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[ONE PENNY.]

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Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.—Library (Queen's Hall) open to public from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
- FRIDAY.—The same.
- SATURDAY.—Library open from 9 till 5. Concert at 8.
- SUNDAY.—Organ Recital at 12.30. Library open to public from 2 till 10.
- MONDAY.—Library open to public from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
- TUESDAY.—The same.
- WEDNESDAY.—Library open from 9 till 5. Classical Concert (Queen's Hall) at 8.

Organ Recital,

SUNDAY NEXT, JAN. 22, at 12.30 p.m.

ORGANIST Mr. GEORGE J. RAYNER,
Of Victoria Park Congregational Tabernacle.

1. MARCH *Scotson Clark.*
2. ARIA "He shall feed His flock" (Messiah) *Handel.*
3. "GLORIA IN EXCELSIS" (12th Mass) *Mozart.*
4. ARIA "O Rest in the Lord" (Elijah) *Mendelssohn.*
5. OFFERTOIRE IN F *F Archer.*
6. PRELUDE IN D *Henry Smart.*
7. CUJUS ANIMAM (Stabat Mater) *Rossini.*
8. ANDANTE IN C (for soft stops) *Lemoine.*
9. HALLELUJAH CHORUS (Messiah) *Handel.*

Earthly Tracts.

No. VIII.—ON HITTING MEN WHO ARE DOWN.



MAN'S history is not finished till he is dead; change of fortune is the lot of life. The man who rides in a gilded coach may yet have to clean it. Sawyers change places, and he who is proudly up aloft one minute will be down in the pit the next. The thought that we ourselves may one day be under the window should make us careful when we are throwing out our dirty water; with what measure we mete it shall be measured to us again; and therefore, let us look well to our dealings with men who are down.

Nothing makes one more ashamed of human nature than to see the way in which some men treat others, who have fallen down the ladder of fortune. "Down with him," they cry "he always was good for nothing." Dog won't eat dog, but men gobble each other up like cannibals, and lick their chops over their brother's bones; they fly like vultures to feed on the man who is down, "Where the carcase is, thither will the eagles be gathered together." Instead of a little help they give the sinking man a liberal allowance of cruelty, and cry "Serve you right, I told you so." All the world beats when Fortune buffets, and when Providence smites a man all men's whips begin to crack. The dog is drowning—throw a bucket of water over him. The old tree is falling—run for a hatchet. The house is on fire—come and warm yourself. When a man has ill luck some of his friends are sure to give him ill-usage; if he falls on the road they drive their carts over him; he is down, and selfishness cries "Let him be kept down, there will be more room for those who are up."

But is it not contemptible, this hitting of men who are down; this constant assertion that every tub must stand on its own bottom, and that every man must bear his own burdens? Surely it is better to lend a man a piece of string to tie up his traces with than to find fault with his old harness. It's easy enough to pick holes in a threadbare coat; any fool can say "You ought to have locked the stable door"; everybody can see that, but how few offer to help buy a fresh nag.

As men go down the hill they often meet Judas Iscariot before they get to the bottom. Those whom they helped in their better days too often forget the debt, or repay it with unkindness; for the most part nothing is more easily blotted out than a good turn. "Everyone for himself" is the world's golden rule, and we all know who takes the hindmost.

Most people will help those who do not need it; men willingly pour water into a full tub and give feasts to those who are not hungry; but who will feed and house the homeless wanderer in the cold streets of our town? Some, perhaps, will commend him to the care

of Providence, whose business—they will say with Pecksniff—it clearly is to look after him. Some will explain to him the workings of our poor law, and tell him of the nearest casual ward. Quite a number will feel a compassion for him, and will seek consolation in the teachings of Political Economy—that beneficent science which enables us to dine with comfortable hearts while our brothers are starving. But who will take him in, warm him, and feed him? Who indeed, unless it be some noble spirit, antiquated enough to still believe in his Bible, and therefore to give, hoping for nothing in return!

But men who are down are not without great friends, who will cling while there are even a few pickings left on their bones. The lawyer and the money-lender will cover the poor fellow with their downy wings, and then peck him with their bills, till there is nothing left.

Men who are down, however, need not despair. Thank God, in England, there have always been men who take the side of the weak. A good man may be put in the fire but he cannot be burned; his hope may be drenched but cannot be drowned. He plucks up courage, and sets a stout heart to a stiff hill, getting over rough ground where others lie down and die. While there's life there's hope; if you've fallen in the ditch up with you and try again. Jonah, you know, went to the bottom of the sea, but he got ashore again all the better for his watery journey.

And those who are up should remember that in less than a thousand years we shall all be bald and poor too; who knows what we may come to? Here in the People's Palace, where all sorts and conditions of men and women meet, where all are welcome and all are equal, let our aim be to set those who are fallen on their feet again, and to recognise the common brotherhood of humanity. Feel for the men who are down; but mind you, if you can afford it, feel in your pockets, or else a fig for your feelings. He must be poor indeed who cannot help his fellow man even with a cheery word or a kindly action. Giving is true having, as the old gravestone said of the dead man, "What I spent I had, what I saved I lost, what I gave I have." The pockets of the poor are safe lockers, and it is always a good investment to lend to the Lord.

The Apprentices' Exhibition.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

ON Thursday last, at eight o'clock p.m., Lady Hay Currie presented the silver medals to the successful exhibitors of the late Apprentices' Exhibition. The ceremony, which was well attended, took place in the Queen's Hall. Sir John Jennings, Past-Master of the Drapers' Company, occupied the chair, and there were present, amongst others, Sir Edmund Currie, Mr. Nathaniel Cohen, Mr. T. Dyer Edwardes, Mr. E. H. S. Cunynghame, Mr. George Shipton, Mr. Stephen Hyam, Mr. C. Young and Mr. Robert Mitchell. An organ recital was given by Mr. Alfred Hollins, of the Royal Normal College for the Blind.

The Chairman remarked that the Exhibition which had just closed had been visited by a large number of persons, and the exhibitors themselves would no doubt look back upon it with satisfaction. The Exhibition had aroused a considerable amount of attention to apprentices and apprenticeships, and if this attention could be sustained and stimulated sufficiently to bring about a full discussion of the subject he was persuaded that results of great importance and usefulness to the community would follow. It was generally admitted that to form an expert workman in mechanical and in many other trades an apprenticeship was absolutely necessary. In no other way could manual dexterity in the use of tools with the nicety and exactness required for trade operations be obtained. There was an impression in the minds of some people that technical schools were to take the place of and supersede apprenticeship, while others argued that apprenticeship was a thing

of the past, and founded on that argument a suggestion that charities intended for apprentices should now be diverted to other objects. Technical schools were, in his opinion, not only useful but indispensable, but their function was to supplement, not supersede, apprenticeship, by giving to the apprentice and to the workman who was ambitious to advance his position a knowledge of the scientific principles which underlie his trade. In this country in the past the apprentice was very much before the public, but matters had now gone to the other extreme, and the use of an obsolete form of indenture of apprenticeship had led a good many people to the conclusion that the system itself was obsolete. His suggestion was that as a first step towards establishing a better system of apprenticeship the subject should be considered and discussed by the persons who had the most direct interest in and the most practical knowledge of it—viz., the workmen and the apprentices. From a discussion of the subject by the workmen in their clubs and trade unions many valuable suggestions would doubtless result, while the views of the apprentices themselves would be received with great interest. Each of the three classes—masters, workmen, and apprentices—should hold a conference on the subject and discuss the various questions. For instance, they might discuss the length of term of apprenticeship, the remuneration of apprentices, and the system upon which it should be based; the best methods of teaching apprentices, their hours of work, and the opportunities to be afforded them of attending technical classes; the providing of tools, and many other questions. His notion was that the matter should be discussed by the parties immediately interested, each class for itself in the first instance, and afterwards that a meeting of representative masters, workmen and apprentices should be held, to which it would be well to invite representatives of the Corporation of London, the City Companies, and other bodies who had to do with apprentices. The result might be an intelligent discussion of the subject and the settlement of it on a more satisfactory basis than at present. He then called upon Lady Currie to distribute the prizes which had been awarded by the committee and judges of the Exhibition to the successful exhibitors. (Applause.)

Lady Currie (who was received with hearty cheers) then distributed the silver medals to the successful apprentices.

Mr. E. H. S. Cunynghame, chairman of the Exhibition, said that when he had the pleasure of taking the Prince of Wales through the Exhibition he was astonished at the quality of most of the work, and it was satisfactory to find that the judges, who were selected from the most expert workmen in London, were also astonished at the exhibits, and could hardly believe that they were the production of boys. At the same time he (the Chairman) would like to refer to one or two defects, which he trusted would be remedied in the future. He hoped the ladies would not be so retiring, but would come forward in greater numbers. Then he would like to see more original designs, instead of mere patterns of what had been done before. As the apprentices were the flower of the future workmen of London, he urged them to cultivate themselves by taking advantage of the science and art classes, and put their whole heart into whatever they did. He wished to move a hearty vote of thanks to Lady Currie.

Mr. C. Young seconded the motion, which was very cordially carried.

Sir Edmund Currie subsequently made some observations on the usefulness of the Exhibition, dwelling on the good it would possibly gain for the much-neglected apprentice question.

As a souvenir of the Exhibition, Lady Currie was presented with a case containing representative medals. The bronze awards were then distributed.

The following is an alphabetical list of those who received the silver medals:—A. Atkinson, cabinet-making; T. H. Abel, zinc-work; A. E. Attack, engineering drawings; F. S. Bates, upholstery; G. Barker, bookbinding; J. Crouch, silversmith; Frank Cossor, thermometer and barometer; W. H. Dixon, engineering drawing; H. Daniels, aneroid barometer; J. Elam, bookbinding; T. C. Evans, plumbing; H. H. Flack, architectural drawing; H. Gadsby, printing; Harry Gibberd, carriage builder; J. J. Green, plumbing; W. Gibbs, aneroid barometer; E. H. Hodges, printing; A. Harvey, ironworker; E. Harris, wheelwright; T. A. Hornsey, microscope; H. A. Harman, japanning; Albert Higgins, ironworker; Lionel J. Jones, lithographic artist; F. L. Demp, tinplates; Wills Lander, artist; R. A. Ling, R. C. Letts, design for hammered work; E. L. Martin, ships' lamps; F. J. Marchant, clock-making; R. W. Meye, lithographic artist; W. Newport, carving; F. Norris, electrical works; R. B. North, watch-making; Harry Porter, R. Paton, gold beating; F. Plowman, engineering; H. Piper, bricklaying; Harry Porter, diamond setting; E. C. Russell, clothing; C. W. Rogers, electrical works; C. J. Richardson, gasfitting; William Rutter, cabinet-making; G. Sears, mathematical instruments; J. F. Spreag, repoussé; W. F. Shepherd, masonry; J. A. Smith, tinplate worker; C. H. Sharp, book-binding; J. Slade, cabinet-making; A. Saveriaux, decoration; M. Silverman, pianoforte; A. Seer, lithographic artist; F. Townend, engineering; R. H. S. Wells, spectacles; F. Whittington, hatter; J. J. Ward, currier; H. G. Wells, designs for window.

What They Think of Us.

THE whole history of dancing is curious and full of contradictions. It was at its very best in 600 B.C., when the Dorian trained choruses went through elaborately-beautiful movements while they sang to the accompaniment of the harp "greatest wars and most renowned leaders." Yet even in ancient Greece and Rome dancing was not always considered reputable, and when Archilochus "with the thunder of wine on the soul" led his round dances in honour of the god whose worship perhaps came from sensual Syria, graver citizens probably looked on in disgust and dismay. So it has been in our own England. Sometimes we have honoured dancing, and sometimes we have considered it to be almost one of the seven deadly sins. Yet this clear lesson is always to be read, that when young men and maidens can together trip innocently to the strains of good music, society is in a healthy and happy condition, and that when they cannot there is something wrong. If, for instance, we knew that the Irish peasantry were dancing together every Sunday on the village greens, we should also know the Irish troubles were over. If in English towns the young artisans and the workgirls were everywhere "shaking it out of themselves"—to use an expressive negro phrase—to the music of good bands when the monotonous toil of the day was over, we should feel that one of the most exasperatingly difficult social problems of the day, the recreation of the lower orders, was satisfactorily solved. Now, dancing was never in worse odour than at present. The man who applies for a dancing licence must do so apologetically and as a culprit who may be tolerated but can hardly be forgiven. In good books, when you read of a young man going to dancing-rooms you know that he is going to rob his employer and take to evil ways; and when you read of a girl doing the same thing you expect to find her sooner or later in the penitentiary or the river. Can these things be altered? Can it be brought about that the young man or woman who dances at social gatherings of the people shall thereby establish his or her character for respectability and good manners; while those who do not dance shall be regarded as clownish, ill-educated, and generally in a bad way? That is obviously what ought to be aimed at, but can it be done? Now, I received the other day an invitation to a "social evening" at the People's Palace in the East End of London, and learning that there was to be dancing, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity of seeing the experiment tried.

It was a cold, raw, foggy evening. That wonderful thoroughfare—one of the most interesting though least-known sights of London—which stretches from the Minories to Mile End, and is crammed throughout with human beings struggling for food, clothes, warmth, and a little pleasure, and seldom finding all four, gave me, as it always does, "the sense of tears in human things." Yet the public-houses were ablaze with light, and at frequent intervals music-halls invited those wayfarers possessed of a few pence to gin and topical songs. Evidently the people inhabiting these parts wanted, as all people out of lunatic asylums must want, something to take them out of themselves. Certainly there was work enough for the People's Palace if the right way of working could only be discovered. Arriving at the Palace, I was at once struck with the earnestness and the courtesy of all the officials in attendance. Every man seemed as if he was engaged in a task in which his whole soul delighted, and as if he was full to overflowing with hope and joy and goodwill towards men. This I had noticed on previous visits to the Palace, and no sign can be healthier. Evidently the right human chord has been touched, and the people at the East End are determined that their Palace shall not be a failure so far as they can command success. Passing into the Queen's Hall, I saw a sight which—I say it deliberately—was the pleasantest and most charming I have ever seen in London. At one end was part of the band of the Scots Fusiliers—the remaining bandmen giving a concert in the gymnasium,—and on the floor of the hall were hundreds of young men and women dancing a quadrille, and hundreds of others, ranged along the sides of the room and in the gallery, were watching the dancers at once with envy and delight. The decorum was almost amusing. A ball in the old times at Cheltenham or Bath, when a master of the ceremonies fearful and wonderful to behold presided over the festivities, could hardly have been more intensely proper. And not only was there an entire absence of rudeness and horseplay, but there was absolutely no vulgarity. The dancers in some mysterious way—heaven know's how—had caught the very manners of the ball-room. The gentlemen took charge of the ladies' shawls, offered arms for promenades between the dances, and put down their engagements on prettily printed cards as if to the manner born. The ladies fanned themselves, peeped wickedly over their fans, smiled at the right places in the quadrille, were solemn at the other right places, were cruel and kind by turns, and generally comport themselves as all well brought-up ladies have done from time immemorial. The only difference from ordinary balls that I could see was the intense happiness which shone from every face and sparkled in every pair of eyes. The joy was quite contagious. As a rule no human beings put so little expression in their faces as bandmen of the Guards. It is a point of honour with them. But on this occasion they actually looked as pleased as the people to whom they were playing. Moreover they played nobly. One quadrille they gave with such infinite spirit that the dancers unanimously redemanded

it. The conductor positively laughed when he consented. After this the deluge.

"These are but generals; come to particulars, man," said Mr. Greatheart to the giant before they "fell to it," "and the breath came out of the giant's nostrils as the heat doth out of a boiling cauldron." Well, I acknowledge that in this present contest at the East End of London between Greatheart and Grim particulars are more important than generals, and so I now proceed to give some details about the social evenings. First, how were the people dressed? Well, it must be confessed that the dress question was a difficult one. If one or two young men appeared in dress clothes all the other young men who could not afford dress clothes would be humiliated. Again, the young Jewesses, whose fondness for dress dates from the time when the King's daughter thought she could best please her Jewish bridegroom by appearing in clothing of wrought gold, would be certain to come out in dresses affording as much opportunity for anatomical study as those which are made in the West End. And if Hebrew anatomy, why not Christian? Here were parous doubts; but the difficulty was solved by an ordinance that all should wear morning dress. I found therefore, that the young men were simply in their best black clothes. Some wore dancing shoes and gloves, but these were the dandies. The girls were almost all prettily dressed. A London girl has a natural aptitude for getting a dress to fit her, and she has also a genuine colour-sense. I was told that most of the girls present had made their own dresses, and if so the results did them credit. Most of them were neatly gloved and wore pretty bunches of natural flowers. One disagreeable but inevitable question I was obliged to ask Sir Edmund Currie, whom I found looking on, and this was, had any women of the kind whom it was desirable to exclude gained admission? Not one, he told me, as far as he knew, and the police outside said the same thing. Now here, to be plain, is the very crux of the dancing difficulty, and I was anxious to find how it had been met. The fact is that it had never arisen. These dancing parties are for Members only and their friends. The conditions of membership are the simplest possible. Each person had to put down his or her name, address, and occupation, and this slight requirement has so far frightened away all bad characters. There are at present 2,600 Members of the People's Palace, and about 1,000 more are to be immediately admitted to its privileges. These new candidates will be charged one shilling entrance money. This will be practically returned to them in a tea to which they will be invited, and which will afford them some opportunity of showing what manner of folks they are. But in reality the greatest safeguard lies in the determination of the Members to uphold the character of the place. Of this striking instance occurred the other day. Three young men came into the gymnasium in a state of intoxication. The Members instantly came to the sergeant in charge, begging him to take no notice whatever—they would manage matters. So they swiftly and silently formed themselves into a compact corps, and those three misguided ones found themselves outside in the street before they had time to remonstrate. The Members, I should have explained, are invited to the balls at the rate of 500 a night. Each guest has power to bring a friend, so that a thousand are present. Comparatively few are able to dance, but they look on and resolve to learn as soon as may be, and it is intended that dancing classes shall soon be formed. Sir Edmund Currie laid great stress on the necessity of having the very best music, and thinking over the matter I am sure that he is right. A common German band out of the streets might serve for dancing purposes, but a band like that of the Scots Fusiliers does more—it makes the people feel honoured, and therefore puts them on their best behaviour.

In conclusion, I may say that the question of licence presents no difficulties. The Trustees have taken counsel's opinion, and find that no licence is required so long as Members and their friends only are admitted, so long as no money is taken for admission, and so long as the evening closes at 11 o'clock.—*Manchester Guardian.*

Musical Notes.

CONCERTS.—Two very successful Concerts are to be recorded this week—Wednesday and Saturday last. The vocalists were, on Wednesday, Miss Clara Dowle, Miss Henden Warde and Mr. Thurlay Beale, and The White Rose Quartet, who made a most successful début at these Concerts and were encored in all their selections. In fact, encores were the rule at both Concerts, and not the exception. Miss Dowle's accompaniments were played by Miss Adela Duckham. Herr Poznanski was most successful in his violin solos, and was most heartily encored in both.

On Saturday the honours of the evening were most equally divided by all the performers. The vocalists were Madame Wilson-Osman, Madame Osborne Williams, Mr. Bernard Lane, and Mr. B. H. Grove, and the instrumentalists, Madame Terèse Liebe, Mr. Theo. Liebe and Mr. Orton Bradley, who was, as usual, at the pianoforte the whole of the evening.

PIANOFORTE CLASS.—This class is now so full that it is impossible to undertake any more pupils this quarter.

CHORAL SOCIETY.—Several new members put in an attendance last Friday, and have brought considerable talent among them to inaugurate the New Year. There is always room for more, however, and Mr. Orton Bradley will be glad to receive fresh names at any of the Friday evening practices.

Palace Gossip.

(By the Sub-Ed.)

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

I AM undone! But tell it not in Gath, and let it down gently in the modern Babylon! Let me explain. You must know that I have at divers times and in sundry places posed in many situations during my eventful career. I have been everything by turns and nothing long—as we say in the classics. I have mounted on my mind's Pegasus and soared to the dizzy heights of wild imagination; have occasionally developed (or degenerated) into a weak-kneed, long-haired, poetic aesthete; have fluctuated feebly with Fashion; have stood (so my enemies aver) as a firm disciple of the fistic art—ready and ever willing to lick creation; have played in my time some dozen parts, but I have never—no, never enacted the rôle of an advertising puff! I shall secure, I feel sure, the heartiest sympathy of my kindly readers when I tell them that five letters have reached me during the week, the contents of which have afforded me no little uneasiness. They were of an interrogatory nature, and, severally, questioned (1) The best place to purchase parasols; (2) The cheapest (and necessarily the best) way to grow fat; (3) Did I prefer Somebody's pills or recommend another's; (4) Where to obtain the finest mangel-wurzels; and (5) The best remedy for piles!

WHAT do they take me for, I wonder?

FROM my earliest childhood (ah, how many, many years ago!) to my youth and agehood up, I have made it a rule to keep every single letter I have received; and believe me, I have by me some very curious ones. Excepting love-letters. I never had one in my life—and never wrote one; because the fact is, I don't believe in them. I remember determining, after reading the "Pickwick Papers," never to indite a billy-doo during my natural—and I never have: for I thought to myself, thought I—then a lank youth of thirteen summers—If it is possible to make so much capital out of such terms as "Chops and tomato sauce," it is quite possible to Buzfuz and ingene every blessed hieroglyphic! Well, as I was saying, I always keep my letters; but I don't think I can find, searched as I will, such others in my archives as those I have enumerated above.

POSSIBLY the senders laboured under the impression that I should insert 'em all in my GOSSIP; and thus give the world cause to wink at their respective sagacities; but I shan't, so there! No, my jovial jokers, not every little literary lumber goes into *The Palace Journal*. We must draw the line somewhere, you know, else shall I hear a howl of discontent from the ever-ready crowd of fault-finders, who would not hesitate to anathematise this Journal as a Polite (!) Letter Writer—which Heaven forbid!

OF course, it is just possible that I may have misunderstood the purport of the letters in question; and perhaps one or two may have been really genuine; but one has to be so extremely cautious, you know. Possibly the seeker after relief from hæmorrhoids was indeed a sufferer, and would like muchly to know a cure. Assuming such to be the case I can assist him, for a friend of mine—who has endured every ill that flesh is heir to—tells me that Bayley & Co. can furnish an excellent remedy; but as he didn't tell me their address, of course, I can't pretend to know where B. & C. exist. P'raps, as Mad Margaret says, it really doesn't matter—really doesn't matter! Matter, matter, matter, matter, matter, matter, matter, matter!

THE other question which I imagine to be of a genuine nature is How to grow fat? Should much like to know myself: would like to see the man who could endow me with "corpulence"—as the junior Weller puts it. No, my dear "Doubter"—for that is the name of the questioner—you'll have (with me) to give it up as a bad job, and remain attenuated till the end of your days. There's an ancient advice still extant which strongly urges all lean kine to devour plum-pudding till their eyes ache—with a promised result; but though I have known those who have tried this simple and elegant plan, I have never yet detected—as the result of their labours—the slightest layer of superfluity upon their devoted frames. No; I put no faith in princes—or in puddings. The happy being who has succeeded in pudding on flesh by the above process is, like a defunct asinine, seldom or never discovered, and when found quite worthy to make a note of!

(PARENTHETICALLY, I can tell you that the above is only a species of humbug—done for the purpose of padding out my columns. It has to be done you know, and—Well, confession's good for the soul, isn't it? Somehow, I find a perfect dearth of anything like local (i.e., Institute) news this week, having, I suppose, quite exhausted myself in the last issue. Fortune is capricious and allus wos; but I daresay I shall find something to talk—or rather, write about. Of course the death of the Apprentices' Exhibition was a

terrible blow to me; and did the (forthcoming) Dog Show but flourish now the sub-Editorial existence would probably have a relief from the awful monotony which surrounds it; and the leaden hours might roll with the Sub. as pleasantly as they formerly used with the Perpetual Grand Master of the Glorious Apollos.)

I CAME across the other day some very excellent photos of the mediæval Apprentices who figured so prominently in the late Exhibition. Mr. Mitchell, appropriately enough, is in the centre of the group—which is a smilin' and affable-like: indeed I have rarely seen a more pleasing specimen of photography. I suppose they will be on sale shortly; but am not certain, of course.

THE Workmen's Industrial Exhibition will be opened on Friday the 18th of May, all being well. I am informed and verily believe that none but legitimate specimens of work connected with the trades to which Exhibitors belong will be admitted; and that no space whatever will be allotted to any employer—which is gratifying. Of course, the bands and concerts will be turned on; so we may eventually expect a high old time.

THAT'S ALL!

Only a shriek from the roadway—
Repeated again and again;
And th' plunge of a horse and the grate of a wheel—
And then—but a silence again!
Only the prayer of a mother—
Uttered with agonised breath—
As she thought of her babes left alone in the world;
Far better, indeed, were it—death!
Only a pitiable coffin
Unmourned and unnamed in a grave,
And hidden away from that hurrying world
To which once a lustre she gave!
Only a couple of orphans
Removed at the Union's call;
To battle through life—quite alone and unloved—
As Charity's children. That's all!

'SPEAKS well for the popularity of a certain Hon. Sec. of one of our Palace Clubs, when in sending in his resignation the other day the Members wouldn't hear of such a thing and on no account would suffer him to give up his (official) ghost. Quite right, too. It's what might have been expected, for when a fellow gets known and liked by his *confrères* they don't care to part with him.

ELOCUTION COMPETITION.

A competition will be held in Elocution on Friday evening, March 2nd, and will be open to all Members of the People's Palace Institute—either male or female. Those desiring to compete must send in their name, number of Institute ticket, with the entrance fee of sixpence to me, at the Journal office. The judge appointed by the Journal Committee is Ernest Flower, Esq., whose decision will be final and without appeal. The competition will consist of recitations not exceeding ten minutes in delivery; absolutely from memory—the use of book or manuscript being strictly prohibited. Competitors must state the number of their pieces, and are required to bring the same on the night of the competition. Marks will be given for memory, enunciation, and expression; and the prizes will be respectively £1; 10s.; 5s.; and 2s. 6d. The judge will be empowered to withhold or divide the prizes at his discretion. All competitors to be in their places by eight o'clock on the above-named date.

VALENTINE, the industrious Hon. Sec. of the proposed Smoking-Concert and Social Club, asks me to state that he has again interviewed Sir Edmund Currie re the formation of the above Club, and that gentleman has expressed his desire that the question of the S. C. and S. C. should stand over till his (Sir Edmund's) return from his forthcoming Continental health trip. Whereat the accustomed affability of the gentle Valentine disappeared, leaving him sad and disconsolate. But it couldn't be helped, for as Sir Edmund wisely said the rooms on the basement of the new Library are at present somewhat damp (and consequently rheumatic), and all sorts and conditions of maladies might possibly result from the immature use of a humid hermitage.

MANY ladies having asked me how the new suite of rooms—shortly to be opened for their reception—were progressing, I made a careful survey of the building the other day, and can report the most satisfactory state of things. Should think the rooms will probably be ready in a fortnight; but am not sure. After hopelessly ruining my only tile and almost dislocating my shoulder in my efforts to disengage myself from an amazing number of ladders and the usual etceteras, I managed to regain the comparative security of my sanctum. The Library basement should be just the sort of place for Smoking Concerts and Socials; so cheer up, Valentine, the ship is not yet lost!

ALL being well, I hope to announce the result of my Special Literary Prize Competition in the next issue. Several interesting contributions have been received, but the number sent in are by no means as satisfactory as one could wish.

ON the termination of Mr. Besant's serial, "The Holy Rose," we shall (with special permission of Messrs. Longman), reprint one of Fret Harte's stories, which I suppose will make our respective molars gnash with excitement.

REJOICE, ye partakers in its comfort,—rejoice, and know that my sanctum—the sole reverential spot in the Palace—has been renovated, garnished and adorned with lovely linoleum; and so for the future intending visitors are invited to carefully wipe their pedal extremities before entering the sacred precincts. Seriously though, it is very gratifying to see the number of fellows who do come; introductions are made, acquaintances formed—which I earnestly hope will develop into life-long friendships—and altogether a pleasant time is spent by those who drop in nightly to interview my dread self. And all those who have not hitherto passed the awful portals are now invited to do so, for I am anxious to know as many of our M.P.'s—Members of Palace, twig?—as possible. Come one, come all. The more choice spirits there are the better. This is my way of spreading sociability 'mongst the Palace fellows. What do you think of it?

OH! the agitation for the cricketing season! Oh! the fearful and wonderful things proposed for a suitable costume; and oh! for the sanguine hopes entertained by the fellows for their club—when it is in working order! Never was such enthusiasm. By-the-way, it has been said that our sub-Editor is likely to develop into another Spofforth: a wicket idea which Subby himself asks me to flatly contradict. He wasn't built that way. (This in confidence, of course.)

NOTWITHSTANDING some little trouble, the distribution of prize-medals to the apprentices last Thursday was not without a humorous side; and when one silver-medalist, overcome doubtless by the intensity of the moment, approached Lady Currie with his head covered there was an awful sound as of steam-engines in front, and the stentorian cries of "Take your hat off," must have made that already agitated youth feel about as lively and as comfortable as the Man in the Iron Mask.

FIRMLY believing, with my old friend Bailey, Junior, that there's nothing like a shave to refresh a man, I one day last week dropped into a shop and acquainted the local Figaro with mine object. 'Twas an old, broken-down tenement, and had something decidedly Sweeney-Toddish in the aspect of its interior; but only setting my life at a pin's fee and knowing full well that my premature decease would not materially affect society generally, I cast my doubts to the wind and sat me down. After I had been duly soaped by the Ganymede of the establishment, Figaro approached me with his trusty blade. He was a tall, gaunt man, with a semi-dirty face and a boiled eye; and emitted a fragrance which I had always thought was peculiar to plumbers. He had hardly commenced his Inquisitorial torture on my classic frontispiece when a stout individual of choleric countenance dropped in—with shaving thoughts intent.

HE was evidently a frequenter of the place, for my Figaro with a knowing nod gave him Good Morning—a greeting which he returned in the choice language of the East—opining that the weather was the "contrarwise" of good. After a few unimportant observations (the new-comer having seated himself) a topic was struck which at once arrested my attention. It related to the People's Palace. Its concerts, its working, the Sunday opening, its classes and at last its Journal were severally dissected, discussed, and disposed of. I pricked up my ears when the Journal was mentioned, and felt confident I should hear something new and original.

IT's an old saying, but (alas!) a true one, that "Listeners never hear any good of themselves." My unknown criticiser thought that from a literary point—(ah, ah, here was a discovery—the Unknown was a *littérateur*!)—*The Palace Journal* was very decent indeed, and he hoped that the Palace Members would fully appreciate it. "But wot I can't understand," said the strange one in a tone of disgust, "is how they can tolerate such a conceited cad as is that sub-Editor of their'n." (Things were getting warm; but fortunately Figaro had nearly finished with me.) "Week after week, all about hisself; talk about first person sing'lar, well, all I can say is, he's the first and most sing'lar person I've ever 'eard on! They say he's a fightin' man—is there any truth in it?" "Don't know," briefly responded Figaro. "On'y, why I ask is because my Jimmy has been practising lately, and I should much like him to take that there Sub down a peg or two! (Now then, stupid!)—this to Ganymede, who had inadvertently soaped the gentleman's teeth.) "I think it's worth the trying, and as soon as Jim comes home to-night, blow me if I don't put him up to a wrinkle or two!" I arose to depart; and, after depositing some Jubilee jingle in Figaro's honest, hard, and horny hand, I neared the door, made tracks and reached the sanctum in a state of utter prostration. Of course, I do not set my life at—!

WILL Jimmy come, I wonder? Fortunately for my next of kin, I'm in the Prudential!

Personal & Home Hygiene.

By JOHN GOODFELLOW.

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

VI.—THE DIGESTION OF FOOD (continued).

Pancreatic juice also resumes the work begun by saliva in the mouth. It has the power of rapidly converting *insoluble* into *soluble* sugar. Finally it also changes proteids into *soluble* peptones. Pancreatic juice thus sums up the whole work of digestion. If any starch has escaped the action of saliva during mastication it is acted on at a later period by the pancreatic juice. It catches any proteids that have not been acted on by gastric juice, and converts them into peptones, identical with those of gastric digestion, and it emulsifies the fats which have been set free in the stomach.

The intestinal juice probably combines the whole of the properties of the other digestive fluids, but to a very feeble degree. It may act on starch, proteids, and fats.

This digestion continues the whole length of the small intestine; but by the time the food reaches the large intestine most of the nutriment has been extracted from it, and the waste matters are passed on to be excreted from the body.

The whole energy of the digestive system is devoted to the work of converting *insoluble* substances into such a *soluble* condition that they will readily pass through the walls of the capillaries (minute blood vessels) into the blood, and thus replace the nutriment which is being continually withdrawn from it by the tissues.

We have already mentioned that although water, salts, sugar, and peptones pass into the blood, the fats do not. This requires a word of explanation. The whole of the inner surface of the small intestine is covered with very small finger-like projections called villi. It resembles in appearance the pile of velvet, but the projections are much smaller than in the case of velvet. In the middle of each of these villi there is a small tube called a lacteal, and it is into these lacteals that the fat particles find their way. The fat then passes into larger vessels, and finally is discharged into the blood, just below the left side of the neck.

SUMMARY OF DIGESTION.

1. In the mouth.
 - (a) Food mechanically reduced.
 - (b) Starch converted into sugar by the saliva.
2. In the stomach, by gastric juice.
 - (a) Proteids made soluble.
 - (b) Fats set free.
3. In the small intestine.
 - (a) Fats emulsified by bile and pancreatic juice.
 - (b) Proteids made soluble by pancreatic juice.
 - (c) Starch converted into sugar by pancreatic juice.

We can now conveniently pass on to the consideration of the more common of our foods in daily use.

VII.—ANIMAL FOODS.

Beef.—Of all the animal foods, beef stands at the top of the list with regard to its nourishing properties. The exact value of beef as a food varies with the condition of the animal before being killed, and the part of the same animal from which the joint is taken. On an average, half a pound of beef contains 4 ozs. or a little over of water. The remaining 4 ozs. of nutriment is composed of 1½ ozs. of albumen, about 2½ ozs. of fat, and about ½ oz. of salts.

Mutton contains a larger percentage of fat than beef, hence it is not so rich in flesh-forming material. It has a delicate flavour, and is easy of digestion, hence it is specially suited to those who are employed at work

where little exercise is required, and is well adapted for invalids.

Pork.—Owing to the large amount of fat and bone, in proportion to the lean, pork is much less nutritious than beef or mutton. It is very difficult of digestion, and owing to the pig being such a dirty feeder, its flesh is not of the best quality, or in good condition, to serve as human food. Pork is more frequently diseased than any other kind of butcher's meat, and when taken often gives rise to gastric affections and parasitic disease. If used as food, great care should be exercised in its selection, and it should be thoroughly well cooked.

Bacon is thought by many hygienists to be easily digested, and recent researches go far to prove, that in the process of curing, the fat is rendered more digestible. But on the other hand, it appears, that the lean deteriorates and becomes toughened, causing it to be more difficult to digest.

Birds.—The flesh of the edible birds does not contain so much nourishment as butcher's meat. It is poor in fat, but this deficiency can be made good by serving with butter sauce. The common fowl is the most easily digested, while the goose and duck come last in that respect. In roasting, the fat of the goose and duck often decomposes, and produces a strong peculiar flavour. In this condition the fat often causes stomach disarrangements.

Rabbits.—The flesh of these animals contains very little fat. When lightly cooked, they are easily digested. Wild rabbits are preferable to the domesticated variety.

Fish.—White fish contains about three-quarters of its weight of water. The nutriment consists chiefly of albumen, with a little fat and salts. The skins of most fish are rich in mineral matter. Fish are, as a rule, easy of digestion, the sole, whiting, plaice, turbot, cod and herring, coming first. Salmon is rather more difficult to digest, and it contains a considerable quantity of oil. Mackerel, if not perfectly fresh, often produces severe diarrhoea. Fish should never be eaten when out of season.

Shell-fish are, generally speaking, less nutritious (except oysters) and more indigestible than white fish. Extreme care is necessary in their selection, because if not perfectly fresh, the decomposition results in poisonous compounds being formed, which produce severe vomiting, diarrhoea and intestinal disturbances, sometimes ending fatally. This is especially the case during the summer months.

Sausages should not be eaten as food unless it is known that they are made from wholesome meat. Large quantities of diseased and putrid meat are used every year, by unscrupulous manufacturers, in the making of these commodities, which accounts for the numerous cases of poisoning which occur after eating them. In Germany, disease is very common, brought on by eating under-cooked sausages, which are often composed of diseased meat. And in this country intestinal disturbances are often produced by partaking of such articles of food. Sausages, if properly prepared from wholesome meat, without too much fat, and not kept for long periods after preparation, are nourishing and rather easily digested, the meat being in such a fine state of division. Under all circumstances they should be well cooked.

Hints on the selection of butcher's meat:—

- 1.—The colour of the lean should be neither too dark or too light.
- 2.—It should be firm to the touch, and the fat free from specks of blood.
- 3.—The odour should be slight and not unpleasant.
- 4.—The lean of pork, in addition to the above, should be free from small specks, else, if improperly cooked, it may give rise to parasitic growths in the body.
- 5.—Prime meat may be known by fulfilling all the above conditions, and presenting a marble appearance, due to the streaks of fat which run through the lean.

If the colour of the lean is pale and moist, very dark in colour, or flabby to the touch, with the fat speckled with small blood spots, and having a dirty or gelatinous appearance, the meat should be rejected.

Fish should be firm to the touch, and not semi-transparent in appearance.

Time of digestion in the stomach of various animal foods:—

Food Substance.	Mode of Cooking.	Time.	
		H.	M.
Tripe	Boiled	1	0
Brains	Boiled	1	45
Liver	Broiled	2	0
Lamb	Broiled	2	30
Beef	Roasted	3	0
Mutton	Roasted	2	45
Oysters	Stewed	3	30
Duck	Roasted	4	0
Pork	Roasted	5	15

The "Messiah."

The *Messiah*, the finest oratorio ever composed, was first performed in Dublin, on April 13th, 1742, not for the benefit of the composer, George Frederick Handel, but for the relief of the poor, the sick, and more especially the miserable prisoners for debt, whose sufferings at that time were very great. The sum of £400 was realised by this performance.

The oratorio begins with a short symphony, introducing the beautiful recitative and air which will commence Saturday's performance. This recitative is of unsurpassable loveliness, and the air which follows is one of the finest compositions of the purely epic-class known to music. Throughout the whole of the first part of the oratorio, indeed, the epic element prevails over every other, though not without vividly descriptive passages, such as the rolling semigraves in *Thus Saith the Lord*, and the sombre unisons in *The People that Walked in Darkness*. Then follows the tremendous climax at the words *Wonderful Counsellor!*

Here the prophetic introduction of the oratorio comes to an end, after having worthily prepared the hearers for the narrative portion, which immediately succeeds it. The story of "The Nativity" is described in a series of beautiful tone pictures. The vigil of the shepherds is represented in the *Pastoral Symphony* by a Calabrian melody, the *Pifa*—probably of great antiquity, which Handel had treasured up in his memory ever since he had heard it, thirty-two years previously, in Rome, and he now uses it to such excellent purpose, that the hearers are made to see the "shepherds abiding in the field" long before they are introduced in the words of the evangelist.

This wonderful scene is worked up to a climax in the chorus, *Glory to God in the Highest*. Then follows the brilliant air, *Rejoice Greatly*—a cry of prophetic joy. After which, comes a second promise of comfort in *He shall Feed His Flock*, another pastoral melody, the touching beauty of which has endeared it to countless hearers from the night of its first performance to the present time.

The second part relates the pathetic story of the Passion, first calling upon us to *Behold the Lamb of God*, and then describing with ineffable pathos the *Man of Sorrows, despised and rejected of Men*.

The subject is treated throughout in the words of ancient prophecy, and brought before us with a pathos and tenderness of expression to which no words can do adequate justice.

Then comes the ingeniously descriptive chorus, *All We like Sheep*, which some critics have thought to be too realistic, but which to the imaginative mind is thoroughly descriptive of the mental conditions it illustrates.

After this we have that prophetic foreshadowing of the Resurrection in *But Thou didst not leave His soul in Hell*, followed by the joyful notes *Lift up your Heads*, and from this point in a series of triumphal strains we are led on to the glorious *Hallelujah* chorus, which so affected the audience when it was first sung at Covent Garden on March 23rd, 1743, that the whole assembly, with King George II. at their head, rose up to a man, and remained standing till the last sound died away.

This reverent custom has been continued from that day to now whenever this oratorio is performed in any part of England. It is certain that Handel composed this chorus under very exceptional religious impressions, for when questioned as to the circumstances under which he conceived it, he replied, "I did think I did see all Heaven before me, and the Great God Himself."

After this musical profession of belief it only remained to connect with it man's hope of his own joyful resurrection, and this is done in Part III., by the lively air *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, from which the composer proceeds through a series of beautiful movements, including the thrilling strains of *The Trumpet shall sound*, to the chorus, *Worthy is the Lamb*, with its magnificent peroration *Amen*, which concludes this truly colossal work.

One of the most astonishing features connected with this oratorio, which many critics consider to be the finest musical composition extant, is that it was composed in the short space of 24 days—a fact almost incredible, were it not supported by most ample authority.

Boredom.

It would seem a natural proposition that Boredom is the region inhabited by bores, and yet those who complain of living there would be the very last to acknowledge that such was the case. "We are horribly bored," you hear some people say. But if you were to answer "O then, I suppose you are bores," your remark would be regarded as an insult. According to their own account these unfortunates are the bored ones and not the bores; but as they are continually to be found with the self-same story on their lips on occasion after occasion—when their neighbours, under exactly similar circumstances, do not grumble at all—it would be hard to lay the blame for their miserable condition on any shoulders except their own. Therefore, with all due respect to the inhabitants of Boredom, it must be conceded that it is not because the climate of their country is different from ours, or because their political or social condition is exceptional that they are bored, but because of something very wrong in themselves. Either they have no regular occupation at all for their mind or body—in which case we can easily understand their sufferings, or they are not putting their best strength into what they are doing.

The really busy man has not time to be bored. There is a proverb which relates, in appropriate terms—what is the result of "All work and no play," but what the effect of all play and no work would be is a subject which the philosopher evidently thought too terrible a subject to treat of at all. The imagination shrinks from pursuing such a ghastly alternative. The truth is that there are always two ways of doing a thing, namely, a right and a wrong one; and if work, however uninteresting it may be, is done with the desire that every well constituted man has to do it properly, it cannot produce boredom, because if you are conscious of having done your work well, such an ugly visitor as the spirit of boredom cannot find room in a mind already occupied by a more wholesome guest. Besides, when work is not in itself beautiful or interesting, there are often many beautiful and interesting reasons for doing it which ought to appeal to the dullest imagination. Such names as parent, brother, sister, sweetheart, wife, will be enough to turn the prosiest pursuit into poetry, and a town of soot and fog into fairyland. Whenever the mind is occupied on behalf of others it cannot be bored; it is only the mind that is exclusively occupied with self, in the narrowest sense, that makes its owner bored, and according to the line of argument we are taking—a bore.

In play, the same rule applies as in work; there is a right and a wrong way. Whoever heard of a man being bored with healthy exercise, unless he had had so much of it that he had neglected his mind altogether, and imagined that the cultivation of his muscle was the highest aim of man? The right way of regarding play is as a relaxation from work; the wrong way is to regard play as the serious business of life, an idea which contains such a contradiction in terms that it cannot be even said or written without looking ridiculous. The truth is that we can, most of us, cultivate, if we choose, that side of our nature which prompts us to make the best of things, and we can make our work a pleasure, and our play ten times more full of fun, by putting our whole heart into both the one and the other. It is not related that anyone who takes part in the work or play of the People's Palace has complained of being bored yet. If the bore—we beg his pardon, the bored one—would describe his symptoms to the Editor of this paper in a neat little essay, we feel sure that the peculiarities of such a phenomenon would be of the greatest interest to the readers of the Journal and to the general public.

It is only fair to admit, however, that foreigners have fixed upon a people, a climate, and a particular

country as being peculiarly favourable to the development of bores, and strangely enough the country fixed upon is that which the inhabitants themselves have for hundreds of years called "Merry England." There is an old French rhyme about us, which, freely translated, stands something like this:

Friends shed a tear
John Bull lies here;
He hanged himself with a hempen cord
Because he felt so fearfully bored.

Now this is not a very flattering picture of John Bull; and the John Bull in question must have been a very inferior relative (of whom the family were very much ashamed) to the hearty, cheery, honest John Bull that we picture to ourselves, who, in spite of all his faults, and they are many, we admire as the best fellow in the world, and worth any three foreigners put together. (Such is our modesty. It used to be a dozen, but everything has gone down in these bad times). We may fairly reply, however, to the foreigner who wrote the above lines, that when we want to describe the very worst form of boredom, we are obliged to borrow his word "*ennui*," which was the original one used in the above epigram or epitaph. But let us give the French their due by relating a story of a great French actor, now living, which illustrates how we can cultivate the habit of not being bored in however uncongenial an atmosphere we find ourselves. Monsieur Coquelin had been spending an evening in some very dull company, and the next morning one of his friends was condoling with him on the tediousness he must have undergone.

"Were you not horribly bored?" said his sympathiser.

"Bored?" replied the actor. "Why how could I be? I was there myself!"

There are few of us who have such a happy temperament as to make ourselves quite at home in any and every sort of company, like the gay-hearted French comedian, but with rare exceptions we can, if we choose, make ourselves agreeable and useful even to those whom we consider most unsuited to our company; and if we fancy we have nothing to gain from them, we can soon get rid of the demon of boredom by giving them whatever we think they can gain from us. It is true that in this professedly difficult science, we may possibly run the danger of shifting the demon from our own shoulders on to those of others. But, though like all ethical exercises—not to be bored and not to bore require skilful steering,—the very fact of giving our whole attention to the navigation of the ship will, ten to one, bring us safe and sound between the two dangerous rocks, and out of the dreaded region altogether.

The man who is discontented with everything, is the round man in the square hole, or *vice versa*; and if he has lost the power of righting his position, we can only pity him, and do all we can to take him by the hand, and help him as best we can out of his difficulty. Someone said that dirt was only matter in the wrong place; and so is the bored man, and so is the bore. We, none of us, can help feeling tired and faint-hearted at times. We should be more than human if we could; but the permanently-bored man is a permanent bore, and as such, is a permanent nuisance to society. He lacks that healthful harmony of organisation that makes his life useful to himself and to the society of which he is a unit; he is like the "man that hath not music in his soul," the catalogue of whose disabilities our greatest poet sums up in these pregnant words, "Let no such man be trusted." And we cannot do better than go to that perennial fount of English poetry and philosophy to find in the simplest, noblest words, a description of what manner of man it is who is never out of place, never a burden either to himself or his friends. What does Shakespeare say of him? He finds "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Such a man never set foot in boredom.

Society and Club Notes.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

On Monday, the 9th instant, the Members of the above held the first of their monthly exhibitions in the Art Class-room, consisting of drawings in sepia and crayon, sketches in water-colour, and paintings in oil. Mr. Cornish, the Head Master of the School of Art, favoured the Club by criticising the contributions. There were, of course, faults in several, but, as "by the faults of others a wise man (or woman) corrects his (or her) own," the Members no doubt benefited by the remarks made by the judge upon the errors in the workmanship, which his piercing and professional eye enabled him to detect. Mr. Cornish handled each subject severely, the object being to prevent Members falling into the same errors as those exhibited in the sketch being commented upon.

The value of these criticisms will, no doubt, be made manifest in each succeeding exhibition.

Taking into account the fact that the Members are all amateurs the works were very well executed, and the expectations of the Committee more than realised.

The numerical strength of the Club is only small at present, being made up principally from the Art Class; but it is hoped that ere long a number of the Students from the other classes and Members of the Palace generally, who know anything of Art, will enrol themselves.

It is probable that prizes will be offered for competition at the close of the Session, the value of which will depend entirely upon the number joining between now and that period.

The Annual Subscription is two shillings, with an entrance fee of one shilling.

Sketches may be made in pen and ink, pencil, crayon, sepia and oil or water colours.

Any lady or gentleman desirous of joining may obtain particulars by writing to

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

Beaumont v. Glengall Rovers. Played at Millwall last Saturday. A severely-contested game which resulted in the Beaumonts being defeated by five goals to nil, these all being shot during first half of game, when the goal-keeper had to defend goal in a perfect slough, which made it impossible for him to move.

Match next Saturday, January 21st, at Victoria Park; Beaumont v. Minerva.

Any Member of the Palace wishing to join the above Club can do so by leaving a note at the Bookstall addressed to either of the undersigned.

T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.
W. A. CANTLE, Match Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

A special Committee Meeting was held in the Schoolroom on Monday the 9th, with Sir E. Hay Currie in the chair, to consider the advisability of laying down a Bicycle Track for the benefit of the above Club. The matter, after a long discussion, was adjourned until Monday, the 16th instant, owing to the Trustees not yet having settled upon a suitable piece of ground. The Members present were Messrs. J. Burley, F. Payne, S. Meason, J. H. Reynolds, J. Kennard, D. Hills, J. Maidment, J. Wilkie, E. Ransley, J. Kilbride.

We shall be glad if any Member of the Palace who should happen to know of a suitable piece of ground, which would answer the above purpose, will kindly leave note for the Secretary at the Bookstall.

Terms—Entrance fee, 1/-, and subscription 2/6, payable in two instalments; and that for Honorary Members shall be as follows—Ladies not less than 2/6; Gentlemen not less than 5/-.

J. KILBRIDE, Hon. Sec.
E. RANSLEY, Assist. Hon. Sec.

(P.S.—We are pleased to announce that Captain W. Spencer Beaumont has kindly subscribed 3 guineas yearly, also T. Dyer-Edwards, Esq., 1 guinea yearly, and several other gentlemen have promised similar amounts.)

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

A Committee Meeting of the above Club was held on Friday last, pursuant to notice, at 9 o'clock in the School-buildings. Present—Sir E. Hay Currie, A. Bowman, C. Bowman, T. G. Carter, A. H. Valentine, E. Taylor, T. Moreton, H. T. Wadkin, and Henry Marshall. Chairman, H. T. Wadkin.

The rules as drawn up by the Secretary were laid before the Committee for their consideration. Great interest was displayed by those present, and some of the rules occasioned a large amount

of discussion. One rule of importance was settled, namely, the subscription fee for the season. This was ultimately agreed to be 3/- (payable in one sum or in three amounts of 1/- each) subject to the approval of a General Meeting. Either of the undersigned will be pleased to receive the names of intending members. It will be a case of "first come first served" as regards the choosing of the respective teams.

HENRY MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.
H. T. WADKIN, Assist. Hon. Sec.

(A Meeting of the Committee will take place on Friday next the 20th, in the Schoolroom, at 9.30 sharp.)

PEOPLE'S PALACE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Debate on Home Rule was opened on January 11th, by Mr. Masters, who moved:—

"That in the opinion of this House the concession of Home Rule to Ireland is the only means by which the fast breaking bond of Union between England and that country may be strengthened."

This was seconded by Mr. Ring. Mr. Hawkins, who spoke next, moved as an amendment to the above resolution:—

"That in the opinion of this House it would be distinctly prejudicial to the interests of both England and Ireland to grant Home Rule to the latter country."

This was seconded by Mr. Bullen, who stated that from personal knowledge of the condition of Ireland he should oppose Home Rule for Ireland.

Messrs. Maynard, Driscoll and Currie (H. R.), and Mr. Taylor (U.) also spoke, and the Debate was adjourned at the instance of Mr. London till January 18th.

On January 25th a Debate on the subject of Emigration will be opened by Mr. Valentine, who will move:—

"That in the opinion of this House, in order to ensure prosperity to our Colonies, and relieve this country of the present abnormal pressure on the labour market, it is desirable:—That means be afforded for the encouragement of emigration amongst the labouring population of Great Britain to the Colonies, so that they may colonise and cultivate their extensive lands whereby labour would be found for themselves, and an opportunity given for developing the resources of our colonial possessions, and also enabling them and the mother country to combat successfully with foreign competition."

SYDNEY THOMAS,
HORACE J. HAWKINS, } Secretaries.

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

In glorious weather on Saturday last the following Members ran over the six miles' course, in anticipation of the race which takes place on Saturday next, January 21st, from head-quarters, Forest Gate Hotel, Forest Gate, E.: Slows—E. Bates, H. J. Soane, W. Hawkes, W. Cable, D. Castle, J. Pearson, G. Kitchener, and A. E. Coningham; Fast—J. R. Deeley, E. J. Taylor, and E. J. Crowe. The slow division were allowed two minutes' start, and running well, were not caught until three miles and a-half had been run, the Club crack, Deeley, arriving home first as usual, hotly pursued by D. Castle, the others coming in at intervals. The roads were in splendid condition, and suited everyone, the outing being greatly enjoyed by all. The race will be started at four sharp; last train 3.25 from Coborn Road. Competitors are earnestly requested to turn up early. The race will be followed by a Tea and Smoking Concert. Visitors heartily welcome to both.

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

BILLIARD-ROOM COMMITTEE.

NOTICE.—A Billiard Handicap will be played forthwith, for Members of the People's Palace who joined the first quarter.

No Member under the age of eighteen will be allowed to take part.

Entrance Fee to be Sixpence, which will go towards Prizes. Members wishing to join can give their names to the Secretary any evening up to the 30th January, after 7 p.m.

ALFRED STUTTLE, Sec.,
200, Brunswick Road, E.

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.

The Committee will meet on Saturday, 21st inst., at 8.30 p.m., to draw up the Rules for forthcoming Handicap Tournament.

For every information write or see

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.
R. HARRIS, 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 X.

IN THE TOWER.

IT was not until six months later, and under circumstances which will be related in their place, that we heard what happened after Raymond left Aix.

The village of Eyragues is about ten or twelve miles from Aix, along a dusty, white road, with plane-trees on either side or avenues of the spreading poplar, or, when a village or a farmhouse is passed, cypresses and chestnuts.

It was late in the afternoon when he arrived at the place.

A low hill rises, steep on the south side, and on the west with a gentle slope. The village stands upon the slope, and on the top of the hill, where the cliff looks over the valley of the Durance, stood the Chateau. Here the valley is broad and the stream shallow, running over its gravel bed with a melodious ripple, as if it were the most innocent brook in the world, though no river is more dangerous, by reason of its sudden inundations. In the cliff overlooking the river there are caves, partly natural, partly artificial; these are used as dwelling-houses by the poorer-peasants and the shepherds, the entrances being closed with wood. The village itself consists of one sloping street, in the middle of which is the church, and beside it the presbytere or vicarage; opposite to the church, the village inn, with three shrubs in great green casks before the door, and the bunch of dry brier hanging over the door.

As Raymond drew nearer, approaching the village from the west, he marked two or three things which seemed strange. There were no cattle in the meadows. Why, the meadows were formerly full of cattle. The bed of the river seemed to have grown broader than he remembered. When one revisits places, seen last in childhood, they generally look smaller. The buildings in the valley were roofless; the same showed no sign of inhabitants.

He entered the street. There had been quite recently a dreadful fire, and most of the houses were destroyed wholly or in part. Those which had escaped were shut up. The village auberge had its bush above the door, and its three shrubs in green tubs in front; but the door was closed, and the shrubs were dead.

And then he heard footsteps. At last, then! There was some one in the village. An old woman came out of a cottage beside the inn. She came hobbling upon two sticks, looking curiously at the stranger. She was bent with years, wrinkled, and decrepit. She advanced slowly. Suddenly she burst into a cackling kind of laugh not pleasant to hear.

"Oh, ho!" she cried. "You are come at last. Oh! I knew you would come some day. I told him that you would come."

"Who am I, then?"

"I knew very well that you would come. But I knew that you would not come before the proper time. Oh, everything in its place. First the inundation; that carried away his cattle and destroyed his meadows. Next the burning; that took away his village. What has he left to take? There is only himself, or his son. Are you come for him, or shall you take his son?"

Raymond remembered her now. But she was old when he had last seen her, ten years before; already an old woman, living with her grandchildren.

"I know you, Mother Vidal," he said. "Why, what, in Heaven's name has happened?"

"You are young again, M. le Comte. Those who come back from the dead do well to resume their youth. In heaven we shall all be young and beautiful. Hush! He is horribly afraid. At sight of you I think he will drop down dead."

"Who?"

"Louis Leroy. Who else?"

"Where are the people, then?"

"They are gone. The war took some; the inundation took some; the burning sent the rest away. The village is deserted. The people would stay no longer in a place accursed, lest something worse should befall them. But, as for me, I am old. Nothing can hurt me now."

"Why is the place accursed?"

"Is it for you, M. le Comte, to ask such a question? The curé told him, when he went away, that the wrath of the bon Dieu was kindled against him. Go up the hill; you will find him at the Chateau."

An empty and deserted village; the houses mostly burned down; nobody in the place. Here was a prospect of a pleasant night.

Raymond went on up the hill, and before long came to the top, on which the Chateau stood. Alas! the modern part of the house was destroyed, only the shell remaining, and beside it the ancient tower. The gardens were grown over; the farm buildings were in ruins; the great dovecot was empty. There were no signs of life about the place at all.

There was yet about half an hour of daylight, and Raymond sat down to make the most of it. He would have time to sketch the ruins, and he would then retrace his steps, and put up for the night at some auberge on the way to Aix.

The tower, however, was not uninhabited. Presently a man came forth from the great doorway.

He was dressed rather better than the peasants, but looked neglected, his chin unshaven, his hair without powder, his coat old and worn. When Raymond, who had taken off his hat and was working bareheaded, saw the man at the door, he rose to salute him. To his amazement the proprietor of the tower, if the man was the proprietor, shrieked aloud and staggered.

Raymond ran to his assistance.

"You are ill?" he asked.

The man made no reply, but his lips trembled. Raymond saw before him a man of forty-five, or perhaps fifty. His face was wolfish—the face of a man who lives alone and thinks continually of wickedness—yet the features might once have been fine.

"I am afraid," said Raymond, "that in this lonely place I have startled you. I am, however, only a harmless traveller, and I have taken the liberty of sketching this ruin, in which I have an interest."

The man recovered a little.

"I am subject," he said, biting his nails, "to sudden fits of pain. You were saying, sir, that you are a traveller."

"I am a traveller and an artist. It is my practice to make drawings of all the places which I visit."

"An artist! It is strange. What is your name, sir?"

"My name is Arnold. Would you like to see my passport?"

"Not at all, sir. Arnold! What is your Christian name?"

"It is Raymond."

"Then, sir," said the man, speaking slowly, "unless I am mistaken, your father's name was also Raymond. His full name was Raymond Arnault, Comte d'Eyragues. He was killed, I believe, at Toulon, after the capture of the city by the Revolutionary army."

"All this, sir, is quite true, though I understand not how you know it."

"I know it from the likeness you bear to your father, coupled with the fact that you bear his name—"

"Were you a friend of my father's?"

"Young man, your father was a great man. I was one of the canaille. He had no friendship for such as I."

"An old woman in the village mentioned the name of Louis Leroy—"

"There is no Louis Leroy in this place. There has not been any one of that name for many years," he replied, quickly.

"Well, sir," said Raymond, "I am Raymond Arnault. But I am now an Englishman, and have only come here in order to see the place where I was born. That is natural, is it not?"

"Quite natural. I am the proprietor of the estates, such as they have become. A valuable possession, truly. The river has washed away my cattle and my meadows; a fire has destroyed my village; the people have gone; the house is in ruins. A valuable possession, truly."

"Is the old house in Aix also yours?"

"That is also mine. But I cannot let it, for they say that it is haunted. Then you do not know who bought this estate?"

"I have never learned."

"Well, it matters nothing. Louis Leroy—I knew him well—has been dead, I think, for a long time. You were not in search of him? No? You do not know that it was he who denounced your father. Some sons might have sought revenge. You do not? That is well. Revenge is a foolish thing to desire. Better let him alone, even if he be still living."

"The man shall never be sought by me. If I were to find him—if I had my fingers on his throat—I do not say—"

"Ah, your blood is Provençal—your hands would be at his throat! Yes, I think I see you. You have the Arnault face, and it is fierce when roused. Yes, you would make short work of Louis Leroy if you had the chance. Ha, ha! he will do well to keep out of your way. That is quite certain—quite certain. Ha, ha!"

The man chuckled and rubbed his hands. The thought of Louis Leroy being throttled pleased him. He showed his teeth when he laughed, which made him look more like a wolf.

"Come," he said, "one of your family must not be sent away from this place. Share my dinner, and take what I can give you for a bed. Oh, it is not much—a poor meal and a simple pallet! But such as they are I offer them to you."

Raymond accepted willingly. The man was not prepossessing to look at, but one must not judge by first impressions. Therefore, he followed his host, thinking himself lucky to get the chance of a supper and a bed.

His host led the way into the tower. The room into which the door—a great, massive door, set with big nails and provided with a solid lock—opened was a room with stone floor, stone walls, and a vaulted stone roof. A second door in the side opened upon spiral stairs leading to upper rooms. The room was furnished with two chairs and a table. There was a stove in it, and the smell of some cookery. His host lifted a saucepan from a fire of wood ashes.

"You are ready for your dinner? Good; then sit down."

He poured out the contents of the saucepan into a dish, and set on the table with a long loaf of bread, the salt, and a bottle of wine.

"It is a stew," he said, "of rabbits, rice, onions, and beans. Eat, Monsieur le Comte."

Raymond was hungry, tired, and thirsty. He made, accordingly, an excellent meal, drinking freely of the black and strong Provence wine. His host ate and drunk but little. When the first bottle was finished, he brought out another, and encouraged his guest to talk, asking him a hundred questions, and appearing deeply interested in his replies; so that the young man freely spoke of himself—of his circumstances, and the

condition of his people; how his mother had lost her reason, and his father's sister had miraculously preserved the Holy Rose, on which they had subsisted until now; but that the jewels being by this time all sold, he was to become the support of the family.

"I understand," said his host; "they have now nothing left, so that if you were not to return they would starve."

Raymond was also easily induced to show the drawings which he had made.

"Young man," said his entertainer, biting his nails, "you are going to Toulon you say? I can show you all the best spots for an artist. Do not forget to bring your portfolio of sketches with you. And upon my word—he looked Raymond full in the face—"upon my word, young man, I feel as if your business were already completed, and you were standing where your father stood. It will be deeply interesting."

It was then about ten o'clock. Raymond asked permission to go to bed.

"This way," said his host, taking the candle and mounting the stairs. "You will find nothing but a mattress and a blanket. Behold!"

There were two rooms on this floor, divided by a partition wall. The one into which Raymond was shown was lighted by a single narrow window, barred with iron and without glass. A mattress lay in a corner; there was no other furniture in it.

"You remember the place without doubt; formerly it was a storeroom; the accommodation is simple."

"Thank you," said Raymond, "it will serve me very well."

"I sleep in the next room. There is no other occupant of the tower. It is silent here at night when one is alone. There are ghosts, I am told, especially of your father. But I never see him. He was denounced, you know, by Louis Leroy, who was his half-brother. Ha! if you had your fingers upon his throat! Good-night and good repose, Monsieur le Comte."

Raymond quickly undressed, and threw himself upon the mattress. In a few minutes he was asleep.

In the middle of the night he had a dream. He dreamed that he woke up suddenly; the moon was shining through the bars of the window so as to send some light to the room. Then he saw, lying quite still and having no desire to move, the door between the two rooms slowly open. He was not in the least afraid, being in a dream, but he wondered what was going to happen. Then he saw his host standing at the open door. He had taken off boots and coat. For a few moments he stood as if uncertain. Then he began to move slowly and cautiously towards the mattress. Raymond saw that he had a knife in his hand. But he was not in the least afraid, because he was in a dream; the man proposed to murder him, perhaps. That was interesting and curious. How would he be prevented?

Suddenly the murderer sprang back, throwing up his arms, and with a moan of terror rushed from the room. And in the middle of the room, just where the moon-light fell, Raymond saw, in this strange dream, the figure of his father. This did not surprise him either. But he was glad that the murderer had been stayed in his purpose, and he wondered what he would say about it in the morning.

When Raymond woke up the sun was already high; he rose quickly and dressed. His host was up before him. Strange to say, he had quite forgotten his curious dream.

CHAPTER XI.

THE KISS OF JUDAS.

RAYMOND forgot it, I say, his dream of the man with the knife. Had he remembered it, he would have been ashamed of it, so friendly was his entertainer. He led him about the place, showed him how the greatest

inundation ever known in the history of the Durance River had destroyed his cattle, overthrown his farm-houses, and covered his meadows with stones and gravel. "But this," he said, always biting his nails, "might have happened to any one. If your father were living it would have happened just the same."

"I suppose it would," said Raymond.

Then the man led his guest through the village.

"When you were a child," he said, "the village was full of people. There were five hundred souls in this place. Here was the tavern where they drank; here was the church where they went to mass; under these trees the lads played at bowls on Sunday morning; many a time have I seen your parents watching the villagers on their way home after the mass; in the evening they danced here."

"You know the place, then? You are not a native of the village?"

"I have been here on business. They plundered your house at Aix; then they came on here and sacked the Chateau. The books and pictures they burned and trampled under foot, the furniture they broke up, but the plate they carried off. However, the estate remained, and the village; now there is nothing. Then came the inundation; then these young men had to go to war; when the village was burned down there were not fifty people left. And now they are gone, and there is nobody except myself and an old woman who is mad. But all this would have happened whether your father was shot or no—would it not?"

"I suppose it would," said Raymond. "One cannot think that the wrath of Heaven for my father's murder would fall upon innocent folk."

"No—no. It would fall on the head of Louis Leroy. Ah! if your fingers were once about his throat. However, the man is dead."

The man was very friendly. And yet Raymond was ill at ease with him, and he had a trick of glancing suspiciously about him, as if he were afraid of something, which made Raymond uncomfortable.

He was so friendly that he accompanied Raymond back to Aix, and from Aix to Toulon, where he said that he had business. He was so very friendly that he followed the young man about everywhere, and seemed unwilling to suffer him out of his sight.

At Toulon he acted as guide, and led Raymond to the spot where his father suffered death.

"Here beneath these trees," he said, "sat the Commissioners, Fréron, young Robespierre, and the others. Eh! they are all dead now. They sat in chairs; the prisoners were brought here to be tried. Oh, they were all aristocrats, and they had no chance. Among them were a few poor devils who were servants. They were shot, to deter others from serving Royalists. Some of them were ladies—oh, I assure you, beautiful ladies, but all pale and trembling with terror. Well, they had not long to wait. Some of them were mere children, some old men, some were young men, like your father. Some of them wept and lamented, especially the servants, when they saw that there would be no favour shown to any, but every man and woman must be taken impartially and placed in front of the soldiers; but most bore themselves proudly, like your father. Young man, there never was any one prouder than your father. I, who was standing by, remember the contempt with which he regarded his judges."

"What did he say to the witness, his half-brother?"

"He said—nothing," the man replied, with hesitation; "what could he say?"

"Did he curse him?"

"He did not."

"What has the lot of that man been since that day?"

"He had nothing to lose; therefore, if he is a poor man now, he is no worse off than he was before."

"But he is dead, you say?"

"Louis Leroy has been dead for a long time."

"Had he children of his own?"

"He had one son only."

"Perhaps, then," said Raymond, "Heaven will strike him in the person of his son."

"Here," the man continued, "each man stood to take his trial. On this spot stood the witnesses, when there were any. In your father's case there was one only; but he was enough. Here stood the prisoner when his turn came to be shot; here stood the file of soldiers. Oh, it was a day of vengeance for the Revolution."

Raymond took off his hat reverently before the spot where his father had perished.

"Very likely," continued his guide, "your father might have escaped but for the man Leroy, who first caused him to be arrested—perhaps you did not know that—and then gave evidence against him. There were several thousands left in Toulon when the English went away. There were not more than eight or nine hundred shot. Very likely he would have escaped. As for that man Leroy," he went on, "you would like to have your fingers at his throat, would you not?"

"If I had," said Raymond, hoarsely, "I would kill him here—where my father died."

"Ah! he is dead now. That is fortunate for him. He lived in great fear, because misfortune always fell upon him—just as it has upon me. But the thing he never thought upon, the danger he least expected, was the return of the Count's son. What should he do if he were living now?" There never could be eyes more full of meaning and suspicion than this man's. "What should he do?"

"I care not; what does it matter?"

"He would protect himself, would he not?"

"I suppose so. Now leave me, if you please. I wish to be alone."

The guide obeyed; that is to say, he withdrew a little. But he watched. Meanwhile Raymond tried to picture the scene, now a peaceful market-place, full of stalls and market-women, with the prisoners, soldiers, and commissioners of that day of massacre. Then he took out his sketch-book and made a drawing of the Place.

When he had finished his drawing he remembered the Quai, where he had stood with his mother all through that fearful night, the shells hissing and bursting in the air, the flames of the arsenal making it as light as day. It was easy to find the place. From the Place d'Armes a street leads straight to the spot. The sight was very different now. The harbour was full of men-of-war, frigates, and all kinds of war vessels, a sight which might have filled an English sailor's heart with joy, giving rich promise of prizes. The Quai itself was covered with all kinds of ships' gear. There was the sound of hammering and the running to and fro of men. For an outbreak of war with England was again imminent, and the work of the dockyard was carried on night and day.

Raymond looked about him, trying to remember, which was in vain, where they had been standing.

Then he took out his sketch-book again, and began to sketch. Behind him at a little distance a gendarme watched him. Beside the gendarme stood Raymond's host and friend whispering turtively.

When he had completed this little drawing he rose, and began to wander about the town, glad to be alone. His work was done. He had seen his ancestral home, shattered and ruined; he had visited the old church at Aix where the bones of his forefathers were buried; he had seen the great house which had been their town residence; he had stood upon the spot where his father was shot, and upon the Quai, whence he was dragged with his mother by the English sailors; now there remained nothing more but to go home.

[To be continued.]

The Blunders of Elementary Education.

PART II.

THAT the first School Board for London aimed at most desirable achievements is evident from George Potter's letter in the *Times*, February 14, 1878, which runs thus:

"The School Boards are reducing ignorance, diminishing crime, lessening pauperism, and inculcating among the poor habits of cleanliness, thrift, temperance, and self-respect. It is well known that crime, ignorance, and pauperism are closely allied. It is much cheaper to pay for schools and education than for gaols and pauperism. Since the Education Act was passed, seven years ago, we have spent £100,000,000, and for crime £40,000,000, while the annual grants for our elementary schools have only been £10,200,000. The money spent on the two former is not only sunk, but lost—gone for ever; no return. Education is the best investment for the community. What is spent on it will yield good percentage to the nation by increased wealth, increased powers, and increased happiness. What a blessing it is that the poor children of London are now being educated! For that the Education Act was passed, and to provide this education the School Board was called into existence. Let the poor children acquire knowledge. Knowledge is the necessity of their being. Knowledge will cheer their poor dwellings, and enliven the dull round of their daily toil. Knowledge will dignify their labour, and polish their manners. Knowledge will lead them to become useful citizens, true patriots, and faithful Christians."

This sets forth a magnificent programme, and one capable of accomplishment under different restrictions from those which now retard the noble work of education. We will not, therefore question either the logical deductions or the accuracy of the above statements, but content ourselves with hoping that the next few years will display more of the above expected results in the habits and characters of young men and women wholly educated under the Elementary Education Act than at present manifest themselves; for it must be remembered that in such institutions as the People's Palace only the youngest Members have been wholly educated under the Act.

Comparisons have been drawn at large between the methods of instruction in continental countries and our own. We hear that such instruction is far superior, for example, in Germany. Mr. Sonnenschien, lecturing on the subject some months ago at Toynbee Hall, White-chapel, mentioned that the period spent over such elementary subjects as "the three R's," as they are termed, is greatly in excess of that devoted entirely to the same subjects in our elementary schools. German children remain at school longer, and their parents being more "in touch" with the teachers, work with and aid the latter; thus the children have longer school-hours, in which the instruction can be imparted in a pleasanter and more natural manner: *e.g.*, the teacher, the lecturer stated, takes the class out to view natural objects, being more at liberty so to do, and less bound down by irksome "code" restrictions. He even mentioned a case in which, in order to see the sun rise and prove the convexity of the globe, teacher and children met at the desirable times and places, and thus saw realised what would seem uninteresting in the form of "words, words, words!"

A comparison between the primary programme of elementary education and the present elaborate Government code will show ratepayers how varied and excessive is the amount of work expected to be gone through in our elementary schools. Into a non-elastic time of instruction subject after subject has been pressed, involving increased expenditure in all directions for space, apparatus, etc., and instruction. The London School Board also employs its own inspectors, although each school is under a Government inspector. Such a dual system involves almost a second examination, different in its nature from the other—as is the case in the musical requirements—and a double expense. As a consequence of the multiplicity and intricacy of the subjects taught, in the same period for

instruction as was first granted, such subjects cannot receive the attention they deserve. They have to be hurried over, and the matter imparted has to be so condensed that, to get the desired amount of work and instruction into the short space of time, becomes quite a study. The operation of teaching becomes such a sort of fattening process as, they say, obtains with Christmas poultry. Reference to current news, and contemporary allusions—*e.g.*, in the reading lessons—is but dangerously touched upon, since the time will not allow of such digressions. Yet how necessary it is that such incidental circumstances be dwelt upon. We remember seeing some time ago, in *Punch*, a jokelet to the effect that a girl, on applying for a situation, was asked if she could cook; upon which she replied that she could not, but that she possessed a certificate for literature! This is rather over drawn, since "cooking centres" exist among the Board Schools; but still the fact remains that there are certain subjects taught which many consider unnecessary to the children of working men—subjects which, not being required in their daily work, are forgotten upon leaving school.

[To be continued.]

Letters 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."

SIR,—The time of rest and recreation will be coming round again shortly—to some of us as early as April or May, to others not until the days are again shortening—may I therefore ask you to be well in hand, and help us in our arrangements?

We have among us two very necessary Clubs—the Ramblers' and the Cyclists',—and each Member who is privileged to take a holiday will be looking for companions to join him, but find them not.

I would suggest, therefore, that to the Members of the Palace you open your columns to the insertion of short notes from them, asking companionship.

My experience is undoubtedly that of many of my fellow Members. Last August I started for a fortnight's touring, and the only drawback was this want of a companion. I know of no better enjoyment—if you are not alone.

All the ramblers in the Palace are not comprised within the Membership of the Ramblers' Club,—nor the cyclists of the Beaumont C. C.; and I therefore ask you to assist the unknown among us in creating new friendships through existing associations.

I know your objection will be the want of space in *The Palace Journal*, but I would point out that each enquiry might be limited to three or four lines, and the benefit thus conferred would be a material boon to the Membership. Yours obediently,

A MEMBER OF THE CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB.

[We shall be happy to do anything in our power to encourage sociability; and sincerely hope this letter will further the object of the writer.—Ed. P. J.]

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PALACE JOURNAL."

DEAR SIR,—Having attended the New Members' reception tea on Tuesday, 10th inst., I was rather surprised to notice that the Members who presided at the tables (who, I suppose, are leaders of the various Clubs and Societies) made no effort to enrol the new Members in the various Clubs of the Institute. I therefore beg to draw their attention to the golden opportunities they are missing, and think that if they initiated the system, as in other institutions, at the coming receptions it would prove a success and put the Clubs on a firmer footing.

In reference to the partial opening of the Swimming Bath in May, I shall be pleased to hear from any Members, who take an interest in the healthy and useful art of swimming, with a view of forming a Swimming Club, who no doubt when the bath is opened would be sufficiently advanced to give a display at the opening ceremony. Members wishing to append their signatures to the *monstre* petition to Sir Edmund Currie, for his approval of the Club, should leave note at the barrier for

SWIMMER.

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.

IGNORAMUS.—(1.) By underlining the word as you have done; and, in printing, the "line" is managed by writing on the margin the word "rule" or "underlined," whichever you please. (2.) Not a bit; they are always forwarded to that gentleman.

VIOLINIST.—(1.) We should suggest sharp walking and the use of the dumb-bells. (2.) It seems a pity to say so,—but we are afraid it would. The fingers, of course, should be free and pliable. (3.) We hope within the next three or four years; and we expect—mind, only expect—that the age will be altered to suit all classes.

PERCY DASHIER.—Sorry; but can't be helped. It's your own fault—so there you are, don'tcherknow.

LITTLE LOUEY.—Once upon a time such a thing occurred in a church—not a hundred miles from Charing Cross. Of course, we are sorry; but if damsels like you will be rash—why, of course, there's no help for it.

A. B. C.—A broken heart, indeed! There's no such thing. It's pure rubbish.

BILL BLACKER.—(1.) We should like to hear from you again. 'Spouse by this time you have grown quite serious. Football being nearly over, of course, cricket will follow? Still got those little pants? (2.) No; he was self-styled Billy the Gom; which, to say the least of it, is a somewhat remarkable cognomen.

HERCULES.—"The cat will mew and dog will have his day!" Remember?

ONE PENNY.—(1.) He went out in the British Service to fight in South Africa, and was killed by the Zulus. (2.) She is now residing at Farnborough.

HOME TIDINGS.—Rather; did it never strike you that such things often occur? Perhaps you are young and have yet to gain the experience you mention; but you must try and forbear.

BOULANGER.—It is called "En Revenant de la Revue." Music by Desormes; originally sung by M. Paulus.

HOMO.—(1.) Covent Garden Market. (2.) His Grace the Duke of Bedford.

HARRY MILNER.—It is in "Dombey and Son" by Dickens. Quite feasible. But we earnestly hope that you won't do the same.

KING LUD.—What a question! If 'twere done when—You know the rest.

ALGEBRA.—He is at present residing at Lex House, Caledonian Road, where all communications should be addressed.

LEN HARRIS.—Many thanks for your courteous—and characteristic—little note.

J. K.—Probably he would; but did you never try Mr. Orton Bradley, the musical director at the Palace.

E. R. ALEXANDER.—(1.) He was present at the Poulter(y) stall when the Prince passed. (2.) Rather. (3.) Not in costume—unfortunately. (4.) Write him; he's not the terrible person you imagine—not at all.

SLOGGINS.—(The man that we can trust?) Many thanks, William.

WALTER.—(1.) Miss Marion Hood and Miss Marie Tempest. (2.) No; it has been introduced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre. (3.) By Mr. H. C.

PORTIA.—As fond of justice as your namesake, evidently. Sue him; it's the only way.

OF THE NAME OF GUPPY.—If you write to the Cardinal he will probably give you every information. It's an excellent idea, and we wish you every success.

ÆGIS.—Cryptoconchoidsphonostomata! Albert Edward; Yes, travelling companion to "Dagonet."

ANXIOUS TO SAVE.—Rather a thankless task to give, through the medium of a journal, an opinion on such a subject. We beg to decline.

DEBATER.—We are young—very young; and, remember, Rome wasn't built in a day.

APOLLO.—(1.) Hard to say—but probably Victor Hugo. (2.) Like a dormouse—sleeping; but wait and watch, a surprise must be forthcoming.

NO. 1,319.—For obvious reasons we must abstain from replying to your question, and would much prefer your finding out for yourself. No offence.

AUTHOR.—Mr. Pingro is the author of the play you mention—not Sydney Grundy.

A. X. Q.—All being well, the rooms in question will be opened in about twelve days. For further information see the sub-Editor's GOSSIP—he treats with the matter this week.

CYCLISTS.—Yes; the Club is flourishing.

BRADLAUGH.—Hear, hear. Why not join our Debating Society? Sydney Thomas and Horace Hawkins will gladly welcome you; especially so were you another such as your namesake.

NIL.—His initials are J. D. R. No; he writes German—not Spanish. Hence these tears!

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.

PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

All Competitors who have been announced as Prize-winners in the numbers of Journal issued respectively on Dec. 21, Dec. 28, Jan. 4 and Jan. 11, may receive the prizes to which they are entitled on application to the sub-Editor, at the office of *The Palace Journal*, on Friday next, Jan. 20, between the hours of 2 and 8 p.m.

NOTE.

In various classes answers to Competitions were received after the specified time, viz., noon Thursday, December 22nd, and all these late arrivals were of necessity disqualified.

In Class A, the stories which were behind time, were those sent by A. H. Lawrence, T. and R. Robinson, and one with an illegible name attached, called "The Musical Society."

In Class B, the poems of A. Cracknall, H. Wadkin and Elkan Teller were late. This is especially regrettable, as had they arrived in time, it would not have been necessary to withhold the prize. One of these three would certainly have taken it.

In Class C, a penwiper sent by Ruth Sinclair, was too late. Here again a good chance of a prize was lost by delay.

Competitors must understand that when noon on Thursday is mentioned as the latest hour for receiving answers, that hour is meant, and is kept to. Every week there are a certain number of late arrivals, which have to be disqualified for their tardy appearance.

COMPETITION SET JANUARY 4.

CLASS A.

Once again Competitors have proved themselves too clever, for no fewer than nine have correctly named the six greatest British painters, as decided by votes. The list came out as follows:

Turner, J. W. M.	114
Reynolds, Sir Joshua	99
Landseer, Sir E.	81
Millais, Sir J.	70
Leighton, Sir E.	67
Gainsborough, T.	

The names of the nine Competitors who sent in lists corresponding with the above are Fanny Colson, G. W. Edridge, Thomas Holmes, Sarah Nash, Dora Da Costa, Mary Tanner, Molly Hyams, John Dickinson, and Rebecca Valentine. The prize will not be divided into so many parts, but will be given to whoever of the above-named shall send in another list of British painters most nearly corresponding with the list of the next six (now in my possession), as determined by the generality of voters. They must send in their replies in envelopes marked "Extra," not later than noon on Thursday, January 26th.

CLASS B.

The task of conveying a telegraphic message to the effect that "mince pies have made mother ill" in a sentence, the words of which must begin with the letters in the word "omnibus," was undoubtedly a difficult one, and competitors are to be congratulated on the success with which they grappled with it. The prize is awarded to

JULIA COLSON,
Vine Cottage, Bromley Street, E.

whose sentence on the whole put the announcement best, considering the restrictions, though no mention is made of the mince pies. The following is her prize sentence:

Our mother now is bilious—unwholesome sweetmeats.

A selection of other sentences received is added :

Our mother now ill, being unspeakably sick.
Our mother needs immediately Beecham's; unwell still.
Our mother nearly invalidated by useless stuffing.
Oswald's mother nearly ill by unsorted sultanas.
Our mother, now ill, blames unwholesome sweetmeats.
Our mother nightly indisposed by unsavoury sweets.
Oliver's mince necessitated illness, belying (?) uncle's sister.

CLASS C.

(1) It was pleasant to gather from the papers sent in for this competition that there is a considerable amount of literary enthusiasm among the girl-members. The question was most satisfactorily answered by

G. S. VENESS,
199, Grundy Street, Bromley, E.,

who explained in a natural and intelligent manner her reason for preferring "Bleak House" to all other books.

(2) The prize for a button-hole of green leaves is awarded to

RUTH SINCLAIR,
Ordell House, Ordell Road, Bow, E.

CLASS D.

The prize of a geometrical drawing will be given for the excellent design sent by

A. C. PLESTER,
5, Stanfield Road, North Bow, E.

COMPETITIONS FOR THIS WEEK.

CLASS A—OPEN TO ALL.

A lecture-room in a college is being fitted up for the purpose of giving instruction in natural and physical science. In it there are seven niches which are to be filled with statues or busts, and competitors are requested to help the college authorities in this task.

A Prize of Ten Shillings will, therefore, be given for the best list of names of men, statues of whom might most appropriately be chosen for the seven vacant places. To be decided by a majority of votes; the competitor whose list most nearly agrees with that resulting from the general poll to be the winner. Answers not later than noon on Thursday, January 26th.

CLASS B.

A Prize of Five Shillings will be given for the best specimen of a "cento," or piece of patchwork verse sent in by a member. A cento is a poem in which each line is taken from a different poet or poem, but the lines are so chosen as to make sense in their new surroundings. What Competitors are asked to do is to make a four-lined "cento," that is, to compose and send in a verse of four lines, which shall make good sense, each line of which must rhyme with one other, and each line of which must be taken from the works of different poets. All answers not later than noon on January 26th.

CLASS C.

A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best pincushion; preference given, other things being equal, to originality of design. To be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, January 26th.

CLASS D.

A Prize of One Shilling is offered for the best breast-pin made from wood. To be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, January 26th.

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 JAN. 4.

(1.) Double Acrostic: Waterloo, Napoleon.

W aggo N
A lph A
T i P
E ch O
R ea L
L adl E
O rinoc O
O N.

(2.) 1. Senselessness. 2. Whitechapel.

(3.) TIMID. (M equals 1000; D 500; T one-third of 10;

II 2.)

(4.) My Christmas Dinner:

Soups—Mock Turtle. Tomato.
Fish—Eel. Sprat.
Entrée—Quail with Bacon on Toast.
Roasts—Turkey. Lamb.
Vegetables—Potato. Beetroot. Spinach.
Puddings—Rhubarb Tart. Cabinet.
Dessert—Banana. Orange. Pears.

PUZZLES FOR THIS WEEK.

WORD SQUARES.

(1.)
1. A lady. An open space. To condescend. A heavenly being. A quality of man.
2. A food giver. The friend of man. Upright. A fire. Small.
3. A fish. Yellow. Before. The neck, in Scotch. A boundary.
4. Sour. A bird. Another bird. Lazy. Small holes.
5. An example. A musical work. An imp. To eat away. Passages.

(2.) LINES FROM SHAKESPEARE

(Alternate letters omitted).

1. Frrtssnoorbea.
2. Otatitooifeholml.
3. Fleleigejrdlrne.

(3.) SOME BIRDS' NAMES TRANSPosed.

1. Mary well home.
2. Pines.
3. Man, pig, rat.
4. Star bud.
5. Leg in a thing.

(4.) CHARADES.

1. Whole, I am a religious mendicant; transposed, a South African; beheaded and transposed, I am beautiful; beheaded, I am an element; again beheaded and a letter added, I am anger; a head added, I am another element; and finally if you cut my tail off there will still be enough left to make a good-sized tree.
2. My first is one-fifth of my last; my third is half my first; my second is nothing at all; my fourth is ten times my third; my third plus my second and first equals three-tenths of my last.

(5.) A LOGOGRIPH.

To represent hard cash some use my head;
One letter add, a saint in short you view;
Lop head and tail, a weight you have instead;
Remove two letters, one is left for you.
Again behead me, and we hear a sound;
Transpose this and a little letter see,
In just two-fifths a preposition see,
And that transposed a negative will be.
Three-fifths will show a medicine-man of fame,
My whole a giant slew—now guess my name!

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Arrangements will be shortly made to have REPRESENTATIVES AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

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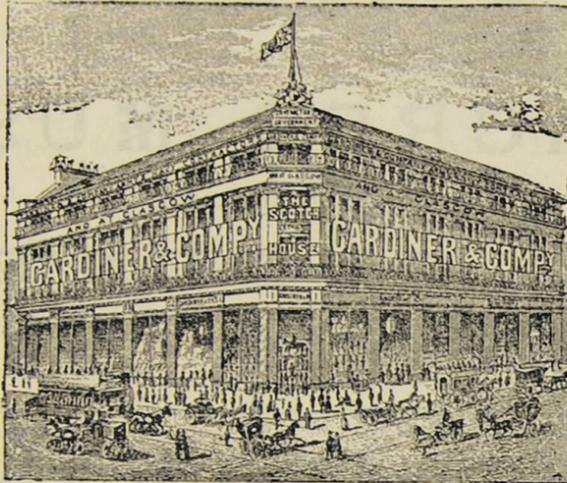
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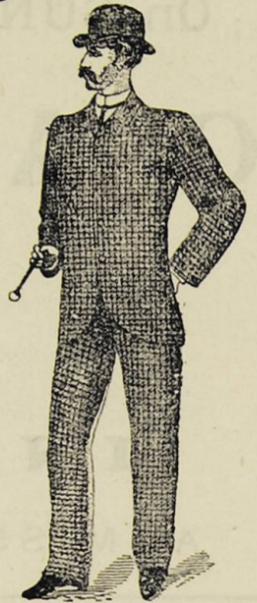
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