

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

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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 (Queen's Hall) 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. Concert (Queen's Hall) at 8.

### NOTICE.

THE Library Committee desire to express their cordial thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who have so kindly assisted them on Sundays, by presiding over the Book-tables in the Library. The Committee would also like to point out that the public appreciation of these ladies and gentlemen is very marked, and speaks for itself as a recognition of a good work.

## Earthly Tracts.

### IX.—ON TALKING TALL.



THE art of stretching is much cultivated now-a-days. Gooseberries are to be read of in the daily papers weighing a pound apiece; and enormous showers of frogs fall with tolerable regularity when Editors are hard-up for copy. Glowing imaginations are not at all scarce; when a cart goes down our street and rattles the lid of an old woman's teapot, we put it down as an earthquake at once, and tell a lurid tale of the mighty upheaval. There are some people who are always on the look-out for wonders, and if they don't come across them, why, they invent them; they see comets with fiery tails every night of their lives, and never pass a day without some hairbreadth adventure. All their molehills are mountains. All their geese are swans. They have learned the multiplication table to some purpose; if they see six fox terriers playing together, they declare they have seen a hundred bloodhounds. Yes, and get as red as a turkey-cock if you only look a little doubtful; after a bit they really persuade themselves they have seen a thousand lions, for everything grows with them as fast as a mushroom, and is as easily stretched as a concertina.

These good people are the cream of creation, everything about them is wonderful; they are as strong as Samson, and could knock down an elephant with ease if they liked—only they won't try it for fear of hurting the beast. They could buy up the Bank of England, any day, if they chose—only they have good reasons for not doing it just yet. Like the celebrated show, they are "the only, unrivalled and original," but like most shows they are an utter sell—all the best outside on the pictures.

When a man gets into the inflated style of talking it does not much matter what the subject may happen to be, he speaks of it as the finest, grandest, and most marvellous in the world, or else as the most horrible, awful and infamous in the universe. He paints with a mop broom, sugars his dumpling with a spade, and lays on the butter with a trowel. The greatest wonder is that men like this don't see everybody is laughing at them; they must have bragged themselves blind. Everybody sees the bottom of their dish, and yet they go on calling it the ocean, as if they had none but flat fish to deal with.

I've known men who opened their mouths like a front door in boasting what they would do if they were in somebody else's shoes. If they were in Parliament they would abolish all taxes, turn workhouses into palaces, make the street fountains run with beer, and set the Thames on fire. If they were managing the People's Palace, they'd have all the classes and gymnasium free, let everybody into the shows and concerts for nothing, and make the place pay its own expenses, Sir! What a grand word *if* is to be sure; when a man mounts on its back, it carries him over

worlds that were never created, and lets him see miracles that were never wrought; with an *if* you can put all London into a quart pot—"much virtue in your *if*."

But the habitual liar will begin a conversation with a lie that cannot even glorify himself, and which he must be aware cannot be believed by his listeners. A dear grey-haired old lady, weighing at a moderate computation eighteen stone, once told me that she could tread on the stem of a wine glass without breaking it. She had nothing to gain by this monumental falsehood; she had no interest in the glass trade, it was simply that the impulse to lie came on at the moment and the wine glass happened to cross the range of her vision opportunely, otherwise no doubt she would have organised some other picturesque fib.

The fact is, people develop a habit of lying until they fall into a sort of intellectual colour-blindness, and are not conscious of the difference between blue truth and red falsehood.

Psychology is a science whose shallows have only as yet been sounded, and men are only beginning to comprehend that an imperfect constitution of the mind is the parent of a vast amount of our crime, and that a man whose mind is misshapen, is no more responsible for its faulty and eccentric actions than a man with a lame leg for his awkward walk. But there is no reason why a man should fall into this deplorable state, and for the good of mankind at large, he must cure himself, or be cured by forcible means. We must try to state the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. If we begin by calling eleven inches a foot, we shall go on till we call one inch four and twenty; if we call a heifer a cow, we may one day call a dormouse an elephant. Once you leave the road of truth there is no knowing where the crooked lane may lead you. The man who begins by telling fibs will soon indulge in magnificent and sweeping falsehoods, the mouse-hole soon becomes a rat-hole. It never rains but it pours, and a little untruth leads on to a perfect shower of lying.

Depend upon it, if a straight line won't pay, a crooked one won't either. "Honesty," cried an eminent Scotch divine, "is the best policy; I ha' tried baith!" Be true as steel. Let your face and hands, like a good watch, tell how your inner works are going. It's better to be laughed at as "Soft Tommy" for telling the truth, than to be praised as "Downy Dick" for your shuffling.

The man who talks tall is never worth an old trouser-button with the shank off; and though a man's praise smells sweet when it comes out of other mouths, it stinks in his own. 'Tis the leanest pig who squeaks the loudest, and only the barren cow that bellows. Tall Talk is but the sign of folly, just as loud braying reveals the ass. Black your own boots, but don't sing your own praises or talk tall.

## Musical Notes.

CONCERTS.—During this week we have had the two most important Concerts that have yet been given since the Institute was opened to the public. On Wednesday last the first classical chamber music concert that has ever been performed here was given us by the People's Concert Society, with a very successful programme, which included Schumann's Pianoforte Quintet and extracts from two of Mendelssohn's works, besides some very delightful songs. The artistes were Mr. Sutton and Mr. O'Brien, first and second violins; Mr. W. F. Donkin, viola; and Monsieur Albert, violoncello; Mr. Orton Bradley and Mr. Fuller Maitland, pianoforte; and Miss Marguerite Hall and Mr. Herbert Thorndike, vocalists. One of Miss Hall's songs was composed by Miss Mary Carmichael, and was accompanied by the composer.

On Saturday Handel's "Messiah" was given for the first Oratorio performance since the Queen's Hall was opened, by the Popular Musical Union. It was a most successful concert, and reflected great credit on the conductor, Mr. W. Henry Thomas, and the chorus and orchestra of the Popular Musical Union, who acquitted themselves most nobly. The solos were done full justice to, and were most enthusiastically received by the audience. The artistes were Mrs. Arthur James, Miss Mary Willis, Mr. William Nicholl, and Mr. Plunkett Greene.

## The Library.

THE LIBRARY was opened on Oct. 3rd, and remained open till Dec. 10th. The books were presented by many gentlemen interested in the People's Palace, amongst whom Isaac Pitman, Esq. (of Bath), is entitled to special mention for his generous gift of 2,000 volumes. The collection thus formed has been augmented by further donations, and also by purchase.

As the Library proper is not yet built, the books have been temporarily arranged in the Queen's Hall. The system of giving out books is two-fold: namely, the Week-day System and the Sunday System. The week-day system is, roughly speaking, that which is in use in the British Museum and most public libraries. A reader fills up a form with the name and press mark of the book he requires and his signature. This form remains in the librarian's hands till the book has been returned, and thus the reader is made responsible for the safety of the book.

The Sunday system does not include the use of the Catalogue, as the number of readers would make the week-day system impracticable without a very large staff of attendants. A selection of the most popular books are placed on the tables, which are labelled Poetry, Fiction, etc. Each table is put into the charge of a gentleman who undertakes to be responsible for the good behaviour of the readers. Without the kind assistance of many friends, it need scarcely be said, this system could not be carried out.

THE CATALOGUE was at first in MS. and very imperfect, as it was prepared at a week's notice. Since then it has been printed, with additions and corrections, in neat book form, filling ninety-two pages, and the errors to a great extent weeded out. A second edition of this Catalogue, carefully revised, with further additions, is in course of preparation. Hitherto the Catalogue has been an alphabetical arrangement of the books under the author's names; but it is hoped that the Title Catalogue which will shortly be ready will partly supply the want of a Subject Catalogue. The latter, it is feared, will not, in all probability, be undertaken till the books have been finally arranged in the Library proper. It may be added that the Technical and Scientific Catalogues provide a partial substitute in these subjects.

The number of reader's tickets issued since the Library opened is 1,812. Of course these figures afford no clue to the average daily number of readers, and hitherto no method has been employed for reckoning the number of books given out during the day; but a system of counterfoils which it is intended to adopt will, in future, facilitate this, and will also provide a means for discovering which books are in greatest demand.

The busiest time is between twelve and three o'clock, probably because many take advantage of the dinner hour to visit the Library. In the evening the attendance has been hitherto small; but it is hoped that, when the Library is thrown open to the public, it will be more crowded than at any other time of the day.

The age of admission was originally fixed at twelve, but it was afterwards changed to fifteen, and a room was opened from one to six every day as a Boys' Library; but after some weeks' experience the undertaking was abandoned, as it was found to be little appreciated. Since then the boys from the Palace Schools have been re-admitted to the Queen's Hall, but only from one to two o'clock. Girls have always been admitted at any age.

An analysis of the occupations of readers, entered in the readers' book, leads to the following conclusions. The number who have entered their occupations is 1,239, out of the total number of 1,812. Of these 727, or more than half, may be described as mechanics or artisans (skilled or unskilled), while only 130 belong to the shop-keeping and professional classes. Of the remainder, 180 are school-boys, and 202 are clerks, shop employes, etc.

Hitherto there has been no instance of disturbance or disorderly behaviour. On the contrary, the general demeanour of the readers has been all that could be desired. It may be interesting to state that the women and girls, always a small minority, who have visited the Library, seem to care less for the books, and find a greater difficulty in reading steadily than the men. But a certain number of both men and women seem scarcely sufficiently trained to read at all, and are constantly changing their books.

Novels, of course, are chiefly in demand. The favourite authors seem to be Marryat, Harrison Ainsworth, Dickens, and Mr. Besant, whose "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" is, perhaps, the most popular book in the Library, dividing the honours with "Punch" and "Cassell's Illustrated History of England."

**Nictation.**—How quick can a man wink? Experiments have been going on with an ingenious machine, which shuts over a man's eye, so that the eyelid, as it winks, opens and closes a chronograph. So far, the quickest wink on record is about a sixth of a second.

**Mummy Flowers.**—The remains of no less than fifty-nine species of flowering plants, from mummy wrappings in Egypt, have been identified. The flowers have been wonderfully preserved, even the delicate violet colour of the larkspur and the scarlet of the poppy, the chlorophyl in the leaves, and the sugar in the raisins remaining.

## Class Notes.

### COOKING AND HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

Teacher—MRS SHARMAN.

Under the direction of MISS HEADDON, *foundress of the National Housewifery Association.*

THIS Class consists of young girls and married women who show the greatest interest in the Lecture, and take copious notes. The Household Lectures have been specially arranged for teaching the importance and need of every home being carefully managed and kept clean. The Cooking Lectures teach the importance and action of various kinds of foods as body-warmers and flesh-formers, and the necessity of proper cooking so as to avoid indigestion and waste.

The Members say that they endeavour as much as possible to work the recipes each week at home, so as to test the utility of them; and if anyone fails in the result, she asks an explanation of the teacher, who readily corrects mistakes and gives the desired information. Some of the recipes have been practically worked by the Members in Class, six persons working together in pairs for one night, and six in the same manner another night. Two courses have been given.

New Classes are being organised for Practical Housework and Practical Cookery, these two courses having been specially asked for by Members. The Class will do the actual work of cooking everything themselves, and the Housework lessons will be made as manually practical as possible.

Will all who wish to join please give in their names as soon as possible to the Secretary, who will give any further information?

### TAILORS'-CUTTING CLASS.

Teacher—THOS. DARWIN HUMPHREYS, M.A., Ph.D.

Classes Tuesday and Thursday Evenings.

Having given directions for taking certain measures on the human form, students are advised to compare all cross, or extra measures, with those tabulated, and if found to differ to any material extent, it will be quite safe to conclude that the figure from whom the quantities were obtained presented some special feature in his form different to that to be met with in general practice.

### RELATIVE MEASURES.

Breast Measure.	Height of Shoul.	Natural Waist.	Nominal Scale.	Front of Scye.	Top of Back.	Bottom of Waist.	Shoulder.
16	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	11	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	24 $\frac{1}{2}$
16 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	16 $\frac{3}{4}$	17	11 $\frac{1}{4}$	22	23	25 $\frac{1}{4}$
17	3	17	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	23	24	26
17 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	17	18	11 $\frac{3}{4}$	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	24 $\frac{1}{2}$	27
18	3	17	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	12	24	25	27 $\frac{1}{2}$
18 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{4}$	24 $\frac{1}{2}$	25 $\frac{1}{2}$	27 $\frac{3}{4}$
19	3 $\frac{1}{4}$	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	19	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	25 $\frac{1}{2}$	26 $\frac{1}{2}$	28
19 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	19	12 $\frac{3}{4}$	26	27	28 $\frac{1}{2}$
20	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 $\frac{3}{4}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	13	26 $\frac{1}{2}$	27 $\frac{1}{2}$	29
20 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 $\frac{3}{4}$	20	13 $\frac{1}{4}$	27	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	29 $\frac{1}{2}$
21	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	18	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	28	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	30
21 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	18	21	13 $\frac{3}{4}$	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	30	31
22	3	18	21 $\frac{1}{4}$	14	28 $\frac{3}{4}$	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	31 $\frac{1}{2}$
22 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{4}$	29	31	32
23	3	19	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	32 $\frac{1}{2}$
23 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	19	22	14 $\frac{3}{4}$	30	33	33
24	3	19	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	15	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	33 $\frac{1}{2}$

These tabulated measures may safely be accepted as near correct, and such as the majority of customers are found to measure. The smaller and the larger sizes will require their garments produced to a nominal scale, as given in the fourth column. In the sizes below 19, the shoulders are relatively large, and small in proportion to the size round the body in all sizes over the normal size. The Humphreys' Graduated Measures are founded on the nominal scale principle.

For disproportionate forms, and for those customers whom the cutter never sees, nor has the opportunity of measuring, the table of Relative Measures will be found very useful as a guide to the adaptation of sizes by the process of comparing one part with another. As an illustration, we will suppose the breast measure to be 17, level of shoulders 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ , front of scye 12, front length of shoulder 25. If these quantities be correct, and a true representation of the figure which gives them, we have a positive indication that the shoulders are low, arms deeply set on the body, as well as being forward, a form possessing a long shoulder and very flat chested, when the size is compared with other quantities. Let us again suppose that the front of scye measure is 13, shoulder length 26; on referring to the Relative Measures it will be seen that these quantities represent a man equal in size to 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  breast measure, and will therefore require a coat cut to this size, irrespective of the real circumference round the body. If these measures be reversed, and the front of scye and shoulder length found as 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 23, respectively, and the breast at

19 inches, we may safely conclude that the back and shoulders are small, and the chest extra full. Being in possession of such knowledge, the cutter may safely proceed to construct his coat from a nominal scale of size.

In connection with all kinds of deviations to produce style, or to meet the requirements of disproportion, I must impress on students the absolute and imperative importance of the subject. They must think well before acting, and never attempt to produce an effect before they have mastered and fully comprehended the nature and character of the basis on which they operate. A well-formed or a proportionately cut garment is more likely to fit a disproportionate figure than a coat which has been altered without a clear perception of the changes in form of garment the person to be clothed really required. I would further strongly impress upon all students of practical cutting, though laying myself open to the charge of reiteration, to train their eye and judgment by constant application, and by the habit of careful observation, not only to distinguish the difference between the position or posture of one man and that of another, but also to estimate size by a comparison of one form with another, and the degree of disproportion supposed to exist in a figure of a given general aspect. The mind must be active in computing quantities, and the inch-tape used as a corrective and aid to the judgment in arriving at accurate conclusions.

## The Members' Column.

### INSTINCT AND REASON.

THE immense superiority of man over the lower animals is unquestionably due to his possession of reason. By its aid, some of these who are infinitely stronger than himself, become domesticated by his arts, and serve as agents for carrying the burdens which would otherwise fall upon his own shoulders. Others, by means of those instruments which his intellectual supremacy enables him to devise, are forced to supply him with food and raiment.

Instinct in animals seems to be synonymous with industry. Each animal sets resolutely about the work which the Almighty has allotted to it, as if it were determined to make the most of its time. Each has, moreover, a most perfect faith in the result of its labours, and does not permit any doubt to enter its mind—for we are certain it has a mind, and that it is not a mere machine. Each knows the precise use of the object upon which its energies are spent, and fashions it accordingly. But each works only in one particular groove. The laws which regulate its work are fixed unalterably, and admit of no variety. One would not expect a sparrow to spin a web, or a beaver to make honey and store it in a hive.

Man, however, does not work by instinct alone. One half of his arts and manufactures are caused by his being born without clothes, and the other half because he has no tools to make them with. His industry is one huge co-operative system; each trade depends upon others, without which it could not exist. Thus the artisan depends upon the cutter for his tools, who, in turn, depends upon the smelter for his steel, who, again, depends upon the miner for his ore.

Still, man, by his intellect, is enabled to turn his hand to anything dictated by his fancy or required by his necessities. He cannot expect to attain that excellence which is naturally given to the animal. For instance, he cannot rival the beaver in building, or the silkworm in weaving; yet, the most cunning animal, with all its instinct, cannot rival the natural superiority of even the unenlightened savage with his rude implements and his faithful servant, fire; with this sure weapon and useful friend at his command, both his comfort and superiority are assured.

R. STEPHEN MILLER.

**Other People.**—In talking about persons, discuss only their good traits. There is no one so low and mean, who has not a bright spot on his character. The bad things people do are evident to the world, while the good things are often hidden. Let it be your aim to search for the good deeds, while you bury the bad in a drapery of silence.

## Palace Gossip.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

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

FOR this relief much thanks! (Which, by the way, is *not* an original remark.) The perfect cornucopia of kindly sympathy which I have lately received from the four corners of the earth proves that I have found high favour in the eyes of the multitude. Jimmy has done it; that is, I meanersay, that my concluding paragraph in the last issue—wherein was pointed out a threatened onslaught on my sacred self—has brought forth this abundance of proffered assistance. Believe me, I am grateful: my pen positively trembles as I write these words; and I would it were possible to tender my thanks in a more practical manner. Up to the time of writing, however, no footprint of the pugilistic Jimmy has been discovered—on the sanctum sands—by the sub-Editorial Crusoe; and joy again reigns in my heart: and my merriment is like unto that of a damsel who has eaten meat in the king's house.

GREAT, great, indeed, was my satisfaction when I learned that my readers had determined to protect their darling Sub, and it increased tenfold when I further heard the extraordinary measures that were to be taken for my safety. I was somewhat disconcerted though, when I learnt that one individual, more in earnest than the rest, had written Sir Charles Warren (his personal friend) asking for a force of constabularies to guard my office door; but Sir Charles, being by no means a friend of this Chiel's, I politely, but firmly, declined such protection.

NO; I have never forgiven the mighty Warren since One Terrible Day in Trafalgar Square. I had—inadvertently enough, I assure you, sadly sauntered towards that hallowed ground; dreamily—moodily: my custom always of an afternoon, when I was suddenly and forcibly accosted by a Myrmidon. In vain I protested: in vain I informed that Truncheoned Monster who I was; but without avail. I might have forgiven that "little pressure" of the playful Robert had I not been immediately afterwards "charged" in the most outrageous manner by three mounted "machines"—who appeared to greatly relish such lovely horseplay. Of course, I "oughtn't to have been there"; but there I was—harmless and inoffensive as everybody knows—and I was very much maltreated for my imprudence. I wonder they never "went for" Mr. Dagonet Sims, who, with a nice big cigar in his mouth, had a decided coign of "vantage on St. Martin's steps. But they didn't. However, let sleeping dogs lie, say I; but for all that I can't forgive the Chief Commissioner the outrage on this "special correspondent."

I SINCERELY hope that the Elocution Competition due in March will be enormously successful. Although never an elocutionist myself, I have many times enjoyed the efforts of those ordained mortals who have spoken speeches trippingly on the tongue. It's one of the healthiest things possible, is an elocution examination: and is generally recognised as such. Doubtless my old friends, Dickens, Byron, and Shakespeare will be very largely drawn upon. I should be glad if such is the case; because I should like to see my favourite Shakespeare more popular with the masses—not, of course, that he *isn't* popular; but among a certain class of people there are some ever ready to ridicule not only the Bard in question but also those who are capable of understanding and appreciating his works. D'you follow me? I have known some who, simply because they are incapable of appreciating—or because they are downright ignorant themselves—never fail to sneer at those others who have derived from the immortal works a real enjoyment and a lifelong pleasure.

My own Shakespearean "education" began in rather an odd way. When I was a mere stripling (ah! the weary, weary while ago!) an old and very valued friend of mine—a Shakespearean scholar and an enthusiast into the bargain—took me in hand, and so enchanted my impressionable self, that I became in time thoroughly imbued with a lasting passion for our greatest Bard. This gentleman began his teaching in a way peculiar to himself; he used no book, but from the tables of his memory daily unrolled in dazzling stream those wondrous pictures of nature which so proclaim the master hand. I was young, and as I have said, impressionable—my fancy was fired and my love of the romantic excited, till at last I became—seems rather invidious to say so—so ardent an admirer of Shakespeare as the gentleman himself.

WELL, after that little dissertation, perhaps I'd better get back to the Palace and the M.P.'s—though what to write about in connection with these topics goodness only knows. Of course, you all read my little invite last week, wherein I asked all and sundry to visit the newly-embellished sanctum? Well, almost the first

to avail themselves of the opportunity were Miss Braddock and Miss Levene, and I was very glad they did so—for never before has the sanctum been so graced. I was proud and delighted to receive 'em, and I hope they will come again. If it were only possible now to return the visit, and beard the ladies in their own den—I beg pardon, pavilion—how nice it would be; but as the place is so frightfully feminine, I don't think this is ever likely to be possible. I have often wondered what on earth our lady Members do in that snug little retreat of theirs: how they can possibly enjoy themselves without the lords of creation; yet I'm assured they get on very well indeed. On one occasion I ventured to thrust in my Ovidian nose—which was promptly withdrawn again, for the Amazon guarding the entrance frigidly informed me that no "gentlemen" were admitted; so, of course, I had to beat a retreat. I managed to catch a glimpse of the surroundings, however, and the number of Odaliskes seated on divans—I should say, girl-graduates, reclining in easy chairs, was simply surprising. And how happy they all looked too!

THERE was a very sensible letter in our last issue from one signing himself "A Member of the Cyclist's Touring Club." Although this gentleman—contrary to our regulations—didn't enclose either name or address, I felt compelled (it being so good) to give the letter publicity in our columns. The writer laments the want of a suitable companion when holiday-making or touring; and would like much to form friendship with some of our fellows—with a view to an enjoyable time in the coming holiday-season. True sociability is a very grand thing for an Institute like our own: for sociability is union—and union is strength. Besides, a fellow is likely to make acquaintances which may ultimately lead to lifelong friendships. I well remember my first visit to the Continent. I was in company with some twenty or thirty young sparks like myself; and we all hailed from an institution which greatly boasted (with some reason) of the harmony and friendliness of its members. Now, on this occasion, the sociability was conspicuous by its absence, and I don't think I ever saw before or since such a lamentable want of concord among any similar gathering. Some of us knew each other—but very few; and before an hour was over the dandies had cut the less respectable dead upon the spot. Had it not been for wonderfully exhilarating Paris I tremble to think what would have been the consequences; and I have often wondered since what the hotel people must have thought of us. We were English, quite English, you know!

## PRIZE COMPETITION.—RESULT.

ON the 28th of last month it was with the greatest satisfaction that I announced in these columns a Literary Competition exclusively for the Palace Members. It was my suggestion that induced the Editor of this paper to offer a Prize of Two Guineas for "the best Tale not exceeding in length four columns of the Journal"; and also an additional Prize of Ten Shillings for the "best poem containing an incident or story." I was very sanguine myself as to the result of my announcement, and looked forward to the local Mercury bringing piles of correspondence to me daily. Sorry am I to relate that such has not been the case. I have had but *one* entry for the Two Guinea Prize; and half a dozen or so for the second—which is not edifying. Somebody on learning this suggested that I ought to have thrown it "open to all"; but thinking that possibly some of the Polytechnic fellows might *again* carry off the awards, I determined to keep to our own Institution. Under these circumstances I feel compelled to withhold the prize of Two Guineas, because the one story sent in is sadly wanting in general interest and lack of quality—so much so that I could not conscientiously think of awarding it; but the second prize of Ten Shillings for the poem I have much pleasure in awarding to

MR. THOMAS ROWE,

71, ROUNTON ROAD, BOW,

who this day will have a letter from me appointing time and place for the receipt of the award. His poem, entitled "The Wreckers," is, although it has some faults, a very creditable production; and I hope will prove but a pioneer of many good things to come from his pen. I may, if space will permit, one day put the poem into type; but at present it isn't possible.

To confess the truth, I am greatly disappointed over this competition. I should have thought that a sum of two guineas would certainly prove not only "hard food for Midas" but also a great attraction to those among us who I *know* are capable of turning out something in the literary line. Two of the next best compositions were those of R. Stephen Miller and W. White; but one of these productions was unfortunately marred by an unaccountable burst of evangelical piety as a tag, whilst the other was remarkable for the carelessness with which it had been written.

ALL sorts of disquieting rumours reach me from the Billiard-room; where, you know, the Committee appointed to govern the place is in full working order. My informant, with righteous indignation, tells me that although the Committee—as a *body*—are

## Among the Monkeys.

How many people out of the thousands who visit the Zoological Gardens, and watch with great amusement the antics of the monkeys, know that there is as much mental activity and family affection in the monkey race as in many a community of human beings? Of all animals, monkeys are the most misunderstood, because, to understand them, you must know them well, and nobody will take the trouble to understand a monkey. Who is aware, for instance, that monkeys have a language of their own, which differs with different tribes as French differs from English? That many of the cages are governed despotically by one large monkey, whom the keeper calls the king, and whom he makes practically responsible for the order and tranquility of his kingdom? That when a baby-monkey comes into the world, its father takes as much interest in it as the mother, and becomes its guide, philosopher and friend in all departments of life, until it reaches months of discretion? By that, monkeys, unapproachable by the ordinary visitor, often become warm and reliable friends to a man who loves them.

Eleven years ago, I visited the monkey-house regularly, once a week, for many months, often spending as much as three hours before one cage. I kept a rough journal of my experiences there, and intend now to introduce to you some old monkey friends of mine.

We will begin with Nancy, the Rhesus Macaque—for ladies always first!

To the world in general, Nancy was as crabbed and sour-tempered as an old witch. She had a dreadful habit of opening her mouth and gnashing her teeth in the faces of innocent children, and sitting by the hour, with lowering eyes, apparently engaged in cursing everybody, including all the members of her own race, who came near her. There was some excuse, however, for Nancy's spleenful manners, for she was a cripple for life, her lower limbs being paralysed, and the joys of swinging on ropes and running along bars were for ever denied her. An unlikely subject this, you will say, for friendship. Yet a monkey with a warmer heart than Nancy I never knew. This I found out when the keeper put a small and youthful monkey into her cage one day. Nancy no sooner saw him than she gave a soft, whistling cry, and held out her arms, and they cuddled together and kissed one another as if they were old friends. Astonished at the spectacle, I made enquiries of the keeper. "Natural enough," he answered, "Jerry is her grandson."

I found that Nancy had been at the Zoo many years, and in her younger days had a daughter who became a mother herself two years later. This daughter died shortly afterwards, and left the baby to be brought up by hand. For six months he was carefully tended by the keeper, and then, being old enough to take care of himself, was placed out to fight his own battle in the world. It was then that the keeper, a thoughtful, sympathetic man, remembered the baby's relationship to Nancy, and decided to put him in her cage. The change in the old monkey's temper after this happened was extraordinary. She ceased to curse; she ceased to frighten children; she made friends with me. I have spent many a half-hour with her head resting in my hands, and Master Jerry turning up my coat sleeve with dexterous fingers, and examining my cuffs and their buttons with a comic perplexity. When old Nancy went to rest at last, I missed her round red face sadly, and felt that a true old friend had passed away.

Yet there was still a welcome awaiting me each morning in the monkey-house, which brings a warm glow to my heart now, when I think of it—the greeting of Dick—the baboon. This Dick was as big as a mastiff dog, with shaggy red hair, a black face, and long muscular arms and hands. I have told the story of

doing good work, yet some of its individual Members are under the impression that because they are on the Committee they have a right to play two or three games to everybody else's one. If this is true—and I see no reason to doubt my informant's veracity—it is grossly unfair, and the sooner such proceedings are stopped the better for the harmony of the Billiardites. I suppose there will ever be petty disturbances upsetting the room in question—because it really seems a difficult thing to preserve harmony where billiard-players most do congregate. In my younger days I was connected (at different times) with several minor institutes and clubs, and, if my memory rightly serves, the billiard section of these places was never entirely free from some sort of bother. But in such an Institution as our own it is most essential that harmony *should* prevail. Of course I know that there are difficulties: the chief one being that the tables are insufficient to meet the demands of the great number of Palace fellows; but until the People's Palace is built they'll have to learn to make the best of the—really good—existing arrangements.

SIR EDMUND CURRIE (as I foreshadowed last week) yesterday morning left us for a brief space—to seek on the shores of the Mediterranean a little of that rest and recreation which I think you will agree with me he so well deserves. To put it more plainly, he will be seeking health; and I believe his medical adviser has declared that nothing but *complete repose* will restore Sir Edmund to his former self. This being so, I hope that none of you fellows—who seem so fond of petitioning and writing the gentleman in question—will allow your feelings on any Institute irritation to overcome your discretion, and so invade that rest and repose which is necessary for our Chairman's health. He will probably be absent a month; and on his return it is his intention to settle down on the premises, and thus devote his whole life to the welfare and working of the People's Palace.

I ALSO hear that to enable Sir Edmund to settle down it will be necessary to raze the lowly tenement containing my sanctum, and build a dwelling-house upon its site! But what will the Subby do then, poor thing?

THIS is really an alarming question; for the "lineolium-covered sanctum"—as Horace Hawkins calls it—must be transferred somewhere, or how can I continue my nocturnal levees?

SOME of our fellows are still eagerly anxious for the formation of a Beaumont Rowing Club. This title looks very nice on paper, doesn't it, and the sooner the club itself is an actual fact the better for the East-Enders. But, will it ever be?—Ay, there's the rub! All sorts of Utopian schemes have been whispered into mine ear; and my heart goeth out unto the slumbering Hanlans that we have amongst us. The Palace of the future will be sadly incomplete without a Rowing Club of its own, and I do not doubt for a moment that sooner or later there must be one formed; but possibly the powers that be are of opinion that the Palace (like the spring) is decidedly young, and at present much too infantile to entertain another worthy (but weighty) offspring.

WHEN the question of a Rowing Club was once upon a time openly discussed, it was suggested that those Palace fellows who want so badly to handle the sculls should ally themselves to the well-known Lytton R.C., which I have reason to believe was a very excellent suggestion. My old friend Deeley, I know, would like 'em to do this, and is, in fact, extremely anxious about the matter; whilst, on the other hand, the amiable Proops strongly wishes that all intending scullists should write (bookstall) or see him personally, so that the question may be revived, discussed, and (as he hopes) ultimately decided upon.

THE LIBRARY "VOLUNTEERS."—I have been requested by Mr. Walter Besant to convey his sincere thanks to those fellows who have kindly offered to become Stewards of the Library. On behalf of the Library Sub-Committee I am further desired to express *their* thanks for the same object, and to add that when the new Library (now approaching completion) is finished, the "Volunteers" will probably be taken at their word.

LOTS of ink-slinging and stamp-wasting goes on every week in the form of letter-writing to the Editor and myself. Everyone seems indignant because there is not attached to the Palace a suite of rooms adaptable for smoking concerts and general 'armony. They but offend their lungs to speak so loud! There is at present absolutely no room to spare within the Palace walls; and the fellows *must* understand this: That as soon as the building operations are completed there will be found social and other rooms, wherein, if they are so "disposed," the Members can vie, in the matter of mirth, with the ancient, jovial, and monarchical Cole and his triumvirate of Paganinis.

THE stately Moody has just sent me what he terms a poetic "infusion"—presumably for insertion in *The Palace Journal*. The nature of the poem (!) is very flattering; but, as I make it a rule never to insert in these columns anything (especially rhymed) that is not mine own, I am extremely sorry that I cannot break through my resolution. Can't; not even to oblige Moody.

how our friendship began elsewhere, and will now only give one instance of his affection. It was in Christmas week, and the monkey-house was crammed with a rough crowd, who made it their particular business to vigorously tease and irritate the unfortunate inhabitants.

Dick, who had a cage to himself, was raging. Not at any personal insult—he would have been a bold man who played tricks with the great baboon—but at the cries and screams of his suffering friends—for I may mention here, in parentheses, that friendship between monkeys does not depend upon their living in the same cage; having a language, they converse from a distance as easily as human beings.

The crowd got worse and worse. I was jammed tightly against a large cage opposite Dick, about two yards from him. This cage was peopled by a vigorous and excitable race of monkeys, and was a perfect pandemonium. Suddenly I saw a little monkey, whom I knew, seized roughly by a big neighbour, who attempted to snatch a nut from him. The little fellow, however, slipped from the bully's grasp, and made tracks with all his might towards me for protection. The other followed recklessly, and in the interests of justice I was obliged to insert my stick between the wires, and catch him a sound thwack on the chest. This made him squeal and depart promptly in another direction. I was just about to congratulate the little one upon his happy escape, when I received a heavy blow on the head, which nearly knocked me down.

By clinging to the wires until the first dizziness passed away, I saved myself from falling, and then turned sharply to face my assailant. A most extraordinary spectacle met my view. The crowd had drawn back from my immediate neighbourhood, and there was a clear space for three square yards, in which stood an old gentleman, minus his hat, choking and stamping with rage, and waving his hands wildly, one of them grasping a stout malacca cane. From behind him came a succession of terrific screams, and two black hands clutched his collar like a vice; he was in the grasp of Dick, the baboon.

I saw at once what had happened. This man, ignorant of my familiarity with monkeys, and the particular circumstances of the case, had summarily chastised me with his cane for what he conceived to be cruelty to animals. Unluckily for him, he was within reach of a friend of mine as choleric as himself. Dick saw the blow, and who it was aimed at, and thrusting his hands through the wires pinned my assailant with an iron grip. The prisoner might struggle as much as he pleased, but the black fingers held him as easily as if he were a child, while the shrill screams that came in such quick succession showed what Dick might do, had he the opportunity.

The baboon rose on his hind legs as I turned round, and drew the old gentleman close up to the wires. At the same moment the man, looking upon me as the primary cause of his misfortune, struck savagely at me again with his cane. This action drove Dick mad. With another shriek he put forth all his strength, lifted the old gentleman from the ground, tore off a large piece of the collar of his overcoat with his teeth, and then flung him away with such violence that he lost his balance, and fell sprawling on the floor. There was a roar of laughter from the crowd at this, then a cry of apprehension. The matter was not to rest here. The old gentleman's second blow at me had so much excited Dick that he seemed possessed of the strength of a gorilla. His eyes glowed like living coals. As his enemy fell he snatched at the wires which separated them, and, with a tremendous jerk, tore a hole in the side of his cage.

"Where's the keeper?" was the universal cry. He was there, watching the proceedings with an eye that had twinkled at the predicament of the old gentleman, but which now grew stern and anxious. As Dick, silent and panting, with bleeding mouth and hand,

pressed his shoulder against the yielding wire, the keeper sprang forward and seized him by the chest and throat, giving a gruff word of command.

But his power had gone. Dick's whole soul was bent upon reaching his enemy, and, strong as the keeper was, the baboon was stronger still. Inch by inch the man was forced back, one hand streaming with blood, across which Dick, beside himself with baffled rage, had passed his fingers. It all happened in a minute, and I did not properly realise the gravity of the situation until I saw the blood on the keeper's hand, for the blow on the head had half stupified me. It was time to act, however; and, seeing that Dick was about to fasten his teeth in the man's arm, I thrust my right hand into the baboon's mouth, curving my finger and thumb to make them act as a bridle and bit. It was a risky venture, but I trusted Dick, and I was not mistaken. He gripped my wrist with his hand and tried to pull my fingers away, but he would not bite me. Yet, for two or three minutes, it was all we could do to keep Dick in his cage, and our difficulties did not come to an end until the old gentleman, who had completely lost his head, and now wanted to thrash the keeper as well as myself, was bundled out of the monkey-house altogether by the crowd.

The place quiet, Dick collapsed as suddenly as he became angry, and licked the blood from the keeper's hand with profuse apologetic grunts. It was quite dark before I left the place, but I was satisfied that all was well, for as I shook hands with the keeper and wished him good-night, a sweet cooing sound came out of the darkness at our left hand, repeated three times. Dick's wild spirit was tranquil once more; he was at peace with all the world.

## Society and Club Notes.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

A Committee Meeting was held in the School-buildings on Friday last. Present: T. G. Carter, A. Bowman, C. Bowman, A. H. Valentine, E. J. Taylor, T. W. Moreton, and Henry Marshall. Chairman, T. G. Carter.

The rules were again under discussion, and, with some slight alterations, were passed. Various estimates for cricket materials were submitted, the result being that Messrs. Lillywhite, Frowd & Co. were selected, subject to a written agreement. A letter was read by the Secretary, stating that Spencer Charrington, Esq., M.P., had accepted the office of Honorary Treasurer.

The names of intending Members will be received by either of the Secretaries,

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

### BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

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.

### EAST LONDON CHESS AND DRAUGHTS CLUB.

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

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

### BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

On Saturday last the Beaumont met the Minerva on Victoria Park, and, after a pleasant and well-contested game, had to retire defeated by two goals to nil. Notwithstanding their defeat the Beaumont played well. Speaking individually the pick of the team was Wenn, who played a splendid game at back, Cook half-back, and Butterwick and Sherrell forwards. Jesseman in goal distinguished himself as usual. The Minerva forwards played a good combined game, and thoroughly deserved the victory. The following represented the Beaumont—Jesseman (goal); Wenn, Hart (backs); Munro, Winch, Cook (half-backs); Cantle, Butterwick (right wing); Fielding (centre); Sherrell, Moreton (left wing) (forwards).

On Saturday next the Beaumont re-visit Forest Gate to play the return match with the Forest Gate Alliance, when they hope to reverse the result of their first match. The following will represent the Palace Club: Messrs. Jesseman, Hart, Wenn, Munro, Cantle, Griffett, Cooper, Butterwick, Cook, Moreton, Wand (captain), Dawson (reserve).

This Club has up to the present time played eight matches, of which they have lost four, drawn three, and won one. Though this does not appear very satisfactory, we may safely say that if the Club makes as much progress in the future as it has done in the past, it will, without a doubt, be what it at present promises—one of the strongest clubs in London.

Great interest is being manifested in a match which will take place on the 18th prox., between the representatives of the Football Club and a team of the Beaumont Harriers, captained by Mr. J. West. Both clubs intend to do their best on this occasion, so that a very exciting game may be expected.

There are still opportunities for Members of the Palace to enrol themselves as Footballists. The subscription is 2/6 per annum, entrance fee, 1/-. All information can be obtained by leaving a note at the Bookstall addressed to either of the undersigned.

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

### THE LADIES' PAVILION.

The Ladies' Pavilion, or drawing-room, should be a great attraction to the lady Members of the People's Palace. It is beautifully furnished with everything that is needed for comfort, including an excellent piano. There is a plentiful supply of illustrated and ladies' newspapers and periodicals.

The evenings are enlivened with vocal and instrumental music and recitations.

All lady Members will be cordially welcomed by the Honorary Secretary,

MAUDE COKER.

### BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

FIVE-MILE HANDICAP, HIGH TEA, AND SMOKER.

Notwithstanding that Jupiter Pluvius reigned supreme for the greater part of Saturday last, this club brought to a successful and satisfactory issue the five miles' handicap which had been arranged to take place, and ten out of a possible fifteen starters came to the post, the result proving a surprise to all. The following took part, and finished in the order named:—W. Hawkes (3 min. 45 sec. start) first; E. C. Tibbs (10 sec.) second; E. J. Taylor (1 min. 15 sec.) third; W. Bates (2 min. 15 sec.), J. Hawkes (2 min. 20 sec.), H. J. Soane (2 min. 45 sec.), A. E. Coningham (1 min. 10 sec.), W. Cable (1 min. 45 sec.), G. Kitchener (2 min. 40 sec.), E. J. Crowe (25 sec.). The secretary (Mr. J. R. Deeley), from whom the handicap was made, in consequence of another gentleman failing to put in an appearance, officiated as starter and judge, and shortly after four o'clock, the time fixed for starting, gave the word "Go!" to the men, according to their respective handicap times above stated. The limit man (W. Hawkes) went off at a very even pace, which he maintained throughout, and, never being caught, finished quite fresh, a winner, 10 seconds to the good of E. C. Tibbs, the virtual scratch man, who had his work cut out, as he did not catch the leading men until about 300 yards from home, when he came with a rush, and stalling off the efforts of Messrs. Taylor and Bates, finished 5 seconds in front of the former, who is a very promising young runner, the others being all well up. We must mention that G. Kitchener, the winner of the last handicap, when running quite strong, and after nearly catching the limit man, slipped and sprained his ankle, and had to return home; and Crowe, who finished third last time, had to give up when half the distance had been covered in consequence of a severe cold from which he was suffering preventing his continuing; and W. Cable, a new member, although he finished in the rear, will, we think, prove a good man if he runs with more judgment.

We must compliment Mr. E. Bates (the handicapper) on the way the handicap was framed, as there was not one word of dissatisfaction expressed at the result.

After the competitors had performed their ablutions and made themselves presentable, they sat down to a substantial repast provided by mine host of the Forest Gate Hotel, and did justice to the good things set before them. Messrs. Deeley and Taylor occupied the posts of honour, and although several obtained a slight lead, the scratch men putting on a spurt soon caught them, and all finished so well together that owing to the floral decorations on the table it was difficult to discern "who took the cake," which evidently was originally intended for nuptial festivities. After the

table had been cleared of the crockery and scraps, and while the secretary was arranging the programme for the "Smoker" which subsequently took place, the members indulged in conversation, and discussed the respective merits of the competitors and the doings of the club in general; and at eight o'clock the chair was taken by Mr. E. C. Tibbs (the captain), the band struck up, and the fun commenced, the following gentlemen contributing to the amusement of the company during the evening, *videlicet*—Messrs. W. and J. Hawkes, Crowe, Tibbs, Soane, and Deeley (Beaumonts); W. Bramley and H. Lewis (Lytton R.C.); and W. Gavin (clarinet solo) and E. Osman (visitors). During an interval in the proceedings the Secretary took the opportunity of making a few remarks on the contest and the sportsmanlike way the Members had conducted themselves, and presented the prizes to the winners. Mr. Walter Bramley (Lytton R.C.) very kindly and ably presided at the piano, and greatly contributed to the success of the evening, which was drawn to a conclusion about eleven p.m. by all joining hands and singing "Auld lang syne."

We ought to mention that the first prize was a very useful gentleman's travelling dressing-case, fitted complete with every requisite; and the second a very pretty butter-cooler. We are, indeed, surprised that the club is able to give such good prizes, considering that at present it depends entirely upon its subscriptions and entrance fees. A five miles' handicap will shortly take place for the cup so kindly presented by Mr. E. Flower, and the undersigned will be pleased to receive the names of P.M.'s. wishing to join the ranks before that event takes place.

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

### PALACE RAMBLERS.

A General Meeting will take place on Thursday next, at 8.30 p.m. For number of room see notice board.

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

### BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

The next General Meeting of the above Club will be held at the Palace on Friday, February 3rd, at 8 p.m. punctual. We shall be glad to receive the names of any ladies or gentlemen who wish to join.

A meeting was held on Monday, Jan. 16th, to hear the result of enquiries made by Sir E. Hay Currie respecting ground for track. The meeting had to be adjourned owing to Sir Edmund not being able to attend.

It has been decided to hold a Road Race (Handicap) on Easter Monday from Croydon to Brighton, for which several good prizes will be given. The Committee also hope to have several races during the season, both on track and road, for short and long distances. Now here's a good chance for any scorchers who do not belong to this Club to join and show their good riding powers. A Ten-Mile Match has been arranged, to take place on a track, between Messrs. F. Glover and E. Ransley—Glover to receive five minutes' start. We fully expect this to be a good race.

Terms: Entrance Fee, 1/-; Subscription (payable half yearly), 2/6. Honorary Members: Ladies not less than 2/6; Gentlemen not less than 5/-.

EDWARD RANSLEY, Assist. Hon. Sec.

### PEOPLE'S PALACE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The adjourned Debate on Home Rule was resumed on Wednesday, January 18th, and was opened by Mr. London, who had proposed the adjournment on the 11th instant. Mr. London was followed by Messrs. Valentine (H.R.), Wadkin and Colson (U.) It was then moved "That the amendment be now put." This was carried by 24 votes to 2. On the amendment being put the voting was as follows:—

In favour of .. .. .	11
Against .. .. .	17
Majority against .. .. .	6

The amendment was therefore declared lost, and the Debate was continued on the original motion, the speakers being Messrs. Dumble, H. J. Burley and Clenshaw (H.R.), and Messrs. Wadkin and Hawkins (U.). Mr. Masters then rose to reply, and at the conclusion of his speech the House divided:—

For Mr. Masters' Resolution .. .. .	19
Against .. .. .	11
Majority for .. .. .	8

The resolution was therefore declared carried amidst great enthusiasm from the Gladstonian benches, the Tories maintaining their composure, and evidently pitying rather than angered by their antagonists.

Number present, members and friends, thirty-six (36). The Debate for Wednesday, January 25th, is on the subject of "Emigration." For terms of resolution see last week's Journal.

The Debate following that will be on the "Nationalisation of the Land," to be opened by Mr. King.

All Members of the Palace, of either sex, are heartily invited to join our Debating Society, and can obtain all particulars of

SYDNEY THOMAS,  
HORACE J. HAWKINS, } Secretaries.

## Men who have Risen.

## VII.—GEORGE TINWORTH.

SOUTH of Blackfriars Bridge, in London, is a cluster of districts as little known to most Londoners as the Desert of Sahara. It is a dreary, squalid region, where poverty and suffering reign in all their rigour. Crowded with people, with dingy stores and shops, forlorn and grimy, the children grow up amid most depressing surroundings. To them the odour of pines and ferns, the fragrance of new-mown hay, the music of dancing streams, the song of birds, is utterly unknown. Were they transported in the night to our Hampshire or Berkshire hills, they would be dazed with surprise; a new world, indeed, would be discovered. Forty-four years ago, near Camberwell Gate, George Tinworth was born,—an unfamiliar name to most Americans, but the name of an artist who has won the highest honours in England, and who, in his special branch of study, is peerless. Only on rare occasions has he wandered out of this dreary section of the great city. But as from the dark pools, shut in from the glad sunshine, the pure lily rises in its regal robes; so from this realm of poverty an artist has risen, whose pure creations have already attracted the attention of the leading artists of Great Britain.

Born in such a place, an only child, the son of a master wheelwright, he received a biblical education from his pious mother. He grew up, every fibre of his being permeated with the Bible. Its study was a luxury. He read the Scriptures, not from a sense of duty, but as a constant joy. They became a part of his very nature. Other books were looked upon with indifference; the Bible was to him guide, guardian, friend. As an English gentleman, with whom we were conversing the other day, remarked, "Why! George Tinworth is saturated with the Bible!" Through suffering has he most emphatically won the crown. His life should be an inspiration to every one who reads these lines, to see what sanctified genius and Christian zeal can do along the lines of a secular life. Poverty pinching the household, brought to its head gloom, harshness, cruelty. In it all the faith of the sweet mother—a faith in a personal God—was born into the very soul of her darling son.

A baby boy, his favourite amusement was drawing some object of nature on transparent slates. Then he rose to the dignity of a box of cheap paints, and was happy. Another onward step, and he began to cut butter-stamps out of wood and to carve wooden images slyly. His father, with a strange perverseness, would break up his figures, and beat him for "wasting his time," not perceiving the dawning of a genius that was to receive the recognition of the Royal Academy, and to be rewarded with silver and gold medals and highest honours. Following his father's steps, he at an early age entered his shop. When eighteen, he heard of the school of fine art at Lambeth. One evening he persuaded a comrade to make an excursion to see what the teaching meant. Peeping in at the window, under a blaze of light, they saw the sight, unusual to them, of a large company of well-dressed persons. They fled from the vision. But it was a burning bush to the lads. Again and again, as he in the dingy shop turned the wheel, the scenes of that night, so eventful in his history, came before him. A second night of adventure was agreed upon. This time, lifted upon the shoulders of his friend, he looked in upon a small modelling class and the room far from full. The young fellows thought they might venture, but couldn't screw up their courage. While standing at the door, to them the gate of Paradise, the fun-loving comrade suddenly gave the young artist a push, and he fell plump into the arms of one of the teachers just coming out.

The poor boy was speechless, but he took from his pocket a head of Garibaldi, copied from a newspaper, and pounded out of a lump of sandstone by means of a

hammer and nail, and held it before the astonished teacher. This was the "open sesame" to the Lambeth School, as the kind instructor was keen enough to discover in the boy a native diamond. Evening after evening, for years, after a weary day in the dingy shop, he sought the school, lingering over his work until almost driven home. In the meantime his father became harsher than ever, resisting with all his might the attempts of the boy to lift himself to a higher level. Were it not for the sheltering protection of his mother, he could hardly have supported existence. In a humourous bit of realism, he has shown himself as a young man; and in the picture the boy is furtively carving a head with hammer and nail, in the little wheelwright's shop, with a boy on the watch at the door to give the signal when his father shall be seen turning the corner after his mid-day visit to the ale-house. Sometimes, however, the sentinel, with a boy's love to see a stir, would prove treacherous, and the elder Tinworth would come in to destroy the images with all the energy of a prophet of old in breaking the images of Baal.

But with a devotion to art which many storms could not quench, the young sculptor found his reward in receiving prize after prize in the schools, and at the age of twenty, was admitted to the schools of the Royal Academy. His progress was rapid. Sir Charles Eastlake, in presenting a prize, congratulated our hero from the low regions of London life on producing the best work which had been presented by this class for years. In 1867 the father died, not, however, before becoming a reformed man, and his opposition to his son had melted into gratified vanity. Twenty years ago, and this artist's skill could not be carried into bread. Prizes of medals could not be moulded into loans. A hungry youth could not live on clay, though it be changed into forms of lasting beauty. The Paris Exhibition of 1867 was a turning point in British industries. Art became not only manna to the soul, but opened pantry doors for starving artists. The Messrs. Doulton opened up an entire new field, and their faience and terra-cotta works speedily won a world-wide reputation. At this juncture, with an aged mother to support, with no taste or health for the little shop, where, bending over rickety barrows and broken-down cabs, he found the grinding nature of poverty, he was introduced to Henry Doulton. Now opened up a new avenue of existence. This was an era in his life, when the summer side of the world turned its glow upon him. The artist could no longer be hidden; and year after year have come from his facile hand and clear brain and pure soul works in terra-cotta sculpture,—panels, bas-reliefs, reredos, which are marvellous. The spirit of the Bible is woven into all his works.

In the Museum of Art at Edinburgh are three large panels in terra-cotta, showing "The Seizing of Christ in Gethsemane," "The Foot of the Cross," and "The Descent from the Cross," which show remarkable power. A new terra-cotta panel of "Christ before Herod," just completed, illustrates his sanctified genius. The list of his works, in medallions on fountains and monuments, in panels in museums and cathedrals, show the power of the Bible as an incitement to the highest realm of art, as the large proportion are scriptural scenes.

In the Smithsonian Institute at Washington there is a pulpit in terra-cotta and Doulton ware. This was exhibited at the Centennial, and shows the figures of Christ, his disciples, and the three Marys. Mr. Tinworth is still young. He works with Bible in hand and heart, and thus is an evangelistic preacher of mighty power. The poor boy of Camberwell has shown to our American boys an example of heroic devotion to Christian art unquenched by the fire of persecution. He has shown the wealth of the Bible, in that it is the fountain from which to draw the holiest inspiration.

From the Philadelphia "Sunday School Times."

## 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 XI.—Continued.

THE KISS OF JUDAS.

HE wandered about the town, thinking of these things, and of his journey home, and of his sweetheart. Presently, he found himself at the fortifications. Without any thought of danger he sat down before a gate and began to sketch it. There was nothing especially interesting about the building, yet he made a drawing of it.

He did not observe that the gendarme who had watched him making his sketch on the Quai, had followed him, and was still watching him at a distance. When he had drawn the gateway, he walked out of the town, having no object but to wander about aimlessly until the evening. On the following day he would begin his homeward journey.

Outside the town, half way up the hill on the western side, there stands an outpost or fort, which, when the British troops held the town, was also held by them, and called Gibraltar, because it was considered impregnable. It commands the town, and from its bastions a fine view is obtained of the harbour, the arsenals, the town, and the fortifications. This fort was taken by Bonaparte. It was the first act by which he distinguished himself; and, once taken, the capture of the town was rendered easy.

Raymond, following a winding path, presently found himself within the bastion. He looked over the rampart and found that it commanded a beautiful view of Toulon Harbour, which, with the dockyard, the walls, and the town, lay stretched out at his feet. Again he drew forth his book and began to sketch the view before him. Presently he heard footsteps approaching, but he thought nothing of them, and went on with his work.

"I arrest you in the name of the Republic."

A heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder. Raymond sprang to his feet. It was a gendarme; behind the gendarme were a dozen soldiers.

"Why do you arrest me?"

"I arrest you as an English spy, detected in the act of making a plan of the fortifications."

Raymond laughed. The man pointed to his sketch, on which some parts of the wall were already drawn.

"Come with me," he said.

Raymond obeyed. Resistance, indeed, would have been impossible. The man took from him his sketch-book, and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

The soldiers followed. When they were within the town a crowd began to gather, and presently ominous cries were uttered: "English spy! English spy! Death to spies."

Then the crowd pressed closer, and cried the louder. Fists were shaken in Raymond's face; voices were raised crying for immediate justice. "A la lanterne!" The crowd grew larger, and the cries louder and more threatening.

There is no rage more unreasonable, swifter, and more uncontrollable than the rage of a mob. Raymond would have been torn to pieces but for the soldiers who had accompanied his capture, and now surrounded the prisoner, and acted as a guard.

At last he was within the prison walls and in safety for the moment. Outside, the mob raged and shouted; it was a warlike mob, composed chiefly of sailors and soldiers, whom the very word spy maddens. They would have liked nothing better than to have the English spy thrown out to them.

When Raymond found himself stripped of everything and thrust roughly into a cell, he consoled himself by thinking that a charge so absurd could not be maintained. He should be released the next day.

He was mistaken.

In the morning he was taken before a magistrate.

On the table were laid the sketches taken from his portfolio, his drawing-pencils, his passport, his pocket-book, and his purse.

The prisoner, asked to give an account of himself, stated that he was an English subject named Raymond Arnold; that he was an artist by profession; and that he was travelling for his pleasure in France.

On further examination he confessed that his name was Raymond Arnault, and that he was a French subject by birth, and the son of the *ci-devant* Comte d'Eyragues, condemned to death for treason. He also confessed that he taught the young officers of the British Navy the art of drawing plans of fortification; he declared that he had no other motive in visiting this part of France but the natural curiosity of seeing once more his birthplace, and the place where his father died; also that he was actuated in making these sketches by no other motive than the desire of preserving alive his recollections of these scenes.

His preliminary examination was short; now it was completed, he was taken back to prison.

Two days afterwards he was again taken before the magistrate, who asked him a great number of questions as to the object of his journey, and the various places he had visited. His note-book was produced, and he was asked why certain facts had been set down, and for what reason he had shown so great a curiosity as to the condition of the country. Raymond replied as well as he could, explaining that these notes were nothing but the simple observations of a traveller. His answers were taken down without comment. He then requested permission to send a letter to the British Ambassador at Paris. This request was at once refused, on the ground that he was not a British subject.

On the third examination, the magistrate, who was not hostile or unnecessarily harsh, pointed out to the prisoner that this case was one in which the penalty, should he be found guilty, was nothing short of death; that the aspect of the case was most serious; that the relations between France and England were already strained; and that should war unhappily break out before his trial, it would probably go hard with him. Therefore, he exhorted him to confess everything, including the secret instructions given him by the British Government, and the nature of the information he had collected.

Finding that the prisoner remained obdurate, the magistrate ordered him to be taken back to prison.

He had already been in prison three weeks. He was forbidden to write any letters, or to communicate with the outer world at all. An ordinary criminal may get this indulgence, but not a spy. More than this, he was treated by the jailers with every indignity they had the power to inflict upon him, the men letting him understand daily that they would enjoy nothing so much as to murder a British spy.

"I could not understand," he told us afterwards, "I could never understand all that time, how such a suspicion could possibly fall upon me. Nor was it till I heard the speech of the advocate for the prosecution, and the evidence, that I was able to see the weight of the suspicions against me."

## CHAPTER XII.

THE TRIAL.

If the time had been tranquil, I suppose that Raymond would have been immediately released. But the air was filled with rumours and suspicions; the dockyard of Toulon was active; ships were being fitted out; there was talk of nothing but war. Therefore the

most innocent action, such as the drawing of a gateway, or a sketch of the Quai, was liable to be exaggerated into the action of an English spy. Added to this was the fact, now known to all, that the prisoner was not a British but a French subject; that he was travelling under an assumed name; and that he was the son of one who had been instrumental in bringing the British troops into Toulon.

He was brought to trial three weeks after his arrest, having been kept all this time in close confinement, except for his examination by the magistrate. In accordance with French custom, he was in ignorance of the evidence, if any, on which the charge against him was to be supported; but he knew that he was accused of being a spy in the service of the British Government.

I suppose that, innocent or guilty, there cannot be a more terrible thing for a man than to stand a trial on a capital charge, and especially on such a charge as this, where a hostile feeling against the prisoner is sure to exist.

When Raymond found himself in the great hall of justice, placed in the prisoners' box, he was at first confused and in a manner overwhelmed. The tribunal, as it is called, was occupied by three judges. On the right of the tribunal sat the jury, on the left was the prisoner, guarded on both sides by gendarmes. The advocate for the prisoner stood immediately before his client, so that he could communicate, and the counsel for the prosecution was on the opposite side. A large table below the tribunal was occupied by clerks, and the great body of the hall was crowded with spectators. The windows were so placed that their full light fell upon the features of the prisoner, so that no change of countenance could escape the eyes of judge or jury.

The clerk first read the indictment.

It was to the effect that Raymond Arnault, born at the Chateau d'Eyragues, only son of the late Raymond Arnault, commonly called Comte d'Eyragues, who was shot for treason to the Republic, was a spy, engaged by the British Government to collect information as to the condition of the country, make plans of fortresses, learn the state of the arsenals, the number, armaments, etc., of ships fitted out or building, with all other facts and information which might be useful to the British Government and prejudicial to the Republic.

The indictment read, the President began the trial by putting questions to the prisoner. These were nothing more than those already put by the magistrate in his examinations. They made the prisoner give his name, his age and occupation; they inquired into the reasons which made him undertake the journey, and why he travelled under a false name; why he made sketches; why he made certain entries in his note-book; why he asked questions everywhere.

"You travelled from Lyons to Arles in a water-coach," asked the President, "and from Arles to Aix by diligence. On the way you conversed with the other passengers."

"I did. I was pleased, after ten years, to talk with Frenchmen again."

"You asked questions of everybody."

"If I did it was out of pure curiosity. The questions were such as to call for no information that might not be published to all the world."

"What? You inquired into the condition of the army; you asked if the country was not drained of fighting men; you asked if the women were obliged to do all the work in the fields; you inquired whether the people were good Republicans, or whether they wanted the Bourbons back again; you call these questions such as might be published."

"I repeat," said Raymond, "that the questions I asked were solely out of curiosity."

It appears that in France the judges examine and cross-examine a prisoner before the witnesses are called, and that they have thus the power to make him criminate himself, which is contrary to our custom.

When the question was finished, Raymond having to repeat a dozen times his solemn denial that he was engaged and paid by the British Government, the witnesses were called.

"I was curious," said Raymond, "to see who these witnesses might be, and you may judge of my astonishment when the first witness was no other than my host of Eyragues, and that he was none other than the man Louis Leroy himself; and then I understood all."

Yes, the man who had received and entertained him, who had given him advice, and accompanied him to Toulon, was no other than the man Louis Leroy.

"My name," he said, in answer to the President, "is now Scipio Gavotte; before the Revolution it was Louis Leroy. I am a proprietor. On the 20th of April last I observed the prisoner walking about the ruins of Eyragues, a village which has been burned and is now abandoned. He was making sketches. I accosted him, and inquired his name and business. I gave him dinner and a bed in my own house. He began by saying that he was an Englishman, but on my discovering that he spoke Provençal and had the air of a native of this country, he confessed that he was by birth a Provençal, and that he was travelling under an assumed name under protection of a British passport. I began, therefore, to suspect something, and accompanied him to Aix, where I found him making sketches of the walls, and to Toulon, where he began, trusting to his passport, to make plans of the Quai and harbour and drawings of the ships. I gave him no warning, but communicated the facts to a gendarme, who watched him and arrested him. The prisoner seemed to me a man of great intelligence, and showed himself most curious in respect of everything connected with the condition of the country."

He had nothing more to say, but the counsel for the defence asked him two or three questions.

"Are you," he asked, "the same Louis Leroy on whose evidence the prisoner's father was shot on December 19th, 1793?"

"I am the same man."

"You gave that evidence, knowing that it would cause his death?"

"Certainly."

"You were his half-brother, I think."

"I was."

"And you purchased his confiscated estates?"

"I did."

"Did you reveal these facts to the prisoner?"

"I did not."

"Did you give the information which led to his arrest in the hope of getting him out of the way?"

"I gave the information for the good of the Republic."

The next witness was the commis-voyageur who had travelled with the prisoner in the diligence between Arles and Aix. This person deposed that his suspicions were aroused by observing the prisoner, who professed to be an Englishman, conversing with the country people in their own language; whereas the ignorance of Englishmen, even in French—a language known and universally spoken by every other civilized nation—was notorious. He further stated that, on listening to the conversation, he found that the young man was asking the people questions concerning their political opinions, their views as to the Republic, the state of their industries, and the drain of the young men by the recent wars. Finally, he declared that he had seen the prisoner from time to time making notes and drawings in a little book which he carried. He identified the book, which was handed to him for the purpose, and pointed out—partly with indignation and partly as a proof of the truth of his statement—that among the drawings was one representing himself in an attitude grossly insulting. In fact, Raymond had drawn a picture of this man eating his breakfast like a hog.

The counsel for the defence refused to ask any

questions of this witness, and desired to confirm his testimony. All that he had stated was true.

The next witness called was the gendarme who had followed and watched Raymond. He swore that he saw him sitting on the Quai drawing the ships; that he followed him and watched him while he made a sketch of the Porte de Marseilles; that he again followed him, and found him in the act of making a plan of the fortifications.

Counsel for the defence asked this witness whether the prisoner had made any attempt at concealment. Witness replied that he had not.

"Did he not openly seat himself on the Quai and make the drawings before the eyes of all present?"

"He did."

"Did he show any embarrassment or terror when you arrested him?"

"He did not. He laughed."

There were no other witnesses except the note-book and the sketch-book.

Then the prisoner's counsel rose to make his speech.

He began by relating, from the prisoner's point of view, the history of his life. He was born in this part of France, and was fourteen years of age when he was taken from Toulon by the British fleet, on the capture of the city; that he was carried, with his mother and aunt, to Portsmouth, where they were landed; and that he had lived in a small village near to that town; and that, finding it necessary to adopt some profession in order to make a livelihood, he had become a teacher of drawing and painting. To this he added the art of fortification and drawing plans, and that his pupils were chiefly young officers of the army. "Gentlemen of the jury," he went on, "consider, if you please, that this humble and obscure person was absolutely unknown to anybody connected with the British Government. He has never spoken to an official person; he is ignorant of politics. But it is not difficult to understand one feeling which survived in his breast, after ten years of exile, namely, love of France and the desire to see again his native country. It was to gratify this desire, and with no other object whatever, that he made this journey. Why, then, did he assume the name and procure the passport of a British subject? It was in order to escape questioning about his origin and family. Like all émigrés, he was uncertain of the reception he would meet, as the son of an aristocrat, and of one sentenced to death and executed for treason towards the Republic. But, gentlemen, it was not an assumed name; it was the name by which he was commonly known in England—the Anglicized form of his own name. As for the questions which he asked of everybody, I confess that I see nothing in them but such as would be prompted by the natural curiosity of one returning to his country after ten years—and those ten years the most momentous and the most glorious in the whole history of the country. Gentlemen, there is his note-book; read it, I beg of you, with unprejudiced eyes. There is nothing in the notes, I submit, which would be of the least advantage for a foreign country to know. Then there remain the sketches. Gentlemen of the jury, examine these for yourselves. There are the ruined Chateau where the prisoner was born; the house in Aix which belonged to his ancestors; here is the Place d'Armes of this town; here is a sketch of the busy and crowded Quai, with the ships and harbour; here is a drawing of the Porte de Marseilles; and here is the unfinished drawing which caused his arrest. Gentlemen, the gendarme who arrested him states that it was a plan of the fortifications. I submit that it is nothing of the kind. It would have been, when finished, a drawing of the view from the bastion on which he stood, showing the town, with the harbour, arsenal, and the walls. I can find in these drawings nothing that can disprove the prisoner's own statements. Add to this that there was not found upon him a single document of a suspicious character, unless the pencil portrait of a young lady is

suspicious; that the prisoner was but poorly supplied with money; that his movements were open for all to see; and that every statement of his which could be proved has been tested and found true. There is one other point, gentlemen, that I would press upon you. The British held this town for several months. Do you think it possible that they should have gone away without taking a plan of the fortifications with them? Do you think it likely that they should have sent this young man on an errand so useless and so dangerous? Would anyone be so foolish as to accept such a mission?"

With these words the counsel sat down. So clear and reasonable was the defence that Raymond would probably have been acquitted but for a most untoward accident. There was heard from the street outside a great shouting and roaring of men, and an usher brought a note to the President, who read it, and, after handing it to his brother judges, gave it to the counsel for the prosecution; evidently something had happened of importance, for he sprang to his feet, and began a speech of the most furious kind.

"I rise," he said, "to demand justice upon a traitor to the Republic—the son of a traitor. Was he ignorant when he left England that the King of Great Britain had already resolved on war? Was he ignorant that war was to be declared immediately? Yes, gentlemen of the jury, immediately. War has been declared. The news has just reached this town. The huzzas of the crowd which you have just heard demonstrate the spirit with which we have received this news. Already the fleets which are to humble the pride of our enemies are preparing in our harbours; already our brave sailors are exulting in the approaching downfall of the enemy of freedom and justice."

"Gentlemen, let us not be revengeful, but let us be just. Consider the circumstances. It is natural that the enemy should wish to learn everything possible concerning our armaments and the state of the country. Since, then, it is natural to expect that English spies are among us in disguise as innocent travellers, what sort of person would Pitt select for a spy in this country? First, it is absolutely necessary for him to know the language. But in Provence our common people do not speak French, but the Langue d'Oc. Probably there is not one living Briton who knows that language. Some there may be who have read the Troubadours, and know the tongue spoken in the Middle Ages, but for the common talk of the peasantry, the patois, there needs a man who was born and brought up among them. Such a man he found in the prisoner. He is an émigré. His father was shot for treasonable correspondence with the British. The title and the estates which might have been his are lost to him. It is the Revolution which has ruined him. Therefore, he hates the Revolution, and regards the success of our arms with envy and disgust. He had lived so long in his native country before his exile than he can never forget the language of its people—in fact, he was already fourteen when he was taken away by a British ship. On the other hand, he has been so long in England that he can now speak English perfectly, and pass himself off for an Englishman. While in this country, in appearance and in language he can appear, if he please, as an honest Provençal."

"There is, again, another circumstance in favour of the selection of this young man. He is an artist. That is to say, he can draw, paint, and plan—especially plan. In England his residence, when not employed in service of this kind, is Portsmouth, which is to Great Britain what Toulon is to France. There he enjoys the society of the British officers, to whom he teaches the art of making plans and drawings—of what? Of fortifications. So that we have in this young man all that combine to form the perfect spy. Given the conditions of his birth and his education, and we might predict beforehand what would be his work.

(To be continued.)

## The Blunders of Elementary Education.

PART II.—continued.

WERE school teachers allowed greater freedom in the choice of subjects for instruction they might safely, in the majority of cases, be trusted to select those which have a commercial bearing upon the requirements of the districts in which their schools are located. At any rate the course of instruction, outside the three elementary subjects—Reading, Writing and Arithmetic—should have a distinct bearing upon the trades and manufactures of the neighbourhood. That valuable class subject, the “object lesson,” could be thus adapted. In support of our statement Mr. Matthew Arnold, an educationalist and inspector of almost unrivalled experience, says—“The teacher should be fettered as little as possible, and our codes tend to fetter him too much.” Anyone of ordinary sense could not think otherwise if he but took the trouble to wade through the many pages of minutely-printed orders and instructions formed on the Education Acts, codes, revised codes, minutes, etc., issued by the Education Department.

In this country, contrary to what one would wish, the Minister of Instruction (together with most, perhaps all, of the Government head inspectors) is not a man who has gone through the practical work of instruction. Such a system of theory overriding practice does not obtain in Germany, where the ministers rise from the ranks and the education is more thorough.

We do not contend that the “elementary” schoolmaster, with no university degree, should be eligible for such promotions; but certainly that those instructors who, besides possessing an university training, have also been practical teachers in elementary and high schools, should have precedence over men who, coming straight from the universities, enter upon educational inspection and supervision without the requisite practical knowledge. Were this so we should have better codes, better apparatus, and buildings better adapted for the purposes of teaching. We should not, perhaps, have schools built with such bad acoustic properties that while the teacher's voice can hardly be heard by the large class (and, in our schools they are too large for the purposes of individual instruction) he is teaching, the noise of a falling slate is echoed about with startling distinctness—schools in which the light comes from behind the pupil, so that he becomes infirm of sight in the effort to discriminate between his own shadow and his work.

Any gentleman whose time permits should visit the schools in his district and see whether, in many cases, these remarks will not bear investigation. We have the misfortune to instruct pupils in one of the first-built London Board Schools, and shall be happy to explain and point out the innumerable alterations which, by the teacher's suggestions and the kind co-operation of persons in authority, have been effected in order to make the surroundings conformable to educational requirements.

Mr. Baily, in reporting upon the Yorkshire schools, says “The magnificent schools built by the Bradford School Board are the worst of all for the purposes of teaching.” He also says of the same board that they have opened a large number of schools at great expense, “having plenty of money and liking to spend it.”

Mr. John Lobb, of London School Board reform fame, would perhaps add that the same is true of our own board, and would refer our readers to the successful and appalling disclosures “reflecting upon clerks of works, quantity surveyors, builders, and all connected with the architectural department—besides others”—revealing extravagances which have “resulted in an irreparable loss of tens of thousands to the ratepayers”

(Lloyd's Newspaper, Jan. 15th, 1888). The same paper says—“We are in possession of the name of a school, opened within the last four years, where the whole of the floor is sinking, the steps are in a bad condition, and the party-walls are giving way.”

Speaking last Saturday night at a meeting of the Hackney teachers, to which Sir Edmund Currie was invited—although, unfortunately, he could not attend—the School Board member above referred to expressed the hope that presently the teachers would be consulted, not only upon the subjects taught, but also upon the selection of sites and the building and furnishing of their schools. It would appear manifest that men and women engaged in the practical work of education, are in possession of valuable information on such subjects.

The evil system of payment by results has yet to be annihilated. Results have shown its failure, and scarcely anyone would now support a scheme which lies at the bottom of so many grievances. There will, we have reason to believe, be brought forward in Parliament, in connection with Local Government Reform, provisions for altering the present state of affairs in this respect. The country will be divided into School Board districts, each under local control, and embracing a definite area; government grants will be allotted upon local requirements, and not upon individual results; and, lastly, the ratepayers will have more to say in the expenditure of the grants and rates for educational purposes.

[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.”

DEAR SIR,—We are all aware that a Cycling Club has been formed in our Palace, but on enquiring whether it was for Tricycling as well as Bicycling, I found it was only for the latter. Do you not think that it should be a club for both?

As there are a great many who are unable to purchase machines, and do not possess them, I think some scheme should be formed so that every Member would be able to join this recreative Club. What I propose is this: That the Trustees obtain the names of all those who wish to join this Society, and purchase a quantity of machines for the intending Members use, so that they may be able to buy them by easy instalments—say 10/- cash down, and 2/- weekly, and that each Member is made responsible for any damage done to the machine during the period of purchase.

I have heard that several of our lady Members would join if Tricycling was allowed. I hope that you will find room to insert this in your valuable Journal, and that I shall hear the opinions of other Members who would wish to join. Thanking you in anticipation of an insertion, I remain, dear Sir, yours etc.,

TRICYCLIST.

TO THE EDITOR OF “THE PALACE JOURNAL.”

SIR,—Will you forgive a member of a Highland regiment, who has also danced most kinds of dances in most of the countries of Europe, and has also danced on the other side of the Atlantic, protesting against your libel of the Scotch reel, which requires more patience to learn than any English country dance ever devised? It has an infinity of steps, as well as various figures of four and eight; and when danced properly exercises every muscle in the body, requires rhythmical movement not only of feet but of arms, and exacts a dignified and stately deportment more than any other dance that could be imagined.

Perhaps you have seen a Highland schottische murdered in an English ball-room by a lot of young barbarians after supper. In that case I should agree with your epithets. I picture to myself the devotee of the Irish jig walking up and down in front of the Palace asking you to tread on the tail of his coat.—Yours truly,

A “WILD” HIGHLANDER.

TO THE EDITOR OF “THE PALACE JOURNAL.”

DEAR SIR,—In reading this week's Journal I see a letter from a swimmer: and I venture to suggest that, now we know that we have some aquatic members amongst us, the formation of a rowing club would meet with the appreciation of a goodly number of the Palace fellows.

Hoping this will meet with your usual kind attention, with best wishes, I remain, yours truly,

A SCULLER.

## 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.)

AN ANXIOUS MEMBER.—The matter has not yet been decided; but probably a small fee will be charged. No doubt a teacher will be engaged.

A. GREENWOOD.—We fail to see “the injustice” of which you speak; and therefore do not feel justified in inserting your letter. But you must admit that the Members have the advantage; and as for the shopkeepers “laying in a stock” of such things it's, well,—it's rather difficult to imagine such a thing.

ALPHA.—If you write to the school in question they will furnish you with much more information than we, with a limited space, could possibly afford.

M. FRANK BELCHER.—O thou prodigal son, return unto thy father's house ere it be too late. The “old man” is ready to kill the fatted calf for thee; *ton frere* will rejoice and even *la sœur* will run before thee with rings upon her fingers and a tambourine in her hand: the maidens will cry out unto thee,—and there shall be a sound as of a rushing mighty wind!

FID.—While heartily sympathising with your letter we think that its insertion would do no good—at least at present. The sub-Editor has a paragraph about the Social rooms. Kindly turn to the Gossip.

W. T. HAYCOCK.—So sorry we missed you last Thursday—but it couldn't be helped. Heard you wanted to “nail” us about Puzzles and Prizes—which surely isn't true? Take it from us that our Competition Editor, like Majesty itself, can do no wrong: therefore must the decision never be questioned. You have our best wishes.

QUI SARA.—No; Mr. Gladstone was returned with an overwhelming majority; so you have evidently been misinformed.

A. R. K.—(1.) To be found in the fourth chapter of ‘Ready-Money Mortiboy.’ (2.) George Augustus Sala wrote the series in the *Telegraph*; we know not whether they are reprinted. (3.) Formerly of the *Illustrated*; yes.

JIMMY STOCKER.—Thanks, old friend; we wish thee joy.

GEORGE HOLDER.—(1.) “On Facts in Argument”—one of our Earthly Tracts. (2.) Thanks for good wishes—which we reciprocate. (3.) Write “The Nugget”—he's bound to know. (4.) Music hath charms, etc.

AMSERAY.—A fellow of infinite jest—of most excellent fancy!

TOOTS.—He rose to be Lord Chancellor of England, and was one of the greatest and most learned men of his day.

A. WOOD.—A nice letter; many thanks. Keep your eye on your side pages. Mischief; especially the tall'un who never *will* be serious!

BLUSH UNSEEN.—(1.) It is entitled “Contes de Fées”; easily obtainable. (2.) No; the one you mention was written by the elder Dumas. In the Library.

MITCHELL AND HUGHES.—(1.) Never despair; every cloud, you know, has a silver lining, and you will yet have a chance. (2.) He wrote the biography of Chatterton, which in our humble opinion was very well done.

JNO. D. R.—Cmdr rp dych pted sof agp rNdo aTlle myh! (Now J. D. R., what do you make of it?)

SMAGGASGALE.—We are sorry to hear you have been so ill, but hope you have now recovered. So you like the Journal? Well, well; it shows your good taste!

KEMPTON.—The sub-Editor is always Gossiping. In fact, he has a tongue which would quite put Mrs. Nickleby's into the shade. He grew that way.

LA MASCOTTE.—It is a trivial matter and we should advise you to overlook it; if however your feelings have been *very* outraged go at once to six and eight.

FAIRLY IN IT.—Sir J. Bazalgette would know. We don't.

ORNITHOLOGY.—Cucumbers (for coolness) are nothing to you. Hereditary, perhaps? Yes! Well, it may suit the “other fellow” but it won't do for this office. No; our sub-Editor's motto is “Nothing,—if not original.”

V. C.—The Sultan; the Strand; and the Cameron. Brevity is, etc.

INKY.—(You dirty boy!) Half a pound of cheek, a ha'porth of tr-u-s-rs and two penn'orth of bones, sometimes makes a man.

LINCOLN FENS.—(1.) In the Riding of Yorkshire. (2.) Possibly at Ratcliff Highway; but we are not sure. (3.) Write to Mr. Burnand; he doesn't *always* wear the cap and bells, you know.

(4.) Sung by Mr. Pealey; getting popular—and common. (5.) There are more things in—you must know it. (6.) Pegasus—the winged horse of the mythos.

## 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.

### COMPETITION SET JANUARY 11.

CLASS A.

The “Greatest Women” competition was interesting, as showing what a large number of women are considered by one or more persons as entitled to rank in the eight foremost of their sex. Nearly one hundred different names were mentioned, and one competitor included in his list the name of King Henry V., but he gave no reason for this extraordinary selection. The result of the poll was as follows:

Joan of Arc .. .. .	79
Florence Nightingale .. .. .	77
Queen Victoria .. .. .	73
Queen Elizabeth .. .. .	65
Grace Darling .. .. .	61
Elizabeth Fry .. .. .	54
Baroness Burdett-Coutts .. .. .	49

Two Competitors succeeded in naming the whole of the above, and the Prize will therefore be divided between them. Their names and addresses are:

AMY SLATER,  
87, Carlton Road, Mile End.

and

A. FOALE,  
10, Antcliff Street, Commercial Road.

CLASS B.

The result of the Anagram Competition was not very satisfactory. The number of answers was not numerous, and though among them no two were precisely the same, four were so similar as to constitute a very remarkable coincidence. Here are the four anagrams in question:

A fond love can reign quiet.  
Quiet can a fond love reign.  
A fond quiet love can reign.  
A quiet fond love can reign.

I should be glad to hear from the four Competitors that their anagrams were in each case the result of original and independent effort. If it is so, as may be hoped, they are one and all to be congratulated on very neat and clever anagrams. It would be difficult to decide between them, and fortunately it is not necessary, for one anagram received is rather better than any of them; it is certainly pointed, though perhaps a little disrespectful. This anagram, viz.:

V. R. in age, face quiet London.

was sent by

ERNEST STEWART NOBLE,  
Olive House, Leytonstone.

to whom the Prize is awarded. One or two otherwise good anagrams were spoiled by the word “Queen” being bodily introduced into them from the original sentence.

CLASS C.

(1) The entries for this Competition were very few, though the question of the higher education of women is one on which every woman ought to have an opinion. The papers, however, were good, and the thoughtful little essay by

KATE TRANTER,  
2, Waterloo Road, Bishop's Road,  
Victoria Park,

well deserves the prize which will be given for it.

(2) In this competition, for a design for a curtain, I am reluctantly compelled to withhold the prize. Neither of the two designs received were up to the standard that should have been reached.

CLASS D.

Much the best of the maps of Great Britain received was that sent by

A. BOWSER,  
62, Stafford Road, Bow,

who therefore wins the prize. E. W. Butler's map was very creditable when his age is taken into consideration.

COMPETITIONS FOR THIS WEEK.

CLASS A.

A correspondent, who signs himself "Apollo," is apparently anxious for information on the following four points:

- (1) What is the name of the greatest French divine that ever lived?
- (2) The name of the greatest British divine now living?
- (3) The name of the greatest lady benefactor that ever lived?
- (4) The name of the greatest British historian?

Competitors are therefore requested to supply "Apollo" with the desired answer; and, though he offers no prize,

A Prize of Five Shillings will be given to the Competitor who sends in a list most nearly in accordance with the list formed by the votes of the majority. Answers not later than noon on Thursday, February 2nd.

CLASS B.

A Prize of Five Shillings is offered to the Members of the Palace who shall send in a quotation from the plays of William Shakespeare which shall be adjudged to be the most appropriate as a motto for the People's Palace, supposing one to be wanted. Competitors should give chapter and verse for their quotations—or more accurately, should mention the play, act, and scene from which they are taken. Answers not later than Thursday, February 2nd.

CLASS C—(FOR GIRLS ONLY).

A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best answer to the following question: What do you understand by the word "womanliness," and do you consider it always a desirable quality in a woman? Answers not later than Thursday, February 2nd.

CLASS D—(FOR BOYS ONLY).

A Prize of One Shilling is offered for the best and most neatly executed picture frame, cut or carved out of wood. Answers not later than Thursday, February 2nd.

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. 11.

- (1.) Double Acrostic: Glow-Worm.

G ulla W  
L O  
O ffice R  
W ar M.

- (2.) ENGLISH POETS.

1. Keats (eats, feats, Fates).
2. Hood (wood, woo, woe).
3. Milton (Stilton, stilt, tilt).
4. Shelley (shell, hell, ell).

- (3.) ANAGRAMS.

1. Midshipman.
2. Telegraph.
3. Sweetheart.
4. Revolution.
5. Presbyterian.
6. Parishioners.

(4.) CRYPTOGRAPH PROVERBS.

1. Practice makes perfect.
2. One fool makes many.
3. Set a thief to catch a thief.

(5.) BURIED RIVERS.

1. Ouse. 2. Usk. 3. Tweed.

PUZZLES FOR THIS WEEK.

(1.) DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

"My first or last I'll be," he said; "I ween I recognise no middle point between."

1. I'm built either of figures, or stone, or of clay, And sometimes of men when in martial array.
2. If you join to me a rivulet, or a wound than which none's worse, You'll discover both a colour and a village famed in verse.
3. I'm electric and fishy, and yours to command; You've caught me you think, but I've slipped from your hand.
4. Without me no man ever yet read a book; For a charm more potent in vain you may look.
5. You're French scholars, of course, so you'll know I'm a ring, The year's not so long though I'm but a small thing.
6. What confusion is this among all you boys? You'll all be turned out if you make so much noise.

(2.) BURIED COUNTRIES.

1. I will walk part of the way with you as I am also going in that direction.
2. Do you like the Scotch? I like them myself better than any people.
3. I don't mind them out of doors, but I can't say I like them much in a room.
4. The train ran off the line because someone had moved a sleeper under the rails.

(3.) CHARADES.

1. My first is a useful animal; my second a useful article; my third is a verse. My whole the most alarming accident.
2. My first is a fop; my second is part of his dress; my third is not quite so much. If my first were my second and third he would be my whole.
3. My first gives a feeble light; my second is an exclamation; my third is the first utterance of an infant. My whole is a certificate of merit.

- (4.) As red as George's cross displayed,  
As black as night's overarching shade;  
As hot as Etna's fiery stream,  
As cold as moonlight's borrowed gleam;  
I am a very fragile thing,  
Yet as a guard me many bring;  
I often bear the regal crown,  
When I on wings of flame drop down.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. EDSON.—You have been credited with marks for the late puzzle solutions. I hope you are better now.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Yes; your solutions have been received every week.

TO BE LET.

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