

September 30, 1892.

The Palace Journal.

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THE PALACE JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 30th, 1892.

**PEOPLE'S PALACE
Club, Class and General
Gossip.****COMING EVENTS.**

FRIDAY, Sept. 30th.—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m. Admission, 1d.

SATURDAY, Oct. 1st.—Winter Garden open from 2 to 10 p.m. The first Ballad Concert of the season, 8 p.m. Admission, from 6 p.m., 3d.

SUNDAY, 2nd.—Sacred Concert at 4 p.m., and Organ Recital at 8.30 p.m. Admission free.

MONDAY, 3rd.—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m. Popular Lectures with Dissolving Views by Captain Reade, R.N.

TUESDAY, 4th.—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m. Admission, 1d.

WEDNESDAY, 5th.—At 8 p.m., in Queen's Hall, Entertainment by Sydney Gandy. Admission, 2d. Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m.

THURSDAY, 6th.—Winter Garden open from 6 to 10 p.m. Admission, 1d.

THE library will be open each day during the week from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m., with the exception of Monday, 26th, when it will be closed from 1 p.m. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. On Sunday from 3 p.m. to 10 p.m. Admission free.

THE total attendances on Sunday last at the library, Sacred Concert and Organ Recital, were 3,603.

A CLOAK-ROOM is provided for the use of students every evening in the basement of the schools, for the purpose of leaving their bags, coats, umbrellas, etc. An attendant will be in charge to take care of same.

THE skating rink has re-opened for the season, from 6 to 10 each evening, remaining open every Monday and Thursday (for young women), and Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays (for young men). Admission free.

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.—The annual general meeting for election of officers, etc., will be held in the Palace Club-room, at 9 p.m., on the 5th Oct. All present and intending members are requested to attend.

S. DONALDSON, Assist. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—A party of five visited Purfleet on Saturday last, and had a very enjoyable ramble. Friday, October 7th, half-yearly general meeting, to receive report and balance-sheet, and to receive members' subscriptions, and appoint officers for the ensuing year. All students of the Palace are invited to attend this meeting at 8.15 p.m. Saturday, October 8th, a blackberry ramble to Mrs. Guy's, Buckhurst Hill. Train leaves Coborn-road 3.20. Notice.—To those students who desire recreation and intellectual amusement on Saturday afternoons, we beg to recommend the above club. The

subscription is nominal, being 2s. per annum. The object of the club is to visit places of interest in and around London, to gain general information, and to increase social intercourse amongst the members.

A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

WE have again beaten all previous records in entries for our classes, and have now over 2,000 students entered for this session's work; considering that the classes only commenced work on Tuesday last, we have every reason to be proud of this result.

THE conversazione came off on Monday last, and proved a "red letter" day in the history of the Palace; between 3,000 and 4,000 persons attended; a full report shall appear in next week's *Journal*.

Cleanings—Grave and Gay.

OUR Cycling members will be interested to know that a company has been incorporated with 100,000 dols. capital stock for the purpose of erecting near the World's Fair, Chicago, a 75,000 dols. club-house, which shall be maintained during the Fair as head-quarters for wheelmen from all parts of the world. Thereafter the building will become a central club-house for the League of American Wheelmen. The project is approved by members of the National Association.

OUR young women cannot do better than write to Moffatt and Paige, of 28, Warwick-lane, E.C., for their packet of greetings cards, tastefully arranged for embroidery work. They make, when worked, exceedingly nice presents, and are very cheap—16 cards, with as many different designs, for eightpence.

Horner's Penny Stories for the People are popular; there is no gainsaying that, when it is stated that many of them have run into such astounding numbers as upwards of a quarter of a million copies. Nor is this to be wondered at, for the Compulsory Education Act must, during the three and twenty years that have elapsed since it was passed, have done much to create an appetite for reading, where before it was lying dormant; indeed, when one comes to think of it everybody reads now. Hence the demand for cheap fiction, not of the murderous blood and thunder order, but fiction, which while excitingly interesting is yet "clean." In this respect there are none better than the stories issued in this series by Messrs. Horner and Co.

IF bacilli are in the air there seems no reason why they should not be in the dust. In fact, a Viennese doctor, by his experience with some grapes which he bought, has been led to the unpleasant suggestion that the tubercule bacilli may be in the dust of our streets. After rinsing the dust from the grapes in pure spring water, he found the water very dirty. As an experiment he injected some of this water into three guinea-pigs. One died in two days of peritonitis; the other two also died in two days, a lapse of over a month. On examination the

bodies showed pronounced tuberculosis originating in the site of the inoculation.

THE ingenuity of the Chinese in gardening operations is well shown by the manufacture of floating gardens. In the month of April a bamboo raft ten or twelve feet long and about half as broad is prepared. The poles are lashed together with interstices of an inch between each. Over this a layer of straw an inch thick is spread, and then a coating two inches thick of adhesive mud taken from the bottom of a canal or pond, which receives the seed. The raft is moored to the bank in still water and requires no further attention. The straw soon gives way and the soil also, the root drawing support from the water alone. In about twenty days the raft becomes covered with the creeper, and its stems and roots are gathered for cooking. In autumn its small white petals and yellow stamens, nestling among the round leaves, present a very pretty appearance. In some places marshy land is profitably cultivated in this manner. Besides these floating vegetable gardens there are also floating rice fields. Upon rafts constructed as above, weeds and adherent mud were placed as a flooring, and when the rice shoots were ready for transplanting they were placed in the floating soil, which, being adhesive and held in place by weed roots, the plants were maintained in position throughout the season. The rice thus planted ripened in from sixty to seventy, in place of one hundred days. The rafts are cabled to the shore, floating on lakes, pools, or sluggish streams.

AN old farmer living near St. Louis started one Sunday morning to wind up his great silver watch, and found that the key was filled with dirt. Being unable to dig the matter out with a pin, he drilled a hole in the key, and, with a single breath, blew all the dust out. Then he sat down to think, and within a month had patented that hole. To-day, in America, there is a large factory running by electric power, wherein are manufactured daily thousands and thousands of watchkeys of every possible size, shape, and design. Each one of these keys contains the hole which had been patented by the farmer. The latter has already made a fortune.

MR. GEORGE M. PULLMAN, the possessor of £10,000,000, and inventor of the car which bears his name, recently said to a correspondent, when asked how it feels to be a millionaire:—"I have never thought of that. But now that you mention it, I believe that I am no better off—certainly no happier—than I was when I didn't have a dollar to my name and had to work from daylight until dark. I wore a good suit of clothing then, and I can only wear one suit now. I relished three meals a day then a good deal more than I do three meals a day now. I had fewer cares. I slept better, and I may add, generally, that I believe I was far happier in those days than I have been many times since I became a millionaire. And yet it is a comfortable feeling to be rich."

THEY are fools who persist in being quite miserable because they are not quite happy.

In the Light of To-day.

THE first railway train has entered Jerusalem. The new line (says the *Daily Chronicle*) runs from Jaffa—what a host of recollections surround these old-world names!—to the foot of a mountain range, and then across a plain or valley to the Holy City, in all a length of about fifty-four miles, or seventeen miles longer than the carriage-road. The work has been done by the Société Anonyme Ottomane, a company with headquarters in Paris, and the concession is for seventy-one years from 1888. Furthermore, the company has the option of extending the line to Nablous, in the direction of Damascus, and to Gaza in the direction of Port Said. Talking of railways in the Holy Land, we have not heard much lately of the line to the oldest city in the world, Damascus. This is a concession obtained by the Englishman, and the proposed alignment, according to a sketch-map before us, runs from the Bay of Acre, passes to the south of Nazareth, crosses the Jordan north of the Sea of Galilee, and trends south-easterly to its terminus.

WHO could dream of boiling up soldiers' cast-off trousers? and what do you guess to be the use of the condiment when so cooked? One is apt to think of something in connection with a witches' cauldron; but no, the process is quite innocent. The pulp thus produced is used to stuff balls. The trousers are chopped fine, boiled, treated with some chemical substance, and then cast in moulds of different sizes for use in the different fives and racquet courts. Truly this is an age of adaptations.

If a woman would believe less of what a man tells her before marriage, and more of what he tells her afterwards, the wedded state would be a much more harmonious affair.

MR. JUSTIN M'CARTHY possesses, in common with Mr. Gladstone, the faculty of entirely taking his mind off politics when he pleases, and turning it in an altogether different direction. During the worry and bustle of the Parnell Commission he was engaged in writing a new novel, and the same occupation has absorbed all his spare moments during the recent period of the General Election. His last new novel is nearly finished, and will appear in serial form almost immediately, to be republished in book form later in the year. Those, by the way, who know Mr. Justin M'Carthy best from his "History of Our Own Time," may feel an interest in the fact that the work in question very nearly appeared under another title—that of a "History of the Victorian Era." It was the publishers who, at the last moment, suggested the title by which it is known.

THE Americans are not above a little sentimental antiquity in their great Chicago show, but they take care to have it understood that they are not carried away by a bit of rust. In the "World's Fair Notes," officially issued, we are told that two of the cannon which "it is believed" were on board Christopher Columbus's flagship are to be shown

at Chicago. The ensuing description has a strong vein of healthy scepticism running through it:—"The cannon are of the ancient and clumsy pattern of such guns turned out in the fifteenth century. Nothing but the body of the gun remains, the woodwork, of course, having rotted away centuries ago. The guns themselves are almost worn to pieces, and are not much more than huge chunks of rust. Indeed, the cannon are put on the 'scrap iron' list in the Custom House papers. These historic old pieces have been secured for exhibition at the World's Fair."

It may be interesting to those who are looking about for arguments in favour of Municipal or Government owning of public works to know that the railways of Germany managed by the Government yielded £10,000,000 last year, lessening the burdens of taxation. The diminished charges in Prussia amount on freight and passenger traffic to about £5,000,000 a year as compared with the rates of traffic when the railways were managed by private corporations. Passing from railways to telephones, the Germans claim they have the best telephone service in the world, and that as the result of Government ownership they have a telephone charge of £7 10s. per year for an instrument which may be contrasted with the charge of £20 per year in London. The magnificent telegraph service, with a charge of twelve cents a telegram for messages to all parts of the empire, may be mentioned under the head of telegraphs.

IT is a trite enough remark to say there is nothing new under the sun, but who would have thought that the regulation of the hours of work is of quite an ancient date. The "Statute of Labourers" in England, enacted in 1496, regulated the hours of work and meals. It provided that the hours from March to September should be from five o'clock in the morning till seven in the evening; that one hour should be allowed for breakfast, one hour and a half for dinner, and half an hour for *noon meate*. The hours of labour in winter were from "springing of the day" to dark, and only one hour was allowed for dinner, the extra half-hour at the meal being allowed only for sleeping, from the middle of May to the middle of August. This statute fixed the rate of wages. If any unemployed person refused to serve at these wages, he might be imprisoned till he found sureties to serve according to the statute. Although the price of provisions advanced considerably in the succeeding twenty years, it does not appear that wages underwent any material alteration.

THERE are many arguments for the use of home-made goods as against those of foreign manufacture, but, perhaps, in respect to safety matches the following facts are more than forcible. It seems that on examination of 18 different kinds of so-called safety matches of Swedish and German manufacture, especially with regard to the readiness with which they could be ignited by friction on different surfaces, and also as to the glowing and falling off of the heads after the flame had been extinguished, the

results of the experiments show that the claim on all the different boxes examined, that the matches "ignite only on the box," is quite unfounded.

DOUBTLESS few will care to test the following by actual experiment, but it is a curious fact that so firm in texture is the paper of a genuine Bank of England note that burning can hardly destroy it. The authorities have in a little glazed frame the remnants of a note which was in the great fire of Chicago. Though completely charred and black, the paper holds together, and the note is sufficiently legible to establish its genuineness and to be cashed.

THERE is an interesting article by Mr. Edmund Vincent in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for September on the *Times*. Pass through a green baize door into a long corridor, says he, remembering that even to the spirits the room of the editor of the *Times* remains closed, and that you are in another man's house investigating the penetralia of his business. There are three writing-rooms on this floor, each having a good desk and good chairs, a supply of pale blue slips of paper, and a strong electric reading-lamp. There is also No. 7, the room in which an army of sub-editors spend laborious nights over oceans of manuscripts, much of which, to the infinite annoyance of everybody concerned, is faintly pencilled on to greased paper and called "flimsy." In spite of the monotony of their work the sub-editors of the *Times* as a body are the cheeriest and the most helpful men in the world, nor do they think it absolutely a matter of conscience to deprive an article of all point and all epigram. Upstairs, on another corridor, are the reporters' room, the leader-writers' rooms, the foreign room. The leader-writers are wreathed in mystery. I cannot say who they are, how much they earn, how they do their work, how many of them there are, for the maxim of the *Times* office is that of the sage, with variations: "Call no man a leader-writer until he is dead." The name of the reporters is Legion. The foreign room is one of the busiest in the house. The wires from the Continent click without ceasing; the messages which come require the full attention of four trained men under a chief. It is a mistake, by the way, to call this gentleman, accomplished and distinguished as he is, an editor. The *Times* has but one editor, and in his department he is absolute and supreme. They are the editor, an assistant editor, foreign director, and the so-called City editor, though here again the word "editor" is, to my mind, misapplied. There are *x* leader-writers, there are six or seven sub-editors, and midway between them and the printers are the readers. There are also *x* special correspondents, *y* reporters, assigned to districts and peripatetic, and *z* semi-attached reporters. In the United Kingdom there is a local correspondent of every town of importance. There remain the multitudinous reviewers, the dramatic critic, the musical critic, the art critic, the gentleman who makes the Turf his study, the yachtsman, the rowing critic, the observer of cricket. The names of gentlemen of this class are indeed Legion; they are as numerous as the pursuits of men.

Some Magazines of the Month.

"DISTINCTLY, and all-round good," is the verdict that must be given concerning the first number of *The Young Woman* (3d. monthly, S. W. Partridge and Co.). As its name implies, this new magazine is devoted to the interests and requirements of "the ever-conquering sex." The articles (a baker's dozen on all kinds of subjects dear to feminine hearts—one had almost written "vanity") are, with one or two slight exceptions, breezy enough to satisfy even a *fin de siècle* young woman. At all events, one is glad to note a marked absence of "soulless verbiage" on the one, and of namby-pamby cant on the other hand, which frequently mar present day journalism. Altogether, one can give a cordial welcome to *The Young Woman*, and we hope she has "come to stay," and long keep *The Young Man* company.

A NOTABLE article is by Mr. W. T. Stead who discourses on

"Young Women and Journalism."

Opinions still differ somewhat widely as to the main question, *i.e.*, whether women should be allowed to invade professions which, at first blush, would seem unsuitable to their environment and capacities. Granting this premiss, however, Mr. Stead strikes to the root of the whole question. He holds that women who aspire to be journalists must not presume upon their sex, and imagine that, because they are women, they have, therefore, a right to a situation or an engagement whenever they choose to apply for it. To be a woman confers many privileges and inflicts many disabilities, but to be a hundred times a woman would give no right to a niche in the journalistic profession. One half of the thousand million human beings in the world are women, and any claim, therefore, set forward on the basis of sex, applies equally to five hundred million other human beings. Success in journalism must come to the journalist, not to woman or to the man. All that is to be expected, and all that should be asked for is a fair field and no favour, to prove that the work asked for can be done. A woman has a right to ask that sex should not be regarded as a disqualification, but it is monstrous to make that accident of her personality a right to opportunities denied to men.

I do not expect my fair readers will altogether agree with this; but there is yet another point, and it is one that should be taken to heart. It is that until it is a recognised thing that women on the staff of a paper may receive admonition as freely as their male comrades, the latter will have an unfair advantage in the profession. It is sometimes necessary to "slate," that is, to give a prompt, vigorous admonition. Here are Mr. Stead's own words on the subject:—"This is what women need more than anything, and women need it more than anything else, because, while all human beings need it, men get it and women often do not. Who does not remember the jacketings he received in his 'prentice days, and how much of his success in life can be traced

to these stern reprimands. But many women if spoken to, with or without the customary expletives, they are apt to bridle up, to consider that their editor "forgets he is speaking to a lady," and then when they get back into their own rooms they have a good cry over the brutality of men in general and their editor in particular. That is all idiotic nonsense. If a woman cannot be admonished as roundly as a man, she had better keep outside a newspaper office.

Cassell's Family Magazine for October is mainly given up to fiction, no less than two serial, and three complete, stories appearing in its pages. Our female readers will be specially interested in the article on "Two Popular Styles of Art Needlework"; indeed, the "miscellaneous" articles this month will appeal more to them than to the sterner sex. The chit-chat on dress is "up to date," and, what is more important, is written specially for those whose expenditure in this respect is necessarily moderate.

COLUMBUS and the World's Fair naturally occupy a good deal of attention in the American magazines. *Scribner* has a charmingly illustrated article on "The Making of the White City," as Yankees, in their inveterate fondness for nicknames and sobriquets, have christened the Jackson Park installation. Another article of special note is that entitled

"A School for Street Arabs."

It seems that while London has been talking, France has been acting, and that the philosophic guardians of the French capital have, during the last decade, taken the street arabs in hand, and have dealt with them in a manner to serve as a model to other great capitals where the same question presents itself for solution. They start with the idea that parents who abandon their children to the streets forfeit all right of access to them; and, wherever possible, they secure the youngsters before they have become habitually accustomed to depravity and crime. Of course, no hard and fast line has been drawn, and the scheme embraces all who can be classed as "morally abandoned." As to how these waifs and strays are reclaimed the reader must be referred to the article. Suffice it to say that the experiment has so far proved a decided success, and it must be admitted that to France is due the honour of inaugurating the first systematic attempt to deal with the human scum and refuse of the streets of great cities.

THE October number of *Chambers's Journal* is, as usual, full of good things. Grant Allan succeeds Walter Besant in the place of honour for fiction, the new serial being entitled "Blood Royal." The rest of the contents are of the usual miscellaneous character, among the most notable articles being "Australian Shark Tales," and the

"Australian Larrikin."

The Larrikin is the counterpart of our "Arty," and something more. He shuns work, but he is more than an idler. He is not illiterate, but his compulsory education has fallen short of teaching him to behave himself or to become a respectable member of Society. He is more profane

than a moss-trooper, and as a politician he speaks with assumed authority on all subjects under the sun. He is given over to sport, knows all the great horses, ventures to give tips, and "raises" money to place on the events. This is the Larrikin in his milder moods. Unfortunately there is a darker side. But he does not always talk politics or the turf, or athletics. He has no small opinion of himself, and one prominent trait of his character is an utter disregard for the feelings of others. The Australian Larrikin is also a thief, but were an attempt made to enumerate his delinquencies the survey would extend over all the items of the criminal calendar. His age ranges from the middle of the teens to the middle of the twenties, and there are Larrikinesses to keep him company, and to assist him in burglaries and other exploits.

THE *Century* continues its articles on "Christopher Columbus." These are from the pen of Senor Castelar, the eminent Spanish Republic deputy. Archibald Forbes' paper on the "Paris Commune" in this monthly will also repay special notice.

The Technical World.

THE winter's work has commenced in earnest at most of the social and educational centres of the metropolis, and never before, it may be said, has there been such promise of usefulness. The various institutes—such as the Birkbeck, the Working Men's College, the Aldenham Institute, the People's Palace, the Goldsmiths' Institute, and the Borough-road, Woolwich, and Regent-street Polytechnics, and many others—are all busily engaged in preparations for their class work, the session in most cases commencing in October. The Borough-road Polytechnic is the latest addition to London's social and educational agencies, and was opened on the 30th ult. by the Earl of Rosebery. It is situated in the Borough-road, in the centre of an immense, thickly-populated district, inhabited by the working class on the south side of the Thames. The building cost £35,000, and the Institute has a permanent endowment of £5,000 a year. £3,500 of the annual endowment comes from the City Parochial Charity Trustees, who now administer the City Parish trusts, and endowments and legacies left years and years ago for such purposes as providing loaves and new sixpences to old women at certain seasons of the year, and the capital of which has swollen to dimensions even beyond the dreams of avarice. It has therefore been possible to fix subscriptions of members at very low figures. Men are to pay 2s. per quarter, girls only half that amount. Five of the educational classes are to be free, and for the others only a small fee will be charged. The technical workshops, chemical laboratories, gymnasium, and classrooms for men and women are capably equipped to begin with, and when the County Council gives an additional endowment, as it is hoped it will do, a fine new hall and swimming bath are to be built on the adjoining space.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

(2nd Concert, 6th Series)

TO BE GIVEN ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1ST, 1892,
AT 8 O'CLOCK.

Musical Director to the People's Palace

MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

VOCALISTS—

MISS FLORENCE LENTON, MISS JESSIE KING. MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY and MR. ALEXANDER TUCKER

Solo Violinist—MISS AGNES STEWART WOOD.

Organist—MR. B. JACKSON; F.C.O. (Organist to the People's Palace). Pianist—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

PART I.

1. OVERTURE to the Opera "The Merry Wives of Windsor" *Nicolai*

MR. B. JACKSON.

2. SONG ... *Tito Mattei*
"For the Sake of the Past"

MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

For the sake of the past, I come to you,
For the sake of the sweet spring-tide,
Before I left you and lost you,
In my folly and cruel pride.
And I, that once despised you,
Scorn myself now at last,
I have come to you, love, for pardon,
For the sake of the past.

I have seen how the rose-buds wither,
I have learnt the false and true,
And I turn in my desolation
For comfort and rest to you.
For the sake of all you promised,
For the sake of all you were,
I have come for your love and pity,
In my despair! In my despair!

Take me again, I love you!
Be as you used to be;
Is there no room in your heart, still,
Never a place for me?
Take me again, beloved,
Say you are mine at last!
Pity me, pardon and love me
For the sake of the past.

3. VIOLIN SOLO ... *Vieuxtemps*
"Bohémienne"

MISS AGNES STEWART WOOD.

4. SONG ... "Marjorie" *Frances Allitsen*

MISS FLORENCE LENTON.

Pretty little Marjorie, her lover's gone
away;
Foolish little Majorie sits and sighs all
day!
Upon her little finger a posy ring he
placed;
She kisses it and seems to feel his arm
about her waist.

Marjorie, Marjorie, how foolish 'tis of
you!
You surely cannot think the skies will
be for ever blue;
Our pleasures would not be so sweet,
without a little pain,
Not even love would bloom so well
without a little rain.

Wretched little Marjorie, her life is dull
and drear.
Foolish little Marjorie thinks every day a
year.
Her life she passes in a dream; ah! how
she longs to wake,
That sorrow's night may fade, and her
sad heart cease to ache.
Majorie, etc.

Doleful little Marjorie, full of grief and
care;
Weary little Marjorie, almost in despair!
She hears a sudden footstep, sees a well-
known face again,
Feels kisses on her lips, and has forgotten
all her pain.

Marjorie, Marjorie, how foolish 'twas
of you,
You surely could not think the skies
would be for ever blue;
Our pleasures would not be so sweet
without a little pain,
And love shines always brighter when
there's been a little rain.

5. FANTASIA on the "March of the Men of Harlech" *B. Jackson*

MR. B. JACKSON.

6. SONG "Light in Darkness" *Cowen*

MISS JESSIE KING.

Why live when life is sad,
Death only sweet,
Why fight when closest fight
Ends in defeat?

Why pray when in purest prayer,
Dark thoughts assail;
Why strive and strive again
Only to fail!

Live there are many round
Needing thy care;
Pray, there is One at hand
Helping thy prayer.

Fight for the love of God,
Not for renown;
Strive but in His great strength,
Not in thine own!

Why hope, when life has proved
Our best hopes vain?
Why love, when love is fraught
With so much pain?

Why not cool heart and brain,
In the deep wave—
Why not lie down and rest
In the still grave?

Hope, there is heaven's joy
Laid up for thee!
Love for true love outlives
Its agony!

Fight, pray, and wrestle on,
Loving God best;
Then when thy work is done,
Lie down and rest.

7. SONG "The Diver" ... *Loder*

MR. ALEXANDER TUCKER.

In the caverns deep of the ocean cold,
The diver is seeking a treasure of gold;
Risking his life for the spoil of a wreck,
Taking rich gems from the dead on her
deck;
And fearful such sights to the diver must
be,
Walking alone in the depths of the sea.

He is now on the surface, he's gasping
for breath,
So pale that he wants but the stillness of
death

To look like the forms he has left in the
caves,
Silent and cold 'neath the trembling
waves;
How fearful such sights to the diver must
be,
Walking alone in the depths of the sea.

And mammon's the master, and man is
the slave,
Toiling for wealth on the brink of the
grave,
Leaving a world of sunlight and sound
For night-like gloom and a silence
profound;
And fearful the death of the diver must
be,
Sleeping alone in the depths of the sea.

PART II.

8. PIANOFORTE AND ORGAN DUET—

a. "Allegro Cantabile" ... *Widor*

b. "Marche Triomphale" *Guilmant*

MR. ORTON BRADLEY AND
MR. B. JACKSON.

9. SONG ... *Blumenthal*

"An Evening Song"

MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

Good-night, love; Good-night, love,
May heaven's brightest stars watch over
thee,
Good angels spread their wings, and cover
thee;

And through the night, so dark and still,
Spirits of light charm thee from ill.
My heart is hovering round thy dwelling-
place,
Good-night, dear love, God bless thee
with His grace.

Good-night, love; Good-night, love;
Soft lullabies the night-wind sing to
thee;
And on his wings sweet odours bring to
thee;
And in thy dreaming may all things
dear,
With gentle seeming come smiling
near.

My knees are bowed, my hands are
clasped in prayer,
Good-night, dear love; God keep thee in
His care.

10. SONG ... *Buck*

"When the Heart is Young"

MISS FLORENCE LENTON.

Oh! merry goes the time when the heart
is young,
There's nought too high to climb when
the heart is young.
A spirit of delight scatters roses in her
flight,
And there's magic in the night when the
heart—the heart is young.
But weary go the feet when the heart is
old,
Time cometh not so sweet when the heart
is old;
From all that smiled and shone,
There is something lost and gone,
And our friends are few or none when the
heart is old.

Oh! sparkling are the skies when the
heart is young,
There's bliss in beauty's eyes when the
heart is young;
The golden break of day brings gladness
in its way;
And every month is May when the heart
—the heart is young.
But the sun is setting fast when the heart
is old,
And the sky is overcast when the heart
is old.
Life's worn and weary bark
Lies tossing wild and dark,
And the star hath left Hope's ark
When the heart is old.

Yet an angel from its sphere, though the
heart be old,
Whispers comfort in our ear, though the
heart be old;
Saying, saying:
Age from out the tomb, shall immortal
youth assume,
And spring eternal bloom where no heart
—no heart is old.

11. VIOLIN SOLOS { a. "Cavatina" ... *Raff*
b. "Mazurka" *Mylnanski*

MISS AGNES STEWART WOOD.

12. SONG ... *Jessie Botterill*

"Pack Clouds Away"

MISS JESSIE KING.

Pack clouds away and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft,
To give my love good morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow,
Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
To give my love good morrow.

Wake from thy nest robin redbreast,
Sing birds in every furrow;
And from each hill, let music shrill,
Give my fair love good morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in ev'ry bush,
Stare, linnnet and blithe sparrow;
You pretty elves, among yourselves,
Sing my love good morrow.
Pack clouds away, etc.

13. SONG "The Monks" ... *Hatton*

MR. ALEXANDER TUCKER.

In days of old, the monks, we're told,
Would have it understood
That every night by dim lamp-light,
They studied in solitude,—

Each one to his book in his own cell
nook,
However the night was cold,
They'd no desire for fuel or fire,
But ever their beads they told.

But alack! and alas! for these holy
men!
The world it was scandalous even then!
And many there were who said
That as soon as they heard the midnight
bell
They closed the book and left the cell,
And to supper they all rushed in pell-
mell,
And a regular night they made.

They'd haunch and ham, and cheek and
chine,
They'd cream and custard, peach and
pine,
And they gargled their throats with right
good wine
Till the abbot his nose grew red,
No "De Profundis" then they sang,
But a roystering catch to the rafters
rang,
And the bell for matins it went ting-
tang
Ere the last of them rolled to bed.

14. SONG ... *Somerville*

"Shepherd's Cradle Song"

MISS JESSIE KING.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father tends his sheep,
Thy mother shakes the dreamland bower,
Down falls a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are lambs, I guess,
The gentle moon the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Our Saviour loves His sheep,
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

15. MARCHE SOLONELLE ... *Lemaigre*

MR. B. JACKSON.

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PROGRAMME OF SACRED CONCERT & ORGAN RECITAL
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At 4 p.m.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE SUNDAY AFTERNOON
CHOIR.

VOCALIST—MR. HERBERT SCOTT.

1. MORCEAU DE CONCERT *Guilmant*
(Prelude—Theme—Variations—Finale)

2. HYMN ... "All Hail the Power" ...

f All hail the power of Jesus' name;
dim Let Angels prostrate fall;
cr Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all.

mf Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
f Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

mf Crown Him, ye Martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall,
cr Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

mf Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
p The God incarnate, man divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
cr Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

f Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
And shout in universal song
The crown'd Lord of all.

3. { *a.* VERSET DE PROCESSION } *Dubois*
 { *b.* GRAND CHEUR IN B FLAT }

4. { RECIT. ... "Deeper and Deeper Still" } *Handel*
 { AIR ... "Waft her Angels" }

5. PASSACAGLIA IN E MINOR *Rheinberger*

6. ANTHEM "Sing, O Heavens" *Sullivan*

Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth; break forth into singing, O mountains: for the Lord hath comforted His people, and will have mercy upon his afflicted.

He will swallow up death in victory, and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of His people shall He take away from off all the earth.

Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us: this is the Lord our God, we have waited for Him, we will be glad, and rejoice in His salvation.

For His salvation is nigh them that fear Him: that glory may dwell in our land.

Mercy and truth are met together: righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

Truth shall flourish out of the earth: and righteousness hath looked down from heaven.

Thy seat, O God, endureth for ever: the sceptre of Thy kingdom is a right sceptre.

7. LARGO IN E FLAT *Bunnell*

8. AIR ... "Sound an Alarm" *Handel*

9. FINALE IN F (4th Symphony) *Widor*

Organ Recital at 8.30 p.m.

1. FUGUE IN C MINOR *Reubke*

2. AIR, with Variations *Rea*

3. OFFERTOIRE *Grisson*

4. { *a.* "The Righteous shall Enter" } (Mors et Vita)
 { *b.* "To God high Enthroned" } *Gounod*

5. MODERATO IN F *Gade*

6. NOCTURNE IN E FLAT *Chopin*

7. OFFERTOIRE *Weiy*

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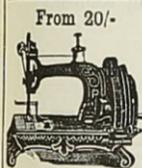
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CAPTAIN CHARLES E. READE,

ON MONDAY, THE 3RD OF OCTOBER, 1892,

AT 8 P.M.

The People of India; their Arts, Customs, Sports.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FORTY-TWO SUPERB LIMELIGHT VIEWS FROM SKETCHES BY NATIVE ARTISTS,
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SPORTS IN INDIA, WITH UNIQUE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Leading out Horses.—Hunting the Hogg Deer.—Shooting a Leopard.—Surprised by a Tiger.—Chase after a Wolf.—The Wolf Trap.—Shooting at the Edge of the Jungle.—The Bear.—Tiger and Wild Dogs.—Driving Elephants into a Kraal.—The Decoy Elephant.

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Doors open at 7 p.m.

Admission, 1d.; Reserved Seats, 3d.

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- 2.—The Four Mystic Blocks.
- 3.—Money-making.
- 4.—The Spiritualistic Table.
- 5.—Sleight of Hand with Cards. Sympathy Illustrated. In the distance. They grow smaller and beautifully less.

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This wonderful and inexplicable entertainment was discovered by Mr. Gandy and Miss Inglefield quite recently. Although the experiments seem miraculous, the performers lay no claim to supernatural power. They allow their audience to apply any reasonable test to prevent collusion or confederacy.

A New Magazine for Women.

THE first number of *The Young Woman*, a threepenny monthly, conducted by Mr. Frederick A. Atkins, the founder and editor of *The Young Man*, has just been published. The demand has been very great, and orders should be given to local newsagents at once in order to make sure of a supply. The frontispiece is a new and lifelike portrait of the Countess of Aberdeen, which is accompanied by a clever character sketch by Mrs. Mayo. There is also a portrait of the Countess at home, surrounded by the Earl and her three children. There are two capital serial stories by L. T. Meade and Evelyn Everett-Green, a graphic article on "The Women of France," by Mrs. Crawford, the brilliant correspondent of the *Daily News* in Paris; a characteristic paper on "Young Women and Journalism," by W. T. Stead; some valuable advice on "Physical Exercises for Women," by Dr. B. W. Richardson, and a pleasant little paper on "The Choice of a Husband," by the author of "How to be Happy though Married." Archdeacon Farrar opens a series of articles on "The Young Women of the Bible," with a most interesting study of "Ruth," and Miss Friederichs, a well-known lady journalist, writes on evening recreations. Mrs. Esler begins her "Monthly Chats with the Girls," and there are also contributions by the Countess Compton and the Rev. W. J. Dawson. There is a real opening for the new journal, for we are not aware of any magazine that distinctly aims at providing an organ for women who think, who

read, and who have a real interest in social effort, religious truth, and Christian endeavour. Yet there is an immense number of such women in all grades of Society. For them the fashion-plate and the society novelette have little charm. They have caught the spirit of the age, and feel the pressure of modern problems. Among the Churches such women are very numerous, and the bulk of the social effort under Church auspices is left to them. In the business houses, the great mills of the North, the public and high schools of the country, and in the innumerable forms of employment offered to women in all our great cities, such women are to be found, sometimes only in groups of twos and threes, sometimes alone amid those who do not share their thoughts, occasionally in numbers. The most painful element in the life of the woman who works is often her loneliness. In the life of the woman who has laid upon her no strenuous need for bread-winning, the most unhappy element is the lack of large interests. This magazine is started for the use and service of all such women. It addresses itself to the young womanhood of the empire, and its aim is to interest, to inspire, to counsel, to help its readers in the living of the best possible life. A glance at the list of writers already secured will show that the editor has been fortunate enough to enlist the services of many whose names are the guarantee of the most noticeable ability, and with their services has been given also their enthusiastic support.

Magazines do not need, like newspapers, to declare a policy, yet this journal has a policy, and one which is very soon stated. It stands first of all by religion—not in any of its forms,

its denominational or sectarian garbs, but in its essence. Those who are editing and writing for this new journal believe that in the spirit and temper of Jesus reproduced in men and women, reincarnated in their lives, is the secret of personal character and national salvation. They want to spread a broad, tolerant, social, joyous, and sympathetic ideal of piety. For that reason the magazine will seek to reflect all the intellectual and social interests of the day, for true religion takes a joyous interest in life, and thrives, not by the narrowness of its exclusions, but by the consecration of its inclusions. Life is worth living; true religion should teach us how to live it to the best purpose.

The Young Woman will stand upon the side of all that makes for national righteousness; it will advocate social purity, temperance, Christian considerateness in trade, Christian ethics applied to commerce and legislation, to civic and political life. It is possible to hold all these serious ideals and yet leave room for the lighter interests of life, the things which give it grace, charm, and variety. We can be genially serious, we can be joyously earnest.

That is the spirit which will be reflected in the new journal. All kinds of young women will find here exactly what they need. If their life is lonely, here is a cheerful friendliness for them; if perplexed, here is counsel; if in quest of knowledge, here is help; if eager for social service, here is direction; if studious, here is impulse; if devout, here is food for the best thought. We trust that every reader of *The Palace Journal* will not only order the first number of *The Young Woman*, but will also make it known as widely as possible amongst those for whom it is specially intended.

H.S.H. PRINCESS MAY expresses her "SINCERE SYMPATHY" with the new Magazine.
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By Dr. B. W. RICHARDSON.

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TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR SESSION 1892-3.

Session commenced Monday, September 26th, 1892.

The Classes, with some exceptions, are open to both sexes without limit of age. As the number which can be admitted to each class is limited, intending Students should book their names as soon as possible.

Science Classes.

Specially in preparation for the Examinations of the Science and Art Department.

Table with columns: SUBJECTS, TEACHERS, DAYS, HOURS, FEES. Lists various science subjects like Ambulance, Animal Physiology, Applied Mechanics, etc.

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Table with columns: SUBJECTS, TEACHERS, DAYS, HOURS, FEES. Lists art subjects like Freehand & Model Drawing, Drawing from the Antique, etc.

a 7/6 the Session commencing Sept. 26th and ending July 8th, 1893. b 12/6 the Half-Session ending February 18th, 1893. c 15/6 the Session commencing Sept. 26th and ending July 8th, 1893.

Classes for Women only.

Table with columns: SUBJECTS, TEACHERS, DAYS, HOURS, FEES. Lists classes for women like Ambulance, Dressmaking, Millinery, etc.

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a Reduced fee to Members of the Choral Society. b In these subjects the Students are taught individually, each lesson being twenty minutes duration.

The World of Science and Invention.

It looks as if the nineteenth century would limp into the past without producing a single original invention. The telephone is said to be almost as old as the hills, and now some enterprising Egyptologists profess to have discovered that the penny-in-the-slot machine was in common use in the days of the Pharaohs.

PROVIDED that the proper precautions are taken, ships at sea are in no danger whatever of being destroyed by lightning. Of all the dangers that beset the seaman, lightning is the only one that he can guard against with perfect thoroughness.

RAIN, which on touching the ground crackles and emits electric sparks is a very uncommon, but not unknown phenomenon. An instance of the kind was reported from Cordova, in Spain, by an electrical engineer who witnessed the occurrence.

THE latest "notion" in the wheeling world is, like most "notions" of American origin. It takes the form of a railway for bicycles, and runs between Mount Molly and Smithfield, New Jersey.

correctly mapped by observations of this kind in winter when the water was covered with ice. This method of surveying has not escaped the keen scent of the fraudulent.

The horses of the German artillery and cavalry regiments are now shod with paper. The shoes are made by cementing forms of parchment paper together and hardening them by hydraulic pressure, then rasping them to fit the hoof.

A VERY large proportion of the accidents to railway servants is due to the ordinary method of coupling carriages. Every year gives a number of fatal cases and many injuries to those engaged in this service.

IN the interesting Cantor lectures on mine-surveying, lately delivered at the Society of Arts by Mr. Brough, much attention (says Chambers's Journal for October) was devoted to the divining-rod and its pretensions as a discoverer of hidden minerals.

the vessels are then baked in a second cylinder heated to 100° Centigrade, so as to drive away the volatile ether, which is condensed for further use. Another current of ozonised air oxidises the linseed oil, and the vessels are finally dipped in a bath of linseed oil and castor oil mixed with resin, then dried and exposed to another current of ozonised air.

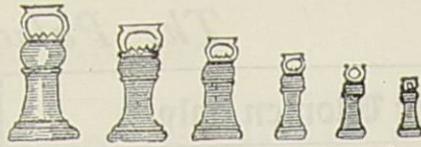


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