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Earthly Tracts.*

No. I.—ON THRIFT.



WHAT is Thrift? What is the good of Thrift? Why should we advocate Thrift?

As for what it is: thrift is nothing else but the avoidance of waste of every kind. Thus, in the house, the thrifty wife burns up her candle-ends, puts by the remnants of stuff, uses up the fragments of food, makes one sack of coal last as long as her neighbour's two sacks, and never buys a new saucepan while the old one will last longer. Outside the house, the thrifty man does not spend his money on the things which he does not want. He means to get full value for what he lays out. He can, for instance, pass a public-house without spending twopence on a drink he does not want. He belongs to a club where he can sit of an evening without having to spend his money. He does not fool away money in gambling. He gets into the habit of asking himself, before he parts with sixpence, if he cannot keep that sixpence. Presently he begins to dislike waste of time as much as waste of money. There is only so much time served out to mankind—he might as well make the most of that time. If he is wise he will also remember that, to make the best of his time and of his money, some of both must be devoted to play. Thrift is not necessarily saving up money and nothing else, or a miser would be the wisest of men. It is making the best use of everything—getting the utmost possible out of it. A thrifty man not only saves all the money that is not wanted for useful and necessary purposes; he also makes the best use of every part of his life.

As for the good of it—there are many ways of answering that question. And first, as concerns advancement. All around us there is going on in the life of every man one of two things—he is going up, or he is going down. If he is going up, he is a

thrifty man, because he must make good use of time, opportunities, and money, in order to be going up. If he is going down, he is not a thrifty man—he must be wanting something—time, money, or opportunities. The things go together. The successful man has always been a thrifty man. Every master of industry hates waste. The prevention of waste is often the only way of making an enterprise pay its way. The beginnings of success are achieved when a lad has learned first not to waste his money; next, not to waste his time; lastly, not to waste his opportunities. In money, his work brings him so many shillings a week; in time, he has only so many hours; and as for his opportunities, they happen as fortune sends them. But the first thing of all is the habit of saving money.

Next, there is this independence which is gained by saving money put by. Think of the difference between the man of thirty who has saved his fifty pence and the man of the same age who has nothing. If bad times come, the first man can wait; or he can go away to some place where less skill is wanted. Think of what the saving of a few pounds may mean to wife and children. You young men of eighteen look ahead—or, better still, look around you. See the thousands of homes starving because bad times have come and there has been no money saved. Look at the children crying of cold and hunger. In a few years they will be your own children. Save up for them.

Everybody earning wages can save money: it is astonishing how little will keep a man well if he chooses to deny himself superfluous things; but the habit of saving must be learned early in life. Find out how much you really want—what will keep you well and strong. So much for board and lodging; so much for clothes; so much for the Palace, and the Classes, and the Clubs. When you have got to that—stop. Don't spend a penny more upon yourself. Above all, *don't be in a hurry to be married*—there is going to be a paper soon upon early marriages. Save money first, even if you have to wait three or four years. And consider carefully how best to save. Be thrifty—make the most—even of your savings. Here, for instance, are two ways:

(1.) You may save the money, and put it into the Post Office Bank, and let it accumulate at interest. If you begin early and keep up the practice you will be astonished to find how much there is in the bank after a few years.

(2.) This, however, is only a good way unless you wish to save up in order to have money in hand, or to emigrate, or to buy a business, or partnership, or something of that sort. A better plan, in a general way, is to buy what is called a deferred annuity.

For instance, at the age of 50, say, one would very much like to be able to retire, and sit down in comfort for the rest of his days. Very few succeed in this, but here is a very easy way to do it:

I suppose that at the age of 18 a young man can put by 2s. a week, and at the age of 21 perhaps 4s. a week. If he is a wise man he will not marry before he is 27 at least. Men in the professions seldom marry before 30, or even more.

A young man of 18 can buy an annuity of £1, beginning to be paid at the age of 50, for a payment

* This title has been finally chosen for the Series of Papers which will appear from time to time, for the reason that they will treat exclusively of subjects connected with Earthly or Human matters, and in the hope that they may be used in the same way as other leaflets—namely, as tracts for distribution.

down of about £4 15s. If he can save that sum in a year he can buy that annuity.

One pound a year is not much. He must, therefore, at the age of 19, buy another annuity of £1, which he will be able to get for a little less—say £4 12s.

At the age of 20 he must buy a third annuity of £1 for still a little less.

As he gets older, however, the price begins to go up, so that at 35, in order to buy an annuity of £1 to begin at 50, he would have to pay £8 3s. 4d. for it.

Let us repeat. At 18, if a lad can save 2s. a week he can buy an annuity of £1 to begin at the age of 50. If he can save 4s. a week he can buy one of £2.

If he is so prudent as to remain unmarried until he is 27, and if he saves every week 4s., or thereabouts, all the time, and steadily applies it at the end of each year to the purchase of an annuity, to begin at 50, he will by that time have secured an annuity of £20. If he can keep it up for two or three years more, he will have at 50 an income of £30 a year for life—twelve shillings a week, with nothing to do for the rest of his days. Ask any man of fifty what he thinks of that.

Another way is to pay so much a year to the Post Office in order to get so much paid up on attaining a certain age. Thus, if you wanted to get a lump sum of £100 at the age of 60, and you begin at 18, you would have to pay £2 6s. 8d. a year, or a shilling a week.

There are many other ways of applying your savings. A good building society for instance. But the first thing is to acquire the habit of saving, and to remember that, as surely as day follows day, so surely will age come upon every man, and the time when he can work no longer. Your old age may be independent and comfortable if you begin in early manhood to save your money. Figure to yourself a man—of your own height, but he stoops: he is like you; but his features are sharper, and there are lines all round his eyes; his hair is grey. Do you know him? Listen. He is speaking to you. "I am yourself," he says, "as you will be in fifty years. For GOD'S sake, do not drink and live loosely, or you will afflict me"—that is yourself—"with horrible diseases; save up your money, and buy me an annuity bit by bit, so that I may be able to live in comfort and independence. Keep me, keep me—even though you have to give up all your beer—keep me out of the workhouse"—an old man finds it hard to get work to do—and you will bless yourself when you come to be—what you see before you."

The Flower Show.



NOTWITHSTANDING the foggy, wet, and bitterly cold weather, Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian last Wednesday opened the Chrysanthemum Show, held within the grounds of our Palace. Owing to the inclemency of the weather grave doubts were entertained as to whether the Royal lady would venture so far; but, at three o'clock, a commotion was visible at the principal entrance to the Queen's Hall, and the band of the Scots Guards, striking up the National Anthem, quickly dispelled all doubts. Her Royal Highness was received by Sir Edmund Hay Currie and the Beaumont Trustees, and, on alighting from her carriage, she was presented with handsome bouquets by Miss Beatrice and Master Stanley Smith—the children of the celebrated East End florist.

Immediately the Princess entered the Hall the new organ—played that day for the first time by Dr. Bridge—burst out with "God Save the Queen," the boys of the Technical Day School lustily performing the choral part. A selection on the organ then followed, after which

the Princess, preceded by the Chairman of the Beaumont Trustees and the other ladies and gentlemen present, proceeded to inspect the Flower Show—which was held in a large corrugated-iron building adjoining the Queen's Hall. On her return, Her Royal Highness listened attentively to Madame Riechelmann, who was singing Cowen's "Better Land"; and then, turning to the spectators, the Royal lady quietly said, "I have been requested to declare this Exhibition open." Led by Sir Edmund Currie, the audience then gave three good hearty cheers, and the Princess, who seemed much gratified, proceeded to her carriage, bowing right and left in response to the numerous and loyal salutations she received.

The Chrysanthemum Show was held, as has been remarked above, in a large but temporary building; and a really good display these winter flowers made. There were all kinds of flowers, from the humble violet and lowly chrysanthemum of the East-enders, to the choicest exotic of the best known horticulturalists. The bouquet presented to the Princess was composed of the following flowers:—Pink carnation, pink and white bouvarains, gardenias, pink and tea-roses, camelias, eucharis, Roman hyacinth, azalea, double primula, heliotrope, mignonette, maiden-hair fern; whilst the bouquet presented to the lady who accompanied H.R.H. was composed entirely of the choicest chrysanthemums, both being supplied by Mr. E. G. Smith, of the Kingsland Road.

PRIZE LIST.

CLASS I.—(1) MESSRS. DAVIS & JONES, Ford Road Nursery, Camberwell Green. (2) MESSRS. LAING & CO., Stanstead Park Nursery, Forest Hill. (3) JOHN H. WITTY, Gardener to the London Cemetery Company, Highgate.

CLASS II.—(1) S. GILBEY, Gardener to B. B. Boosh, Esq., Cazenove, Upper Clapton. (2) G. BROOKS, Gardener to Captain Gibbs, 10, Springfield Lodge, N.

CLASS III.—(1) G. BROOKS, Gardener to Captain Gibbs, 10, Springfield Lodge, N.

CLASS IV.—(1) WALTER EADY, 50, Harford Street, Stepney, E.

CLASS V.—(1) G. BROOKS, Gardener to Captain Gibbs, 10, Springfield Lodge, N.

CLASS VI.—(1) WALTER PACKMAN, Gardener to C. E. Shea, Esq., The Elms, Fooks Cray, Kent. (2) THOMAS BETSWORTH, Gardener to Robert Ewing, Esq., Burton Grange, Cheshunt. (3) F. MOORE, Gardener to W. C. Pickersgill, Esq., Blendon Hall, Bexley. (4) R. RICHARDS, Lambeth.

Certificate—J. J. Hillier, 13, Priory Road, Wandsworth.

CLASS VII.—(1) ALFRED ELPHICK, Gardener to John Chitton, Esq., Cazenove, Clapton. (2) T. BETSWORTH, Gardener to Robert Ewing, Esq., Burton Grange, Cheshunt. (3) S. GILBEY, Gardener to B. B. Boosh, Esq., Cazenove, Upper Clapton. (4) J. J. HILLIER, 13, Priory Road, Wandsworth.

Certificate—G. Brooks, Gardener to Captain Gibbs, 10, Springfield Lodge.

CLASS VIII.—(1) S. GILBEY, Gardener to B. B. Boosh, Esq., Cazenove, Upper Clapton. (2) F. MOORE, Gardener to W. C. Pickersgill, Esq., Blendon Hall, Bexley. (3) FRANK BINGHAM, 6, Bethune Road, Stoke Newington. (4) EDWARD HORNER, Bing Green, Cheshunt.

Certificate—J. J. Hillier, 13, Priory Road, Wandsworth.

CLASS IX.—(1) WALTER PACKMAN, Gardener to C. E. Shea, Esq., The Elms, Fooks Cray, Kent. (2) EDWARD HORNER, Bing Green, Cheshunt. (3) J. BROWN, Gardener to Mrs. Waterlow, Great Doods, Reigate. (4) ALFRED ELPHICK, Gardener to John Chitton, Esq., Cazenove, Clapton.

Certificate—J. J. Hillier, 13, Priory Road, Wandsworth.

CLASS X.—(1) J. J. HILLIER, 13, Priory Road, Wandsworth. (2) G. T. CHALKLEY, Gardener to J. B. Droop, Esq., 61, Stamford Hill, N.

CLASS XI.—(1) J. ROBBURN, Gardener to Baroness Heath, Coombe House, Croydon. (2) WALTER PACKMAN, Gardener to C. E. Shea, Esq., The Elms, Fooks Cray, Kent. (3) J. J. HILLIER, 13, Priory Road, Wandsworth.

CLASS XII.—WALTER PACKMAN and J. BROWN—Equal.

CLASS XIII.—(1) F. PERKINS, Coventry. (2) MESSRS. DAVIS and JONES, Lilford Road Nursery, Camberwell. (3) WALTER A. HOLMES, 102, Elderfield Road, Clapton Park.

Certificates—T. F. Davison, 9, Union Square; and the Misses Amy and Lila Sanders, 400a, Mile End Road, E.

CLASS XIV.—(1) WALTER A. HOLMES, 102, Elderfield Road, Clapton Park. (2) H. G. BRIAULT, 115, Almack Road, Lower Clapton. (3) T. F. DAVISON, 9, Union Square.

CLASS XV.—(1) G. BROOKS, Gardener to Captain Gibbs, Upper Clapton. (2) A. G. TYRRELL, Cottage Nursery, Mary Street, Bow Road. (3) WALTER A. HOLMES, 102, Elderfield Road, Clapton Park.

Certificate—Mrs. England, Shandy Street, Stepney.

CLASS XVI.—(1) WALTER A. HOLMES, 102, Elderfield Road, Clapton Park.

The Judges of the Show were Mr. Head, of the Crystal Palace, and Mr. Gordon, the well-known botanist.

The value of the Prizes, given by the Beaumont Trustees, were as follows: For Pot Plants, numerous Prizes, ranging from £6 to 10/- were awarded; for Cut Blooms, from £4 to 4/-; for the best Exhibit, from East London only, three prizes, value £1, 15/-, and 10/-, respectively; and for the best group of Foliage Plants, open, a prize of £3 was offered.

The exhibition was under the personal supervision of Mr. Ernest Flower, and for an assurance that he had successfully carried out his programme only a visit to the exhibition was needed. The Flower Show, which lasted five days, was visited by some thousands of persons, who had also the privilege of visiting the capital Evening Concerts in the Queen's Hall.

Palace Gossip.

BY THE SUB-ED.

"A CHIEF'S AMANG YE TAKIN' NOTES."

HERE was one little incident in connection with last Wednesday's Flower Show that I think might well be referred to in these columns—as indeed all pleasing Palace incidents should be. When Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian had returned from inspecting the beautiful chrysanthemums, she was about to re-enter the Queen's Hall to declare the Exhibition open, but as she entered Madame Riechelmann was charming the audience with Cowen's "Better Land," and the Princess observing the fact, was gracious enough to remain near the door until the song was finished, and so the singer was not interrupted. Now, it may be said that there's not much in such an act as this: that any well-bred lady would have done the same. Quite so; but instances are plentiful where Royal personages have not scrupled to assert their superiority, and, without the slightest deference to others, have, by late entries or want of consideration, contrived to overthrow, for the time being, the harmony prevailing.

It was rather refreshing to learn from *The Thunderer* that the Chrysanthemum exhibitors at the People's Palace hailed *not* from the East—but from opposite localities; whereas—as the exhibitors' returns can show—a very large number undoubtedly reside in the "joyless city." It was positively delightful to know that Whitechapel *only* constitutes the East End of London; so I suppose the adjoining Eastern districts are, according to *The Times*, not included as anything: that the vast immediate vicinity is a kind of "No Man's Land."

I am very glad to see that the Gymnasium fellows are getting into such good trim, and that by the time H.R.H. the Prince of Wales comes to visit us a very good result may confidently be expected. Sergeant Burdett works like a horse, and, as I said last week, he will soon show the world what he can do in training. Even the coldest admirer of gymnastics would feel the admiration arise within him did he but visit our Gymnasium. It wants a little courage, this sort of weather, to induce one to array oneself in gymnastic attire and practise

for three or four hours; but I'm sure the zeal that is displayed in this department is simply surprising. "But a little month" and His Royal Highness will be amongst us to open the Apprentices' Exhibition, and on that day the searching eye of the West will be on East London; therefore, I need hardly advise every gymnast to do his utmost to attain proficiency, for such a splendid opportunity as this will afford may not occur again for some time.

Speaking of Gymnasium matters reminds me that a very grave error occurred in our last number. 'Twas there asserted that Mr. "Carlo" Wright—sometime "gymnast" at the Polytechnic—was, in our gymnasium, a *leader only*, whereas—as all the world knows—he is Assistant-Instructor, under Sergeant Burdett. I am sorry that such an error was made; and I suppose an apology is due to the gifted "Carlo"—not, of course, that he cares much about the matter. So when I tell him that I'm very sorry and promise not to offend again, he will, I am sure, forgive me. (Between ourselves though, I caught his eye at the Flower Show last Wednesday, and as my conscience smote me, I carefully avoided approaching him. So there we were, dodging each other through the chrysanthemums—I feeling like a guilty Jacob McClosky at the sight of an injured Wahnotee).

In the Class Notes of last week (p. 9) for the top line, please read: "Head Master—Mr. D. A. Low."

Moreton, the youthful Hon. Sec. of the Beaumont Football Club, was, when I met him the other night in the Billiard-room, in a very despondent state. I approached him in fear and trembling, for the weather was bad, and I thought that perhaps he suffered a Simian melancholia. But it was not so; he was simply anxious about the playing-ground of the B. F. C., and we discussed the question together. I suggested that he should write Sir Edmund Currie, whom I knew to be greatly interested in football; but Moreton shrugged his shoulders, and looked very despondent. He was afraid that for the want of a suitable ground the whole thing would collapse. This would not do at any price. But at this juncture up came another fellow, an ardent admirer of sport, and an experienced footballist. We laid the whole difficulty before him, and he, with the greatest *nonchalance* possible, settled the matter at once. Whereat the eyes of the Hon. Sec. glistened, and waxed joyful with exceeding great joy.

East London generally, and the Palace Members particularly, will be glad to hear that our loved Chairman, Sir E. Currie, is slowly, but surely, recovering from the severe cold he caught during the early autumn. When conversing with him the other morning, I noticed that he was already looking much better. He is at present spending a few days at his house in Brighton, where it is hoped he will wholly recover. He will return to town early this week, and we shall all be glad to see him back again, for the People's Palace, without its Chairman, is like the play of "Hamlet" with the melancholy Dane omitted.

Notions about Nods.—There is much meaning in a nod. There is the nod friendly, and the nod supercilious; the nod familiar, and the nod dubious; the nod courteous and the curt. In addition to these, there is the nod reprehensive, and the nod forgiving; the nod menacing, and the nod complimentary; the nod indifferent, and the nod jocular. Nor are these all. There is the nod near-sighted, and the nod invisible; the nod premature and the dilatory, the nod by mistake and the nod too late. Let not any man quarrel, however, with the number of his nodding acquaintances. It is a woeful index of fortune when the number diminishes. Our nodding acquaintances indicate the precise estimation in which we are held. Their nods are eloquent of the truth. We can wish our friends, indeed, no surer evidence of a well-directed and prosperous career than a continual and progressive increase in the number of their nodding acquaintances.

Men who have risen.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

GEN talk a good deal nowadays about conditions. If a man comes to hopeless grief, and dies in a casual ward, men blame the conditions of his bringing up; if a man does well, and leaves the world a little better than he found it, wisecracks say, look what a chance he had! A great deal of this talk sounds like nonsense. People as a rule are lazy, and don't bother their heads to think why one man makes a big success in life and another a hopeless failure.

But, if we look at a man almost of our own time—James Abram Garfield—we see what effect conditions have—how far he moulded them; how far they moulded him.

Garfield was born some fifty-six years ago, on a little up-country farm in the backwoods of America. His parents were hard-working, independent, self-reliant folk, hampered but little by riches. He first saw the light in a log cabin, in the midst of an uncleared forest of Ohio, near the township of Orange. Although every Anglo-Saxon's home is said to be his castle, Garfield's was not exactly a palace. It was about thirty feet long by twenty wide, built of unhewn logs, 'notched,' and laid one on the other to the height of twelve feet. The chimney was built of wood and mud in pyramid shape, and the roof was covered by slabs of timber held in place by poles. The floor was of logs, and the children's sleeping rooms were in the loft, with straw pallets for beds.

At an early age he lost his father, and his mother was left to fight the world alone. Four children under eleven years of age, a partially-cleared holding—off the track of human intercourse, a widowed mother in delicate health, are not exactly 'silver spoon conditions.' But struggling against these conditions made Garfield a great man. With the help of her children his mother undertook the cultivation of the so-called farm, but food ran short, and before long the family were reduced to one meal most days, and two on Sundays. Dame Nature seems sometimes painfully slow in her movements, and the first harvest which Mrs. Garfield and her children had sown, seemed to grow more slowly than any ever before. But the pluck of the mother, and the hard work of all, carried them through these privations, and although little Jim did not get much schooling, he acquired those habits of ready quickness and patient observation which served him so well in after life.

But widow Garfield was too wise a woman to neglect her children's schooling. By her energies a winter school was opened for the twenty-five children who were to be found in the township of Orange, and the teacher 'boarded round' in the houses of his scholars' parents. At school, Garfield gave proof of the stuff that was in him, and he began his life by carrying off the prize for progress during the winter's work. He meant to learn, to succeed, to be first—and so he was. But spring came round, and he had to turn boy farmer.

The elder brother went out into the world to earn money to keep the 'pot boiling,' so Jim began to run the farm. And he was just the lad to do it. Full of vigour and tact, he did not know the meaning of the words, 'I can't.' Once when he was looking after eggs in the barn a companion found a pullet's egg rather smaller than usual. Says Jim, 'I can swaller that.' 'The egg's small enough,' was the answer, 'but it's too big for your throat.' 'It won't stick,' replied Jim, 'it's going down. I undertook to swaller it, and swaller it I will.' Almost unconsciously Jim brought his teeth together, and his mouth was unpleasantly full of shell and yolk and white. His stomach heaved, his face scowled, his companion roared with laughter. Jim

stuck to his egg, and off he made for the house, snatching a bit of bread he chewed it up with the egg, and swallowed it. 'There,' he said, 'it's done.' But all his difficulties did not crack so easily between his teeth. Early and late he was out tending the cattle, looking after the place, keeping things straight, with the result that he laid in a good store of health.

The months rolled into years, and James developed into a stiff built lad of sixteen, and we next see him as Garfield the carpenter. In the far West where he lived, a planing machine was unknown, and when money was running short a friendly carpenter offered him a job planing twelve-foot boards. 'Wages?' asked Jim, laconically. 'A cent—that is, a halfpenny—a board,' says the carpenter. 'Right,' said Jim. By the time he had planed ten his mind was made up. All through the day he shoved the plane rapidly, and great beads of sweat stood on his brow, but not a look or a murmur of fatigue. Before the sun disappeared he laid the plane down and shouted, 'One hundred boards; count them, master, and see.' His master counted them. 'A hundred, true enough; here's your dollar, my boy—you've done a great day's work.' And, as he marched home, a shabby jacket never covered a prouder heart. When he showed his mother his earnings somehow she could not speak. A lump stuck in her throat, and her lips and arms had to do the work which her throat refused.

A lad of this sort is not likely often to be in want of a job in the township. Experience and knowledge were easy to get. He got work cutting wood for a cousin on the shores of Lake Erie. But the sight of the ships on the lake brought about a crisis in his life.

Like many another lad he was filled with a desire for a seafaring life. As soon as his job was finished, he walked to Cleveland, and going on board a schooner he asked the skipper if there were any vacancies. His offered services were not exactly appreciated by the captain—the titles of green-horn and land-lubber were freely showered upon him, mixed up with epithets and adjectives which are best represented by blanks, and he clambered down the side of the ship quicker than he clambered up. His first attempt at seafaring was not successful—so mortified was he that it became his last, for he happened to meet another cousin who owned a canal boat plying between Cleveland. Here there was a vacancy, and he was taken on as mule driver.

In this position the manliness and honesty which his mother had cultivated in him stood him in good stead. In those days the canal boatmen were a sad set. Hard work, foul language, drunken lawlessness were their prevailing characteristics. "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost," was their motto. Justice and honesty were at a discount. When two barges arrived at a lock at the same time there was generally a free fight as to which should enter first. On one occasion the usual war of words was going forward, and a free fight was imminent. Garfield, not satisfied with canal boat morality, asked: 'Say, skipper, does that turn to go in belong to us?' 'Don't know; not according to law, I expect, but anyways we're going to have it,' said the captain. 'No, we won't,' answered Jim, 'because it's not ours to have.' 'That's so,' said the other, and after a pause he shouted, 'Hold on, boys, and let them take the lock.' But Jim was no milk-sop. He could take his own part as well as anyone when right was on his side. One day, by accident and clumsiness, he sent the hat belonging to one of the boatmen into the canal. 'Very sorry, Murphy,' shouted Jim. 'I'll make you sorry,' roared Murphy, and, tucking his head into his chest, he rushed at Jim, meaning to send the boy after the hat. But Jim was too quick for him. Stepping nimbly aside, he planted the Irishman a heavy blow behind the ear. Down went Murphy like a nine-pin among the cargo at the bottom of the boat. Down jumps Jim after him, and before he had time to get up,

seized him by the throat. 'Pound the fool, Jim,' shouts the skipper. 'Not I,' answered the boy. 'Had enough?' he adds, turning to Murphy. 'Get up, if you have, and don't make a fool of yourself.' 'Yes, enough,' grunts the crest-fallen Irishman, slowly resuming a perpendicular position. 'Give us yer hand then,' says Jim, 'least said soonest mended. Nevertheless, among the crew the boy had found his level. Neither a coward nor a greenhorn, simply a lover of fair play, he soon became the leader among his mates. But an attack of ague cut his canal boat experience short, and he had to be put ashore to be nursed, as soon as they neared his home. For five months he needed all the tender nursing his mother could give. His long illness, however, gave him time for thought, and, partly owing to the influence of a school teacher, partly owing to his mother's wishes, he determined to educate himself. He felt that he was fit for better work than mule driving or sawing logs, so, after much hesitation, he started off with seventeen dollars in his pocket to the Hiram College. But his money was scanty. He refused, even if it had been possible, to be a burden to his mother. So, while pursuing his studies, he got work with a carpenter planing boards. All his leisure hours, and all day Saturday, he merrily drove his plane, careless of the amount of work he did, so long as he paid his way.

(To be concluded in our next.)

(FOR RECITATION.)

Skipper Ireson's Ride.

By JOHN G. WHITTIER.

All the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human back,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!'

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang:
'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!'

Small pity for him!—He sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's-people on her deck!
'Lay by! lay by!' they called to him,
Back, he answered, 'Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie for evermore,
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And crackled with curses the hoarse refrain:
'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt,
By the women o' Morble'ead!'

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green, and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near:
'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!'

'Hear me, neighbors!' at last he cried,—
'What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, 'God has touched him!—why should we?'
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
'Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Musical Notes.

PIANOFORTE CLASSES.—A few more Members can still be admitted to the Friday evening class, the time for which is now extended until ten o'clock. There are, at present, 48 pianoforte pupils.

CHORAL SOCIETY.—In spite of the terrible weather there was a capital muster at last Friday evening's practice, and the glees, which are to be performed in the Queen's Hall on Saturday, December 3rd, were most satisfactorily rehearsed. Several members of the Advanced Singing Class have joined the Choral Society, so as to be able to help on the occasion of their first appearance in public.

ELEMENTARY SINGING CLASS.—The Members of this class are learning sight-singing from the Staff Notation, and have already made very great progress. The interest that they take in the subject is well shown by their constant attendance at all the lessons, and by their marked attention when there.

CONCERTS.—The Concerts during this week in the Queen's Hall have been most enthusiastically received. The Band of the Scots Guards, under Mr. Holland, is always most excellent and most deservedly popular. Madame Riechelmann and Mr. Donnell Balfe have scored the most gratifying successes, and even the weather on Friday night did not keep away a very considerable number of persons.

ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON the capital Organ Recitals by Mr. Trickett, F.C.O., and Mr. L. H. Marsden, were only attended by a very thin audience. The dense fog was enough to prevent anyone from venturing out, so that a large number could scarcely be expected.

ON WEDNESDAY, the 23rd, the Popular Concerts will recommence with a very attractive programme, under the direction of Mr. Orton Bradley; and on Saturday, we are expecting a visit from the Royal Polytechnic Institute's Musical Societies.

Society and Club Notes.

By THE SUB-ED.

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

This Club, which is now in working order, held its first General Meeting on Wednesday, the 16th inst., when the Rules were confirmed and the following Officers elected, viz.:—Captain, Mr. E. C. Tibbs; Vice-Captain, Mr. J. W. West; Handicapper, Mr. E. Bates; Secretary, Mr. J. R. Deeley; Assistant-Secretary, Mr. E. J. Crowe; Committee, Messrs. H. Davis, A. Greenwood, E. J. Taylor, A. W. Clews, H. Marshall, J. Hawkes, G. Kitchener, J. McGregor, and E. Robb; President, Sir Edmund Hay Currie. The subscription, as we stated in our last issue, is 5/- per annum, payable in moieties on the 1st October and 1st January; and on and after the 1st January next there will be an entrance fee of one shilling, so that Members joining at once will thus avoid the payment of the entrance fee.

Runs held are down to Coborn Road.

An ordinary run of about 4½ miles took place on November 19th, from the head-quarters, Forest Gate Hotel, starting at four o'clock. Two packs were started, fast and slow.

Despite the bad condition of the country traversed all thoroughly enjoyed the outing.

Run next Saturday at four o'clock sharp, when visitors will receive a hearty welcome.

J. R. DEELEY, Hon. Sec.

E. J. CROWE, Assist. Sec.

CHESS AND DRAUGHTS.

Started 24th October, 1887; Subscription, 1/- per annum.

Competitions will shortly be started in both Chess and Draughts, full particulars of which will be duly announced.

An Exhibition of simultaneous Chess-play will take place on Saturday, December 3rd, when Mr. P. H. Coldwell will contest ten games with the Members. Play will commence at 6.30 precisely.

Members are invited to join this Class, which offers such great advantages to all. The meetings are held in the School-buildings every Wednesday at 7, and every Saturday at 6 o'clock. For further particulars, leave note, or apply personally to

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

CYCLING CLUB.

I should be greatly obliged to the Hon. Sec. if he would kindly furnish me with a few details respecting the progress of this Club. I should not make this appeal were it possible for me to be present at the meetings, but as my time is fairly well filled with other duties, I find it quite impossible to personally report at every Club meeting. The barest details only are necessary; and, as I have both personally and by letter endeavoured to point out, any such information would be of inestimable advantage to a club. Believe me, there's nothing like a "bold advertisement" to make a thing popular, and surely popularity should be given to our Palace and its offsprings—of which the Cycling Club could be one of the best.

Members are invited to join this useful and pleasing feature of the People's Palace. Every information and detail will be furnished by

J. KILBRIDE, Hon. Sec.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

OFFICERS: President, SIR E. H. CURRIE; Chairman, MR. W. MARSHALL; Deputy-Chairman, Mr. J. DRISCOLL; Treasurer, MR. A. VALENTINE; Secretary, Mr. S. THOMAS.

As President of this Society, Sir Edmund Currie will this (Wednesday) evening deliver an opening address, when it is hoped all Debating Members will be present. This invitation also extends to Palace Members generally, who are thus afforded an opportunity of noting the Society and its doings—with a view to membership.

The following gentlemen have been elected to represent this Society on the Christmas Entertainment Committee:—Mr. W. Marshall, Mr. A. Valentine, Mr. S. Thomas, and Mr. J. Driscoll.

All Palace Members are warmly invited to join this section. The Hon. Sec., Thomas, assures me that he anticipates a busy time during the forthcoming session, and I suggested that he should have an assistant sec. to help him in transacting the business of the Society. This, with his characteristic modesty, Syd. stoutly refused to do, and I hope he will be able to maintain his negative; but he'll have all his work to do, for its no joke for one fellow to transact all the business of a big and promising society like that of the Palace Debaters.

Subscription, 2/- per annum, or 6d. per quarter. For particulars, communicate with

SYDNEY THOMAS, Hon. Sec.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

The Beaumont Football Club; terms, 2/6 per annum.

There will be a General Meeting of this Club to-night (Wednesday), at eight o'clock.

On Saturday last, the 19th, a match was played at Victoria Park (Ground No. 4). Teams—Beaumont Football Club against Rattenbury. Resulted in a draw, but the Palace Members had decidedly the best of the game.

Match next Saturday, the 26th, at East Ham, Beaumont against Plashet Ramblers. Dressing-rooms at the "Green Man" (three minutes' from station).

For dates, fixtures, and information generally, apply to

T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.

RAMBLERS.

On Saturday last, the 19th, the Ramblers, through the invitation of Canon Gregory, made their first outing by paying a visit to St. Paul's Cathedral. It was announced in these columns last week that St. James's Palace and the Jubilee Presents were to be visited, but at the eleventh hour this was found to be impracticable owing to the early time of closing, and so had to be abandoned. However, the Hon. Sec., Bullock—nice fellow, Bullock—when he dropped in the other evening, told me that the Members had enjoyed their visit amazingly. It was also gratifying to hear that the Ramblers' Society is getting stronger every day; that the fellows interest themselves very much in the proceedings; and should things go on till the summer as satisfactorily as they now progress, some capital excursions will be organised—even beyond those places mentioned by me last week.

Next Saturday, the 27th, a visit will be paid either to *The Times* office, or elsewhere. Members are requested to refer to the notice boards in the Gymnasium and the Billiard-room for more definite information.

All queries will be responded to by

F. W. BULLOCK, Hon. Sec.

The Holy Rose.

A NOVEL.

By WALTER BESANT.

Author of 'The World Went Very Well Then,' 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men,' 'Self or Bearer,' 'All in a Garden Fair,' etc.

PROLOGUE.

All night long, until within a couple of hours of daybreak, the ships' boats were rowing to and fro between the fleet and the shore, swiftly, yet without haste, as if the work had to be done without delay, yet must be done in order. They were embarking the English and the Spanish troops, for the town was to be abandoned. All night long the soldiers stood in their ranks, waiting for their turn in stolid patience. Some even slept leaning on their muskets, though the season was mid-winter, and though all round them there was such a roaring of cannon, and such a bursting and hissing of shells, as should have driven sleep far away. But the cannon roared and the shells burst harmlessly, so far as the soldiers were concerned, for they were drawn up in the Fort Lamalque, which is on the east of the town, while the cannonading was from Fort Caire, which is on the west. The Republicans fired, not upon the embarking army, but upon the town and upon the boats in the harbour, where the English sailors were destroying those of the ships which they could not take away with them, so that what had been a magnificent fleet in the evening became by the morning only a poor half-dozen frigates. They burnt the arsenal; they destroyed the stores; not until the work of destruction was complete, and all the troops were embarked, did they turn their thoughts to the shrieking and panic-stricken people.

What do we, who all our lives have sat at home in peace and quietness, know of such a night? What do we, who, so far, have lived beyond the reach of war, comprehend of such terror as fell upon all hearts when 'twas the night of the eighteenth of December, in the year of grace one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three—the people of Toulon discovered that the English and Spanish troops were leaving the town, and they were left to the tender mercies of the Republicans? Toulon was their last camp of refuge; Lyons had fallen; Marseilles had fallen. As the English gathered together in the fens and swamps to escape the Normans, so the Provençal folk fled to Toulon out of the way of the Republicans. As for their tender mercies, it was known already what had been done at Lyons, and what at Marseilles. What would they not do at Toulon, which had not only pronounced against the Republic, but had even invited the English and the Spanish to occupy and hold the town? And now their allies were embarking, and they were without defence.

It took time for them to understand the situation. They did not learn that Fort Caire and the Pharon had been taken by the Republicans, until the cannon of the forts were turned upon the town and the bombardment began. Then they ran out of their houses, because it is better to die in the open than to die in a hole, and congregated—some in the churches, some in the Place d'Armes, and some on the quays. It was dreadful, even there, because the shells which flew hurtling in the air sometimes burst over their heads, and the cannon-shot sometimes flew through the crowd, making long lanes where the dead and the wounded lay. It was more dreadful when the English sailors fired the arsenal and the stores, and the lurid flames leaped up into the sky, and roared and ran from place to place. It was more dreadful still when the lubberly Spaniards blew up the powder-ships instead of sinking them, and that with so terrible an explosion that the boats in the harbour were blown clean out of the water. But it was most dreadful of all when it became known that the English had abandoned the town, and were even then

embarking at Fort Lamalque, where they were secure from the fire of the other forts: because then the people understood that they would be left to certain death.

Then with one consent they rushed upon the Quai. The women carried their little ones and dragged the elder children by the hand; the men snatched up whatever, in the terror of the moment, they could save that seemed worth saving, and there, crowded altogether, they shrieked and cried to the English boats, and implored the sailors to carry them on board.

All night long they vainly cried, the men cursing the English for their inhumanity, the women holding up the children—for the flames of the arsenal made the Quai as light as day—if the sight of the tender innocents would move their hearts. All night long the sailors, unmoved, went on with their work of destruction in the harbour, and of embarkation of the fleet. But in the early morning, two hours before daybreak, they had done all that they had time to do, and they thought of the wretched people.

When the boats touched the Quai there arose a desperate cry, for it seemed here indeed, as with those who of old time stood or lay about the Pool of Siloam, that only he who stepped in first would come out whole. Then those behind pushed to the front, and those in front leaped into the boats, and some in their haste leaped into the water instead and were drowned; and, to make the terror worse, the forçats, who had been released when the arsenal was fired, came down upon the crowd, six hundred strong, yelling, 'The Republicans are upon us! They are coming! They are coming!' Then even those who had been most patient, fearing above all things to lose each other, and resolved to cling to their treasures if possible, either lost their heads and rushed forward, or were forced to the front by those behind and separated; and in the confusion they dropped their treasures, which the convicts picked up. And some were pushed into the water, and some, especially the women and children, were thrown down and trampled to death; and at this moment the cannon-shot of Fort Caire fell into the densest part of the crowd. And some went mad, and began to laugh and sing, and one or two fell dead with the terror and distraction of it. But the English sailors went on steadily with their work helping the people into the boats, and when those were full pushing off and making room for others, as if they were Portsmouth wherries taking holiday folk to see the ships at Spithead; so that, although at daybreak they were forced to desist, out of twenty thousand souls who were in Toulon, they took on board, all told, fourteen thousand five hundred, men, women, and children.

Among the groups on the outskirts of the crowd there was one of four, consisting of two ladies, a man, and a boy. One of the ladies sat upon the arms of an anchor, holding the boy by the hand. She had stuffed his ears with wool and covered his head with her shawl, so that he should see and hear as little as possible. The other, who stood by her, was dressed as a nun. In her hands she held a golden crucifix, and her eyes were turned to the heavens. The man stood silent, only from time to time whispering to the lady with the boy:

'We can die but once, Eugénie. Courage, my wife.'

Then came the false alarm of the forçats, and a surging wave of humanity suddenly rushed upon them, bearing them along upon the tide. And as for the lady called Eugénie, she was carried off her feet, but held the boy in her arms and knew nothing until the strong hands of two English sailors caught her as she was falling headlong into the water, crying:

'Now then, Madame Parleyvoo, this is your way; not into the harbour this time. Lay down, ma'am; lay down, and sit quiet.'

When it was daybreak, the refugees upon the deck looked around them. They were seeking for brother and sister, husband, wife, lover, parent, or child; with them Madame Eugénie. Alas! the husband was

nowhere on the ship. They comforted her with the hope that he might be on one of the other vessels. But she was to see him no more. Presently her eyes fell upon a figure lying motionless beside a cannon on the deck. It was a nun in blue and white.

'Sister!' cried Madame Eugénie; 'Sister Claire! You are saved; oh, you are saved.'

The nun slowly opened her eyes, looking about her. 'I thought,' she said, 'that we had passed through the pangs of death, and were on our way to the gates of heaven.' The terror of the night had made her reason wander for the moment. 'Where are we, sister?'

'We are safe, dear. But where—oh, where is Raymond?'

'I know not. What has happened? What have I here?'

In her hand she carried a bag.

I have said that in the hurry of the moment each snatched up what seemed most precious. This lady, for her part, held in her hand a large leather bag, containing something about eighteen inches long. If we consider how weak a woman she was, in what a crowd she was pressed, how she was carried into the boat and hoisted on board, and how her wits fled for terror, it seems nothing short of a miracle that she should have brought that bag on board in safety. But she did, and thus a miracle, she always believed, was wrought in behalf of her and those she loved.

She sat up and began to recover herself.

'Oh, my sister!' she said, bursting into tears, 'you are safe; and I have saved the Rose, the Holy Rose, the Rose blessed by the Pope.'

'And I,' said Eugénie, 'have lost my husband. Thank God, the boy is safe. But where is Raymond?'

Then followed the sound of a fierce cannonading; the last, because the Republicans now discovered that the place was abandoned.

The nun kissed the crucifix.

'Those who are not with us,' she said, solemnly, 'are with God. If they are not dead already, they will be presently killed by those who are the enemies of God and the King. Let us pray, my sister, for the souls of the martyrs.'

In the afternoon of that day, the English and the Spanish ships being now under full sail and out of sight, there was the strangest sight that the Toulonnais had ever seen. The performance took place in the Place d'Armes, under the trees which, in summer, make a grateful shade in the hot sun. Generally there is a market there, which begins at daybreak, and is carried on lazily, and with many intervals for sleep and rest, until the evening. But to-day the market-women were not at their stalls, and the stalls were empty. The smoke of the still-burning arsenal was blowing slowly over the town, obscuring the sky; some of the ships in the harbour were still on fire, adding their smoke, so that, though the sky was clear and the sun was bright, the town was dark. Under the trees at the western end of the Place sat four Commissioners, forming four courts. They were dressed in Republican simplicity of long flowing hair, long coats with high collars, and their throats tied up in immense mufflers. They were provided with chairs, and they were surrounded by a guard of soldiers. The fellows were in rags, and for the most part barefooted; but every man had his musket, his bayonet, and his pouch. They carried nothing more. Their hair was longer than that of the Commissioners; their cheeks were hollow, partly from short rations long continued, and partly from the fatigues of the last week's incessant fighting. And their eyes were fierce; as fierce as the eyes of those Gauls who first met a Roman legion. In the open part of the Place, where there were no trees to shelter them, were grouped together a company of prisoners, driven together at the point of the bayonet. They were the helpless and unresisting folk who had been left behind by the retreating English. The men stood silent and resigned,

or, if they spoke, it was to console the women, who, for their part, worn out by terror and fatigue, sat as if they could neither hear, nor see, nor feel anything at all, not even the wailing of the children.

At the east end of the Place were more soldiers, and these were engaged in turn, by squads of six, in standing shoulder to shoulder and firing at a target which was continually changed.

A strange occupation, surely, for soldiers of the Republic! For the target at which they aimed, at ten feet distance, was by turns a man, a woman, or a child, as might happen. They always hit that target, which then fell to the ground, and became instantly white and cold, and was dragged away to be replaced by another.

For the Republic, revengeful as well as indivisible, was executing Justice upon her enemies. With this Republic, which was naturally more ruthless, because less responsible, than any Tyranny, Justice was always spelled with a capital, and meant Death. So exactly was Justice at this time a synonyme for La Mort, that one is surprised that the latter word should have survived at all during the early years of Revolution, when the thing was signified equally well by the word Justice. The judges here were those pure and holy spirits, Citizens Fréron, Robespierre the Younger, Barras, and Saliceti, all virtuous men, and all fully permeated with a conviction of the great truth that when a man is dead he can plot no more. Therefore, as fast as the traitors of Toulon, who had held out for the family of Capet, and had invited the detestable and perfidious English into their city, and had been contented with their rule, were brought before them, they were sentenced to be done to death incontinently, and without any foolish delay in the investigation of the case, or in appeals to any higher court, or any waste of time over prayers and priest.

Presently, there was brought before Citizen Fréron a Gentleman. There could be no doubt upon this subject, because, even at this moment, when the result of his trial was certain, he preserved the proud and self-possessed air which exasperated the Republicans, who easily succeeded in looking fearless and resolute, but never preserved calmness. It wants a very well-bred man to possess his soul and govern himself with dignity in the presence of a violent death. When it came to the turn of the Robespierres, for example, one of them jumped out of a window, and the other shot himself in the head. Yet in the dignity of the Nobles, the fiery Republicans read contempt for themselves, and it maddened them. This gentleman was a handsome man of five-and-thirty, or thereabouts, with straight and regular features, black eyes, and a strong chin. You may see his face carved upon those sarcophagi of Arles, where are sculptured a whole gallery of Roman heads belonging to the second century. It was, in fact, a Roman face such as may be seen to this day at Tarascon, Aiguesmortes, and Arles; a clear-cut face, whose ancestor was very likely some gallant legionary born in the Campagna, who, his years of service accomplished, was left behind, grizzled and weather-beaten, but strong still, to settle in the Provincia, to marry one of the black-haired, half-bred Gaulish maidens, to bring up his family, presently to die, and then to be remembered for another generation at least in the yearly commemorative Festival of the Dead.

'Your name?' asked Commissioner Fréron.

There were no clerks, and no notes were taken of the cases. But certain formalities must be observed in the administration of Justice.

'My name is Raymond d'Arnault, Comte d'Eyragues,' the prisoner replied in a clear, ringing voice.

'You have been found in the town which for two months has harboured and entertained the enemies of the Republic. You were on the Quai, endeavouring to escape. Why were you endeavouring to escape?'

[To be continued.]

Class Notes.

SHORTHAND CLASS.

Teachers—Messrs. HORTON & WILSON.

Many persons look upon the art of Shorthand writing as being a very difficult and mysterious business; whereas, if the study be taken up in a determined manner, nothing can be more simple, and more easy to acquire. One of the principal reasons why comparatively so few learn Phonography is that they are really unaware of its great usefulness until they have finished their school-days and entered upon the active duties of life. There is a great deal of unaccountable ignorance on the part of the public in regard to shorthand generally, and more especially as to the modes of its application. There is a general belief that it is of little use to anyone except to verbatim reporters; and probably one-half of those who commence its study do so with the intention of ultimately becoming reporters. To the verbatim reporter it is, of course, indispensable; but there are many others to whom shorthand would be equally serviceable. To the student attending a course of lectures, shorthand would be exceedingly useful, as it would enable him to take notes of remarks with greater ease and more certainty than he could possibly do with longhand. To the young man engaged in the office, shorthand is almost indispensable, and the day is not far distant when the clerk, without a knowledge of Phonography, will stand a poor chance in obtaining a situation.

Phonography opens a new industrial field for the gentler sex. When we consider how well suited to ladies is the profession of reporting, and how admirably adapted are their nimble fingers to this light and rapid work, we are surprised to see how slow they are to enter upon it. Certainly there may be some kinds of reporting which ladies could scarcely be expected to do; but the reporting of sermons, lectures, etc., they could do just as well as men, if they would but thoroughly qualify themselves for it.

"Its usefulness," says Dr. Johnson, "is not confined to any particular science or profession, but is universal."

The Shorthand Classes, which were commenced at the People's Palace on the 7th October, under the direction of Messrs. Horton and Wilson, have hitherto proved a decided success, the number of Elementary Students being so large as to necessitate an extra class being formed. The Intermediate Class is also well attended; but the Reporting Class is, at present, rather small; yet doubtless this class will improve next season. The Elementary Members have also made considerable progress in the "Teacher," and it is hoped that by the end of the term they will be able to give a good account of themselves.

UPHOLSTERY CLASS. Teacher—J. SCARMAN.

A class for upholstery is now formed at the People's Palace, where upholsterers may learn how to effectively fix and cut draperies in the many different and elegant styles adaptable to furniture, windows, pier-glasses, etc. It is not only the art of cutting-out that is taught, but also how to correctly estimate—a very important feature in these days, when it is quite impossible to estimate unless one has a thorough practical knowledge. A class of this description is decidedly most beneficial to the trade in general, and should be attended by all those upholsterers who take a lively interest in their work. Backward apprentices might also join this class; indeed, employers should insist upon them spending some portion of their time in thoroughly mastering the principles of their industry, either in this class, or the classes held at similar institutions.

WOOD-CARVING CLASS. Teacher—T. PERRIN.

The many golden opportunities which the Wood-Carving Class at the People's Palace offers to Members, should on no account be lightly regarded. There is much to be learnt there, and those who know but comparatively little about carving, and also those, who having already acquired an insight into its intricacies, might advantageously join the excellent class under Mr. Perrin. As yet it is in its infancy, the students attending barely numbering a dozen; but they stick to their work in a very creditable manner, and by their patience and industry, show how deeply they are interested. Some, indeed, not content with the limited class time afforded them, take their work to their respective homes and further pursue their studies. At present the class is actively engaged in carving a mantel which the Cabinet Class intends to display at the December Exhibition; and with that, and other useful items, a really good show may confidently be expected. Singularly enough, the Members are all amateurs, whose daily avocations are quite opposite to wood-carving; and as they can only engage themselves in their leisure moments, a greater credit necessarily reflects upon their work. Any Member whose taste inclines toward this beautiful work, should be encouraged to become a student within the Palace walls. The youngest are welcome, and, indeed, are much needed. At present, a little lad, nine years of age or thereabouts, is actually engaged in carving a panel for the Exhibition; and the zeal he displays should serve as an inducement to all who wish to become competent carvers.

Letter to the Editor.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PALACE JOURNAL."

DEAR SIR,—Would you be so kind as to put before the Committee the question of convenience in changing the Concert night from Wednesday to Thursday. There are a great many shops in the East End that close on Thursday at five o'clock, and there are a number of assistants who would be only too glad to attend, as that is the only night in the week that they are at liberty to remain, yours respectfully, A SHOP ASSISTANT.

Answers to Correspondents.

Correspondents are informed that under no circumstances can replies be sent to them through the post.

S. A. C. L.—At present we are afraid that the time for the class you mention cannot possibly be altered. Should, however, a change be made in the class time next term due notice will be given of the fact.

JOHN R., 28, B.S.—We have handed your communication to the proper "custodian"—where it will receive attention. But we implore you,—nay, we *command* you never again to send any such jokes to this office. The Editor can stand a good deal, but he cannot stand punning; and should you ever repeat the offence the Sub-Editor—who is somewhat pugilistic and a newly-enrolled Special into the bargain, will have to—"interview" you.

M. R. BOW.—If you care to send in the manuscript it shall receive our attention; but at the same time we do not bind ourselves to accept it. Many thanks for your good wishes.

MAURICE LANE.—Unavoidably crowded out; will appear next week.

H. T. G.—All will come right in time. 'Easy' does it. Sometimes merit is overlooked. We should like to hear from you again; or, better still, know you as a Member.

A. CANTON.—Read up Dickens. Think a little less of yourself, and you may yet be useful to society. Nil desperandum!

G. R. SIMS.—Like your famous journalistic namesake, you are extremely interesting. 'Seeing a man,' is indeed a curious phrase. It means a good deal: it is full of hidden meaning. Try and guess. If you fail, put yourself in communication with 'Carados,' and he will enlighten you.

MARIE F.—The People's Palace promises to be of great service to the ladies. There are plenty of classes which will help to make our girls bright useful women in the future. Write again.

H. I.—Tom-all-Along's is in Drury Lane. It is situate between Russell Court and Vinegar Yard. You probably will not find it without assistance. Engage the 'oldest inhabitant.'

T. F. POLLOCK.—Many thanks for your bright and interesting communication. Try again.

ALFRED CLARK.—We should warn young men not to think of matrimony until their position in life is well assured. You are very young, and you have our sympathies.

S. B.—The 25th of December next.

PETER P.—Barilla is an alkaline substance obtained from the ash of sea-weed, and formerly much employed in the manufacture of soap and glass.

HARRY JOY.—Many thanks for your confidence. Did you ever read 'David Copperfield'? and, if so, does not the character of the man you mention strongly resemble that of Uriah Heep? He was 'umble, remember, and as fine a specimen of an hypocrite that one could well desire to know. We advise you, if you have any respect for yourself at all, to cut his acquaintance. Such people are not fit to associate with their kind.

C. O.—(1) Handsome is as handsome does. (2) The Cottage House—somewhere in the North. We have a dim recollection of once seeing it in our childhood days, but we fear that now it has gone for ever.

E**s.—We don't advertise gratuitously as a rule, but we earnestly recommend you to try your namesake's cocoa.

GURTH & WAMBA.—It is in the 'Dagonet Ballads,' and can always be had at the office.

WILL ELLIS.—(a) Your bright, vivacious letter has quite charmed all ill-humour out of us, and we shall be happy to do as you ask. (b) A letter addressed to this office will find him. (c) The safe man.

ARTHUR E. MASSEY.—Pray accept our heartiest thanks for such good wishes. We sincerely hope that when the next vacancy occurs it will fall to your share to secure it; for we should much like to know you.

Competitions, Puzzles, and Prizes.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. No Competitor may take more than one weekly prize in any one class in the same week.
2. Eight days will, as a general rule, be allowed for sending in answers to competitions. Thus, the Journal appears on Wednesday, and all answers to Competitions in any given number must be received not later than Thursday in the week following. They may be sent earlier, but if later, will be disqualified.
3. Every Competitor must, when the subject of the Competition requires the use of pen and paper, write on one side of the paper only.
4. All Competitors must send with their answers their correct names and addresses. On the envelope they should write, distinctly, the class of the Competition in which they are taking part—Class A or Class B, or C or D, as the case may be.
5. The decision of the Editor is final, and Competitors must not question the justice of his awards.
6. Prizes will be distributed monthly at the Palace, on a day to be announced from time to time in the Journal.
7. Members of the Palace competing in Class B must enclose in their answers a written declaration of their Membership.
8. Boys competing in Class D, when sending in their answers, must state the Classes to which they belong.
9. All answers, delivered by hand or through the post, must be addressed to *The "Competition" Editor*,

THE OFFICE, PEOPLE'S PALACE,
MILE END ROAD, E.

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITIONS.

CLASS A—OPEN TO ALL.

A Prize of Ten Shillings is offered for a list of six of the best kings and queens of England. What Competitors have to do is to send in a list of the names of the six kings or queens who they think have done most honour to the throne. The Competition will be decided by the Competitors themselves. The six names which occur most frequently on the lists sent in will be held to be those of the most honourable, and the Competitor whose list most nearly agrees with the list thus formed will be the winner. Answers to be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, Dec. 1st.

CLASS B—FOR MEMBERS OF THE PALACE ONLY.

A Prize of Five Shillings is offered to the Member who shall make the best paragraph, of not more than forty words, introducing—in the most natural manner possible—all of the following six words: *Umbrella, elephant, cigar, mantel-piece, cupboard, Parliament.*

CLASS C—FOR GIRLS ONLY.

A Prize of Half-a-Crown will be given to the girl who sends in the best answer to the following question:—
Do you consider it right or wrong to wear the plumage of birds as personal ornament—and why?

A Prize of Half-a-Crown will be given for the best figure of a woman, dressed in out-door costume, cut out with scissors from a sheet of paper.

CLASS D—FOR BOYS UNDER FIFTEEN ONLY.

A Prize of One Shilling will be given for the best imitation of a rose, cut with a knife out of a potato.

A Prize of One Shilling will be given to the boy who shall send the best original riddle made by himself.

QUARTERLY PRIZES.

Puzzles are given every week, and marks are awarded for correct answers. The Competitors who have given most correct solutions, and who have thus won most marks in a quarter (thirteen weeks) will be the winners of Quarterly Prizes.

Only one set of puzzles is given each week, but the distinction between the four classes is observed.

A—Thus, a prize of One Pound, and a second prize of Ten Shillings, will be given to the Competitors in Class A who win most marks for correct solutions to puzzles in the quarter.

B—A prize of One Pound, and a second prize of Ten Shillings, will be given to the Members of the Palace who win most marks in the quarter.

C—A prize of Fifteen Shillings, and a second prize of Seven Shillings and Sixpence, will be given to the girls who win most marks in the quarter.

D—A prize of Ten Shillings, and a second prize of Five Shillings, will be given to the boys, under 15 years of age, who win most marks in the quarter.

PUZZLES FOR THIS WEEK.

My first is in favour, you'll see, if not blind;
My second's in favour with children, you'll find;
My third's in favour with each festive mind;
My whole's in favour with all of mankind.

My first and last are evergreen;
My whole throughout the year is seen.

A statesman behead, and you will find
A fish much liked by all mankind.

A certain number consists of three digits; the sum of the digits is 12; the sum of the extreme digits (*i.e.* the first and last), is double the middle one; and the difference between the sum and product of the digits is 8. What are the digits?

WORD SQUARES.

A gender. A sea. A sentiment. Eternity.
Part of you. Exposed. Want. Tails.
A young horse. A musical instrument. Lent. A covering.
A North Britisher. Trouble. By word of mouth. To inform.

HIDDEN CHRISTIAN NAMES.

It isn't that the hart hurts the arrow, but the arrow hurts
the hart.
Blue is red, if red is blue.
Can't you see the lion chasing the tiger.
I last saw that duck at early morn yesterday.

All answers, both to the Competitions and the Puzzles, must be sent in NOT LATER than noon on THURSDAY morning, Dec. 1st, and must be addressed to THE "COMPETITION" EDITOR, THE OFFICE, PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END ROAD, E.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PRIZES.

A number of extra prizes, quite separate and distinct from the weekly and quarterly prizes, are offered below.

Four weeks will be allowed to Competitors entering for these prizes—*i.e.*, articles for competition need not be sent in till Thursday, Dec. 22nd.

All Competitors are requested to write on the envelope or covering of their replies the word SPECIAL, followed by the letter of the class in which they are competing—A or B, or C or D, as the case may be.

CLASS A—OPEN TO EVERYBODY.

A Prize of One Pound for the best, and Ten Shillings for the second best, is offered for an original short story, complete in itself, of not more than 1,000 words in length.

CLASS B—FOR MEMBERS OF THE PALACE ONLY.

A Prize of Ten Shillings will be given for the best model of a dwelling-house made out of match-boxes, old used matches, cardboard, and paper.

A Prize of Ten Shillings will be given for the best set of original verses on the subject of Christmas.

CLASS C—FOR GIRLS ONLY.

A Prize of Five Shillings will be given for the best designed Christmas Card, done either in pencil, ink, or paint.

A Prize of Five Shillings will be given for the best and most originally-designed pen-wiper made out of scraps of stuff.

CLASS D—FOR BOYS ONLY.

A Prize of Five Shillings will be given for the best model in clay of some animal.

A Prize of Five Shillings is offered for the neatest and most cleverly constructed fan made out of strips of firewood.

In all these classes extra prizes may be given should they seem to be deserved.

All answers to the special Christmas Competitions must be received NOT LATER than THURSDAY morning, December 22nd, and should be addressed to THE "COMPETITION" EDITOR, THE OFFICE, PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END ROAD, E.

TO PALACE MEMBERS ONLY.

Members of the People's Palace may advertise in the pages of this JOURNAL at a Reduced Fee. Small Advertisements of an Exchange and Sale description, Houses to Let, etc., can be inserted at the rate of Eighteen Words for Sixpence.

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Communications must be written on one side only, in clear handwriting, with the Name and Address of the Sender, addressed to the Editor, *Palace Journal* Office, People's Palace.

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