

THE PALACE JOURNAL

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[ONE PENNY.]

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE Library Committee beg to inform the Members of the People's Palace that a new arrangement for the use of the Queen's Hall as a Public Library will be greatly facilitated by the voluntary services of the Palace Members as Stewards of the Library. Ladies and gentlemen willing to assist in this most useful service are invited to leave their names at the office of this Journal in the East Lodge. The Committee feel that the Members are fully sensible of the importance of this appeal, and are confident that the invited assistance will be forthcoming.

Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.—Apprentices' Exhibition, open from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. Band of the Scots Guards (in Queen's Hall) daily at 3.0 and 8.0. Organ Recital at 6.30. Wild Flower Collection, The Artful Museum, etc.
- FRIDAY.—Apprentices' Exhibition, open from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. Band of the Scots Guards (in Queen's Hall) daily at 3.0 and 8.0. Organ Recital at 6.30. Wild Flower Collection, The Artful Museum, etc.
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- SUNDAY.—Organ Recital of Sacred Music (Queen's Hall) at 12.30.
- MONDAY.—Exhibition open from 5 to 10 p.m. Band of Scots Guards (in Queen's Hall) at 8.0. Organ Recital at 6.30. The Members' Conversazione.
- TUESDAY.—Exhibition open from 5 to 10 p.m. Band of Scots Guards (in Queen's Hall) at 8.0. Organ Recital at 6.30. The Members' Conversazione.
- WEDNESDAY.—Exhibition only—from 5 to 10 p.m.

Earthly Tracts.

No. V.—EARLY MARRIAGES.



IN the worst streets of the worst parts of every great city there are two things which strike the visitor with a kind of despair—the number of children playing in the gutter, and the number of women prematurely old and worn before their time. Not the women whose faces speak of the public-house and are aged with vice, but women who are respectable and decent, who should be still in the bloom of their beauty, and have no business to be wrinkled and careworn. Their husbands are not perhaps out of work—they may be steady men. Even if they are not temperance men, they may not perhaps spend more than is considered fair and moderate in drink. They have a decent lodging. What is the matter with the women then? The matter is that at five-and-twenty they are doing the work which ought not to have been laid upon them until they were five-and-thirty at least, and perhaps more. The matter is that they were married at seventeen.

Consider. A girl of seventeen has only just grown out of the school-girl. She knows little or nothing of the world; as for the cares of a wife, a housekeeper and a mother, she has never so much as thought of them—her place is still among the girls, who spend their days at work and their evenings at play with other girls. Unhappily, she begins to keep company. Many girls begin to keep company before her age. Most girls think it is the proper thing to keep company. That means that they must be always walking about with their chaps, who for their part would be much

better occupied with their classes, clubs, and debating societies, while she, for her part, would pass her time much more pleasantly and much more usefully at one of the girls' clubs, where they teach all kinds of useful things. There is, however, no one to persuade her to give up the company-keeping. Her chap is two years older than herself. He is in fair work, but as yet he has saved nothing.

At nineteen one has not had time even to begin saving. As for her, of course, she has only been living from hand to mouth. Between them they have not a spare sovereign. Yet they get married. At the age when the future barrister, physician, clergyman, or merchant is only just leaving school in order to begin his preliminary studies, this young working-man takes the most important step in his whole life—the step which should not be taken without the most serious consideration of what may follow upon it: which should not be taken without money saved and some provision for a rainy day. The unhappy lad takes this step with a light heart, careless of the future. Yet one thing is certain—or nearly certain—that the wages which hitherto he has found no more than enough for one will now have to do for two; presently for three, and then for four, five, or even more. Consider that man in ten years' time; he is not yet thirty; yet he has already a family of seven or eight children; grinding poverty is his lot, and will be all his life. But suppose he had resolved to put off marriage until he was seven or eight and twenty, he might have saved, in ten years of work—in a rough way, ten pounds a year at least—either a £100 in money, or deferred annuities amounting to £20 a year to begin at fifty. He could have begun his married life with all this money, added to the careful habits acquired by ten years of sober work, worth as much again. But it is now too late; the Saturday's money has got to keep all these children; there is nothing left but to plod on, from week to week, with no more hope than just to keep the family going. This, indeed, must be the curse of labour.

If it is bad for the man it is far worse for the woman. She begins her married life with no teaching at all how to make the money go the farthest way. She has no knowledge of cooking and dress-making, or of any of the things by which the household may be managed and kept comfortable and decent. No one has taught her these things; they teach them all at the clubs and institutes, but she has never been to them—she has been keeping company all the time. From the beginning her house-keeping is a muddle and a mess, on account of her ignorance, not her want of will. Then come the babies, and then her real troubles begin. Then the cheek grows hollow, the lines gather round the eyes, and the forehead is creased with care. Other women have holidays; the unhappy woman who marries young has none. Other women at from five-and-twenty get pleasure out of their lives; the young mother who married at seventeen, and at five-and-twenty has half-a-dozen children, can never leave them, never go anywhere, never be free from the anxiety of bread for her little ones. Suppose she had waited till she was five-and-twenty before she married, she would have saved some money, learned many useful and valuable things, and been spared all these years of trouble and hardship.

It is said that there are too many children born. That may be. It ought not to be, considering the land that is unoccupied all over the world; but one thing is quite certain, that there are too many children born of young parents. Who will teach the girls that at seventeen they are not strong enough to bear children? Who will bid them pause, and think of the long trouble before them, perhaps a whole life-time, to be spent in continual struggle with poverty and even destitution? The future is in their hands. If they say they will not marry a boy who has no money put by, and is too young to have shown his true character, the thing

cannot be, and then they may alter the whole future for good, both for themselves and for the lad.

More important still—who will teach the lads that, if they love a girl, they can do her no greater benefit than by keeping her single while they lay by their money, and get a better position? There is truly nothing in the whole world so wicked, so cruel, so selfish, as to bring into existence a family of wretched children whom their father cannot keep. There is, indeed no injury you can do to a woman which may be compared with the injury of making her at eighteen become such a wife and such a mother.

Class Notes.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND COMPOSITION.

Teacher—D. A. ISAACS.

During the past quarter grammar and composition have been taken up on alternate Thursdays. Numerous essays have been set, corrected, and revised, in which there have been displayed literary ability, skill in composition, and originality of ideas. The teacher congratulates the students on the zeal they have shown, and hopes to make further progress during the next term, which opens on Thursday, Jan. 12th, at 9 p.m.

CIVIL SERVICE CLASSES. Teacher—D. A. ISAACS.

In reviewing the work done during the past term, the teacher desires to express his great satisfaction at the labour and zeal shown by the students generally. Possessing but little spare time, they must have sacrificed much of this to the preparation of their weekly lessons. The undermentioned students deserve commendation for their work and progress:—

Handwriting.—Misses Sutton, E. Gauntlett, Blackwood, Scott, Clark; Messrs. Klein, Hobbs, Lane, Linegar, Gauntlett, M. Harry, Day and S. O. Connor.

Composition.—Misses Sutton, Creed and Lewis; Messrs. Klein, Whittingham, Thridgould, Banks, Laue, Miller, Gauntlett, Clark.

Arithmetic.—Misses Sutton, C. Williamson, E. Lewis, Blackwood, Palmer, Gauntlett; Messrs. Klein, Whittingham, Dulake, Randall, Connell, Day, A. Williamson, Andrews, Woods.

History.—Misses Sutton, Lewis, Ayscough, M. F. Manchee, M. L. Manchee; Messrs. Klein, Whittingham, Dulake.

Geography.—Misses Sutton, Williamson, Scott, M. F. Manchee, Lewis, Gauntlett, Blackwood; Messrs. Klein, Dulake, Day, Whittingham.

The quarterly examination was held on Tuesday, December 20th, the complete results of which will be found on the Notice-board, under the numbers, not the names of the students. Those who find that they have done worse than they expected to do, are strongly recommended to work up their defective subjects, particularly arithmetic and geography.

The whole of the subjects are now well in hand, and special arrangements have been made to include book-keeping, which will complete the course of the Lower Division Clerkships. It is further proposed to modify the order of class lessons by spreading the subjects over two weeks, in order to devote to each one its due share of illustration and detail. The reversed prospectus will furnish complete particulars of any further alterations.

The new term will open on Tuesday, January 10, at 7.30 p.m. when it is hoped that a full muster will assemble, in order to commence a quarter as successful as has been the period just terminating. In the meantime, the teacher wishes all his pupils, past, present, and future, a bright and prosperous new year.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

WITH reference to an advertisement which appeared in last week's issue of the *The Palace Journal*, the Editor begs to inform all readers that the society advertising has no connection whatever with the People's Palace Institute, or with the Beaumont Trust. The Editor makes this statement in justice to the readers of the Journal without reflecting in any way on the character of the society in question.

Re-Election Meetings, etc.

COUNCIL.

At half-past nine on Monday evening, the 19th instant, Sir Edmund Currie presided at a Meeting held in the Gymnasium for the purpose of re-electing the various Officers and Committees representing the different Clubs of the Palace. It was put to the meeting that, as the Gymnasium represented the whole body of the Members, it would be better to dispense with a general committee; but it was further suggested that the four gentlemen representing the committee at the Social meetings, be elected on the Council. As three of the gentlemen in question were then present, viz., Messrs. Hull, Bowman, and Bailey, they consented on behalf of Mr. May, the absentee.

Two gentlemen from each of the following committees, viz.: Harriers, Billiard-room, Debating, Cycling, Ramblers, Football, Chess and Draughts, and Sketching; four from the Gymnasium, and six ladies from the Ladies' Social committee, were sent up to represent their respective committees on the Council, to advise the Trustees on matters connected with the working and management of the Institution.

It was decided that a meeting of the Council be held once a month, when all the arrangements for the ensuing month shall be discussed, and as far as practicable be settled, subject to the approval of the Beaumont Trustees.

EAST LONDON CHESS AND DRAUGHTS CLUB.

At a General Meeting held on Saturday, December 17th, the following gentlemen were elected to serve for the year.

President—Sir Edmund Currie; *Vice-President*—Mr. Robert Mitchell; *Committee*—Messrs. F. C. Gooding, E. C. Butler, J. R. Deeley, F. W. Hartnup, A. de Winter, S. Mills; *Secretary and Treasurer*—E. J. Smith; *Assistant Secretary*—R. Harris.

CRICKET CLUB.

On Tuesday evening, the 20th instant, a Meeting, for the purpose of organising a Cricket Club amongst the Palace Members was held, with Sir Edmund Currie presiding. Messrs. T. G. Carter, and H. Marshall were appointed as joint secretaries; and it was decided to make an endeavour to enlist all lovers of cricket to enrol themselves as Members; and also for the purpose of assisting the Secretaries in the choice of a playing-ground for the next cricketing season.

THE FEMALE MEMBERS' SOCIETY FOR SOCIAL PURPOSES.

On Tuesday evening, December 20th, at 8.30 p.m., a Meeting of the female Members of the People's Palace Institute was held, with Sir Edward Currie in the chair, for the purpose of re-electing the Committee for the ensuing year. The following ladies were appointed on the Committee:—Misses Lavene, Trope, Sinclair, Raymond, Orchard, Robinson, Boss, Coleman, Ashford, Matthews, Simpson, Hall, Cohen, Coker, the last-named lady also being elected as Hon. Secretary.

The first five ladies above-named have been elected to represent the Ladies' Committee on the Council.

BILLIARD CLUB.

On Wednesday, the 19th, at 9 o'clock, a Meeting was held, with Sir Edmund Currie presiding, to elect

the Billiard-room Committee for the coming year. Two gentlemen from their body were re-elected to serve on the Council.

The following have been elected: *Chairman*—Mr. J. Harrison; *Committee*—Messrs. A. H. Dell, W. Moody, Constable, N. Harrington, J. King, Kitchener, Clewes, C. Davids, C. F. Frost, E. W. Poulter, and Mr. A. Stuttle (*Hon. Secretary*).

Council—Messrs. A. H. Dell and A. Stuttle.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

A Special Meeting of the above took place on Wednesday, December 21st, for the election of Officers for the ensuing year, and the following gentlemen were duly elected: *President*—Sir Edmund Hay Currie; *Chairman*—Mr. W. Marshall; *Vice-Chairmen*—Mr. T. Wadkin, Mr. L. Currie; *Treasurer*—Mr. A. Valentine; *Secretaries*—Messrs. S. Thomas, and Hawkins; *Committee*—Messrs. Rhodes, Master, Norton, Bullen, Ring, Maynard, and White.

Messrs. Marshall and Thomas were then elected to represent the Society on the Council of the Palace.

Musical Notes.

SINGING CLASSES.—The last week of the first season of these classes brings to a close a very successful course. The Advanced Class has worked capitally the whole term, and has done the most valuable service by the assistance rendered to the Palace Choir at the concert on December 3rd. The Elementary Class is already considerably advanced, and has learnt to read with a certain degree of ease. The attendance in both these classes has been most satisfactory since the beginning of the quarter.

PIANOFORTE CLASS.—The weather has affected the younger members of this class very much during the last week, so that there has been a slight falling off in attendance.

CHORAL SOCIETY.—The last meeting of the season will be on Friday next, and the classes will not meet again until the second week in January, when, it is believed, that a large number of new members will present themselves.

ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—The Orchestral Society has acquitted itself admirably during this short first quarter, in spite of certain difficulties which have made the meetings a little irregular.

ORGAN RECITALS.—During the Apprentices' Exhibition some very excellent organists have been playing on the organ in the Queen's Hall. Mr. Edwin Barnes, Mr. Docker, Mr. Gollmick, Mr. Alfred Hollins (of the Royal Normal College for the Blind), Mr. Stretton Swan, and Mr. Wrigley, F.C.O., have each given a carefully-selected programme with the greatest success. Perhaps, if it is not invidious to single out one among so many very first-rate artists, the most successful was Mr. Alfred Hollins, who, in spite of his physical difficulties, managed to produce the most charming varieties of tone from the instrument.

CONCERTS have been given every afternoon and evening in the Queen's Hall, with the Scots Guards' Band as the centre of attraction; and some excellent artistes have contributed songs to the programme. Among them have been Madame Riechelmann, Miss Meredith Elliott, Mdlle. Jeanne Denys, Mr. John Probert, Mr. Bantock Pierpoint, Mr. Donnell Balfe, and others. Madame Riechelmann was most successful in two songs with organ obligato, one of which was a Christmas Carol from John Farmer's Oratorio, "Christ and his Soldiers." The concerts have been very well attended by most attentive and enthusiastic audiences.

A Nation's Wealth.—The wealth of a nation, and its peace and well-being besides, depends on the number of persons it can employ in making good and useful things. Its well-being also, for the character of men depends more on their occupations than on any teaching we can give them. The employment forms the habits of body and mind, and these are the constitution of the man.

Work.—Work of any honest sort, if it be well and honestly done, is a pleasure, and carries its own reward. There is, perhaps, no keener joy in life than the experience of good hard work, well done, and brought to a successful issue.

Neighbourly Consideration.—It would be better if we all oftener considered and practised the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." Those persons who endeavour to live up to this rule enjoy the peace of a clear conscience; which can never be gained except by upright, open, honest dealings with our fellows.

Personal & Home Hygiene.

By JOHN GOODFELLOW.

Lecturer on Hygiene at the Bow and Bromley Institute. Author of "Our Water," "Practical Physiological Chemistry," etc.

III.—THE CLASSIFICATION OF FOODS.

IN our last article we considered in a cursory manner the duties which ordinarily devolve on food, and we saw then that only those compounds which are able to perform some of those duties are to be classed as foods.

It is our present intention to consider briefly the nature of those compounds, and from whence they are derived. The constitution of the animal body is such that it cannot assimilate as food the simple elements, although the waste of the body is represented by such elements. For instance, we cannot feed on the nitrogen contained in the air, the carbon as coke, or hydrogen as a gas. The organs of the body are unsuited for the digestion of such elementary substances. The carbon, nitrogen and hydrogen, which the body requires, must be supplied in some other form adapted to meet the requirements of the economy. A marked contrast exists, in this respect, between plants and animals. The former draw their supplies of food from the mineral kingdom in the form of elements or simple compounds, and from such material they build up compounds of a more complex character, such as gluten, albumen, sugar and starch. These vegetable substances in their turn serve as suitable foods for animals, and from which we largely draw our food supply. The flesh of certain animals also serves as proper food for the human family, though it is to be remarked that these very animals derive their food from the vegetable kingdom.

Thus the food of man must have been formed at some time or other by the agency of either vegetable or animal life. Take for example the wheat plant. This cereal lives chiefly on ammonia, potash, magnesia and flint, drawn from the soil, and carbonic acid gas taken from the air. From these elements and simple compounds, which are totally unsuited for animal food, the plant manufactures starch and gluten, which are capable of performing the duties required of food in the animal body. Similarly the grass plant living on allied substances, elaborates other compounds upon which the sheep feeds, and we utilise the mutton as an article of food. Verily, saith the Scripture, "All flesh is grass." All these foods, which have at some time or other formed parts of living organism, are termed organic foods. They all contain carbon, and up to the present have never been artificially prepared in the laboratory of the chemist. But it would be premature to limit in these days of scientific marvels, the achievements of any science. For it is within the region of possibility that in the future many of our food-stuffs may be manufactured from their elements, and thus render man independent of the coming time when the food-supply of the world will be inadequate to sustain the human race.

The only food which man takes separately from the inorganic kingdom is water. The other mineral matter or ash, which is required to replace the salts excreted daily, is supplied in all the organic foods we eat. The organic foods are divided into two great classes. First, the carbonaceous. Second, the nitrogenous. The former contains a large amount of carbon, but no nitrogen. The latter contains both carbon and nitrogen. The carbonaceous foods are further sub-divided into (a) fats and oils; (b) carbo-hydrates, such as sugar and starch. The fats and oils contain a much larger percentage of carbon and hydrogen than the carbo-hydrates, hence they are of greater value for producing heat than the latter.

The carbo-hydrates may be regarded simply as carbon combined with water. The nitrogenous foods

are also divided into (a) proteids, such as the white of eggs, and (b) gelatin. The former differ from the latter inasmuch as they are the life-giving foods. Without proteid foods life could not be sustained.

The following table will shew at a glance the chief divisions of our food substances:—

Organic Food.	1. Carbonaceous.
	(a) Fats and oils. (b) Carbo-hydrates (sugar and starch).
Inorganic Food.	2. Nitrogenous.
	(a) Proteids (white of egg, etc). (b) Gelatin.
Inorganic Food.	1. Water.
	2. Salts (soda, potash, lime, iron).

[To be continued.]

Palace Gossip.

(BY THE SUB-ED.)

"A Chiel's amang ye takin' Notes."

THANK heaven its all over!—or nearly so. During the past three or four weeks everybody had been visibly brightening under the influence of the approaching Yule-tide; until the general state of brilliancy had reached such a giddy height that you might have thought (and possibly did) that everybody's mother was the late Mrs. Fizzwig, which might have accounted for the many faces wreathed with everlasting smiles. The climax has been reached, however, for people can't go on for ever eternally smiling; and it must now seem quite a relief to all to reflect that Christmas is over, and that now is the time to entertain serious and repentant thoughts—with of course, the accompanying sackcloth and ashes. Locally speaking, I am glad to see that the jovial D. no longer struts about in holiday attire—wearing in his buttonhole what Mr. Sam Weller would term "a bit o' Christmas"; but has settled down to the inevitable after-thoughts of seriousness with a truly British resignation. And he is not, thank goodness, the only one; for mankind invariably "staggers" when "the feast is o'er;" and, being alive to a sense of past extravagance, firmly resolves to become extremely economical and sagacious during the next three hundred and sixty-four days.

"A VERY pretty paragraph to open with," says the reader. Well, to confess the truth I, never at the best of times a Job's comforter, am terribly repentant myself, and would gladly publish my misdoings on the very walls of Askalon—were it possible for me to reach that distant and somewhat ancient town. I, too, am dreadfully human; and when I tell you that the Boxing Day festivities at the People's Palace have so completely upset my equilibrium, and left me in such an awfully low condition, the erstwhile jubilant juveniles who read my notes will, I feel confident, forgive the present hypochondriacal pars. Truly is my heart sad—for I'm human, quite human, you know.

An interrogator, who signs himself "Shamus O'Brine" has a very honest grievance, which strangely enough, he forwards to me, instead of to the modern Mercury who does the correspondence in our columns. I don't usually make it a rule to reply through the press; but as the letter is so very flattering, I find it decidedly difficult to resist doing so. "Shamus" is indignant because the library is closed for the use of Members, and simply because, as he says, "Only twenty attend on an average to make use of it." He also adds that the Queen's Hall "is a large place to light up for four evenings during the week for such a small number of readers," and he is considerate and shrewd enough to remark that it "must entail a large expense." He further hopes "that Sir Edmund Currie will have compassion on those twenty, and give them a chance of re-continuing their reading." Now, I have spoken to Sir Edmund on this matter, and he assures me that as soon as possible the Beaumont Trustees hope to provide for the use of Members only a separate and well-appointed reading-room, which is to be used until the Library, now in course of erection, is finished. Of course, "Shamus" is probably aware that the Members have only been inconvenienced since the opening of the Exhibition: the two daily instrumental performances necessitating this; and he is also, perhaps, aware that the present Palace accommodation is, to put it mildly, somewhat meagre. "Reether so!" When the front of the Palace is built, with the innumerable rooms, the plashing fountains, the gravel walks, and a perfect jungle of vegetation,—which, if the picture in the Exhibition can be trusted, will eventually be—we may then look forward to plenty of accommodation: retiring rooms, comfortable halls, and other places where "Shamus O'Brine," and, I hope, many hundreds similarly inclined, will find a haven of peace and quietness in company with that best of friends—a good book.

ON Friday last the children from the Whitechapel Schools, through the kindness of their rector, the Rev. E. Hoskyns, visited the Apprentices' Exhibition. A Concert in the Queen's Hall followed, and *les enfants* concluded their visit with a grand attack on the eatables and drinkables which, needless to say, were provided for their consumption.

I SEE by a letter we have in another column that some ardent youth has an overwhelming desire to rush into fisticism. A perfect mania for fighting seems to have taken possession of everybody lately; so it is scarcely to be wondered at that some of our fellows should be anxious to become bruisers. Mr. Jem Smith had better look to his laurels; for should Sergeant Burdett act upon the hint, a whole army of devoted admirers of the phistic art will probably soon arise.

SHILLING "SHOCKERS."

The ever-captious, ever-lenient world
Ne'er seeks in vain in Literature's store;
For vast is the collection there unfurled:
Especially piles of "highly-coloured" lore!
What little that there was when we were curled,
Our parents taught us always to abhor;
Such style of Fiction then was thought a rash 'un,
But now-a-days it's quite the leading fashion!

We take a volume—bound in yellow "cloth,"
With captivating picture on the cover;
Become engrossed in a father's wrath—
His missing daughter he would fain discover,
Who (like old Shylock's offspring) has gone forth
In quiet élopement with her gallant lover—
On hearing which, the aged parent sighs,
Disowns his cheyild, has apoplexy—dies!

With bated breath we eagerly peruse
Such interesting—but such "padded" pages;
Become enthralled, and even quite refuse
To calmly read in reasonable stages.
And when the crafty villain doth accuse—
(As villains do when'er the hero rages)
The loving husband of a murder bloody—
Our hearts o'erleap—emotion makes us ruddy.

Alack! alack! the heroine goes mad—
(Which greatly adds, of course, to the disaster)
Ophelia-like, attired in garments sad—
(In flimsy white or something that can't last her).
And then, to show that he is wholly bad,
The villain makes the husband "alabaster!"
Which crisis gained, you'd think the story done;
But, dear me, no!—it's only just begun!

And horror then is piled on horror's head—
Eclipsing Shakespeare's tragedy of *Titus*;
Foul deeds are done, much ruddy gore is shed,
Until the "goose-flesh" does at length requite us.
The villain vanquished and forgiveness said,
This happy novel can no more excite us;
But, finding that we cannot bear depression,
We cast it down and start upon a fresh 'un!

"'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true"
The book-world should contain such awful stuff,
With murder coloured, and the vices too,
Pre-eminent—yet never high enough!
"A time will come" when there'll be much ado,
And such sensation shall receive rebuff;
But, till that blessed epoch shall arrive,
Such "blood and thunder" promises to thrive!

I AM glad to announce that the Editor of this paper is enabled to begin the New Year by offering a Prize of Two Guineas for the best Tale, not exceeding in length four columns of the Journal. The Tale must be original and dramatic. The papers will be received until the 15th of January, inclusive, addressed, with the author's name (in confidence) to me at the Journal office, East Lodge. None but Members need apply. The successful tale will be published in the Journal with the author's name. At the same time, a Prize of Ten Shillings will be given for the best poem containing an incident or story. Open to all Members; to be sent in also on or before the 15th of January. Observe!—This offer is independent of that made by the Competition Editor, and I hope will be very largely competed for.

ON Tuesday morning, Sir Edward Clarke, the Solicitor-General, visited, in company with his son, the Apprentices' Exhibition, and the Palace generally; and after making several purchases, the visitor expressed himself much gratified with all he had seen.

By some unaccountable error in our report of the proceedings of the eventful 10th inst., we omitted to state that our boys of the Technical Days Schools were ably assisted by some of the lads belonging to the Stepney School who, under the direction of their popular master, Mr. Hill, rendered such excellent service when singing "God bless the Prince of Wales."

THERE are many persons who, knowing nothing whatever about it, are constantly under the impression that Editors and sub-Editors invariably lead what might be called a butterfly sort of life, and have only to sit down for five minutes or so, and "dash off" something that is to astonish (as it very often does) the whole wide world. But I can assure any of those readers of this paper who entertain such ideas, that this is not the case; for instead of a butterfly, a newspaper-man may be more likened unto a horse that has not only to work with alacrity, but has also to endure the stings and torments of a multitudinous number of gadflies. Allow me to explain.

As is now well known, the Correspondence Editor and myself have hitherto been very much at, well, say—variance; but just before Xmas he prevailed upon my too-susceptible nature and in his winning way overcame my prejudices; and now, the ice having been broken between us, he is—as people who have just "made-up" usually are—affability itself, and (like Hamlet's uncle-father) has ever a smiling visage when we meet. Well, one day last week he received a strange communication from the outside world, addressed in a very ambiguous way, and being undecided as to whether it was intended for himself or the sub-Editor he handed the same over to the latter gentleman.

ACCOMPANYING this precious epistle was a pen and ink sketch intending to illustrate the wild rage and perplexity of the sub-Editor on the receipt of the letter. I am sitting in the sub-Editorial chair, in the familiar sanctum; and I must say that I look really charming. A far-away, puzzled expression lurks within mine eyes as, with one finger thoughtfully wandering through my curly locks, I am lost in contemplation of the fearful and wonderful interrogations. I should like to show the world what a magnificent picture I really make; but as at present *The Palace Journal* is not open to wood-cuts, I am afraid this is scarcely possible.

I GIVE below the too-delightfully lovely communication, the original of which looks more like the track of a switch-back railway than a specimen of nineteenth century calligraphy. Read, mark, learn—and digest it if you can. Here it is:—

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Will you anseur me a feu questions about the palace generally. I know you must be a bit worried like wot with one and another of 'em but please do look at enclosed picter and answer if it is like you appere when you read this letter of mine but I hope you wont get very cross my first question is

- I What is the height of the Queens Hall
- II " " " depth " " " "
- III " " " length " " " "
- IIII " " " number of Clubs in connection with the Palace
- V What is the sub. to the Journal
- VI " " " reduction to Members
- VII How many Members are there
- VIII Is there much chance of joining now
- IX How's your aunt
- X Are you curly haired sub ed
- XI Is it really true you liquidated with the Prince
- XII What did he drink
- XIII " is your favourite tipple
- XIV Who was nero
- XV When did he live
- XVI Are you a friend of the chieils
- XVII Will there be a palace award of merit
- XVIII What form will it take
- XIX Aint you about tired o these questions
- XX Have you sworn while reading them

Answer me in
Answer to Correspondents
as POLONIUS.

THERE! isn't it breezy—isn't it positively refreshing to receive such a lovely originality. And yet this is only one from the many hundreds of letters that are daily arriving; and if every query is not answered at once, the sender—burning with a righteous indignation—again dispatches a note filled with all sorts of choice and remarkable expressions. I've been wondering very much who could have written such a letter, which, if it was only as good as the sketch enclosed, would be excellence itself. I knew a fellow some years ago who used to draw faces and things in exactly the same "square" manner which characterizes the nature of the sketch in question; but he was only a Clark—and not an artist, and so, of course, one couldn't expect much.

DON'T think for a moment that I shall reply to any of the above communications; for I consider that a fellow who speaks of another fellow's aunt with such a bantering air, and who presumes to remark on the hirsute glory of our sub-Editor is quite beneath my lofty notice; and so shall I send him empty away.

Men who have Risen.

No. 4.—SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL.

THIS brave sailor, born in 1650, was descended from parents so extremely poor that they could not afford to give him any education, and at a very early age he was sent to pick up a living by helping in a shoemaker's shop. His honesty and industry attracted the casual notice of Admiral Sir Christopher Mings, who asked the lad what occupation he would like to follow; and on learning that the boy was anxious to go to sea, recommended him to Sir John Nasborough. Sir John, who was about to assume a command on the African coast, took young Shovel, at the age of nine years, as one of his cabin boys. It is related of him that, while yet a boy, he undertook to swim through the line of the enemy's fire in one of the piratical ports on the coast of Barbary, and convey some despatches to a distant ship which it would have been difficult for the commander-in-chief to have transmitted by any other less secret method. These and other plucky actions so impressed the admiral that, whilst he was still a youth, he was entrusted with missions of great importance and delicacy. He was sent more than once to the Dey of Tripoli, to make remonstrances against the piratical conduct of the corsairs. His arguments, however, proved insufficient to bend the mind of the haughty barbarian, but the observations made by him, when attempting to perform the objects of his mission, were such as enabled him to form a plan for the demolition of the enemy's squadron, notwithstanding it lay at anchor under the very guns of the forts. Having communicated his project to the admiral, Sir John, without hesitation, appointed the young hero to superintend and conduct the execution of his own plan. The most complete success crowned the attempt, and Shovel was rewarded for his skill and gallantry with the command of the *Sapphire* frigate.

From the month of March, 1675, the period when the occurrence just mentioned took place, to the year 1686, he remained constantly employed in the Mediterranean. The catalogue of his successes against the states of Barbary would be a lengthy chapter in the history of noble enterprise and British courage. On his return to England, James II., in the midst of that ferment which preceded the Revolution, entertained so high an opinion of Shovel's honour as to appoint him captain of the *Dover*, although his political principles were known to be inimical to the wishes of the tottering sovereign.

Among the first naval appointments of the new reign was that of Captain Shovel to be commander of the *Edgar*, on board which ship he led the van of Admiral Herbert's squadron at the battle of Bantry Bay, where he distinguished himself so remarkably that King William conferred on him the honour of knighthood. At the time the French fleet made its sudden and unexpected appearance in the British Channel, in the year 1690, Sir Cloudesley commanded a light detached squadron, owing to which circumstance he escaped sharing the undeserved obloquy so generally cast on the brave men who commanded that fleet under the Earl of Torrington. He remained in constant employ, and having been in the interim promoted to the rank of a rear-admiral, bore a distinguished share in the defeat of the Count de Tourville.

In 1694, Sir Cloudesley, who had just been advanced to the rank of Vice-Admiral, was appointed second in command under Lord Berkeley, of the fleet sent into Cameret Bay; and when the latter struck his flag for a time—which he did on the return of the armament to England—Sir Cloudesley succeeded him in his command, and by the express order of King William, proceeded against Dunkirk. His employment ceased for a time, with his having commanded the

escort which attended King William to Holland, just before the peace of Ryswath. Sir Cloudesley assumed the command of a strong fleet sent into the channel, as he afterwards did during the two succeeding years; a customary show of force, which in all probability tended to render the actual display of it unnecessary till after the ascension of Queen Anne.

In 1703 he commanded the fleet of Britain stationed in the Mediterranean, and in the ensuing year commanded the van of the combined fleet in the battle of Malaga. In the year following he was engaged in co-operating with the Duke of Savoy at the siege of Toulon, the failure of which could certainly not be ascribed to any want of exertion on the part of the admiral or fleet. On his return homewards, his vessel, the *Ascension*, together with two other ships of war, one carrying seventy, the other fifty guns, was unfortunately cast away on the rocks of Scilly, on the evening of the 22nd of October, 1707. Sir Cloudesley's body was picked up on the Scilly Islands, and conveyed to England, where it was buried amidst universal mourning in Westminster Abbey, Parliament voting him a public funeral.

A peculiar circumstance attending his death has been preserved in the family of the Earl of Romney, and is too interesting to be omitted. "The Admiral was not drowned, but, after having reached the shore in safety, was, according to the confession of an old woman, by her treacherously and inhumanly murdered. This atrocious act she revealed many years after, when on her death-bed, to the minister of the parish, who attended her, declaring she could not die in peace until she had made this confession. She acknowledged having been led to commit the deed for the sake of plunder, and that she had in her possession, among other things, an emerald ring, which she had been afraid to sell lest it should lead to discovery. This ring, which she then delivered to the minister, was by him given to James, Earl of Berkeley, at his particular request, Sir Cloudesley Shovel and himself having lived on terms of the most intimate friendship."

The Frost Spirit.

By JAMES G. WHITTIER.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! You may trace
his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hill's
withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their pleasant
green came forth,
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them
down to earth.
He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—from the frozen
Labrador,—
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear
wanders o'er,—
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms
below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues grow!
He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—on the rushing
Northern blast,
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful breath
went past.
With an unscorched wing he has hurried on, where the fires of Hecla
glow
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.
He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—and the quiet
lake shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the skater's
heel;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang to the
leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence
pass.
He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—let us meet him
as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlour-fire his evil power away;
And gather closer the circle round, when that firelight dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding wing
goes by!

The Members' Column.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

WE may call youth the seed-time of our lives. In order to get on in the world we must use that time with discretion; and on the other hand, if we do not, we may find ourselves destitute in our old days. When some people are asked to do a thing, they make the excuse of want of time. You mostly find that those who have the most leisure do the least, while one who is busy from morning to night is generally willing to do a little more.

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," is a very important maxim, for we may never have the lost opportunity again. Regular work accomplishes wonders. It keeps a man from evil; and it is as essential to have a regular time for work as it is to have a regular place for everything. We waste a good many minutes in our lives; if we were to calculate them, we should probably find they would amount to years. Had we used these moments, how much good could we have done, or how much could we have gained. At the part of the mint where the gold is prepared, the floors are covered with a series of small bars, so that the dust of the precious metal which falls may be saved. Every night this is swept up and collected. From this illustration we see that even dust, if there is enough of it, will amount to something. In like manner our spare moments might be turned to good account. Let us then try what use we can make of them.

Under the heading of "Value of Time," we may mention punctuality. On this depends the happiness of nations, the fluctuations of business, and the honour of men. Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo because one of his generals was behind time; in the same manner business men have lost their good name and honour. We have often seen or heard of very poor people who, having had to work hard for their daily bread, have attained a high place in the world simply because they have turned their spare moments to good account. In conclusion, let us then turn to good account our spare moments, and work steadily, but surely, and we shall find that we shall get on better than we thought.

G. A. KENDALL.

THE LAW AND THE DRAMA.

It is a fact, now pretty generally known, that many of our great dramatists have received a legal education. Instances abound of such a connection between law and the stage. Congreve, Rowe, Wycherley, Charles Johnson, the two Colmans, Reynolds, Morton, etc., of the old times, and numerous familiar and more modern names at once suggest themselves.

Persons pursuing a legal career have such occasion to review men and manners, both by precept and example, that, presuming they possess the genius and talent necessary for them and others to write at all, they are the most suitable persons to become dramatic authors. In pursuing the study of the law of nations they observe the prejudices of party, the petulance of faction, the schemes of general government; the manners of the party composing a faction, their views and interests, and what were the passions which agitated and directed their movements. By their intercourse with mankind—and we suppose a lawyer has the most extensive intercourse with mankind and mankind's private affairs, schemes and passions of any human being—they accurately estimate human nature, both by personal acquaintance, and also by their observations on the

manners of mankind which they are bound to make, in their appeal to the individual and collective passions of the juries they address. Their knowledge of eccentric witnesses, of modes of deceit, and of all the petty meannesses of mankind which come to light in the cross-examination of a skilful counsel, make lawyers acquainted with the nethermost depths and mysteries of human nature. Thus the barrister can most truly "hold the mirror up to nature."

The grand object with authors of any age, who have written for the stage, in any nation, and at any period, has been the exposure of the vices and weaknesses of humanity. Look at the writings of Grecian and Roman authors, or of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Vanburgh, Wycherley, Congreve, and many others, everywhere we see that "to show Virtue her own feature, Vice her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure," has always been the object of the drama. Also at every period of our history the manners of the stage have fluctuated with those of the people, since the dramatist caters for the public, and must produce that which is acceptable to its varying and changeable appetite.

The writers of the present day differ from dramatists of former times very forcibly—and the fault lies with the auditors of perverted taste, who patronise such frivolities. If the taste of the age inclined to sound sense, the abilities of our present favourite writers could amply satisfy them.

The study of the law, then, reviews mankind; a dramatist must have a thorough knowledge and acquaintance with the habits, passions, and prejudices of mankind, so that if a lawyer acquires this extensive information, he becomes a fit person to reprove and ridicule the vices of his day.

PROTEUS.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

IN this somewhat busy life of ours it should be the first duty of everyone to try and smooth the path of the uninitiated by replying, in as courteous a manner as possible, to any questions which may be asked—no matter how many. It is a mutual interchange of knowledge, which is sometimes called "experience," that enables us to make our way—somewhat tardily—to a position of a comfortable kind; of course, there are many different dispositions to deal with, which makes it an exceedingly difficult task to discriminate between the sheep and goats.

Among the questioners we may, I think, find three very distinct classes. First, there is the man who is evidently desirous of learning—as we may ascertain by the way in which he asks his questions; secondly, there is the funny man, who asks questions simply to irritate and annoy otherwise well-disposed people; thirdly, there is the man who, after the style of the child who wanted to know why the engine puffs, asks questions merely for the sake of asking. I would recommend people to study books first, and if the information they require is not to be found in them they might then resort to the medium of the "Correspondents' " column, and not rush there first, because it must doubtless entail a tremendous lot of work on that indefatigable luminary, the Corresponding Editor.

W. M.

Courtesy.—Politeness and general courtesy in manner, and speech to elders; and kindness and consideration towards companions, should be encouraged even in very tiny children. Young people should learn to treat everybody properly. Cruel acts in childhood leave black stains upon the forming character; and these not unfrequently strengthen into lifelong faults.

Society and Club Notes.

(BY THE SUB-ED.)

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

A meeting of the above Club was held on Wednesday last, Mr. Winch occupying the chair, when the following officers were elected. Captain, W. Wand; Vice-Captain, F. Hart; Match Secretary, W. A. Cattle; Secretary, T. Moreton; Committee, C. M. Butterwick, G. Hobday, W. D. Jesseman, J. Munro, A. Wainman, W. Wann and W. H. Winch.

On Saturday last, the 24th inst., the Beaumont engaged the Abbey Football Club (2nd), and after a very good game the Beaumont scored by two goals to nil. The Abbey fellows played well, and notably so Hunt, Boxall and Eickory; whilst the stars among our fellows were Jesseman, Wenn and Shaw.

Mark well! On Saturday next, December 31st—the last of 1887—a match is arranged at Canning Town, when the Beaumont will contest the famous Anchor.

T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

I am desired to reprint this week the Rules of the above Club:

RULES.—That the Club be called "The Beaumont Sketching Club." Admission to the Club shall be limited to Members of the People's Palace or its Classes. Candidates for admission must first submit an original sketch for approval by the Committee. The business of the Club shall be conducted by a President, or Secretary, and a Committee of not less than four in number. The Committee, which shall be elected by the general body of Members at the Annual Meeting held at the beginning of every session, shall resign at the end of each session, but shall be eligible for re-election. The Committee may fill up vacancies occurring among themselves during the Session. The Committee shall have power to elect Honorary Members, and to exclude any Member of the Club. A quorum shall consist of three Members of the Committee, and the Chairman shall have a casting vote. There shall be an annual subscription of two shillings, and an entrance fee of one shilling. An exhibition of sketches shall be held monthly, the subjects for which will be duly announced in *The Palace Journal*. All sketches must be entirely original. Any Member omitting to contribute a sketch (still-life admissible) each month shall be fined sixpence for each such omission, unless he forward to the Committee such reasons as shall be deemed satisfactory. Any Member omitting to pay moneys due to the Club shall not have his sketches exhibited. Any Member wishing to withdraw from the Club shall give one month's notice to that effect. All communications to be addressed to the Hon. Sec. in writing. That in the event of the Club deciding to compete in the Sketching Club General Competition, the small expense incurred shall be equally defrayed by the Members.

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Owing to the Special Meeting held last week for re-electing the Officers for the coming year, no debate was held, greatly, I believe, to the genial Thomas' discomfiture. However, it couldn't be helped, so the business for the evening went on swimmingly enough; the detailed result of which will be found in another column.

On January 14th, Mr. Masters will open his debate upon the Home Rule—and much excitement will probably ensue.

So Syd.'s got his Assistant-Secretary! Thought so. And now we may expect something.

All particulars, all details, all information, and all possible politeness from

SYDNEY THOMAS, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL.

Any lady Member of the Palace will be received by either of the undersigned, who are generally to be found in the Ladies' Pavilion—adjoining the West Lodge at the Entrance.

Miss S. E. BRADDOCK, } Hon. Secs.
Mrs. A. BELL, }

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

The terms are:—Entrance Fee, One Shilling; Subscription, Three Shillings and Sixpence—payable in two instalments. For Honorary Members: Ladies, not less than Half-a-Crown; Gentlemen, not less than Five Shillings.

For notice of next Run or Meeting of this Club please see the beautiful specimens of penmanship on the various boards in the Palace.

J. KILBRIDE, Hon. Sec.

EAST LONDON CHESS AND DRAUGHTS CLUB.

Subscription: One Shilling per Annum; Meeting-nights Wednesday and Saturday at 7 p.m. in Room 8, School-buildings. For every information write or see

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

I believe the Beaumont Harriers had a run on Boxing Day, but as no particulars are yet to hand I cannot chronicle it. Probably Deeley and his Assistant have not quite recovered from the effects of the Christmas pudding; but I hope they will soon do so, for I should much like a little information.

J. R. DEELEY, Hon. Sec.
E. J. CROWE, Assist. Hon. Sec.

SOCIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The four Conversazioni will be held next week—on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday.

Each of the Palace Members can obtain an invitation card (which will admit a friend), on production of their Membership ticket, which entitles them to attend one of the four evenings.

Tickets are not transferable. If Members are unable to attend the evening they have been invited, it will be necessary to find a friend to change with; the Secs. acting as the medium of exchange.

A number of enquiries have been received respecting the dress to be worn during the Conversazioni. The Trustees wish all Members to appear in morning dress.

E. J. DIGGINS, } Hon. Secs.
WALTER MARSHALL, }

PALACE RAMBLERS.

The "Chiel" being absent from the Special General Meeting of Ramblers last Wednesday night, consequently lost the opportunity of "takin' Notes" enough to last him through the Christmas holidays well into the New Year. The meeting was announced to commence at 8.30 but owing to the smallness of the room provided, the Secretary—not only wisely but too well—postponed it till 9 o'clock when better accommodation was procured.

A numerous attendance was the result of the special post-card notice, and business commenced by Mr. John Wardell being voted to the chair. The Minutes of the previous meeting having been read and confirmed, the Chairman stated the object for which the meeting was called, and apologised for the unavoidable absence of the President (Sir E. H. Currie). The Provisional Secretaries and Committee then formally resigned their posts, and the election of officers for 1888 was proceeded with. Mr. E. Alvarez proposed Mr. F. W. Bullock as Honorary Secretary, in seconding which Mr. A. Pyman, in a neat speech, referred to the progress of the club during its short career under Mr. Bullock's guidance; scarcely two months had elapsed since its commencement, and its Membership-roll was full, no less than four Rambles having been organised and successfully carried out—St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London, the Commercial Gas Works and Nevill's Bakery having in turn been visited, which spoke well for the energy of their Secretary. (Hear, hear, Bullock!) No other candidate being nominated, the proposition was carried unanimously, and with acclamation. Three Candidates were nominated for Assistant Secretary, viz., Messrs. E. J. Diggins, H. Rout and H. Case, and on the votes being taken Mr. H. Rout obtained a majority.

The election of twelve Members to form the Committee proved to be the most difficult proceeding of the evening, and the question as to the number of ladies entitled to serve upon it produced a very lively discussion. It had been suggested that two or three ladies should be elected. Through an oversight the exact number was not specified previous to the voting, and after four ladies were nominated and obtained the larger proportion of votes, the question was raised as to whether the number of ladies in the Club (25) entitled them to so large a representation. Several "Debating Ramblers" taking advantage of the "gravity of the situation," commenced a warfare of words, in which Messrs. Marshall, Nathan, Deeley, Pyman, Clews, Caldwell and Alvarez took a prominent part. The debate was eventually closed by the Chairman "putting the question," which resulted in favour of three ladies serving on the Committee. The result of the election was then announced, and from twenty-four Candidates, the following were selected:—Miss Rowell, Miss Rosenzweig, Miss E. Stoneman, Messrs. W. Marshall, R. W. Claridge, H. Rosenzweig, W. H. Moody, A. W. Clews, F. Dunnell, J. B. Bennett, R. G. Caldwell and W. H. Stock. Messrs. H. Case and A. W. Clews were elected as Reporting Secretaries. A vote of thanks to the Chairman brought the meeting to a close. At the Committee Meeting held afterwards, Messrs. F. W. Bullock and R. G. Caldwell were elected as representatives of the Club on the Council.

A General Meeting of Members will take place early in January, for the purpose of arranging programme and rules for 1888.

F. W. BULLOCK, Hon. Sec.
H. ROUT, Assist. 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.

CHAPTER V.—(continued.)

TOM'S UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE.

THE Frenchman, in fact, sprang into the air—Tom afterwards swore that he leaped up twenty feet—and from that commanding position administered upon Tom's right cheek, not a kick, or anything like a kick, but so shrewd a box with the flat of the left boot that it fairly knocked him over. He sprang to his feet again, but again this astonishing Frenchman leaped up and gave him a second blow on the left cheek with the flat of his right boot, which again rolled him over. This time he did not try to get up, nor did he make the least resistance when his enemy seized the whip and began to belabour him handsomely with it, in such sort that Tom thought he was going to be murdered. Presently, however, the Frenchman left off, and threw away the whip. Tom, taking heart, sat up with astonishment in his face. His enemy was standing over him with folded arms.

"You kicked," said Tom. "Yah! you kicked. You kicked your man in the face. Call that fair fighting?"

Pierre answered never a word.

"I say," Tom repeated, "that you kicked. Call that fair fighting?"

Pierre made no reply. Then Tom reached for his hat, which had been knocked off at the beginning, and for his whip, which was beside him on the ground. He put on his hat, and laid the whip across his knees, but he did not get up.

"Very well—very well," he said. "I shall know what to expect another time. You don't play that trick twice. No matter now. My revenge will come."

Still Pierre moved not.

"You think I care twopence because you bested me with your tricks! Well, I don't then. Not I. Who would be ashamed of being knocked down by a kick on the head? Well: all the country shall know about it. What? Do you think I am afraid of you? Promise not to kick, and come on."

Although he vapoured in this way, he took care not to get up from the ground.

But Pierre made no reply, and after waiting a few minutes to see if his adversary were satisfied—to be sure he had every reason to express himself fully satisfied—he turned, and went on his way to the Castle gates.

Then Tom rose slowly, and, without brushing the mud and dirt of the road from his clothes, returned to the tavern, where the officers and gentlemen were sitting, with lighted candles.

"Why, Tom," said the Colonel, "who was among them, 'what is the matter, man? You have got a black eye.'"

"Hang it," said another, "it seems to me that he has got two black eyes, and he has had a roll in the mud. What was it, my gallant Tom? Did you mistake the handle of the door for your saddle—or have you been fighting your horse in the stable?"

"Landlord, a glass of brandy." He waited till he had tossed off this restorative, and then sat down and took off his hat. "Gentlemen," he said, solemnly looking around him, and showing a face very beautifully coloured already, where the whip had fallen upon him, "never offer to fight a Frenchman."

"Why," said the Colonel, "what have we been doing for ten years and more?"

"With cannons and guns it matters nothing; or with swords and bayonets—I grant you that. But, gentlemen, never offer to fight a Frenchman with cudgel or fist, unless you know his tricks and are acquainted with his devilries."

"As for fighting a Frenchman with your fists, that is impossible, because he cannot use them. And as for tricks and devilries, all war consists of them."

"'Tis the disappointment," said Tom, "the disappointment that sticks."

"It will be a devil of a black eye," said the Colonel.

"You have a quarrel with a Frenchman," Tom went on. "You offer to fight him. What! can you bestow upon a Frenchman a greater honour than to let him taste the quality of a British fist? Instead of accepting your offer with gratitude, what does he do? Gentlemen, what does he do?" He looked around for sympathy.

"What did he do, Tom?"

"First, he pretended to accept. Then he began to own that he took punishment like a man. Took it gamely, gentlemen. Wouldn't give in. We fought man to man, for half an hour, or thereabouts, and I should hardly like to say how often he kissed the grass. Still, he wouldn't give in, and, as for me, so great was the pleasure I had in thrashing the Frenchman that I didn't care how long he went on."

"Well?"

"Well, gentlemen, the last time I knocked him down I thought he wasn't coming up to time. But he did. He sprang to his feet, jumped into the air like a wild cat, and kicked me—kicked me on the face with his boot so that I fell like a log. When I recovered he was gone."

"That is very odd," said one. "Who was the Frenchman, Tom?"

"Raymond Arnold, as he calls himself."

"Gentlemen," said my father, "here is something we understand not. This young gentleman, almost an Englishman, is thoroughly versed in all manly sports. I cannot understand it. Kicked thee, Tom? Kicked thee on the side of thy head? Besides, what quarrel had'st thou with Raymond?"

"Why, Alderman, we need not discuss the question here, if you do not know."

"I do know; and I will have you to learn, sirrah"—my father at such moments as this spoke as becomes one who hath sat upon the Judge's bench—"I will have you to learn, sirrah"—he shook his forefinger—"that I will have no meddling in my household."

"Very well," said Tom; "then I will fasten another quarrel upon him. Oh, there are plenty of excuses. Kicked me in the head, he did."

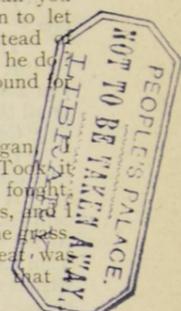
"As for the kicking business," my father resumed, "I should like to know what Raymond has to say. For, let me tell you, sir, you cut a very sorry figure. Your eyes are blacked; there is a mark across your face which looks like the lash of a whip; and you have been rolled in the mud. This looks as if there had been hard knocks, certainly, but not as if Raymond had got the worst of it. Landlord, go first to Madame Arnold's cottage, and ask if Mr. Raymond is there. If he is, tell him, with the compliments of this company, to step here for a few minutes. If he is not, try him at my house, where he mostly spends his evenings."

"Bring him, bring him!" said Tom. "Now you shall see what he will say. Kicked me, he did, both sides of the head. Bring him, bring him!"

In two or three minutes Raymond came back with the messenger. Whatever was the severity of the late contest, he showed no signs of punishment in the face, nor were his hands swollen, as happens after a fight, nor were his clothes in any way rumpled or his hair disordered.

The contrast between the two combatants was indeed most striking.

"Raymond," said my father, "Tom Wilgress, whose



face you seem to have battered, is complaining that you do not fight fair."

"He kicks," said Tom.

"I do not fight fair? When have I shown that I do not fight fair?"

"Why," said my father, "what have you been doing to him but now?"

"Doing to him?—nothing. I have but just left your house, Alderman, where your messenger found me."

"But you have been fighting with Tom?"

"Don't deny it, man," said Tom; "don't wriggle out of it that way."

"I have not been fighting with Tom or with anyone."

"This," said Tom, "is enough to make a man sick."

"It is strange, gentlemen," said my father. "Do you assure us, Raymond, that you have not fought Tom at all this evening?"

"Certainly not."

"But look at the condition he is in. Can you deny that there has been fighting?"

"It looks as if something had happened to him," said Raymond. "As for fighting, I know nothing of it. As for any quarrel, it has been whispered to me that Tom has uttered threats which I disregard. But if he wishes to fight I am at his service, with any weapon he chooses—even with fists if he likes."

"He kicks," said Tom. "I scorn to fight with a man who kicks. A foul blow!"

One of the officers asked permission to look at Raymond's fist.

"Gentlemen," he said, "Mr. Arnold's statement is proved by the condition of his hand. He has not fought; therefore, Tom, it seems as if the drink had got into thy head. Go home to bed, and to-morrow forget this foolishness."

"Ay—ay, foolishness, was it? Well, after this, one may believe anything. Look here, man"—he seized a candlestick and stood up. "Do you deny your own handiwork? Look at this black eye—and this—your own foul blow."

"You are drunk, Tom," said Raymond.

"I suppose, then, that I have not got a black eye."

"You have two, Tom."

Tom looked about for some backing, but found none, and retired, growling and threatening.

"He must have been more drunk than he appeared," said one of the company. "To-morrow he will have forgotten everything."

But he did not, nor was he ever made to believe that he was not fighting Raymond, though the truth was many times told him.

Pierre related the history of Tom himself as the thing really occurred. But as Tom continued to tell the tale, the Frenchman's leap into the air grew higher and higher, and the strength of that kick more stupendous, and the victorious character of his own fighting the more astonishing.

CHAPTER VI.

A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

I HAVE always been truly grateful that the terrible discovery we made concerning Pierre was in mercy deferred until the evening before his departure. It is not in human nature, as you will shortly discover, to wish that it never had been made at all, because, though the discovery overwhelmed an innocent young man with shame and grief, what would afterwards have become of Raymond had the fact not been found out?

I love the memory of this brave young man; I commiserate his end; there is no one, I am sure, with a heart so stony as not to grieve that so brave a man should come to such an end. But I am forbidden by every consideration of religion, to look upon the events which followed as mere matters of chance, seeing to what important issues the discovery led.

Consider all the circumstances, and when you read what follows, confess that it was a truly dreadful discovery for all of us. First of all, this young soldier owed his life to the nursing of Madame Claire; next he attached himself to us, showing the liveliest gratitude and the most sincere affection, although we—that is, those of the cottage—belonged to the class he had been brought up to hate and suspect, professing a creed which he had been taught to despise. In Madame he found a countrywoman with whom he could talk the language of his childhood, and hear over again the old stories of the Provence peasants. In her house, small though it was, he could escape from the rude companionship of the Castle, where among the prisoners there was nothing but gambling, betting, quarrelling, and drinking all day long. In her society—may I not say in mine also?—he enjoyed, for the first time in his life, the society of gentlewomen. With Madame, he learned that a woman may be a gentlewoman and yet not desire to trample on the poor, just as Madame learned that a man may be a Republican and yet not be a tiger.

Perhaps, had he stayed longer with us, he would have discovered that the Christian religion he had been taught to deride had something to be said for it. Moreover, in Raymond he found one of his own age whom he loved, although they differed in almost every principle of government and of conduct. It was good for us to have this young man with us daily; even the poor distracted woman grew to look for him, and talked with her husband in oracles—so we learned afterwards to consider them—about him. If it was good for us, it was surely good for him. Consider next, that like most men, he regarded his father with respect; not, perhaps, the respect with which Raymond remembered his brave and loyal father, but with that respect which belongs to a man of honourable record, though one of the humbler class.

"Our orders have come," he came to tell us. "To-morrow we embark; the day after to-morrow we shall be in France again. After three years—well—there is not much change, I suppose. The streets will be the same and the barracks the same. I shall find some of my old comrades left, I dare say. Happy fellows! They have gone up the ladder while I sit still."

"Your turn will come next, Pierre."

"This house, at least, I can never forget, nor the ladies who have shown so much kindness to a prisoner."

"To our compatriot, Pierre," said Madame.

"Send us letters sometimes," I said. "Let us follow your promotion, Pierre; let us know when you distinguish yourself."

He laughed; but his eyes flashed. One could understand that he thought continually of getting an opportunity of distinction.

"Yes," he said. "If I get a chance; if I am so happy as to do anything worthy to be recorded, I will write to you."

"In two days you will be in France. The country which we are always fighting is so near, and yet it seems so far off. Why must we fight with France so continually?"

"How can you ask, Miss Molly? We respect and love each other so much that we do our best to maintain in each country the race of soldiers, without whom either would quickly become a race of slaves, so as to bring out all the virtues—courage, patriotism, endurance, invention and contrivances, watchfulness, obedience—everything. War turns a country lad into a hero; it teaches honour, good manners, and self-denial; it turns men of the same country into brothers, and makes them respect men of another country. Without war, what would become of the arts? Without war we should all be content to sit down, make love, eat and drink."

"Thank you, Pierre," I said, laughing.

Then, without thinking anything, I put the questions which led to the fatal discovery.

Door Janey.

SHE had been on her legs since six o'clock in the morning and it was now about seven o'clock in the evening, and during that time she had run up and down the stairs at least fifty times, had blacked several pairs of boots, scrubbed several floors, and cooked three sets of dinners—these latter, it must be admitted, very badly indeed. It would not, therefore, have been surprising if she had received the orders of a fourth lodger to get him something to eat, and look sharp, in anything but a joyful spirit. Strange to say, Janey, the little drudge at No. 27, manifested great alacrity as she descended into the kitchen and commenced frying some potatoes. She was a pale slender girl, with a thin face which would have been common-place enough had it not been made interesting by a pair of large, sad, brown eyes. Presently Janey's cooking arrangements were complete, and she ascended into Mr. Percy Lord's room. Mr. Percy Lord, a good-looking medical student, was pacing his apartment with an air of misery on his handsome young face that went straight to Janey's heart, as she glanced timidly at him.

She arranged the cloth, and then, as the young man continued pacing up and down, she said, half-hesitatingly, "Ar'n't you well, sir?" Mr. Lord stopped short, glared at poor Janey, and said, angrily, "What the deuce has that to do with you?" Janey subsided, and retreated into the kitchen with a red spot on each cheek. Meanwhile, Mr. Lord proceeded to consume his chop, but bearing a heavy heart within his bosom, he brought but little appetite to the meal. The problem of how to meet a debt of £10 when he had absolutely not so many pence, and no possibility of borrowing the needful sum, was agitating this young gentleman's mind painfully. The position really was rather desperate, and Mr. Lord was well aware of it, although he usually took things in a happy-go-lucky way, expecting them to turn out all right.

At this juncture, however, matters looked rather unpleasant. There was certainly no hope of obtaining anything from Mr. Lord, senior, for that gentleman, after repeated acts of extravagance on the part of his son, had resolutely declared that not a penny beyond his regular allowance—which was an extremely liberal one even for a reckless young medical student—would be forthcoming. Nor could any of his friends, to whom he had already applied that day, help him. What on earth could he do? The young man walked about wretchedly. His watch and other trinkets had already been disposed of, and his books were worth a few shillings at most.

The wild idea of going to the chaplain of his hospital suggested itself to him, but was immediately dismissed. This proceeding involved a confession too humiliating to be tolerable to the proud young man whose cleverness and brilliance made him the most distinguished of the students at St. Philip's. He passed a sleepless night, and next morning Janey was struck by his haggard, weary face. Percy was miserable. He saw no way of wriggling out of a disgraceful transaction which would not involve a complete confession. In his wretched spirits, Janey's soft sympathetic gaze and manner was soothing. Besides this, her beautiful eyes, refined voice, and ways of patience, had long ago made her attractive to him; added to which she was the only feminine thing with whom he was in daily communication; and presently he confided to her the particulars of the confounded fix into which he had got.

Now Janey was a shrewd girl for her eighteen years, and her lodging-house experiences had not been thrown away on her; but, all the same, she was quite insensible to the selfishness of young Lord—whom she adored—and a method of saving him immediately darted into her mind. She felt a little hesitation in naming it, as

"What shall you do when you land, Pierre?"

"First," he said, "I must make my way to rejoin my regiment, wherever it may be, and report myself. As soon as I have done that I shall ask for leave, and then I shall go to see my father."

"I suppose it was not a very wonderful thing that we had never yet learned from him where his father lived and what was his calling. In the same way Pierre had not learned from any of us all the history of the family. He knew that Raymond's father was one of those who were shot at Toulon, after the taking of the town, and he knew that these two ladies, with Raymond, had been rescued from the flames of the burning city. That, I suppose, was all he knew."

"Where does he live, your father?"

"My father lives now on his estate. He bought it when it was confiscated as the property of a *ci-devant*. The house, I believe, was nearly destroyed by the Revolutionists. I have never seen it, because I was at school until, at fifteen, I was drafted into the army. I have often wondered how he got the money to buy the estate, because we were always so poor that sometimes there was not enough money for food."

"What was his calling?"

"I hardly know. He is an ingenious man, who knows everything. He is a poet, and used to write songs and sing them himself in the *café* for money. Once he wrote an opera, music and all, which was played at the theatre. Sometimes he taught music, and sometimes dancing; sometimes he acted. Whatever he did, we were always just as poor—nothing made any difference. He was a son of the people, and he taught me from the first to hate the aristocrats and the Church."

"Yes," said Madame. "It is now two generations since that education was begun. Fatal are its fruits."

"Although he was so good an actor and singer, and could make people laugh, my father was not a happy man. As long as I can remember he was gloomy. Always he seemed to be brooding over things which have been set right now—the privileges of the nobility and the oppression of the people. When the Revolution came he was the first to rejoice. Ah! those were wonderful times."

"They were truly wonderful," said Madame,

"It was in 1794, the year before I went into the ranks, that he bought the estate. By what means he procured the money I know not. To be sure, they were cheap; the estates of the *ci-devants*."

"Where is your father's estate?" asked Madame.

"There was a great town-house as well," Pierre went on. "*Ma foi!* It was not cheerful in that town-house, for the mob had destroyed all the furniture, and we had no money to buy more. The rooms were large, and at night were full of noises—rats, I suppose; ghosts, perhaps. My father used to wander about the dark rooms, and, naturally, this made him grow more gloomy. All his old friends were gone, I know not where. He seemed left quite alone. Then I was drawn for the army, and I have not seen my father since."

"Where is the estate, Pierre?" asked Madame Claire again.

"It belonged to a family of tyrants. They had oppressed the country for a thousand years."

"I should like to know the name of those tyrants," asked Madame.

Pierre laughed.

"My father always said so. Pardon me, *ma mère*. I have learned that he used to talk with extravagance; no doubt they were not tyrants at all. But they were Nobles—oh! of the noblest. The estate lies on the banks of the river Durance. There was a great Chateau there formerly; but it is now destroyed."

"On the Durance?"

Madame sat upright, full of interest.

[To be continued.]

she always conducted herself with great humility towards young Lord, and she was not sure whether he might not be vexed with her; but his distress and helplessness were so evident that Janey, in whose secret love there was a great strain of maternal tenderness, nerved herself to say:

"If you won't be angry with me, sir—it would be such a pleasure—if you would allow me lend it to you. I sha'n't be wanting it, and I've got more than that—for besides what I've saved, my aunt left me £5 last month—I hope as you won't think its a liberty." She clasped her hands nervously. A flush came over Percy's face. He felt himself an awful cad; but in an extremity like this there was no time for delicate scruples. "By Jove," he said to himself, "what a good little soul Janey is, and how awfully pretty she looks!" Excitement and joy that she could aid him had sent the colour to her pale cheeks, and lit up her fine eyes with radiant gladness. Percy took her hand, and spoke impulsively.

"You good, clever little thing, to have saved up and to generously offer to lend it me. Look here, Janey, I swear on my honour you shall have it all back in a week."

Janey fled precipitately, not only because she heard her mistress's step in the passage, but also because a kiss from Mr. Lord seemed rather imminent.

Before Percy had left for the hospital that day, she had placed her little savings of £10 in his rather ruthless hands. He was not a bad young fellow, and he never thought of the transaction without a blush; but somehow weeks went on and he never found it convenient to repay Janey. But what did Janey care? Was he not always kind and nearly always considerate to her—the general drudge—who was perpetually worried and overworked? Indeed, Percy was very kind to her—it was his nature to be kind to everyone when it did not involve much bother to himself. And Janey was the kind of woman he liked. He hated dashing, strong-minded women like his cousins, and his female acquaintance was very limited. Add to this, that Janey petted him and looked up to him, and daily grew prettier, in spite of her incessant work, and you will not be surprised that a little later on Percy and Janey became engaged. On Janey's part it was the purest and noblest love; on Percy's part, simply a matter of opportunity, and due to the fact that he knew scarcely any other women.

Janey felt the gravity of her position, and when her mistress, a kind-hearted, overworked woman, warned her of the danger of an engagement with a gentleman in Percy's position, her misgivings increased. But she determined to educate herself, and become worthy to be Percy's wife. Outwardly, and in her best clothes, she knew herself to look as refined and lady-like as any of the grand ladies who attended the church where she occasionally went. And so for Percy's sake she read all Thackeray's and Charles Reade's novels, which she found in his rooms, and which she did not appreciate as much as the pretty stories in her favourite journal "The Family Herald": and also commenced reading some of Shakspeare's plays, according to the course of study prescribed for her by her lover. To do this she had to rise with the sun in the morning, but it was a very happy time for her. As for Percy, he was devoted to his work, and at the end of the term came off with flying colours. It had been settled by him that their marriage should not take place until he had got a practice of his own, and was in such a position that he could marry without asking any favours from his family. When Percy's course at the hospital was finished, it was decided he should go abroad for a year and study surgery in one of the German universities. The night before his departure he and Janey walked into the park—it was late, and the place was rather deserted. Janey's face was very pale, and she was silent until they turned homeward. Then she said, and her tremulous voice was almost like a lady's,

"Percy, dear, it is not too late if you would like things altered; you are still free, and if you do not think you can be happy with me." . . . Percy, touched by her affection for him, cut her short.

"My dear little girl, you are a hundred times too good for me (here he spoke truth), it only maddens me that I have to leave you slaving like this—but what can I do with a screw that's hardly enough for me?"

It was now Janey's turn to be comforter—and there was no doubt that she had the knack of soothing her lover.

And so Percy departed, and Janey resumed the old life of dulness before she had known her lover. She worked harder than ever, denied herself every penny so as to put by for clothes, and made no friends, because Percy had ordered her not to. She could now write very fairly, and every week Percy received two little common-place letters full of her love for him. It was not till Percy went into society and, as an exceptionally clever young man, began to be petted by great ladies, that he learnt how common-place Janey was. But he silenced any misgivings by saying he did not want intellectual companionship; and if Janey began to get anxious that his letters were so scarce and short, it was more due to his constant work than to indifference.

So time went on, and Janey, a little thinner and paler, as the year passed—and she did not hear from Vienna—waited patiently for her lover.

There was an accident. A common enough affair. It was a dark, foggy night, and a woman had been run over, and was now lying in the centre of a crowd which had immediately formed around her. Out of the very carriage, the horses of which had caused all the mischief, a gentleman in the prime of life, of handsome, noble presence, bearing his profession in every line, descended and made his way to the middle of the crowd where the woman was lying insensible. The crowd fell back as he approached her, and attempted to see her face, which he could, however, only dimly discern. He felt her pulse, and knew the matter was very serious. At that moment a voice by his side caused him to turn round: it was his wife, who had made her way through the crowd.

"Percy," she whispered, "is the poor thing seriously hurt; had we not better take her home?"

Her husband answered her quickly, "I am afraid she is too far gone, Mary"; and then he said to a couple of policemen, "If you will put her into my carriage, and drive her to St. Philip's—I'll be round in a few minutes. Mary, perhaps you would go too, and just see she has everything." They lifted up the insensible woman, and placed her on the seat, her head resting on the breast of the doctor's wife. After a couple of policemen had got in, the carriage was quickly driven off to the hospital.

At midnight, poor crushed Janey opened her eyes. A woman with a sweet, noble face, who was not in uniform like the other women in the ward, but who was richly dressed in fur and velvet, was bending over her. But Janey's eyes were fixed on the face of a man who had just entered the ward, and was coming up to the bedside. She tried to raise herself; and with a supreme effort, cried out:

"Percy—at last!"

For a second the eyes of the two women met, and then both were fixed on one so deeply loved by both. Percy had not recognised her, but the voice arrested him, and he knelt at the bedside with Janey's lifeless hands in his. His wife pulled the screen round the bed, and whispered, "Kiss her, Percy," seeing, with a woman's tenderness, that this would comfort the dying woman. And Percy, full of the keenest remorse that mortal man can ever know, looked into her faithful eyes and found—forgiveness.

F. H. L.

Letter to the Editor.

(Any letter addressed to the Editor should have the name and address of the sender attached thereto—not necessarily for publication; otherwise the letter will be consigned to the paper basket).

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PALACE JOURNAL."

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me, through our Journal, to make an appeal to Sergeant Burdett to form a Boxing Club. I think this could be done by us paying an entrance fee and so much a quarter, which would enable us to have a special instructor, and also a competition at the end of the season. Hoping you will kindly insert this appeal in your next issue, I remain, yours respectfully,

W. H. R.

Answers to Correspondents.

Correspondents are informed that under no circumstances can replies be sent to them through the post. The name and address of the sender must always accompany communications—not necessarily for publication.

MARY JANE.—We believe that steps are being taken by the Trustees to form the kind of service you speak of; and personally we sincerely hope it is the fact, for it is the one thing wanting in our Palace Institute.

PRISCA.—(1.) Certainly they are; unless it is exclusively a "professional" matinee, and then the audience is composed, with a few exceptions, of the members of "the" profession only. (2.) We have not, and it is greatly wanting. Nobody has done so to our knowledge.

H. B.—Your letter, bearing date the 4th December, has been, we are afraid, either overlooked or mislaid. We are somewhat chary in replying to your questions; but we should like to throw out two or three suggestions that you may act upon if you feel inclined. First—Thoroughly study the rules of the society in question; and then write your case—in detail—to the secretary, who, we doubt not, will favour you with a reply. Secondly—If you fail in this, you might sell your shares at a fair price, which, perhaps, on the whole, would be the more profitable.

A. J. WILINSHURST.—Your suggestion shall be laid before the Beaumont Trustees, who will doubtless give it their very earnest attention.

S. A. C. B.—Of course, we know a great number of private classes, but should not like to suggest any. It is rather a delicate matter to advise on; but we hope you will yet succeed in joining those at the Palace, and so develop your nightingale abilities.

SELINA HALE.—We are sorely puzzled to know what exhibition you refer to; certainly we know of none. Please be more lucid, and we shall then be happy to reply.

SWALLOW TAIL.—It would, dear boy; for have not the Trustees made other arrangements?

ONE ANXIOUS TO JOIN.—As soon as we have more accommodation at the People's Palace, we believe it will be the intention of the Trustees to admit persons over the age you mention, which will sure to find favour with many.

POLONIUS.—We have handed your letter to the sub-Ed., who will give it the airing it so well deserves in this week's Gossip.

ASPIRANT.—Probably there will be in the future; but—the spring is young.

CURIOS.—At present, quite impossible. Under any circumstances, the large organ could not be utilised for the purpose you mention; if it would be not only an expensive operation, but an almost inaccessible act.

SPLINTS.—We cannot discover any such institution you name; but should we ever hear of anything shall let you know.

ARTFUL ONE.—We never knew that he did so, but we believe that you have some grounds for the assertion. We once knew a young man who was never so happy as when he was writing to famous authors, actors, and politicians, for photos, autographs, etc. He invariably succeeded in getting them; but we should not advise you to try the game on; for some novelists are irascible, and you might get much more than you bargained for. *Verbs s. s.*

GUPPY.—From your letter, which, to say the least of it is somewhat sassy, we should imagine you to be a particularly precocious young man, possessing not only the wisdom of Solomon, but also a large share of family sagacity. Notwithstanding the "polite" veneer, we can yet detect a temperance that may not only give it a smoothness, but also a genuine ring of friendliness. Are you answered?

LENNELY.—Not even the grandiloquence of a Micawber; nor the lofty aspirations of Mrs. Nickleby would ever induce the man to become what you unjustly give him credit for!

SOCIALIST.—We cannot understand you. You write us a letter—which was quite uncalled for, and then, having received as courteous a reply as ever a Chesterfield might be proud of making, you try to attack us by hurling sarcastic remarks at our devoted head. The Palace is for the people, and the Journal is for the people—including clerks, aristos, and even "nigger-drivers"—supposing they buy it.

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 noon on 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.

COMPETITIONS SET ON DECEMBER 7.

CLASS B.

Some very satisfactory papers dealing with the effects of trouble on the mind and character were received, and the Members who took part in the Competitions are to be congratulated on their efforts generally. A few, however, misunderstood the question, taking "trouble" in the sense of "pains" or "labour", which was not what was meant, so that these had their "trouble" for nothing. I have no space in which to criticise the papers at length as I should wish; but as a general remark, I may say that many of them were too much like sermons, and not enough like essays, which weigh both sides of a question, and then draw a conclusion. And if there is no space for criticism, still less is there for printing. The successful paper, which after much deliberation, I have decided to be that by

D. M. FORD,

54, Tredegar Road, Bow, E.

to whom, therefore, the prize is awarded. Nearest to him was C. S. T. Wulcko, and then, came Arabella Bell, E. A. S. Hayward, Annie Griffith and Louie West.

CLASS C.

(1.) Some of the frames sent in for this Competition were remarkably well done, and all reflected credit on their makers. The chief fault to be found was that, in many cases, no provision was made for the insertion of a picture, which is, of course, one of the most important points in a frame. The prize will be divided between

LOUISA RATTRAY,

145, Burdett Road, Bow,

who sent a very pretty frame of perforated cardboard; and

ELSTOB,

6, St. Anne's Terrace, Mile End,

who will each receive one shilling and sixpence.

(2.) The descriptions of "striking scenes" were rather disappointing. One Competitor, I regret to say, who interpreted the question too literally, took advantage of her sex to be rudely personal to that kind-hearted gentleman the Fighting Editor. The prize will be given to

JULIA COLSON,

Vine Cottage, Bromley Street, E.,

whose effort was decidedly the best.

CLASS D.

The paper-knives were all neatly made, but the best finished was that by

JOHN ROBB,

46, Benledi Street, Poplar, E.

to whom the prize is awarded.

AWARDS IN SPECIAL CHRISTMAS COMPETITIONS.

CLASS A.

The awards in the Competition for the best short story will be made next week.

CLASS B.

I am sorry to say that the Members did not show up well in these Competitions. In the first, in which the prize was offered

for a model of a dwelling-house, constructed of match-wood, there was only one Competitor. This was

W. MOODY,
147, Malmesbury Road, Bow, E.,

who sent an Irish log-cabin, constructed of used matches, very ingeniously fitted together. Much pains had evidently been spent over this erection, and therefore, despite the absence of competition, it has been decided to give the prize to W. Moody.

For the second Competition, for the best set of verses on Christmas, there were more entries, but the poems received were so poor and so devoid of merit that I am compelled, most reluctantly, to withhold the prize. None of the poems can be said to fairly deserve it: the competitions being so extremely poor.

CLASS C.

(1.) None of the Christmas competitions were more satisfactory than that for the best Christmas card designed and executed by the competitor. Some of the specimens sent in were quite equal, if not superior, to the vast majority of those which are to be seen in the shops at this season of the year. At least, four were in every way worthy of the prize, and each one of them would undoubtedly have taken it had the other three been out of the way. But as it was a decision had to be made between them, and the result is that the best card of all is adjudged to be that by

FANNY M. HOBBS,
35, Bignold Road, Forest Gate, E.

who therefore wins the prize. Very close indeed was Agnes Prosser (20, Canton Street, Poplar); and next came Fanny Mary West (93, Lansdowne Road, Hackney, E.); and Julia Colson (Vine Cottage, Bromley Street, E). To each of these will be given a book, kindly placed at my disposal for this purpose by the proprietor of the *Court and Society Review*. At the same time I congratulate the unsuccessful competitors on the excellent quality of their work.

(2.) If the penwipers were not quite up to the high level of the Christmas cards, they were, nevertheless very nicely done on the whole. There was, however, not so much difficulty in deciding between them, for one was, in both design and workmanship, considerably ahead of the others. This was in the form of a shapely stocking leg encased in a gorgeous red boot and having the penwiping part of it very neatly arranged at the top, the whole making a very pretty article, and answering the purpose of a pin-cushion as well. The prize will be given to the maker of this, who is

MAMIE E. TOOPE,
22, Bromley Street, Commercial Road, E.

A second prize of a book will be given to Isabel Grace Ratcliffe (91, Virginia Road, Shoreditch, E.), for her ingenious arrangement in four penny loaves; and to E. Cowlin (13, Harrogate Road, Hackney.)

CLASS D.

The prize for the best model in clay of an animal is awarded to HORACE BUTLER,
8, Leopold Street, Burdett Road, E.

who sent a clever representation of one of those famous lions in Trafalgar Square.

(2.) The prize for the neatest fan is awarded to C. T. PALMER, 21, Bow Road, whose fan was better finished than any of the others received.

COMPETITIONS FOR THIS WEEK.

CLASS A.

A Prize of Ten Shillings is offered for a list of the six greatest English politicians or statesmen, past or present. The competition to be decided in the usual manner, i.e., by a majority of votes; the six names which receive most votes to be considered the greatest. Answers not later than noon on Thursday, January 5th, 1888.

CLASS B.

It being apparent from answers that have been sent in on various occasions that many Members are students of the works of Shakespeare, it is proposed this week to give them a Shakespearean subject for competition.

A Prize of Five Shillings is therefore offered for the best answer to the following question:—"What are the characteristics of Hamlet's nature that render him so attractive a personality as he undoubtedly is?" Answers should not exceed 500 words in length and must be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, January 5th, 1888.

CLASS C—FOR GIRLS ONLY.

(1.) A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best answer to the following question:—"Now that women are entering more and more into new walks in life, do you consider that their present mode of dress is the most suitable that could be devised? And, if not, what changes would you propose?"

Answers not later than noon on Thursday, January 5th, 1888.

CLASS D—FOR BOYS ONLY.

A Prize of One Shilling will be given to the boy who sends in the best representation of a man cut out of paper. Answers not later than noon on Thursday, January 5th, 1888.

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. For value of prizes see previous announcements.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES SET DEC. 14.

(1) Double Acrostic: Red Sea.

R estles S
E as E
D elt A

(2) Drop-Vowel Puzzle:

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

(3) Hidden Proverb: No news is good news.

(4) Diamond Puzzle:

S
S T Y
S W E E T
S T E P N E Y
W I N C E
T E A
Y

(5) Word Squares.—The first word square went all wrong in printing, and will not count. The others are—Aware, Wager, Agile, Relic, Erect, Clod, Lane, Once, Deer.

PUZZLES FOR THIS WEEK.

(1) Some English Towns:

A talk and part of an animal.
A pleasant place and the shallow part of a river.
An article, to go fast, and a valley.
Something good to eat, and festive.
An obstruction and what is useful in fishing.
A favourite instrument of Mr. Gladstone's and part of a cathedral.

(2) Double Acrostic:

My initials name a famous river:
My finals a still more famous town on it.

To prepare for cultivation.
A friendly exclamation.
Not just now.
Gentle as a cow.
A much advertised name.
A crime and a shame.

(3) Rebuses:

3, 12, 4, 6 is part of the face;
10, 7, 9, 11, 13, a conveyance;
1, 7, 6, 9, 5, 11, 2, 8, the beginning of all things;
13, 12, 11, 2, 3, a popular vegetable;
My whole is dismay.

3, 5, 6 is a noise;
7, 5, 6 is a spirit;
1, 5, 6 is a small and useful article;
4, 2, 6 is a colour;
1, 2, 6 is a joke;
My whole is indispensable to the dinner-table at Christmas.

(4) Square Words:

A blast. A notion. Information. An exclamation.
A projection. A letter. Infinitesimally small. Precious stones.
Early morn. A tree. Toil. Useful at sea.
Nothing. A Biblical country. A flower. A portent.

Answers not later than noon on Thursday, 5th January, 1888.

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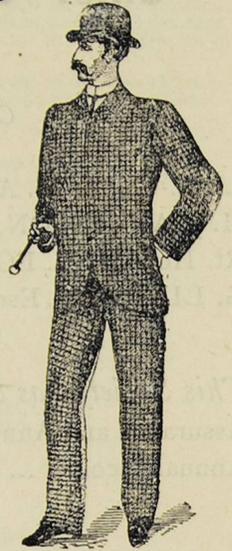
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