutation?] over £365." The Carlton Bank (Ltd.) offers "financial facilities, promptly and privately," to clergymen requiring temporary aid. A publisher, moved thereto, doubtless, by the present lamentable exhibition at the Treves Cathedral, announces a book on "The Dead Ass and the Holy Goat." Another advertises "Modern Teetotal Heresy at the Lord's Table; with Observations on the Cup of the Lord as a Great Temperance Lesson." Mr. A. Hearn, who begins his "ad" with the catchword UNCOMMON, modestly describes himself as "the flaming evangelist, who is by far the greatest preacher in the world"—poor Phillips Brooks and Farrar and Spurgeon, *et als!*—and offers to preach anywhere within fifty miles of London for "no more than return ticket and announcement." Second-hand iron churches may be obtained from another advertiser. Among the many appeals for financial help the *Spectator* notices one which consists simply of the words, "Rev. W. Peters' Case," followed by acknowledgments of sums of from two shillings to a pound from several people. Both "helps" and "lady-helps" are in great demand, and at the same time are eagerly seeking situations. They often offer to send "photo," and usually state exact age. One remarks, oracularly, "Give time." Perhaps our readers can interpret. Equally problematical are the grocer's assistant out of work, who declares, spasmodically, "Cash or family," and the youth who wants a post-office position, and who is "well up in S.N. and A.B.C." And a young lady of 21 who wants to be a lady help is certainly very specific when she describes herself as "musical, abstainer, domesticated." But the *Spectator* once saw in an English religious weekly an advertisement for a la-maid!

FOR a long time past most of the public clocks in Paris, as well as the timepieces in banks, hotels, clubs, and in many private houses, have been kept going by means of pneumatic power supplied from a central station; and to supply them with the necessary compressed air, a network of pipes has been laid beneath the city streets. Owing recently to one of these pipes being broken during the operation of taking up a portion of the roadway, all the clocks upon the pneumatic system, to the number of about ten thousand, suddenly stopped, to the great inconvenience of the business portion of the community. It was impossible to remedy the mischief at once, and the easiest plan was found to be to start the clocks once more at exactly twelve hours after the accident, thus obviating the necessity of altering the hands of each individual clock. The system of supplying water, gas, electricity, air, etc., from one fixed point is good in itself, for it represents economy of labour and materials; but this case of stoppage shows that it is not without its inconveniences.

The World's Show of 1893.

CHICAGO has been somewhat wittily dubbed "the Modern Apostle of the Enormous," and having regard to its fourteen to twenty story buildings, to its parks, and to its boulevards, the jest was not far wrong. Interest at present, however, chiefly centres in the preparations being made for the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, to which doubtless both Palace and Poly. will send representative contingents. The preparations are being carried out on a scale never before known, and with such marvellous precision that the very day appointed for the starting of the work of erecting the buildings, found the ground ready.



MRS. POTTER PALMER.

THE northern end of the site has been under the care of the Park Commissioners for many years, and is a beautiful park. This space was at once set aside for the special buildings of foreign nations and of the States. The remainder of the site was a wilderness of swamp and sandhills, thinly covered with brush. Thousands of men, hundreds of teams, and a score or more of steam dredges of large size were employed. The swamps have been drained and filled in, the hills levelled and graded, the great lagoon and broad canals have been excavated, and the immense terraces upon which the buildings are to stand have been erected. In this work of levelling and grading, a million cubic yards of earth have been moved. Railroad tracks have been laid in every part, eighteen miles being now completed, and electric lights are being established in such numbers that the whole area can be brilliantly lighted.

IN more ways than one are the executive alive to the spirit and tendencies of the last decade of the nineteenth century, and of which the growing influence and status of women is one of the most pronounced. Recognizing as one of the vital problems of the day, that which relates to the true position of women, the world's exposition allots them a distinct department. A noble building, designed by a woman architect, will be devoted to a complete exposition of woman's work and capabilities. Ample funds and the utmost liberty of action have been given. A board of the brightest and most intellectual women, with Mrs. Potter Palmer, as president, has sole and absolute charge of this department, and the results obtained will doubtless influence for a century to come the true status of women.

As I have said, the city of Chicago—always and proverbially expansive and energetic—is now the busiest and most

buoyant place on the face of the earth. *The Review of Reviews* says it is one of the stateliest and most beautiful of the world's chief population-centres. Considered as soil in which to plant seeds of the highest forms of civilisation and progress, Chicago is, perhaps, more promising than any other large American city. The development of the New World that Columbus discovered four hundred years ago is what must, in the nature of things, be mainly illustrated by the Fair. The financial resources of the Fair are to be unprecedented. From £4,000,000 to £5,000,000 will be invested by the Exposition Directory and the Federal and State Governments, and many millions more will be provided by foreign Governments and by private persons, firms and companies, and by the holders of various concessions. The individual States will have appropriated in the aggregate four or five times as much as they appropriated for the "Centennial" at Philadelphia, and the preparations in general are upon some such superior scale of magnitude. The group of buildings for Exposition purposes have been, in the main, designed and accepted, and work has begun upon them. They will far surpass those of any previous international exhibition. It is certain that Mexico, Central America, and South America will make extraordinary efforts to be conspicuously represented at the Fair. China and Japan, whose recent activities have been so obviously a result of the advancement and influence of the United States, will quite outdo themselves. The dedicatory exercises, for the sake of the observance of the Columbian quadri-centennial anniversary, will occur on October 12th, 1892. The Exhibition will not open until May 1st, 1893.

ONE of the most sensational features of the exhibition is to be a huge swing, 360 feet high, driven by an electric motor, and having a car big enough to contain twenty-four people. The car will travel a distance of 900 feet in ten seconds, or at the rate of a mile a minute, and at its lowest point it will be but two or three feet from the ground, while at its highest it will be 340 feet. Before the delirious attractions of this swing the delights of the switchback railway and the toboggan slide are confidently expected to pale their ineffectual fires. As a producer of dizziness and sickness—sensations of which many people nowadays seem to be strangely enamoured—it should be superior to anything that has yet been devised!

I Have Nothing to Give.

"Moreover, it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful."—1 Cor. iv., 2.

If you'd be a faithful steward,
You will never thus refuse,
You will give a true percentage
To the Lord for all you use;
You will set apart the firstlings
Of the flocks within your field,
And the vineyard's first rich fruitage,
Will to the Master yield.

If you love the blessed Giver,
You will give a little time;
If you cannot give a dollar,
You will gladly give a dime;
And although not very able,
Some poor Lazarus will be fed
By the fragments from your table
By your crusts and crumbs of bread.

Small gifts of self-denial,
These lowly widow-mites,
In the book of God's remembrance
The recording angel writes;
It is lent unto the Master,
Who has promised to repay;
And the bread cast on the water,
Will return again some day.

If we give cool cups of water
To the thirsty ones we meet,
If we feed and clothe the hungry,
If we wash each other's feet,
We shall drink from living fountains
And on sweetest manna fare,
Bathe in seas of bliss immortal,
Spotless robes of glory wear.

A Land of Love.

(Continued).

CHAPTER V.

"WELL, Mr. Palmer," began Ormizon, after they had parted from the ladies, "did you and the doctor exhaust the subject of ghosts?"

"It's inexhaustible," returned Palmer; "that is, when the doctor seriously assaults it. You know, Dr. Gluck is what you might call a scientific spiritualist. She accepts all the phenomena alleged by the spiritualists as authentic; vows she's seen 'em with her own eyes; and then she undertakes to explain them on a scientific basis. Well, of course I don't agree with her; I think it's all stuff. But I enjoy getting her stirred up on the subject, just the same. She has a large head, and she talks well. But then I always enjoy the doctor, anyhow. Take her all round, she's the best fellow I know. I often think what a pity she ain't a man. She's got so much of what the French call *bonhomie*."

"Yes, that's a fact. She's a jolly good fellow," Ormizon assented. "You know, she and I have been acquainted years and years."

"So I judged, from something she let fall. Well, now, she's not half bad-looking, either, is she? Her colouring is tip-top; and though she's short and plump, she's shapely, and she carries herself well. Kind of funny she's never got married. She'll be an old maid before long now, if she don't look sharp. . . . I say, by the way, are you the enviable possessor of a watch and chain?"

"Yes."

"Well, would you mind telling a less fortunate mortal what o'clock it is?"

"It's half-past nine."

"Thanks. I thought it was later. To confess the truth, I feel the need of some slight stimulus. And what do you say to reposing our weary bones for a little at yonder wayside inn?"

He pointed to a brilliantly-lighted café on the Boulevard St. Michel, into which thoroughfare they had just turned.

"It's a good idea," Ormizon assented.

They sat down at one end of the café tables. Palmer ordered absinthe. Ormizon contented himself with beer.

"Smoke?" suggested the latter, proffering a bundle of cigarettes.

"Thanks. I prefer a pipe," said Palmer, and proceeded to fill a short clay pipe with Caporal tobacco. After he had sucked it well alight, "I was once the proprietor of a timepiece myself," he resumed. "But I've loaned it to my uncle."

Ormizon smiled.

"Now, I dare say you've never had occasion to curry favour with your uncle—hey?" questioned Palmer. Then, without waiting for an answer, "Well, you're almighty lucky. I've been on intimate terms with the old gentleman for many years. Just at present there's a trifling coolness between us, caused by the fact that my stock of marketable chattels, jewels, ornaments, articles of vertu, etcetera, has run dry; and he is not possessed of sufficient artistic discrimination to be willing to advance anything upon my own creations. However, I live in the hope that this sad misunderstanding may be set right, and our fond hearts reconciled. He's a convenient, though a stern and exacting, relative, your uncle. Lord bless you, he and I have had dealings ever since I was a lad. Now, when I was a divinity student—"

"Why, have you been a divinity student?"

"In the course of a long and somewhat eventful career, I've been various sorts of things. I've been a farmer, a carpenter, a school teacher. Then, when I was eighteen, I went on to Boston with the idea of becoming a lawyer. But after six months in the law school I got disgusted. I wanted realities, and they gave me formulas. I wanted bread, and they gave me red tape. Then I packed my traps, and moved over to the theological seminary. There too, however, I paled and sickened. The atmosphere of cant, sham, insincerity, didn't agree with me. It was death to my self-respect. I'd look at those sleek, smug-faced, unfledged parsons, and I'd tremble, by George, to think that I might grow to be like them. No, sir; I've knocked around a good deal, but I never struck a hole yet where there was more downright meanness, and untruthfulness, and envy, and what you call pure cussedness, and less Christianity, than there was in that whited sepulchre of a divinity school. Why, the art schools here in Paris, why, they're nest-beds of virtue, compared to it; and you know what their reputation is. Gad, it makes me sick, merely to remember it. . . . Well, after that I turned my attention to medicine. I didn't enjoy it; I didn't especially believe in it; I thought it was nine-tenths humbug and pretence: still, I was in a fair way to obtain my M.D.—which, I've often thought since, would

have been my moral damnation—I was in a fair way to obtain it, and to start out in the practice of my quackery, when, during one summer vacation, I tried my hand at sign-painting. The transition from a sign-painter to a would-be picture-painter was easy and obvious."

Ormizon laughed. "And next? What do you mean to be next?" he asked, with a flippancy which he was very soon sorry for.

"No, sir. There's no next on my programme. At last I'm firmly anchored. Art is not my mistress; she's my wife. I'm not coquetting with her; I'm married to her for better or for worse—especially for worse. Indissolubly wedded we are, and shall remain, till death parts us. We've starved along together for some four years already, and I guess we're not likely to quarrel for a good while to come. She's jealous, she's exacting, she knows how to make you feel mighty uncomfortable and unhappy, her favours are hard to win; but she's honest, she's real, she's worth while; I'd rather eat a dinner of herbs in her company than a stalled ox in any other; I love her with all my heart. That's about the size of it, Mr. Ormizon. It took us a long time to find each other out; but we were meant for each other from the beginning, all the same. Why, look here. I was born and raised 'way down in the little village of Unity, Maine, among the Quakers, where they have no more idea of art than they have of Egyptology, and where they'd hold both to be equally ungodly. My father, and his father before him, and his grandfathers, clear back to the settlement of the colony, had been Quakers and farmers. So it ain't strange that I had to flounder around a good deal, and make considerable many false shots, before I finally hit the mark. . . . No, sir, my art is dearer to me than my life. Art is truth; and truth is the only thing worth bothering about in this world."

Palmer paused, and relighted his pipe, which had taken advantage of his monologue to go out.

"I beg your pardon for speaking as I did," said Ormizon. "It was very silly and thoughtless of me. . . . You—you are studying here in Paris, I suppose?"

"Oh, don't mention it. That's all right. I understood that you were joking. . . . Yes, I'm at Julien's. Before that I was at the Students' League in New York, and also worked under Sartain in his studio. I've been here going on eighteen months. I arrived in Paris with a capital of four hundred dollars, which I'd saved up teaching drawing in a young ladies' boarding-school out West—in Indiana. Ah me! where are those dollars now? Gone to join the Hebrew children, I dare say. Well, well! But my heart yearns toward them, where-so'er they be. If I should meet one of them here on the Boulevard to-night, I'd greet it with the rapturous enthusiasm of old friendship. I'd welcome it with a kiss and a hug. I'd kill the fatted calf, I'd set up the drinks, in its honour. I'd forgive its perfidy, even; for, between you and me, it was frightful, it was disheartening, the cold-blooded haste those dollars made to desert me, after my advent here. . . . Ah, well, I suppose I might as reasonably wish for the snows of yester-year. Here's peace to their ashes." He emptied his glass.

"You've got something better than money, Palmer; a light heart."

"Have I, though? Perhaps, my dear fellow, it's not so light as it seems. Anyhow, I wish it was as light as my purse—or, for that matter, as light as my stomach is most of the time. That's my great trouble. I can't seem to get enough to eat. I can't afford to spend much on my eating, especially when I haven't got anything to spend; and, consequence is, I go to bed hungry most every night. Lately I've adopted the system of saving up all through the week, and then going in for a real square meal on Sunday—such as I had to-day. I tell you, a dinner like that one we had down to Suresne this afternoon—that's the sort of thing that makes a man of me. On a full stomach, sir, I rise in my own estimation at least fifty per cent. . . . Hi! Garçon! Encore une absinthe-à-la-gomme!"

"Yes; but your system is a very imprudent one. You'll ruin your digestion."

"You show me a means of getting rich, and I'll drop the system like a hot potato. If you've got any Philistines to be despoiled, trot 'em around to my studio, and I'll feast like an epicure every day as long as they hold out. Otherwise—don't talk to me about digestion."

"Where is your studio?"

"My studio and residence combined are around in the Rue St. Jacques, on the top floor of the Hôtel du St. Esprit. 'Sky parlour reaching heavenward far,' you understand. And I'll tell you what. Don't you want to come over there with me now? I'll show you some of my work. I possess the largest collection of Palmers in existence."

"I should like to, above all things."

"Well, come on."

Ormizon called for the reckoning, and was about to pay it, when Lancelot cut in with,—

"Oh, I say. Just compute my share of that, will you? How much is it?"

"Oh, that's all right," returned Ormizon. "This is my treat."

"Not much it isn't. Not if the court knows itself, and it strongly suspects it does. Just calculate my percentage of our liabilities, and allow me to fork over. You see, I can't afford to let you treat me; for I shall never be able to return the compliment. No, sir; we'll have to proceed on the Philadelphian plan from the beginning. Besides, it's the *mode* here in Paris; and there's nothing like being à la mode."

So Lancelot, who, like the improvident Bohemian that he was, denied himself bread and meat, and then squandered the price of a dinner upon absinthe-à-la-gomme,—Lancelot contributed his portion of the sum due; and the two young men set forth, arm in arm, for the Rue St. Jacques. Their course thither led them back up the Rue Soufflot, and past the door of Denise's house.

Sweeping the façade of it with his glance, "I suppose our fair friends are wrapped in blissful slumber," Lancelot observed. "May their dreams be as sweet as their dispositions! What—what a regular daisy that little Mamselle is, ain't she?"

"She's very charming," Ormizon admitted.

"So gentle, and helpless, and sort of appealing, don't you know? Yes, sir, she and the doctor make a first-rate team."

The Hôtel du St. Esprit was a dingy students' lodging-house, with a great sign over the entrance, advertising "Chambres et cabinets meublés."

"Now comes the tug of war," Palmer said. "Breathe through your nose, and take it easy."

He led the way up five flights of stairs.

"Well, sir, here we are," he resumed, when they had reached the top. He unlocked a door. "Winded, but still intact, here we are in my castle and my sanctum, my bedroom, my kitchen, my atelier, my boudoir, and my salon. Just stay where you are till I strike a light. Otherwise, you might upset something, or bark your shins."

He lighted a candle, and then a kerosine lamp.

It was a small room, not more than ten feet by twelve; and it seemed smaller still, because it was crowded to its utmost capacity with the furniture necessary to a sleeping apartment, and with the paraphernalia necessary to a painter's workshop. A bed, a wash-stand, an armoire-à-glace, a table, two or three chairs, an easel, a lay-figure, and in one corner an old-fashioned hair trunk studded with brass nails, left but little space to move about in, and gave one the feeling of standing in an over-stocked lumber room. The walls were tinted a soft olive gray, and barnaced with a multitude of canvases, of various shapes and sizes, bearing designs which, in the scant light of the lamp and candle, Ormizon could do no more than guess at. There was but a single window, opposite which an open fireplace served as pantry and kitchen closet, being full to the brim with pots and pans, and with divers brown paper parcels that looked as though they contained food-stuffs. The air was loaded with an assortment of odours, forcible among them that of turpentine, that of stale tobacco-smoke, and that of cold ham.

"Sit down," said Lancelot, "and make yourself at home. You see, I've been keeping house on my own hook lately, which accounts for the batterie de cuisine you behold yonder in the chimney. I've got an alcohol lamp; and, if I do say it who shouldn't, some of the repasts I get up here are immense. I mean in quality,—not in quantity. That, as I said before, that's my bugbear, my bête noire. I sometimes forget what enough signifies. If my appetite weren't built on such a magnificent scale, it's really astonishing the small income on which I could make out to live. Now, take the matter of rent. What do you suppose the rent of this establishment is, monthly?"

"Well, let's see. Well, I don't know. Perhaps—perhaps fifty francs. I pay seventy around in the Hôtel de l'Univers, Rue Gay-Lussac. But my room is rather larger, and it's only au troisième. Yes, I guess your rent is somewhere in the neighbourhood of fifty francs."

"Oh, but the Rue Gay-Lussac is the height of Sweldom, compared to the Rue St. Jacques. It's the Beacon Street, the Fifth Avenue, the West End, of the Latin Quarter. I looked for a room there myself, but the prices scared me away. My rent, sir, is twenty-five francs a month, service included. That is, when I pay it. Just now I'm in arrears for a couple of months. But Madame Pamparagoux, my landlady, is of a trustful, hopeful nature; and so she lets it stand. Well, to continue, as I was saying, if I had an ordinary appetite, I could eat for two francs a day. That would bring my living expenses down pretty low. See?"

"I don't see how you could eat for two francs a day; no. I should like to hear you explain it. It never costs me less than five,—it generally costs me at least six,—and I usually go to a Duval."

"Why, bless you, there you are again with your lofty aristocratic notions. A Duval! . . . Why, man alive, there are lots of fellows I know, who eat for two francs a day, and less even. But they don't approach within gunshot of a Duval. Well, for example: first breakfast, one sou of bread, one sou of milk—ten centimes. That's taken at a bake-shop. Second breakfast, at a restaurant, but not a Duval,—second breakfast, one sou of bread, one sou of soup, five sous of meat, three of vegetables—fifty centimes. Then go to a table d'hôte for your dinner, at one franc twenty-five. So you've had your day's rations for one franc eighty-five. The surplus of three sous you distribute as tips among the waiters."

"Yes; but what sort of food is it that they give you at these cheap restaurants? They may flavour it so as to make it palatable, but is it nourishing?"

"Well, it seems to be. The boys seem to worry through on it, anyhow. Of course, there's a strong presumption that the beef is horse; but, then, horse is all right, if you possess a stout set of teeth, and if you get enough. But for me, there's the rub. You *don't* get enough. Now, you take that table d'hôte at one franc twenty-five. It ain't bad, as far as it goes. But I—I'm obliged to eat two of them, in order to get filled up. So, as I said, I've begun to cook for myself. On two francs fifty a day, I can make out fairly well, and then go in for a regular rattling feast on Sunday. . . . But come. I wanted to show you some of my work."

Palmer took up the lamp, and, holding it aloft, pointed now to one, now to another, of the unframed canvases on the wall, pronouncing a running commentary upon them as he did so. Ormizon said he liked the work immensely. So far as he could judge, it was full of ability, and promised better still. It was certainly very pleasing and interesting. "But why do you always sign H. Palmer?" he wondered. "H. doesn't stand for Lancelot."

"Good Lord, man," cried Palmer, laughing, "my name ain't Lancelot! That's only a bit of facetiousness on the part of those women-folks. They must have their joke, you know, and they've dubbed me Lancelot—well, I give it up why. My name is Hiram. Hiram Hutchinson Palmer is what I was baptized. I've dropped the Hutchinson, and simply sign H. Palmer. That answers for all practical purposes, and is shorter and more convenient. But now, I say, sit down again, and let's have a smoke."

While they smoked, Palmer told his guest something about the art school, Julien's, at which he was studying.

"You pay forty francs a month for whole days," he said, "or twenty-five a month for half-days. That entitles you to easel-room, and as much turpentine as you want to use, besides models. That don't sound like much, but they say the old man, Julien, is getting rich on it, all the same. Julien, you know, is a retired model himself, and he opened this school as a speculation. Every now and then they have an exhibition of the work the boys have done, with cash prizes. The prizes ain't exactly independent fortunes; still, if a fellow collars one, it helps along. I scooped in fifty francs last month, for instance; and that fed me for quite a while. But, as I was going to tell you, your forty francs a month entitle you to all the privileges of the school. Then the masters, they give their services free-gratis-for-nothing. At Julien's there are Bouguereau, Boulanger, and Lefebvre, the three greatest draughtsmen living. They come to the school three times a week, examine what the boys have done, point out its faults, show you as well as they can how to set it right. They do this, as I say, for nothing,—simply for the love of art; which, I claim, is glorious. They relieve each other monthly. One month Bouguereau, next month Boulanger, and so on, round and round. This month we have Lefebvre. I tell you, he's grand. He's terribly severe, you know, unsparing in his criticism, mighty sarcastic sometimes, and all that. If he suspects that a fellow ain't in earnest, that he's just fooling, or going in for splurge or show, the Lord help him! Ain't he savage! But he's got a heart as big as an elephant's; and when he sees that a fellow means business, when he sees that a chap is working sincerely, honestly, just as well and just as hard as he knows how, I tell you he's the kindest, he's the gentlest, he's the most encouraging old boy that ever drew the breath of life. It sometimes makes the tears start to my eyes when he comes up in his fatherly way and puts his hand on your shoulder and starts off on his remarks with 'Mon ami, mon cher fils.' Then, as like as not, he goes ahead and gives your work particular fits, and then he winds up, 'But courage, my friend! courage, patience, and hard work! At your age I have done worse myself.'"

(To be continued.)

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

(7th Concert, 4th Series)

TO BE GIVEN ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24TH, 1891, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

Musical Director to the People's Palace MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

THE CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL CHOIR AND CHORAL UNION.—Hon. Sec., MR. H. BURBAGE.
CONDUCTOR—MR. GEORGE HARE.

ORGANIST—MR. F. W. BELCHAMBER (Organist of All Saints', Ennismore Gardens). PIANIST—MR. J. ACKERMAN.

SOLO VOCALISTS—MISS MONTAGU-CONYERS, MISS BEATRICE READ, MISS ANNIE LAYTON,
AND MR. ALBERT FAIRBAIRN.

PART I.—GAUL'S Sacred Cantata, "RUTH."

CHARACTERS.

NAOMI	MISS ANNIE LAYTON.	ORPAH	MISS BEATRICE READ
RUTH	MISS MONTAGU-CONYERS.	BOAZ	MR. ALBERT FAIRBAIRN

Elders, Handmaidens, Reapers, &c., &c.

PART I.

SORROW.

In the Country of Moab, and on the road to Bethlehem.

CHORUS.

A grievous famine smote the land,
And chasten'd Judah's children sore;
It was the Lord's divine command
That earth her fruits should yield no more!
O praise the Lord! He knoweth best
When peace and plenty to accord;
To Him all things are manifest.
O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord!

And now to Him it seemeth good
Again to send His people bread;
And where of late gaunt Famine stood
Sweet Plenty raiseth up her head!
O praise the Lord! He knoweth best
When peace and plenty to accord;
To Him all things are manifest.
O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord!

RECITATIVE AND AIR.—Naomi.

Now go your ways, my daughters well-beloved;
Return ye each unto your mother's house;
The Lord deal kindly with ye, as ye both
Have dealt with those departed, and with me.

O gracious Lord, cast down Thine eyes
Upon Thy servant here,
And grant me strength thro' life's brief length
My earthly woes to bear.
It hath seem'd well, Almighty God,
That I should chasten'd be;
But O I would not stay the rod,
For all is known to Thee!

If by the way I faint and fall,
Of burdens sore complain,
Desert me not, but strength allot,
That I may rise again!
And when my life on earth is o'er,
Have mercy, Lord, on me,
And let me dwell for evermore
In Paradise with Thee!

CHORAL RECITATIVE.

They lifted up their voice and wept again,
For grief and sorrow dwelt within their hearts.

TRIO.—Naomi, Orpah, and Ruth.

Naomi.

Farewell! the-hour has come for parting!
Farewell! love's link must break at last!
Heed not the truant teardrops starting;
They do but greet the mirror'd past!

Orpah.

"Farewell!" the word is all unspoken!
"Farewell!" it cannot yet be said!
For O our hearts will then be broken,
And peace for ever from us fled!

Ruth.

Alas! and must we from thee sever?
Alas! our souls are wrung with pain!
O say not it must be for ever,
But soon our lives will join again!

Naomi.

Alas! my soul is fill'd with sorrow,
Alas! to part is bitter pain;
Yet comfort from this promise borrow,
In heaven we shall meet again!
Farewell!

Ah, no!

Farewell!

Ah, no!

Ye may no more beside me stay!
O we will cleave to one another!
Alas!

It may not be—away!

SOLO.—Ruth.

Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me.

CHORUS.

Speak! art thou that Naomi, daughter,
Who left us when famine was here?
When streams were despoil'd of their water,
And Earth was all barren and sere?
Yea! thou art the one who departed
With husband and sons in the past;
Say, why art thou sorrowful-hearted
Now home thou art welcom'd at last?

RECITATIVE.—Naomi.

Call me not Naomi,
For grief and woe are mine:
The Lord hath dealt full bitterly,
It was His will divine!
I went out full from Bethlehem,
All empty come I now,
Yet to the High God's just decree
My head I humbly bow.

CHORUS.

Weep no more, for we will cheer thee!
Weep no more, but dry thine eyes!
To our hearts we will endear thee!
From thy sorrow, daughter, rise!
Weep no more, the Lord will aid thee
He ne'er faileth in distress;
Bygone woes have only made thee
Fitter for new happiness!
Weep no more!
O weep no more!

PART II.

JOY.

In the harvest field, at the abode of Naomi, and at the Gate of Bethlehem.

CHORUS OF REAPERS.

See! the golden rays of morning,
Now the meadows are adorning;
Earth is from all gloomy shadows,
Born of sombre Night, releas'd!
O'er the crest of distant mountain,
O'er the brook and bubbling fountain,
Gleam anew the waking sunbeams:
Day appears within the East!

While the pearly dewdrops glisten
To the cornfields let us hasten,
There with songs of praise to lighten
Hours that are ordained for toil;
Blithely we will do our reaping,
Still within our mem'ry keeping
Thoughts of Him who, in His mercy,
Giveth us the fruitful soil!

See! the morn, with pointed finger,
Biddeth us no longer linger,
Warneth 'tis the time for labour
Golden stems of corn among.
To the fields then let us hasten
While the pearly dewdrops glisten,
There the hours of toil to lighten
With thanksgiving and with song!

CHORAL RECITATIVE.

Naomi had a kinsman of her husband's, a mighty man of wealth, whose name was Boaz.

AIR.—Ruth.

Let me hie unto the field
Where the reapers reap the corn;
Scatter'd ears the ground will yield,
Fallen since the dewy morn.
Kindly hearts I there may find—
Hearts that will not this deny,
While the golden sheaves they bind
To the sickles' melody.

'Mid the drooping sheaves to glean
Let me now, I pray thee, go;
Where the reaper's scythe hath been
Ears of golden corn lie low.
Homeward then, with yellow spoil,
I shall haste at close of day,
Having gather'd from the soil
Wealth that others cast away.

RECITATIVE.—Naomi.

Go, my daughter, and may thy gleaning prosper;
May plenty cross thy footsteps, and thy heart.
When thou returnest home, be fill'd with joy
That dieth not to-day, but liveth on
Till thou from earthly scenes art call'd away!

AIR.—Boaz.

Go not from hence, my daughter,
But glean between the sheaves;
The field is mine, and all is thine
That ev'ry reaper leaves.
Abide here by my maidens,
And join their mid-day rest;
No tongue shall say thy gleaning nay,
Or aught thy search molest.

Go not from hence, my daughter,
But to my cornfields keep,
And follow close beside of those
Whose task it is to reap.
Thou shalt not be upbraided,
No voice thy hands shall stay;
The field is mine, and all is thine
That thou canst glean to-day!

RECITATIVE AND AIR.—Ruth.

Why have I found grace in thine eyes, O my lord?
Why shouldst thou take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?

Past all knowledge
Is the kindness
Thou dost show, my lord, to me;
I am lowly,
And thy favour
All unmerited must be!
There are many
More deserving,
There are many—I am least,—
Yet thy bounty,
Gracious master,
Bids me join thy maidens' feast.
Deeds so kindly
Fill my bosom
With a wish thy name to laud;
Yea, for actions
Good and tender
Ev'ry heart would fain applaud.
Hear me offer
Loud thanksgiving,
Hear thine handmaid give thee praise;
Gracious master
For thy welfare
I shall pray throughout my days!

RECITATIVE.—Boaz.

I know the goodly deeds that thou hast done,
O my daughter!
And the Lord God of Israel,
Under whose wings thou art come to trust,
Shall give thee full reward!

CHORAL RECITATIVE.

So she glean'd in the field until even,
And beat out that she had gleaned;
Then went she up to the city,
And her heart was fill'd with joy.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT

To be Given on SUNDAY, OCTOBER 25th, 1891.

Organist ... Mr. B. JACKSON, F.C.O. (Organist to the People's Palace).

AT 4 P.M.—VOCALIST, MISS SHAKSPEARE-SMITH.

- 1. FUNERAL MARCH AND HYMN OF SERAPHS ... Guilmant
2. HYMN ... "For ever with the Lord!" ...
3. { a. CANTILENE ... Rheinberger
b. ALLEGRETTO ... Guilmant
4. AIR ... "Thou shalt bring them in" ... Handel
5. INTRODUCTION AND FUGUE IN E MAJOR ... Merkel
6. HYMN ... A few more years shall roll ...

Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood, And take my sins away.
A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not, A far serener clime;
Then, O my Lord, prepare, My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood, And take my sins away.
A few more storms shall beat On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease, And surges swell no more;
Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that calm day,
O wash me in Thy precious Blood, And take my sins away.
A few more struggles here, A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more;
Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood, And take my sins away.
'Tis but a little while And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives That we with Him may reign;
Then, O my Lord, prepare, My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood, And take my sins away.
My heart ever faithful, Sing praises, be joyful, My Saviour is near.
Away with complaining, Faith ever maintaining, My Saviour is here.
My heart ever faithful, Sing praises, be joyful, My Saviour is here.

AT 8. P.M.

- 1. OVERTURE to the Oratorio "Samson" ... Handel
2. { a. MEDITATION IN A FLAT } ... Klein
b. FINALE IN D FLAT }
3. PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN G MAJOR... Mendelssohn
4. CAVATINA ... Raff
5. FESTIVE MARCH ... Smart
6. SELECTION from the Oratorio "Death and Life" Gounod
7. FANTASIA on the Vesper Hymn ... Turpin

The Audience is cordially invited to stand and join in singing the Hymns.

ADMISSION FREE.

POPULAR LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.

PROGRAMME OF LECTURE TO BE GIVEN ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 26th, 1891, AT 8.30,

By MR. A. T. O. SORRELL, ENTITLED—

ROUND THE WORLD IN 90 MINUTES

(Illustrated by excellent Magic Lantern Slides).

SYLLABUS.

Map of the route—Leaving Charing Cross Station—Arrival at Dover—First sea journey—On board the Calais-Douvre
The town of Calais—The celebrated siege—By train to Paris—A peep at Amiens Cathedral—Utrecht velvet—Panorama of Paris—Some of the chief buildings of Paris—Boulevard des Italiens—Paris to Zurich—Across the Splügen Pass, and via Mola to Lake Como, in Italy—Milan Cathedral—Arrival at Venice—The Rialto—St. Mark's and the Campanile—The Doge's palace—Florence—Famous men of Florence—Rome—Famous buildings of Rome—Naples and Mount Vesuvius—Its first eruption—Naples to Brindisi—Athens—Some history of this ancient city—Arrival in Egypt—Alexandria, and the Orientals—Cairo—The Pyramids—A description of the Great Pyramid—Suez Canal—History of the canal—Down the Red Sea to Aden, our "Cindon Fortress"—The Indian Ocean—Arrival in India—Bombay—Characteristics of Indian life—The elephant—The Palanquin—Across India by train—The magnificent rock temples of Ellora—Arrival at Calcutta—The Garden Reach—Some buildings of Calcutta—The "adjutant"—3,500 miles on the Indian Ocean—The British possession of Singapore—The island of Hong Kong—The Celestial Empire—Canton—Chinese customs—Chinese barbers—The Mandarin—Punishment in China—Arrival at Yokohama, in Japan—A new start for the "Far West"—Across the Pacific to the American Continent—San Francisco—3,786 miles of railway travelling to New York—The Pullman car—Rounding "Cape Horn"—The snow sheds—The town of Trackee, 5,845 feet above the sea—A peep at North American Indians—Arrival at Salt Lake City—The "Dead Sea" of the Mormons—Ogden, the junction of the Union and Central Pacific railroads—The celebrated Weber Canyon—Dull Creek Bridge—Sherman, the summit-level of the railway, 8,242 feet above sea-level—The snow plough—Train crossing a prairie—The town of Omaha—Change of trains—Arrival at Chicago—History of Chicago—The great fire—House moving in America—The Niagara Falls—Arrival at New York—Embarkation for Europe—On board an American liner—The return to England—Arrival at Liverpool—Panorama of London.

DOORS OPEN AT 8 O'CLOCK. ADMISSION—ONE PENNY.

PROGRAMME OF COSTUME RECITALS

TO BE GIVEN IN THE QUEEN'S HALL ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 28th, 1891,

By MR. AND MRS. S. L. HASLUCK.

DOORS OPEN AT 7. COMMENCE AT 8.

SELECTIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE'S "MACBETH." ACT I.

- Macbeth } ... MR. HASLUCK.
Seyton } ...
Lady Macbeth } ... MRS. HASLUCK.

(THE LETTER READING AND THE INSTIGATION.)

CHARACTER SKETCHES—

- "AUNT ABIGAIL'S ADVENTURES," Told by an Old Maid. "ME AND BILL," Told by an Old Fisherman.
INTERVAL.
"BEAUTIFUL SNOW," Told by an Outcast. "HOW WE BEAT THE CAPTAIN'S COLT," Told by a Jockey.
"St. VALENTINE," Told by a Young Maid.
"MARIA MARTIN, OR THE MURDER IN THE RED BARN," Told by a Peep-Show Man.

NOTE.—The Penny Peepshow Man was the Lessee and Manager of a small Theatre. The Theatre consisted of a small wooden box about two feet square, and the Audience used to survey the performance through a row of small glass windows, or peep holes, along one side of the box. The necessary changes of scene were effected by means of a complicated arrangement of strings, with brass rings attached, which were dexterously manipulated by the Lessee and Manager. Every change of scene was accompanied by a mysterious rumbling sound, which can only be indicated by the word "Cuv-v-v-wallup," that being the only word in the English language—or out of it—that will adequately represent the sound in question. It may be mentioned that the Theatre was carried about from street to street, and from town to town, by the Lessee; and historians relate that the less he carried it the better he liked it.

To conclude with "A LESSON IN LOVE" (from Sheridan Knowles's Play "The Hunchback").

- Helen ... MRS. HASLUCK. | Modus ... (her cousin) ... MR. HASLUCK

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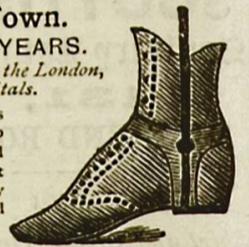
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