

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.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5. Dioramic Lecture by Professor Malden, at 8 o'clock, in the Queen's Hall.
- SATURDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5. Concert at 8 o'clock in Queen's Hall.
- CYCLING CLUB.—Run from Croydon to Brighton, leaving London Bridge (L. B. & S. C.) at 2.30 p.m. for Croydon.
- LADIES' PAVILION.—Committee Meeting at 3.30 p.m. (School-buildings).
- LAWN TENNIS CLUB.—Meeting at 7.30 (School-buildings) to consider the formation of this Club.
- HARRIERS.—Run at 4 o'clock sharp.
- SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITAL at 12.30. Library open to public from 3 till 10.
- MONDAY.—LIBRARY open to public from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
- CRICKET CLUB.—General Meeting at 8.30 (School-buildings).
- TUESDAY.—LIBRARY open to the public from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
- WEDNESDAY.—LIBRARY open to public from 9 till 5. Concert in Queen's Hall at 8.
- DEBATING SOCIETY.—Debate on "Women's Suffrage" at 8 o'clock.

Organ Recital,

On SUNDAY NEXT, FEB. 12, at 12.30 p.m.,
Admission Free. All are welcome.

Notes of the Week.

DR. RICHARD GARNETT, of the British Museum, lecturing a week ago at Toynbee Hall, said that only three per cent. of the readers in the reading-room called for novels. One of our own librarians has made a list of all the books asked for during five days. There were 569 in all. Out of these there were 448 novels or works of fiction, five biographies, twenty-five works of history, three of philosophy, nineteen of science, twelve of technical works, and fifty-seven "Punches." The favourite author is Captain Marryatt.

THE time for another great invention has returned and the inventivists with it. If it proves as detestable as it promises it will probably make war much more unpopular. It is nothing less than a gun which throws a dynamite shell a distance of two miles. If it hits a ship, that ship will disappear instantly. The inventor is a Pole, living in America. In one of Lord Lytton's novels he represents an imaginary world in which everybody carries an electric gun with which he can kill anyone he pleases noiselessly, at any distance, and secretly. No doubt another Pole will shortly invent one of these machines.

THE result would be a wonderful improvement in manners. One could not be rude to a man who carried such a terrible weapon. The next thing would be a complete reformation in morals. Everybody would be bound to become virtuous. Justice would reign; the prisons would be empty; there would be no policemen; nobody would be allowed to get drunk for fear of his firing at random in the crowd; a violent temper would cause a man to be lynched; women would need no other protection than these electric guns. Again, if men abused their power, and went about demanding money and food, they would be at once shot down by other men. Lord Lytton shows all this and more. So that, on the whole, we may hope to see that invention speedily in our hands. There would be a little massacring at first, but we should speedily settle down on the lines indicated above.

IN last week's Palace Journal there was an "Earthly Tract" on Co-Operative Dwellings. It was written by one who knows very well what he is talking about—a working-man himself. Shall that Co-Operative Society be formed? Will the Palace Members make up their minds that they will have their own houses and pay no rent? This Tract shows them the way. Would the Debating Society take up the matter, and devote an evening or two to the consideration of Co-Operative Dwellings? It is, at least, a practical question.

GERMANY has resolved to increase her army by 700,000 men, and to ask for the further burden of fourteen millions a year in order to support the increase. Let us try to think what this means. A taxation already ruinous enormously increased. That is bad

for everybody. The withdrawal of 700,000 hands from skilled labour and handicrafts; the addition to the country of 700,000 unproductive men. When is it to cease? There must come a point when the nations of the Continent will be simply unable to maintain any more soldiers. Already France, a much richer country than Germany, cries out that she can bear no greater burdens. There is at the present moment hardly a man in France under thirty who cannot carry and use a rifle, and who is not drilled. And why? Germany does not want to attack France: there is no reason for war. The only cause for fearing war is the condition of Russia. If the Muscovite would be so good as to consider how he could better himself, all these soldiers might go home and set to work again.

Does it strike Englishmen that they may before long have to go drilled and armed for the defence of their country and their liberty? The "silver streak" of the Channel may not always be a friend potent enough to keep off invasion. Suppose France and Russia victoriously over-running Europe, and seizing on the navies and ships of all nations. There might be another Battle of Hastings, with another eclipse of Englishmen, to last another three hundred years.

Would America espouse our cause in case of a great disaster? It may be doubted. The friendship of America for England may be accepted out of politeness, but it must not be relied upon. Those who read American papers do not carry away the conviction that the ordinary American entertains any affection for Great Britain. I do not mean the American of the great sea-board cities, but the inland American and those of the smaller towns. He cannot understand that an Englishman has any liberty at all. He believes that we are afraid to speak out openly, and that we are despotically ruled by the House of Lords. You may argue with him, and he will acknowledge your arguments. But he goes away and continues in the old belief.

ONE of the many matters that await the attention of the new Radical Club is the enforcement of good and useful laws. Any man may pass a law, but when it comes to enforcing it the trouble begins. Sir John Lubbock's law for restricting the hours of shop work is one which wants very careful looking after. A case cropped up last year in which it was discovered that in a certain watering place the girls in a great house of business were made to work fifteen to seventeen hours a day. The local authorities, being themselves tradesmen, would not convict, and the Act was a Dead Letter. Now our Radical Club would have found out this case and exposed it.

WIRE THEATRICAL SCENERY. — This (says *The Engineer*) is the latest invention in theatrical furniture, and to all appearances seems likely to come into practical application very soon. A painter, Ernst Tepper, set himself to discover a non-combustible material for scenery, and in the end achieved such good results that his invention has met with the approval of those parties who are technically conversant with theatrical requirements of this description, and shortly a sample of the invention will be ready to be put into practical application. The only fabric available appeared to him to be the fine woven wire gauze, such as is common for blinds to the lower panes of glass of windows, and also used for kitchen and pantry safes. This fabric, which is fireproof, can be woven so fine that scenes can be painted on it and still be as flexible as linen. A first difficulty, however, presented itself, for when painted upon it was porous and could be seen through, and all the painting in the world would

not improve this, as the paint passed through the meshes, and only adhered fast to the wire in patches. Tepper set to work, and has now succeeded in making a paste or composition which adheres quite tenaciously to the wires, stops up the pores, and which neither cracks nor peels off, and forms a flexible grounding upon which the painting can be carried out. After this paste was invented it became possible to employ this wire gauze for stage scenery, and in a very few weeks the first practical trials of it on a large scale will be made in the Court Theatre, Munich. Scene-painters at Berlin are already in treaty with Tepper, and if the Munich trial turns out satisfactorily, all the German theatres will soon be supplied with the new material for their scenes, as it is only slightly heavier and a little dearer than that now in use.

A FULFILLED PROPHECY.—A correspondent of *The Standard* writes: Few predictions—one might almost say none—have been more emphatically fulfilled than the following, to which the celebration of the Centenary of New South Wales, now in progress, gives as it seems to me a startling interest. I copy it from a broadside in my possession dated in MS. (by Dr. Lysons), 1789. The lines are by Dr. Darwin, and they have probably been published in another shape. It is somewhat remarkable that they should, a hundred years ago, have been thought of sufficient interest to be printed in broadside form:—

Where Sydney Cove her lucid bosom swells,
Courts her young navies and the storm repels;
High on a rock amid the troubled air
Hope stood sublime and waved her golden hair;
Calm'd with her rosy smile the tossing deep,
And with sweet accents charm'd the winds to sleep;
To each wild plain she stretch'd her snowy hand,
High-waving wood and sea-encircled strand.
'Hear me,' she cried, 'ye rising Realms! record
Time's opening scenes, and Truth's unerring word—
There shall broad streets their stately walls extend,
The circus widen and the crescent bend;
There, ray'd from cities o'er the cultur'd land,
Shall bright canals and solid roads expand—
There the proud arch, Colossus-like bestride
Yon glittering streams, and bound the chafing tide;
Embellish'd villas crown the landscape-scene,
Farms wave with gold and orchards blush between—
There shall tall spires and dome-capt towers ascend,
And piers and quays their massy structures blend:
While with each breeze approaching vessels glide,
And Northern treasures dance on every tide!
Then ceased the Nymph—tumultuous echoes roar,
And Joy's loud voice was heard from shore to shore—
Her graceful steps descending, press'd the plain,
And Peace and Art and Labour join'd her train."

JUST a word to those who are going to compete for our literary prize. The tale should be about 3,000 words in length, occupying three or four columns of this Journal. It should contain one episode worked out by two or three characters. It need not be a love story. The scene and the condition of life should be those familiar with the writer. The story should be told dramatically, that is to say—the writer should all the time have in his mind clearly the whole scene, how the characters stand or look, as well as what they say—just as if they were on a stage. Here is a great secret in the art of fiction as in that of play-writing: never to present any incident which is not necessary to the story, interesting and even exciting. All the flat bits of the play, you know, are imagined; they go on off the stage.

EDITOR.

Memories.—A mother dreads no memories—those shadows have all melted away in the dawn of baby's smile.

First Love.—Among all the many kinds of first love, that which begins in childish companionship is the strongest and most enduring: when passion comes to unite its force to long affection, love is at its spring-tide.

The Parliament of Greater Britain.

(Continued from the last issue.)

Looking at the facts and figures given in our last number, and bearing in mind the certainty that in another fifty years, even if the area of the Empire should not be greatly enlarged, the populations of Canada, Australia, and South Africa will be enormously augmented, and the trade between the mother country and her children proportionately developed, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that one of two things must come to pass. Either this huge world-wide assemblage of states must be broken up into its component parts, or it must be more closely knit together in the bonds of federal union. Formerly, the first of these alternatives was regarded inevitable by both parties in the state: but of late years, for a variety of reasons into which it is not our business here to enter, the second has begun to shape itself into a possibility before the eyes of sober and responsible statesmen. It is felt by them that the present relations between Great Britain and her colonies cannot be permanent. It is not to be expected that as the latter grow in size and importance they will submit to be for ever, as now, excluded from the settlement of all questions of foreign policy. Some new machinery must, in fact, be invented which will receive its impulse from all portions of the empire.

The extraordinary genius of the race for self-government can be but momentarily at fault. We have succeeded too often in fashioning fresh institutions to fit unprecedented developments for it to be possible to doubt that the difficulty of to-day will find in due time its appropriate solution. One by one the different organs of the state have grown from weakness into strength, or have perished from atrophy and disuse. In the decay of that noblest of all such organs, the House of Commons, a cool impartial scrutiny will detect nothing but an instance of the working of the Darwinian law of survival, which replaces what is more, by what is less, rudimentary. And do we not even now see something taking the place of that cumbrous and inconvenient assembly, or, to keep up our metaphor, is there no sign of the appearance of an organism more adapted to its environment? Let us look at the events of the last few years, in the hope that our question may be answered.

In 1884 a number of leading politicians of all shades of opinion, at the instigation of the late Mr. Forster, formed themselves into a league, the object of which was to bring the different parts of the Empire into closer political relations with each other and the mother country. The Imperial Federation League, as it is called, has thus hardly existed for four years, but its results have already far surpassed the expectation of its original promoters. Its programme consists of the following articles, to which it has steadily adhered since its formation:—

1. That the object of the League be, to secure by federation, the permanent unity of the Empire.
2. That no scheme of federation should interfere with the existing rights of local parliaments as regards local affairs.
3. That any scheme of Imperial Federation should combine on an equitable basis the resources of the Empire for the maintenance of common interests, and adequately provide for an organised defence of common rights.

At the present time, under the able presidency of Lord Rosebery, who succeeded Mr. Forster's vacant chair, the League is doing good service in every

corner of the globe, and is gradually covering Great Britain and the colonies with a net-work of branches.*

The chief triumph hitherto won by this youthful but vigorous organisation has been the summoning of the Colonial—or as it may more fitly be called—the Imperial Conference by the present administration, in April of last year. The idea of calling together representatives of all the Colonies, to discuss matters of general interest with the Members of the Home Government, was suggested to Lord Salisbury by a deputation from the League in the summer of 1886, and was sympathetically received both by the Premier, at the time, and by the Queen at the close of the Session. In the distinguished body of statesmen who responded to the invitation of the Government, and who for the first time made the voice of Canada and Australia really audible in Downing Street, it is surely not too fanciful to see the germ of a great British *Willenagemeote* (like the assembly of our Saxon forefathers), to which the business of the whole Empire, as opposed to that of its component parts, may gradually be entrusted. If this happy destiny should await the Colonial Conference, as those who attended its deliberations seemed to anticipate, the result will be hailed by all those who have the welfare of England at heart, and who see, in the lightening of the burden at present laid on our long-suffering legislators, and the consequent transference of Imperial affairs to shoulders more competent to bear them, the opening of an era of peace and prosperity unexampled in the history of the world.

H. F. WILSON.

A Norfolk Giant.

In the year 1863, there died Robert Hales, "the Norfolk Giant," who was, in 1851, one of the "curiosities of London." Hales was born at Westlomberton, near Yarmouth, in 1820, and was therefore only forty-three years of age. He came of a family remarkable for their great stature, his father (a farmer) being 6ft. 6in. in height, and his mother 6ft. It is traditionally said that an ancestor of his mother was the famous warder of King Henry VIII., who stood 8ft. 4in. high. Of such Patagonian parents the family—five daughters and four sons—all attained extraordinary stature, the males averaging 6ft. 5in. in height, and the females 6ft. 3½in. Robert Hales stood 7ft. 6in. in height; weight, 33 stone (462lb.); measurement across the chest, 62in.; round the abdomen, 64in.; across the shoulders, 36in.; round the thigh, 36in.; round the calf of the leg, 21in. These were his dimensions in 1851. In 1848 Hales visited the United States, and remained there about two years. Barnum made a "speculation" of the giant, and 28,000 persons flocked to see him in ten days. In January 1851, he returned to England, and took the Craven Head Tavern, in Wych Street, Strand. On April 11th he had the honour of being presented to the Queen and Royal Family, when Her Majesty gave him a gold watch and chain, which he wore to the day of his death. His health had been much impaired by the close confinement of the caravans in which he exhibited. He died of consumption. Hales was cheerful and well-informed. He had visited several Continental capitals, and was presented to Louis Philippe, King of the French.

Distinction.—Nice distinctions are troublesome. It is so much easier to say that a thing is black than to discriminate the particular shade of brown, blue or green to which it really belongs. It is so much easier to make up your mind that your neighbour is good for nothing than to enter into all the circumstances that would oblige you to modify that opinion.

* Its official headquarters are situate at 43, St. Margaret's Offices, Victoria Street, S.W., where information will be gladly given to all enquirers as to its work and aims. And to bring it into connection with all classes of the community, its membership is open to any British subject who accepts its principles and pays a yearly registration fee of not less than one shilling.

Palace Gossip.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

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

THERE are many fellows in the People's Palace Institute who are exceedingly anxious for the formation of a Rowing Club. They have my fullest sympathy. Although I discussed this question in these columns a fortnight or so ago, and pointed out that at the last meeting of intending rowists the plan fell to the ground, some of our M.P.'s, who were then and there present, are not yet discouraged, and—to say the very least—are sanguine enough to hope for a bright realisation of their schemes in the immediate future. They can see—in their mind's eye, Horatio—a sweet vision of boating-houses, locks, rollers, excursions up river, with a crew (or crews) capable of licking the Varsity fellows themselves—should these latter come to contest. Sir Edmund Currie, it will be remembered, advised the would-be scullists to ally themselves to the Lytton Rowing Club—a suggestion which, to confess the truth, was received with no great enthusiasm: our own fellows preferring to have a club of their own—if it is at all possible. Certainly a somewhat meritorious intention. Of course, since that meeting nothing has been done to further the objects of the ardent youths; but these young gentry themselves have not been idle—so far as keeping the pot a-bilin' goes. In short, they have never suffered the subject to drop for a moment; and have button-holed me in the Gymnasium, in the Billiard-room, and have even braved my wrath in mine own snug sanctum. The pros and cons of the R. C. question were again discussed only the other night; and, believe me, much enthusiasm ensued among the Palace Members: so much so that, if the idea can only be carried into effect, I have no fear myself for the success that is likely to attend the People's Palace Rowing Club.

NATURALLY, I am eager to help the fellows as much as lieth in my power; but I can, of course, only give the proceedings publicity. But what I want first of all is the names of all those really interested in the subject, so that it may be possible to ascertain how many are actually concerned. Therefore, if any fellow who reads these lines feels that he himself would like to become a scullist, let him either drop me a line or leave a note at the book-stall, or—better still—give a run over one night to my office at the East Lodge, when I shall be happy to make his acquaintance. You know we said in our very first number that if any fellow had a grievance, he was to send to *The Palace Journal*; or if he wanted help or information connected with the Palace, to write to the Editor—or his Sub. Those are not the exact words, but that is the general sum up; and I want everyone to take the Journal at its word. As it is, I am proud of having already been the means of giving the fellows any help that has laid in my power; and if you'll take my word for it—and really I don't see why you shouldn't—I can assure you that all sorts of doubts and difficulties have been discussed and smoothed over in the sub-Editorial sanctum.

DON'T let this appeal be in vain—come forward and co-operate one with another, and—who knows—perhaps a club shall arise for the rowists that will put a few others I could name completely on the shady side of public opinion. Of course, I know as well as anyone that a rowing-club cannot be started with sixpence, and that, however economically the affair may be managed, the expenses *must* necessarily be stiff at starting. But, to tell you truly, I feel as enthusiastic on this matter as the fellows themselves; and think within me that *now* is flood-tide in the affairs of men, which if promptly taken assuredly will lead on to fortune.

OH! for the power of Midas—if only for half-an-hour!

The Palace Journal has now reached the dignity of its thirteenth number, and has hitherto sailed along in fairly smooth water under a fresh and steady breeze. And I hope it will long continue to do so—it only wants your support, you know. In a few years time the back numbers will be eagerly sought after—and may not be obtained for love or money. Therefore, had you better carefully keep every issue that comes out. Buy two copies every week and make assurance doubly sure. Think of the years hence—ye who read these lines—think of the time when, grown old yourselves, you have your children around you: as you point out—with a sigh perhaps—the copies of the Journal bought when the People's Palace was fearfully incomplete—with no frontage and no lovely gardens! Think of this ye thoughtless ones as, with a far away-sort of smile you turn to the triple columns of the sub-Ed.—who long since had shuffled off this mortal coil! Ah! only a few more grains from Time's hour-glass; only a swift, silent, but sure use of the scythe; only a long, intense and— But I'm getting prosy—which won't do at any price!

I DON'T want to issue another italicised fusticated manifesto to the world generally and the Palace fellows particularly, but I do want to ask any fellow who sends communications for the current week, to send 'em in as soon as possible, and thus avoid much inconvenience. Our printers are only human, you know, and their patience must sometimes be taxed to the utmost. Enough said.

LITERARY COMPETITION.—There was last week announced a Competition for the best story not exceeding four columns. Prize, two guineas. (This reminder for those who didn't see last week's issue; and who might want to know, you know.)

BRET HARTE next week!

CAT SHOW on Easter Monday! Some unfeline brute (biped) has already sent me in a list of jokelets which of course he expects me to purruse. 'Spose he's kitten at me! However, he's not going to catch an old bird like me, for I'm not tabby taken in; therefore have I consigned the amewing paper to the w.p.b. (What think you of *this*, my old friend John?)

CATS suggest dogs; and I'm glad to record that a great number of persons have responded to my par. last week, and have promised to bring puppies, not quite singly, but in battalions. This augers well for the Dog Show.

ANOTHER gentle hint—this time *re* Elocution. Please to remember the Competition for March, and *don't* forget the Jubilee "tanners." Many choice things are promised for the Competition: E. T. D. will do "Eugene Aram"; H. A. H. the lively "Uncle"; F. "Bob Sawyer's Party" and—But it is cruel to anticipate!

WHETHER or not the letter from a Cyclist Member, which appeared three weeks ago, has had effect I don't pretend to know; but the writer has taken my hint, and has sent me his name and address. He asked, you will remember, for an opportunity for spreading sociability among the fellows, and I, for one, was quite charmed with the letter in question. Sociability is wanting everywhere, and, according to a letter last week from one fair "Atalanta," this same commodity is conspicuous by its absence even in the Ladies' Pavilion—at which I greatly marvel. I hope our fellows will begin to know each other thoroughly: I know that my little room has been the scene of many introductions; and if the fellows can't strike oil (in the way of companionship) it seems jolly hard lines. The writer I have named above in his letter deplored the absence of a companion when he was holiday-making, and hoped the Journal would do its utmost to attain what he desired. I am sure I will gladly open my columns to anything that is likely to lead to the spread of friendship between our fellows, because it is what I thoroughly believe in. I have been away holiday-making by myself several times, and I know only too well what it is to be without a companion. To be accompanied with a choice and congenial spirit, who is ready and willing to do whatever's pleasant, is a very fine thing when one's on pleasure bent. I told you of my Continental experience with some fellows, didn't I?—so I sha'n't repeat it. But I do hope that a general harmony will mark the Palace for its own, because I know that some really excellent fellows belong to its Institute.

ONE of my grandest ideas in connection with sociability is the happy possession of a friend who can *walk*. Don't be alarmed. I am exceedingly fond of a good walk myself; and for years have looked forward to the time when, in the summer holidays, I should have the company of a sympathising genius for a week or a fortnight's journey through—say, the Midlands, on foot. I can conceive nothing more delightful—unless it's cycling, which is, however, just a *little* expensive for the majority. But with a good companion, a firm pair of boots, and unencumbered with impedimenta, I should imagine that a most enjoyable and profitable holiday could be spent in this way. Not excessive walking, mind you—and no lagging either; but rather a comfortable jog at an easy pace, putting up o' nights at mine host's, and taking mine ease at mine inn. A pleasant picture isn't it; but not impossible—and I hope one day to be able to accomplish it. But first catch your hare—!

WHAT do you say to the idea—like it?

I HAVE received this week, for the purposes of review, a neat little octavo volume entitled "In the Stillness of the Night." It is the work of Henry A. Ashton (one of our Members), and is published at a shilling by Messrs. Digby and Long, of Bouverie Street. The "other stories" in the book I have found to be really interesting: not long, and consequently not padded, but to the point and full of genuine interest. The tales, being short, are well adapted for occasional reading—when one returns home jaded and weary, you know, and finds the tea ready, and the cat purring, and the toast crisp, and a bright fire, and "In the Stillness of the Night" lying invitingly on the table. You'll find, if you buy this volume—as of course, you *will*—that it will help to make the tea sweeter, the cat happier, the toast decidedly the more eatable, and the fire a thousand times more inviting. You take my word for it, and see if it isn't true. I am glad this is a Member of ours, for it shows, you see, my prediction—*re* the Literary Competition 't'other day—that we HAVE *litterateurs* among us. As the author of that so-called "impossible" story of the Joyless City has written, the poet and the novelist *shall* arise—and I am sure he was right when he wrote so.

Woman: and Her Interests.

FUR, as an article of trimming, is even being used for ball-room toilettes, and according to a French paper there were several white satin gowns edged with fur at a recent brilliant reception in Paris. Otter, or blue fox on white cloth gowns, has an extremely rich effect. Songée silk scarves are a very popular neck adornment at the present time. They are manufactured in the most beautiful art colours, and tied in a loose bow beneath the chin are very becoming to the face. They have the additional advantage of being very inexpensive.

It is pleasant to observe that among the best dressed women, the hideous "dress improver" has now almost entirely disappeared. Back drapery is now arranged over a small pad, which has a far more graceful effect than steels, which, even in the most skilful hands are always more or less obvious.

AT a recent lecture delivered at the London Hospital, Mr. Frederick Treves made some humorous remarks as to the certainty of sticking plaster being found in every woman's purse, and the readiness with which she applies the same to cuts. According to this eminent surgeon, sticking plaster is an unclean and unwise remedy, and should certainly not be used for the cut heads of children. The best way of stopping the bleeding, is pressure on the wounded part, either by a handkerchief, or simply the finger.

As a woman (although not enthusiastic on the subject of dancing), I confess I have sympathy with "Atalanta," whose letter appeared in last week's Journal. It is a curious—but nevertheless, well recognised fact, that gatherings of the female sex only, are generally somewhat lacking in geniality and sociableness. Pending Sir Edmund's decision on the dancing question, I would humbly suggest to "Atalanta" and the Ladies' Committee that there should be a weekly programme, for the carrying out of which, not only the Committee Ladies, but all the Members in turn should be responsible. This would promote a more general interest in the success of the arrangements, and would prevent what I hope will never happen at the Palace, but which nevertheless has to be guarded against—viz., the formation of "cliques."

FOR instance: one night in each week might be devoted to a "sewing bee," during which either conversation might go on, or a book be read aloud. Then again, there are some really capital games which can be played without romping and raising an unpleasant amount of dust, and which even a timid, quiet-disposed girl would enjoy. "Head, Body and Legs" is very amusing, as are also "All Sorts Stones" and "Picture Guessing," particulars of which I shall be happy to supply to "Atalanta," if she cares to have them. I don't know if any of the female Members care about debating. If so, a list of subjects should be drawn up, and a good deal of fun—not to say profit—could be got out of such discussions if they were carried on in a proper and formal manner, exactly the same as at men's debates. There might also be a night for recitations and drawing-room acting, which latter does not necessitate costume or stage apparatus. But indeed there is no end to the things that might be done to make pleasant and lively evenings, if only every Member will do her best to contribute to the general happiness. CLYTIE.

Ill-feeling.—Wrong makes wrong. When people use us ill, we can hardly help having ill-feeling towards them. But that second wrong is more excusable.

Influence.—There is a power in the direct glance of a sincere and loving human soul which will do more to dissipate prejudice and kindle charity than the most elaborate arguments.

I AM very glad to see that my recent paragraphs respecting sociability have been received with acclamation by several of our fellows, and especially Valentine, who, like myself, has the subject very much at heart. He dropped in the other night and discussed several schemes he had in hand for furthering friendliness and harmony amongst our Palace "boys." I hope shortly to give some particulars of Val.'s ideas—but the time has not yet come. Valentine, like a grief-at-smiling Patience, is waiting for that blessed time when the new social-rooms will be in readiness, and when he can put his views on the smoking-concert question into operation. And I've no doubt he'll be successful.

I HEAR from another quarter that the Debating Society is likely very soon to distinguish itself in another direction. A suggestion having been made—I believe by Mr. L. Currie—that a series of Literary Evenings would be very profitable for the Members, Marshall secundus—Christianised Walter—has been deputed to carry out the arrangement at his earliest opportunity; so we may rest assured that *his* efforts will not be in vain. Organisation seems to run in the family, as you fellows well remember, for it was only the other day that the elder M. (now in Liverpool) spent all his holidays at the People's Palace arranging the Conversazioni. I hope to give a few more details—later on; and I also hope that when these evenings come off I shall be able to grace the senate chamber with mine own imposing self—which I have never yet been able to do. More anon.

THERE is to be the usual Monthly Exhibition of the series of Pictures issued by the Beaumont Sketching Club in the Art Classroom, on the 13th inst. I am assured, and verily believe, that these monthly shows are wonderfully successful, and are productive of good—in more senses than one. To be quite candid with you, I don't know much about these exhibitions; but I have deputed the good-natured Halfpenny to take me in tow on the night in question; so pr'aps I shall soon be able to tell you all about the fearful and wonderful things I shall doubtless see. Also more anon.

FIVE Members out of every six that I have spoken to are eager and I may say anxious for that dramatic club—which you know our premier Journal rashly promised would be one of the Palace attractions. Not yet, dear boys; a little patience and the mountain will come to Mahomet. Nobody will be better pleased than myself to see the "legitimate" performed at the P.P.; and nobody will be more enthusiastic for its proper carrying out. We are not going to do the thing by halves—oh no; we are going to gird up our loins and run a little longer on the road of time until a room or lecture-hall capable of containing a platform is built for our proper reception. The Queen's Hall, in my opinion is far too large for a dramatic troupe such as we should form; and probably by the next winter season—say after October—things at the Palace will be a little more advanced than they are at present. Don't, an' it please you, marvel muchly at such a length of time; we have plenty of amusements and recreations for the summer—enough and to spare to fill up till the Dark Days again advance (they haven't gone yet). Just think of the success of our clubs—and the Institute only been opened a few months! Why its simply wonderful; and the Rambling Club, the Cycling ditto, the monstre Cricket ditto and the promised Tennis all a-starin' of us in the face—it's enough to make one gasp with astonishment!

I AM glad to hear that Bowman (who is, you know, the Gymnasium representative on the Council) last Thursday distinguished himself more than ever. He participated in a Boxing Competition at the Orion gymnasium and was lucky enough to win the middle weight *open*. One of our sporting contemporaries gives all the details which if I could, I would gladly reproduce here. But can't. I am extremely careful when I write about fellows who box; for *should* I ever say anything I didn't oughter they might, perhaps, be tempted to call upon me, and then—Oh, lor!

ONE of the most genial of the genial Harriers has also been a-conquerin' worlds, for I am informed that the merry Bates has carried off the third prize in an *open* walk of twenty-one miles at Tunell Park last Saturday. I am very glad to record this little incident; as indeed I always am to chronicle a triumph of any M.P.; and I sincerely hope this'll not be the last we shall hear of Bates. Let's hope he'll come up smilin' many times yet to come. Of course, Deeley is justly proud of his man.

ON FRIDAY next, at eight o'clock, there will be given in the Queen's Hall a Dioram Entertainment, by the well-known and deservedly popular Professor Malden. It will be entitled "Under the British Flag," and if it is the same show that I once saw at the Polytechnic I can promise you a genuine treat. Admission, Twopence; to Members, of course, free. Sir Frederick Young, K.C.M.G., has very kindly consented to take the chair; and I hasten to advise every fellow to bring with him his sisters—of course, his cousins—and his aunts. Don't forget—Friday next!

Shakespeare on Murder!

"I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ."

It may be taken for granted that the Bard of Avon had read the following extract, taken from a scarce and curious book, "The Actor's Vindication," by Thomas Heywood, which we give verbatim:—

"At Lyn, in Norfolk, the then Earle of Sussex's players acting the old History of Fryer Francis, and presenting a woman, who insatiately doting on a young gentleman, had (the more securely to enjoy his affection) mischievously and secretly murdered her husband, whose ghost haunted her, and, at diverse times, in her most solitary and private contemplations, in most horrid and fearful shapes, appeared and stood before her. As this was acted, a towsoman (till then of good estimation and report) finding her conscience (at this presentment) extremely troubled, suddenly shrieked and cried out—'Oh my husband, my husband! I see the ghost of my husband fiercely threatening and menacing me.' At which shrill and unexpected outcry, the people about her, moved to a strange amazement, inquired the cause of her clamour, when presently, unurged, she told them, that seven years ago, she, to be possess of such a gentleman (meaning him) had poisoned her husband, whose fearful image presented itself in the shape of that ghost; whereupon the murther was apprehended, before the justices further examined, and by her voluntary confession, after condemned. That this is true, as well by the report of the actors as the records of the town, there are many eye witnesses of this accident of late years living, who did confirm it."

"As strange an incident happened to a company of the same quality sixty years ago, or thereabout, who playing late in the night, at a place called Perin, in Cornwall, certain Spaniards were landed the same night, unsuspected and undiscovered, with intent to take in the town, spoil and burn it: when suddenly, even upon their entrance, the players (ignorant as the townsmen of any such attempt) presenting a battle on the stage, with their drum and trumpets, struck up a loud alarm; which the enemy hearing, and fearing they were discovered, amazedly retired, made some few idle shots in a bravado, and so in a hurly-burly, fled disorderly to their boats. At the report of this tumult, the townsmen were immediately armed, and pursued them to the sea, praising God for their happy deliverance from so great a danger, who, by His providence, made these strangers the instrument and secondary means of their escape from such imminent mischief, and the tyranny of so remorseless an enemy."

"Another of the like wonder happened at Amsterdam, in Holland. A company of our English comedians (well known) travelling those countries, as they were before the burghers and other, the chief inhabitants, acting the last part of the *Four Sons of Amon*, towards the last act of the history, where penitent Renaldo, like a common labourer, lived in disguise, vowing as his last penance, to labour and carry burdens to the structure of a goodly church there to be erected; whose diligence the labourers annoying, since by reason of his stature and strength, he did usually perfect more in a day than a dozen of the best (the one working for his conscience, they for their lucre). Whereupon, by reason his industry had so much disparaged their living, they conspired among themselves to kill him, waiting some opportunity to find him asleep, which they might easily do, since the sorest labourers are the soundest sleepers, and industry is the best preparative to rest. Having espied their opportunity, they drove a nail into his temples, of which wound

immediately he died. As the actors handled this, the audience might have on a sudden understand an out-cry, and loud shrieks in a remote gallery, and pressing about the place, they might perceive a woman of great gravity strangely amazed, who, with a distracted and troubled train, oft sigh'd out these words—'Oh my husband, my husband!' The play, without further interruption, proceeded; the woman was to her own house conducted, without any apparent suspicion, everyone conjecturing as their fancies led them. In this agony she some of these few dayes languished, and on a time, as certain of her well disposed neighbours came to comfort her: one among the rest being churchwarden, to him the sexton posts, to tell him of a strange thing happening him in the ripping up of a grave. 'See here,' quoth he, 'what I have found,' and shews them a fare skull, with a great nail pierced quite through the brain-pan, 'but we cannot conjecture to whom it should belong, how long it hath lain in the earth, the grave being confused, and the flesh consumed.' At the report of this accident, the woman out of the trouble of her afflicted conscience, discovered a former murther: for twelve years ago, by driving that nail into that skull, being the head of her husband, she hath treacherously slain him. This being publickly confest, she was arraigned, condemned, adjudged and burned."

PROTEUS.

Who Counts the Cost?

(By special permission of Mr. GEO. R. SMITH.)

WHO counts the cost when tables groan,
And round the flagon passes?
Let care beneath the boards be thrown,
Among the broken glasses.
Yet when through shutters closely barred
Peeps in the morning grey-time,
One toast the more can but retard
The fast-approaching pay-time.

Who counts the cost when Youth essays
To drain the cup of pleasure?
To squander life a thousand ways,
And dance the giddy measure?
But when the sun has ceased to shine,
And gone's the making-hay-time,
Comes Ennui o'er the past to pine,
And weep that it is pay-time.

Who counts the cost when passing by
In all their vernal beauty
The cool sequestered nooks that lie
Along the path of Duty?
Our joyless eyes on earth we bend
Through all the pleasant May-time,
Till Winter meets us at the end,
And croaks that it is pay-time.

Who counts the cost when straight ahead
The golden goal is gleaming?
Let every aim but that lie dead,
All others worthless deeming.
Toil on, toil on from morn till eve,
Through night and noon and day-time,
Till broken health shall pluck your sleeve,
And Death proclaim it pay-time.

Musical Notes.

CONCERTS.—On Wednesday last (1st February), a capital Concert was given in the Queen's Hall, the artistes being—Vocalists, Miss Carlotta Levy, Miss Frances Harrison, Mr. T. W. Page and Mr. Conrad King. Violin, Mr. W. R. Cave. Pianoforte, Mr. Herman Van Dyk and Mr. Edward Morton. Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A., conducted.

On Saturday last a most successful rendering of Handel's Oratorio "Samson" was greatly appreciated by an immense crowd. The oratorio was under the direction of Mr. E. A. W. Docker; and the characters were represented by Mr. John Probert, Madame Julia Lennox, Mr. Bantock Pierpoint, and Miss Phillipine Siedle, who greatly distinguished themselves in their difficult rôles.

CHORAL SOCIETY.—We are hoping to make our second appearance in public on Saturday next, February 11th, for which occasion we have in rehearsal Macfarren's pretty little work "May Day," and two or three Part Songs.

Robinson Crusoe.

THE following extract gives the probable origin of Defoe's immortal story of "Robinson Crusoe." In a cruising voyage round the world the vessels commanded by Captain Woodes Rogers touch at the Island of Juan Fernandez; and, on the return of a boat from the shore, the sailors had with them—according to the captain's journal—

"An abundance of craw-fish, with a man clothed in goat-skins, who looked wilder than the first owners of them. He had been on the Island four years and four months, being left there by Captain Stradling in the *Cinque-Ports*; his name was Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman, who had been master of the *Cinque-Ports*, a ship that came here last with Captain Dampier, who told me that this was the best man in her; so I immediately agreed with him to be a mate on board our ship. 'Twas he that made the fire last night when he saw our ships, which he judged to be English. During his stay here, he saw several ships pass by, but only two came in to anchor. As he went to view them, he found them to be Spaniards, and retired from them; upon which they shot at him. Had they been French, he would have submitted, but chose to risk his dying alone on the island rather than fall into the hands of the Spaniards in these parts, because he apprehended they would murder him, or make a slave of him in the mines, for he feared they would spare no stranger that might be capable of discovering the South Sea. The Spaniards had landed before he knew what they were, and they came so near him that he had much ado to escape, for they not only shot at him, but pursued him into the woods, where he climbed to the top of a tree; remaining there until they went off again without discovering him. He told us that he was born at Largo, in the county of Fife in Scotland, and was bred a sailor from his youth. The reason of his being left here was a difference betwixt him and his captain, which, together with the ship's being leaky, made him willing rather to stay here, than go along with him at first; and, when he was at last willing, the captain would not receive him. He had been in the island before to wood and water, when two of the ship's company were left upon it for six months, till the ship returned, being chased thence by two French South-Sea ships.

"He had with him his clothes and bedding, with a firelock, some powder, bullets, and tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, some practical pieces, and his mathematical instruments and books. He diverted and provided for himself as well as he could; but for the first eight months had much ado to bear up against melancholy, and the terror of being left alone in such a desolate place. He built two huts with pimento trees, covered them with long grass, and lined them with the skins of goats, which he killed with his gun as he wanted, so long as his powder lasted, which was but a pound; and that being near spent, he got fire by rubbing two sticks of pimento wood together upon his knee. In the lesser hut, at some distance from the other, he dressed his victuals, and in the larger he slept, and employed himself in reading, singing Psalms, and praying—so that he said he was a better Christian while in this solitude than ever he was before, or than, he was afraid, he should ever be again. At first, he never ate anything till hunger constrained him—partly for grief, and partly for want of bread and salt; nor did he go to bed till he could watch no longer: the pimento wood, which burnt very clear, served him both for firing and candle, and refreshed him with its fragrant smell.

"He might have had fish enough, but could not eat them for want of salt, because they occasioned a looseness; except craw-fish, which are there as large as our lobsters, and very good. These he sometimes boiled, and at other times broiled, as he did his goats'

flesh, of which he made very good broth, for they are not so rank as ours. He kept an account of five hundred that he killed while there, and caught as many more, which he marked on the ear and let go. When his powder failed, he took them by speed of foot—for his way of living and continual exercise of walking and running cleared him of all gross humours, so that he ran with wonderful swiftness through the woods and up the rocks and hills, as we perceived when we employed him to catch goats for us. We had a bull-dog, which we sent with several of our nimblest runners to help him in catching goats, but he distanced and tired both the dog and the men, caught the goats, and brought them to us on his back. He told us that his agility in pursuing a goat had once like to have cost him his life; he pursued it with so much eagerness that he caught hold of it on the brink of a precipice, of which he was not aware, the bushes having hid it from him, so that he fell with the goat down the said precipice a great height, and was so stunned and bruised with the fall, that he narrowly escaped with his life, and when he came to his senses found the goat dead under him. He lay there about twenty-four hours, and was scarce able to crawl to his hut, which was about a mile distant, or to stir abroad again in ten days.

"He came at last to relish his meat well enough without salt or bread, and in the season had plenty of good turnips, which had been sowed there by Captain Dampier's men, and have now overspread some acres of ground. He had enough of good cabbage from the cabbage-trees, and seasoned his meat with the fruit of the pimento trees, which is the same as the Jamaica pepper, and smells deliciously. He found there also a black pepper, called Malagita, which was very good to expel wind, and against griping of the stomach.

"He soon wore out all his shoes and clothes by running through the woods; and at last, being forced to shift without them, his feet became so hard that he ran everywhere without annoyance; and it was some time before he could wear shoes after we found him, for, not being used to any so long, his feet swelled when he came first to wear them again.

"After he had conquered his melancholy, he diverted himself sometimes by cutting his name on the trees, and the time of his being left, and continuance there. He was at first much pestered with cats and rats, that had bred in great numbers from some of each species which had got ashore from ships that put in there to wood and water. The rats gnawed his feet and clothes while asleep, which obliged him to cherish the cats with his goat's-flesh, by which many of them became so tame, that they would lie about him in hundreds, and soon delivered him from the rats. He likewise tamed some kids, and, to divert himself, would now and then sing and dance with them and his cats, so that, by the care of Providence, and vigour of his youth—being now about thirty years old—he came at last to conquer all the inconveniences of his solitude, and to be very easy. When his clothes wore out, he made himself a coat and cap of goat-skins, which he stitched together with little thongs of the same, that he cut with his knife. He had no other needle but a nail; and, when his knife was worn to the back, he made others as well as he could of some iron hoops that were left ashore, which he beat thin and ground upon stones. Having some linen cloth by him, he sewed himself shirts with a nail, and stitched them with the worsted of his old stockings, which he pulled out on purpose. He had his last shirt on when we found him in the island."

Opposition.—Opposition may become sweet to a man when he has christened it persecution: a self-obtrusive, over-hasty reformer complacently disclaiming all merit, while his friends call him a martyr, has not in reality a career the most arduous to the fleshy mind.

Society and Club Notes.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

A General Meeting of the above Club was held on Friday last in the Schools. There was a very good attendance. The following gentlemen were enrolled as new Members: J. D. Prentice, A. W. Prentice, G. Bailey, J. Gillett, R. Mills, A. E. Varney, and C. Marzetti.

It was decided to have a run from Croydon to Brighton on Saturday, Feb. 11th, for the purpose of taking notes of the roads previous to the Members entering for the Road Race on Easter Monday, so that they can form some idea of what the roads are like. Members who are going to join in this run will meet at London Bridge (L.B.S.C.) Railway Station at 2.30 p.m., and will take the train to Croydon, and then ride the rest of the way by road, and return from Brighton on Sunday morning.

There are a few Members who cannot get away on Saturday, but intend taking a run on Sunday morning, and meeting them on their return home.

Below we give a list of our Saturday runs for the first half-year, commencing March 10th and ending June 16th.

| | |
|------------------|------------------|
| March 10 | Woodford. |
| " 17 | Buckhurst Hill. |
| " 24 | Abridge. |
| " 31 | Stamford Rivers. |
| April 7 | Hoddesdon. |
| " 14 | Barking Side. |
| " 21 | Theydon Bois. |
| " 28 | Loughton. |
| May 5 | Waltham Cross. |
| " 12 | Hoddesdon. |
| " 19 | Richmond. |
| " 26 | Foots-Cray. |
| June 2 | Chislehurst. |
| " 9 | Loughton. |
| " 16 | Stamford Rivers. |

Terms: Entrance Fee, 1/-; Subscription, 2/6 (payable in two instalments), both for ladies and gentlemen; and that for Gentlemen Members shall be as follows—Ladies not less than 2/6, Gentlemen not less than 5/-.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

An ordinary General Meeting of the Members of the above Club will be held on Monday next, the 13th inst., at 8.30 p.m., in the School-buildings. E. Flower, Esq., has consented to take the chair. Only those Members of the Palace having their names upon the Secretary's List of Members will be allowed to vote. The Secretary will attend thirty minutes before the meeting to enrol the names of intending Members.

Business: Discussion of Rules, Election of two Committeemen, and General Business.

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

TECHNICAL SCHOOLS FOOTBALL CLUB.

On Saturday, Feb. 4th, the Football Club of the Technical Day School met the lads of St. Paul's Road Schools for a friendly contest; and after an exceedingly good game of an hour's duration the Palace boys were declared the victors by three goals to one.

Palace Team: Goal, Baines; backs, Brooks and Phillips; half-backs, Clements, Sawden and Elstob; forwards, Burton, McCardle, Griffith, Jones and Wright.

A. HUNT, 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.

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.

Ladies are reminded that a Committee Meeting will be held on Saturday next, at 3.30 p.m., in a room at the School-buildings.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

This Club, which promises to be the Club of the Palace, is now forming, and either of the Secretaries will be pleased to receive the names of those Palace Members who may wish to join.

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

LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

A meeting will be held on Saturday next, at 7.30 p.m. (School-buildings), to consider the question of forming a Lawn Tennis Club for the ensuing season. In the absence of Sir E. Hay Currie, Mr. Mitchell will occupy the chair; but should he through previous engagements be unable to do so, Mr. Shaw will preside.

PALACE RAMBLERS.

The first ramble of the season will take place on Thursday, Feb. 16th, when all Members are invited to visit the Polytechnic, Regent Street, W.

Rambler's tickets will be available for admission to the Institute at any time during the evening, and instructions for Members will be posted at the door. For other visits see notice boards.

F. W. BULLOCK } Hon. Secs.
H. ROUT }

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

Owing to seven or eight of our Members racing in the Brunswick's, Dunloe's, and Turnell Park Handicaps, only a few turned up at Head quarters on Saturday last, Feb. 4th. Those who did turn up contented themselves with a run over the course to be used for Mr. Flower's "Challenge" Cup, on the 25th inst. They were led by E. J. Taylor, and maintained an even pace throughout, all voting the run most enjoyable. Several of our own Members are getting themselves fit for the forthcoming race—so ye half-hearted ones bestir yourselves, or ye may get left on that day.

Run on Saturday next, 4 o'clock sharp. Members please turn up in force. Visitors welcome.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE DEBATING SOCIETY.

February 2nd.—Mr. Marshall in the chair.

After some little discussion on business matters affecting the Society, the Chairman called upon Mr. Ring to open the debate upon "Nationalisation of the Land." Mr. Ring was seconded by Mr. Masters. Mr. Taylor then spoke in opposition to Mr. Ring. The other speakers were Messrs. Norton and White, for; Messrs. Currie, Hawkins and London against Mr. Ring.

It was then proposed by Mr. Masters, seconded by Mr. Hawkins, "That the Question be now put." This motion being carried unanimously, Mr. Ring replied, and the resolution, which ran as follows, "That Nationalisation of the land is the only true remedy for the prevailing commercial depression in this country," was put to the meeting with the following result:

| | |
|---------------------------------|----|
| For Mr. Ring's Resolution | 10 |
| Against | 8 |

Majority for .. 2

The result having been announced, it was moved by Mr. Watson, seconded by Mr. Masters, and carried unanimously "That the House do now adjourn." Number present, 26.

The Debate for Wednesday (to night), will be on the subject of "Women's Suffrage," opened by Mr. Wadkin.

The Debate following that will be opened by Mr. Masters, on the subject of "The Failure of the London School Board."

SYDNEY THOMAS } Hon. Secs.
HORACE J. HAWKINS }

The Follies of Life.—There are few of us that are not rather ashamed of our sins and follies as we look out on the blessed morning sunlight, which comes to us like a bright-winged angel beckoning us to quit the old path of vanity that stretches its dreary length behind us.

Pride.—A proud woman who has learned to submit carries all her pride to the reinforcement of her submission, and looks down with severe superiority on all feminine assumption as unbecoming.

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 XIV.—Continued.

"O, Monsieur"—this was the young lady who was to meet Raymond—"I have expected you for two hours. Dieu! you are exactly like Pierre Gavotte. Are you brothers, by accident? Strange accidents happen off the stage as well as upon it. Well, I promised that I would ask no questions, but you must do exactly what I order you. Very well, then. Oh, I know who you are, because I was in the court to-day and saw the trial! What? You are no more a spy than I am, and you would have been acquitted but for the news of the war, which turned their heads. You played with great dignity the part of hero in the last act but one. Believe me, sir, it is only gentlemen who preserve their dignity at such moments. I understand good playing. You looked as if you were so strong in your innocence that you would not show any anxiety or irritation, even when the procureur was thundering for justice." She rattled on without pause or stop, being a pretty little black-eyed girl, well formed but slender. "Understand, then, Monsieur, that I am an actress. We trust our lives to each other—I to you, because this is a job which the First Consul would regard with severe displeasure. But you are innocent: first, because you look so; next, because you say so; and, lastly, because Pierre Gavotte—who is the soul of honour—says so. Therefore, I am pleased to protect innocence. On the stage I am frequently innocent myself, and, therefore, I know what it is to want protection. Now, listen and obey. In the next room you will find the dress of a laquais. Go and put it on. First, however"—she took a pair of scissors and cut off his hair, which was tied behind, and cropped the rest so as to hang over his ears, as is the way with the common folk—"There—now change your dress. You are a Provençal; you speak French badly; with me you talk in your own language; you are a little lame—let me see you walk—no, this is the way that lame men walk. You are also a little deaf, and you put up your hand to your ear, like this—turn your head a little, and open your mouth, and say 'Hein!' So; you are an apt pupil. Remember to be respectful to your mistress, who will sometimes scold you; above all, study the manners of servants. We are to start tomorrow for Marseilles; you will, perhaps, be able to pass over to Spain, but you must not run risks. After Marseilles, I am going north to Burgundy, where we shall be near the frontier, and you may get across in safety."

"I understand everything."

"As for your papers, I have them. They will be found perfectly regular. All this, Monsieur, I do for you at the request of Lieutenant Gavotte, who is, it seems, your friend. I hope that no suspicion will fall upon him."

"He declares that he is in no danger whatever," said Raymond.

"He is not my lover. Do not think that. All other men make love to me if they can; but Pierre does better. He has protected me from those who delight to insult an actress. If we were found out, Monsieur my servant who is lame and deaf, remember we should all three have an opportunity of looking into the basket which Madame la Guillotine keeps for her friends."

"I assure you, Mademoiselle, that when I left Pierre he was laughing at the danger."

"That is bad," she said, shaking her head. "Men must not laugh when they go into danger. It brings bad luck."

The occupant of the condemned cell remained undisturbed; nor did the turnkey come to let him out by the Governor's private entrance. He was left there all night long.

Very early in the morning, before baybreak, he was aroused by two of the jailers. They brought candles, and informed him that in two hours he would be executed; the time being fixed early to avoid a conflict with the crowd, who would certainly attempt to tear him in pieces.

They asked him if he wanted anything; he might have coffee if he chose, or brandy, or tobacco.

The prisoner wanted nothing except a cup of coffee, which they brought him. Shortly before six o'clock they came again, and led him to the room where criminals are prepared for the scaffold, their hands tied behind them, and their hair cut.

Then a very unexpected thing happened. The prisoner remarked, when they began to tie his hands:

"Monsieur le Directeur, these ceremonies are useless. The execution will not take place this morning."

The Governor made no reply, and they went on with the toilet.

"The execution, I repeat, Monsieur le Directeur, cannot take place."

"Why not?"

"Because the prisoner has escaped!"

"Escaped? The prisoner has escaped? Then who are you?"

"The prisoner has escaped, I repeat. He is now, if he is prudent, concealed so securely that you will not be able to find him, though you search every house in France. As for me, you would observe, if the light were stronger, that I am not the prisoner, though I am said to resemble him. I am, on the other hand, an officer of the Forty-ninth Regiment of the Line."

"Is it possible?" cried the Governor. "An officer? What does this mean?"

"If you doubt my word, lead me to the guillotine. But if you desire to prove the truth of my words, call in any man of that regiment and ask him who I am."

"But you brought me a letter from the Commandant."

"It was a forgery. I forged the signature."

"But—how did the prisoner escape?"

"He went out of the prison dressed in my hat and cloak. I gave him, besides, the password."

"Where is he, now, then?" asked the Governor, stupidly.

"Why, if he is a wise man he will, certainly, keep that a secret."

"If the thing be as you say," said the Governor, "you have yourself, Monsieur, committed a most serious crime. What! you, an officer in the army, to release an English spy?"

"That is true. I have committed a very serious crime, indeed. It is so serious that I might just as well have suffered the execution to go on. Meanwhile, I must ask you to take me back to the cell, and to acquaint my Colonel immediately with what has happened."

There was a great crowd upon the Place d'Armes, where the guillotine was standing on a scaffold ready to embrace her victim. A military guard was stationed round the scaffold to keep off the crowd. Early as it was, the square was crowded with people, chiefly soldiers and sailors, who were in great spirits at the prospect of seeing the head taken off an English spy—an agent of perfidious Albion. They sang songs, and played rough jokes upon each other. Among them were the country people, who had brought in their fruit and vegetables for the market, and a few servants who

were out thus early to see the execution as well as to do the day's marketing.

The criminal was late. The time crept along. Decidedly he was very late. Had anything happened? Were they going to pardon him at the last moment? Had he confessed his guilt and revealed the whole of the English plots? Would it not be well to storm the prison as the Bastille had been stormed, and to seize the spy whether he had confessed or not?

Presently, men came and began to take down the scaffold, and it was understood that there would be no execution that day, because the prisoner had escaped.

The town was searched; house by house, room by room. At the gates no one in the least corresponding to him had passed. The prisoner must be somewhere in the town. Good. When found he should be torn to pieces by the people. But he was not found.

Three days afterwards, however, there was a most exciting spectacle in the Place d'Armes; a sight such as had not been witnessed since December, 1793—a military execution.

Everybody now knew that Lieutenant Gavotte, of the Forty-ninth Regiment, had effected the escape of the English spy. It was whispered by those who know everything, that a great plot had been discovered in which many of the French officers themselves were implicated. None, however, except the Colonel, knew for certain why he had done this thing. In his trial he simply said that the so-called English spy was an innocent man whose story was true; that he had been kind to himself when a prisoner in England; and that, therefore, he had assisted him to escape.

His Colonel went, at the prisoner's request, to see him. I know not what passed between them, but on his return the Colonel was greatly agitated, and openly declared that no braver officer ever existed than Lieutenant Gavotte, and no better man.

They brought him out to die between six and seven in the morning. First they tore away his epaulettes, then his cuffs, and then his facings. He was no longer an officer; he was no longer a soldier. But his face showed no sense of shame or fear.

Among the spectators was a man who, to see the show, had been sitting under the tiers all night long. He was a restless man, who moved and fidgeted continually, and bit his nails; his eyes were red; he spoke to no one.

When they led out the young man he nodded his head.

"Good," he said. "First the flood, then the fire. The property is first destroyed, and then the son."

When they sat Pierre in his place this man nodded his head again.

"Good," he said. "On that spot died the Count." They offered to tie a handkerchief round the prisoner's eyes, but he refused, and stood with folded arms.

"Good," said the spectator again. "Thus the Count refused to be bound."

Then at the word they fired, and Pierre Gavotte fell dead.

"Thus fell the Count," said the spectator. He walked slowly from his place and stood beside the dead body. "This is mine," he said; "I am his father."

CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUSION.

THERE is one more chapter to write, and my story, which I am never tired of telling, will be finished. In the years to come it will be told by my children, and by my children's children—nay, among my descendants, sure I am that my story will never be forgotten, so wonderful it is and strange.

Raymond was dead; he had been guillotined; his letter told us this; only the poor mad woman assured

us (speaking through the spirit of her husband) that he was safe, and this we would not believe.

Raymond was not dead; you have heard by what a miracle he was saved; hear now how he came home to us.

It was on Christmas Eve. First, there was a great surprise for us, unexpected and astonishing. But not the greatest surprise of all.

A sad Christmas Eve. The time was between six and seven. I was sitting beside Madame Claire, on a stool before the fire. There was no candle, because these poor ladies could only afford candles when Madame Claire was working. And to-night she was doing nothing.

To Frenchwomen the feast of Christmas is not so great an occasion for festivity as that of the New Year, when they exchange presents and make merry. But Madame Claire had lived ten years with us and understood our Christmas rejoicing. Alas! there was little joy for us this year, we thought, and there would be little in the years to come.

As we sat there, in silence, my head in Madame's lap, the waits came to sing before our door, the lusty cobbler leading. They sang "When shepherds watched their flocks by night," and "Let nothing you dismay," with fiddle and harp to accompany. I believe the cobbler sang his loudest and lustiest, out of pure sympathy, because he knew that we were in trouble.

"Last Christmas—" I began, but could say no more.

"Patience, child, patience!" said Madame. The Lord knows what is best, even for two humble women. Though Raymond will never come to us, we shall go to him."

"My friend"—it was the poor mad lady, talking to her dead husband—"it is time for Raymond to come home. I thought I heard his footsteps; we have missed our boy—"

She looked about the room, as if expecting to see him sitting among us.

"Claire, my sister, when Raymond comes we will make a feast for him. There shall be a dance and a supper for the villagers. Raymond will come home to-day. My husband! Thou art always ready to make us happy. To-day, Claire; to-day." She laughed with a gentle satisfaction. "We cannot keep the boy always at home, can we? That is impossible. But he has not forgotten his mother. He is coming home to-day—to-day!"

One should have been accustomed to such words as these, but they went to our hearts; so great was the mockery between our grief and the poor creature's happiness.

Then there came a single footstep along the road. I knew it for the Vicar's, and it stopped at the cottage door.

He came in, bearing in his arms something most carefully swathed and wrapped.

"Ladies," he bowed to all of us together, "at this time of the year it is the custom in England, as you doubtless know, to exchange with each other those good wishes of Christian folk one to other, which are based upon the Event which the Church will to-morrow commemorate. I wish for this household a merry—"

"Nay, sir," I said, "can we have merry hearts, this Christmas or any Christmas?"

"A merry Christmas," he said, stoutly, "and a happy New Year. Ay, the merriest Christmas and the happiest New Year that Heaven can bestow—"

Was his reverence in his right mind?

"It is also," he went on, "the godly custom among us to make presents one to the other, at this season, in token of our mutual affection, and in gratitude to the Giver of all good things. Therefore, Madame, I have ventured to bring with me my offering. It is this."

He placed the parcel upon the table, and began to unroll the coverings.

"What?" he looked at me with a kind of fierceness quite unusual in his character—"what! you think that I could look on unmoved at the afflictions of this innocent family!" (I declare that I never thought anything of the kind.) "You think that I could suffer them to break up and destroy, for the sake of a few miserable guineas, so priceless a relic as the Golden Rose, given to this family five hundred years ago? Never. Learn, Madame," he bowed again to Madame Claire, "that I have been the holder, not the buyer or the seller, of the jewels belonging to this precious monument of ancient (though mistaken and corrupt) religion. I have now replaced every stone in its proper setting—you will not find one missing—and I give you back complete, just as when it was hallowed by the Pope at Avignon, your Holy Rose."

He threw off the coverings, and behold it—the gems sparkling and the gold branches glowing in the firelight; every jewel replaced, and the Rose as complete as ever; and most beautiful it looked, with its flowers all of precious stones.

"Pardon me," he said, "the deception which I have practised. I was determined to save the Rose, and, without my little falsehood (which may Heaven forgive!) you would not have taken the money."

"We must bring out the Holy Rose, because Raymond comes home to-day," said the mad lady.

"Sir," cried Madame Claire. "Oh, Sir, this is too much." She burst into sobbing and weeping and fell upon her knees at the table, throwing her arms round the Rose. I never knew before how much she loved it.

"It is one thing to restore to you the Rose," said the Vicar, "it is another to give you back the dead. Heaven alone can do that. Yet there was a legend, a tradition, a superstitious belief concerning this Rose, was there not? The house should never want heirs so long as the Rose remained in its possession. Why, it has never left your hands except to be, as we may say, repaired."

"Alas!" said Madame, "the tradition has proved false. It was, I fear, a human and earthly tradition, not warranted by the blessing of the Pope, which must have been intended for some other than the lady to whom he made the gift."

"Perhaps. Yet sometimes—nay. I know not—"

Here he hesitated, and looked from Madame to me, and from me to Madame, as one who has something to communicate, but doubts how to say it or what he should say. What could we have to say?

"Poor Molly!" he said, at length, laying his hand upon my head. "Poor child! thou hast had a greivous time of trial. Hast thou faith enough to believe that there may still be happiness in store for thee?"

I shook my head. There was no more happiness possible for me.

"Strange!" he said, still with that hesitation. "Twas an old legend, it seems a foolish legend. How can the blessing of a mere man have such merit? We may not believe it. Yet— Sometimes we are deceived, and idle words prove true. It hath happened that things which seemed impossible have happened. Wherefore, Molly, let us hope—let us hope. But why connect such things as may happen with the Pope?"

I think we ought to have guessed something at these words. But Raymond was dead. We cannot expect the dead to be raised to life. And, besides, I was thinking of Madame, who was weeping, and praying, and praising God upon her knees; being carried quite out of herself, as I had never seen her before, except when she spoke like a prophetess to Pierre.

"Molly," said the Vicar, "the ways of Providence are wonderful; we cannot try to fathom them. If sorrow falls upon us, we must learn to be resigned; if joy comes, we must be grateful. My dear, how shall I tell thee what has happened?"

"Is it some new misfortune?" I asked. "Has my father—"

"Nay, it is no misfortune. And yet thou must summon up all thy courage to hear the news which came to me this afternoon. Listen, then; and if I do not tell thee all at once, it is because I fear for thy reason. Thy father, child, knows the news, and he is already—but I anticipate. Sally knows, and she comes with him in a few minutes. But I must speak slowly. Her father knows, because he brought him in the boat. But I am going too quickly."

"Who has come in the boat—my father?"

"No, Molly, no; not thy father. I fear, child, that I have broken the news too abruptly—let me begin again: If, I say, resignation is the duty of the sorrowful, a grateful heart, which is also the duty of the joyful, must be shown in a spirit that is tranquil and self-contained. Be tranquil and self-contained; and now, my dear, I have this day received a letter—this afternoon only—followed by the boat from the harbour with—with—the potatoes and onions and—and—the woman whom they call Porchester Sal—"

Was the Vicar going off his head? What could he mean?

He was not, however, permitted to prepare my mind any more, for at that moment a man came running down the road, and the door burst open.

It was my cousin Tom.

"I hear the footstep of my boy," said the Countess.

"Molly!" he cried. "A Ghost! A Ghost! I have seen a Ghost!"

His wild eyes and pale cheeks showed at least that he was horribly frightened. His hat had fallen off, and the whip which he generally carried had been dropped somewhere in the road.

"Molly! A real Ghost. When I saw him I said: 'Who's afraid of a Ghost?' That's what I said. 'Who's afraid of a Ghost? You'd like to kick me again, would you?' And with that I gave him one with my whip. Would you believe it? My whip was knocked out of my hand, and I got a one-two with his fist— Well, any man may be afraid of a Ghost, and I ran away."

"A Ghost, Tom?"

"Molly, you remember that story about the fight and the kick in the face, don't you? I used to say that I had him down and was laying on with a will. That wasn't true, Molly. I dare say I should have had him down in another round—no—no—he will haunt me—it wasn't true at all. I never had him down, and he would never have gone down, because he began it; but he did kick me."

"Tom, that was Pierre Gavotte, not Raymond at all."

"Ah! all of a tale; stick to it. Oh! Lord—here he is again!"

Sally rushed in before him.

"Miss Molly! Miss Molly! I brought him up the harbour in the boat. We picked him up at Point. Here he is! Here he is! Not a bit of a Frenchman, though he is dressed in a blue sack and a cloth cap. Oh! here he is!"

Oh! Heavens; can I ever forget that moment? 'Twas Raymond himself. Raymond, strong and well, his arms stretched out for me. When he let me go I saw that the Vicar and my father were shaking hands, and the tears were in their eyes. But Madame Claire was still on her knees, her head in her hands. And so we stood in silence until she rose and solemnly kissed her nephew.

"My friend," said Raymond's mother to her husband, "I know that your words come always true. You said that Raymond would come home to-day. We will have a feast to welcome the boy's return. And the villagers shall dance."

"It is," said Madame Claire, "the Blessing of the Holy Rose."

The Blunders of Elementary Education.

PART III.

THE system of payment by results has always been the teachers' bane; from the first the plan was condemned, and every year has witnessed a protest against its continuance, by the annual conference of the scholastic body known as the National Union of Elementary Teachers. As instances of the many evils which have sprung from this huge blunder, we see first and foremost that mechanical processes have taken the place of truly educational ones; the educator's work has been tested and estimated from a pecuniary point of view; vexatious discords have been struck between authorities, teachers, and pupils; poor and weak schools, obtaining but small grants, have languished for want of support; the pupils, having been stuffed or crammed with the facts alone, in order to ensure a "pass" have had their taste for further knowledge destroyed and filled to repletion, they turn from their books on leaving school; and lastly England stands isolated from, and at a disadvantage with all those countries where the system does not obtain. If only the public could fully realise the injurious effects of such a system upon the general intelligence of the industrial classes, it would demand an utter abolition of such a scheme. If the pupil could be graded according to his mental capacity, there would be an immediate increase both in the intelligence of the teaching and the rate of progress.

Another evil is the Merit Grant, which is awarded accordingly as the tone or character of the "passes" deserves. Instituted as an encourager of intelligent teaching, it has proved so unfair in its application, and has placed such inordinate powers in the hands of the Inspectors, that the scheme is only to be condemned.

The Exception Schedule was inserted ostensibly to relieve the pecuniary losses attached to the failure (through absence, or mental weakness, etc.) of certain pupils, and also to relieve the over-pressure of work upon weak children. This provision has been rendered almost valueless, and nullified by the manner in which it is used and reported upon by H.M. Inspectors. The time and opportunities afforded to the Inspectors are insufficient for them to judge of the merits of the cases submitted on the exception schedules.

School Inspection calls loudly for redress; and as carried out, does not elicit the actual attainments of the pupils. No one can go through a severer test than to display in a day the concentrated essence of a year; the standards of examination are not approximately uniform, and the work of inspection cannot be successfully carried out unless the inspectorate be strengthened.

The supply of Teachers is excessive, and is entirely so owing to the Department's unjustifiable action in sanctioning the employment of too many pupil teachers, and in admitting to the ranks of certificated teachers a large number of unqualified persons, many having had but little previous experience of school work.

There should be more attention paid, in our scholastic training colleges, to the history, science, and practice of education. Only two weeks in a year have been allowed for school teaching in our colleges for school masters and mistresses.

The administration of the law respecting compulsory attendance at school is uncertain and unsatisfactory, the local authorities and magistrates being in many cases both neglectful of, and antagonistic to the operation of the compulsory clauses.

A rational programme of instruction should be prepared, arranged on educational principles, and while Technical Instruction should find no place in an Elementary school, those subjects should be taught

which lead up to, and form the basis of technical training. Under the existing system no addition can be made to the curriculum without increasing the over-pressure which now exists. Moral training is of paramount importance, as upon it depends the formation of character, and the development of the moral nature. At the present time the pressure created by the existing system of examinations and grants prevents most teachers from doing all they wish to do in this important part of education. Special examinations in religious and moral teaching must, however, necessarily fail as a test of the formation of character imparted.

In conclusion, it may be stated, that the present range of the curriculum is not too wide, if a reasonable method of examination, and a rational plan of awarding the Government Grant were adopted, although under existing conditions it is almost impossible to teach well all the subjects which it is desirable scholars should learn. The literary requirements might with advantage be reduced, and the scientific strengthened. If a more reasonable system of examination were introduced; if complete liberty of classification were given to the teacher, and if the use of the most intelligent methods of teaching were encouraged, it would be quite possible to extend the range of instruction without detriment to the thoroughness of work in the fundamental subjects.

HENRY T. WADKIN.

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.)

ANGELA KENNEDY.—"Twould be a happy consummation truly—if it were possible. But can such things be?"

CANVAS.—The canvas, if we take you literally, is woven the same as carpets; but possibly you mean how is it prepared. It is much better to buy it prepared—ready for use; but some artists use whitening and varnish to prepare it with.

ASTRO.—The moon was eclipsed last Saturday week. You must search the almanac for the next "transit."

A. T. C.—Write to the Secretary, who will give you all particulars 1,240.—Scalby Mills, Scarborough.

HELPMATE.—"Hector Servadac," "The Voyage to the Moon," "Twenty Thousand," etc., and "The Tale of Two Cities."

STATGURT.—Yes; Tennyson is living.

BOTANIST.—1. Yes; plenty of pruning is required. 2. The season is now approaching. 3. Mr. Disraeli was returned with a bare majority.

OLD GUARD.—You need not fear; the marriage is not illegal. Write to her direct.

Y. R. S.—1. Probably in the London Directory. 2. A P.O.O. will do—send it along. 3. Our sub-Editor is always receiving such things—but he has plenty of patience.

DAVID KINGSLEY.—1. In our Xmas number. 2. Price 1d.

WARD.—Oxygen is a gas—an invisible, inodorous, transparent gas. It has, however, been liquefied by a French chemist.

MERCURY.—No; beef has been the national meat in England for ages. It is an ancient and well established custom in all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest, to make roast beef and plum pudding our Christmas fare. Even the Queen has a baron of beef served at her table on that festive occasion. At the Lord Mayor's civic feasts, too, baron of beef is one of the choice dishes.

AXIS.—Probably you revolved upon your own.

A CONSTANT READER.—Thanks. Send the verses along, and if they are up to the mark we shall accept them.

DAISY.—It is called Margarine; and, if you get it good, is really wholesome for food purposes. Cheese is not digestible, and should not therefore be taken in large quantities.

BLACK WATCH.—At Maskelyne and Cook's, the famous mystifiers in Piccadilly.

TAPIOCA.—In the second act of "Hamlet" Yes; it has ever been a grand "point" with all "stars."

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.)

ELEMENTARY FRENCH CLASS.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to call the attention of the officers of the Palace to the manner in which the Elementary French Class is now carried on. Since the two classes have been blended, there has not been so much interest taken in the lessons. The class is now too large; and if a fellow has the ill-luck to get a back seat, he cannot possibly pay much attention to his work, as those who cannot hear talk aloud, laugh, and crack jokes upon the question which is given to his neighbour, causing a general uproar. When there were two Elementary Classes, the room was not so large and everybody came within earshot, and there was perfect order, and all took an interest in the lesson. Under the new style foolish questions are asked, peculiar sounds are made—just to create a laugh. May I ask is there any redress for this; cannot the classes be separated again? I am sure the remarks I have made will be fully endorsed by all who wish to get on with their studies; at the same time I do not wish to say anything against Mons. Vaton, knowing him to be an excellent teacher—I remain, yours truly,
ALEXIS.

THE SWIMMING CLUB.

DEAR SIR,—I was very pleased to see a letter signed "Swimmer" appear in the Palace Journal a week or two back, and I fully intended to leave a note at the barrier addressed to that gentleman, but owing to pressure of business, I, unfortunately, could not find time to do so. If that letter of Swimmer has found out many Swimmers, I should think that the best way (if I may be allowed to make the suggestion) would be to call a meeting, and come to a decision about the drawing up of a petition, which I am sure would be well supported.

I know of many Members who would append their names to the petition, but who could not find time before to leave a note in reply to Swimmer's letter. I shall take it as a great favour if you will allow the gentleman who signed himself Swimmer to see this letter, as I am most anxious to do all I can to further the interests of swimming, and especially in the formation of a Swimming Club at the People's Palace. I think that if intending Members will get together as soon as possible, and have a little practice before the summer, they might, in unity with another Swimming Club, give a good account of themselves at the opening entertainment at the swimming bath. Apologising if I am trespassing upon your time, etc., I hope to remain, yours faithfully,
H. J. SHAW.

RE THE PALACE JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—As a Member of the People's Palace, I think it is my duty to protest against an article printed in the above Journal, under the heading of "WHAT THEY THINK OF US."

Any clear-minded person reading such an article, would at once come to the conclusion that we were a very low and peculiar class of human beings.

The sarcastic writer commences by insulting the very neighbourhood we reside in, and then to make matters worse he insults us poor Members.

To use his own words he says: "And not only was there an entire absence of rudeness and horseplay, but there was absolutely no vulgarity. The dancers in some mysterious way—heaven knows how—had caught the very manner of the ball room."

Such insulting, nasty remarks I have never read. Perhaps he thought we were a set of monkeys let loose, and was quite surprised to see that we were like human beings.

Kindly insert this, and oblige,
R. T. D. M.

(The writer (R. T. D. M.) is entirely wrong in supposing that an insult is put upon the Members and the neighbourhood. The irony is directed against those who affect to speak of the East End of London as a place where nought exists but drunkenness and vulgarity.—ED. P. J.)

THE RAMBLING CLUB.

SIR,—Will you allow me a little space to say a few words concerning one of the most important clubs connected with the Palace—the Rambling Club.

I was induced to join this club by seeing a very good programme of places to be visited, and also by the very reasonable entrance fee. After visiting one or two places the rambling ceased, and the programme taken down and a notice put in its place, informing Members that there would be no more rambles till after a meeting had been held, to get out, among other things, a programme. After waiting about a month the meeting was held, and, on inquiring, I am informed that I shall not be considered a member unless I pay another shilling. Sir, I think that such management as this is a disgrace to the Palace. I think that all the old Members should not be expected to pay another shilling, only the Members who are to be admitted. Why was a programme of some of the principal buildings of London put up on the notice board in the Billiard-room before inquiry had been made.—Yours, etc.,
VERETAS.

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 25.

CLASS A.

The result of the Competition suggested by "Apollo" was rather unfortunate, inasmuch as there were too many Competitors who sent in lists corresponding with that given by the poll, which was as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| The greatest French divine .. | Cardinal Richelieu. |
| The greatest English divine .. | Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. |
| The greatest lady benefactor .. | Baroness Burdett Coutts. |
| The greatest English historian .. | Lord Macaulay. |

No fewer than nine Competitors gave the above list correctly, their names being Mabel Tranter, M. R. Jolly, Matilda James, Charles Edson, Amy Slater, M. E. Clews, Nellie Cutting, Cecilia A. Williamson, and Leopold Neumegen. As a division of the prize would scarcely be satisfactory, these Competitors must try again among themselves. They must send in new lists of a similar character (*i.e.* greatest French divine, etc.) omitting, of course, the names mentioned above; and the list which names all or most of those which came out second in the general competition will take the prize. To be quite clear: As a result of the poll, a certain French divine did not get so many votes as Richelieu, but got more than anyone else; an English divine failed to get so many votes as Mr. Spurgeon, but got more than any other, and so on. Whoever, then, of the above-named nine, best succeeds in correctly giving the names of these "seconds" will win. All answers should be enclosed in envelopes marked "Extra," and must be received not later than noon on Thursday, February 16.

CLASS B.

Readers of this page may judge for themselves, from the specimens appended below, how appropriate and well chosen were several of the mottoes selected from Shakespeare's plays as suitable for the People's Palace. The merit of many was very nearly equal, but one I consider to be superior to all others for the purpose in view, *viz.*

Here lies the East; doth not the day break here?
Julius Cæsar, Act ii. Sc. 1.

and to the Competitor who sent in this motto the prize will be given, his name and address being:

WALTER CULL,
53, Lyal Road, Antill Road, Bow.

Subjoined are a selection of other quotations, placed more or less in what is adjudged to be the order of merit:

It shall become, to serve all hopes conceived.
Taming of the Shrew, Act i. Sc. 1.

Perish the man whose mind is backward now.
Henry V., Act iv. Sc. 3.

These offices so oft as thou wilt look
Shall profit thee.
Sonnets, 77.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be the country's,
Thy God's, and truth.
Henry VIII., Act iii. Sc. 2.
(Sent by four Competitors.)

It is a massy wheel
Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoined.
Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 3.

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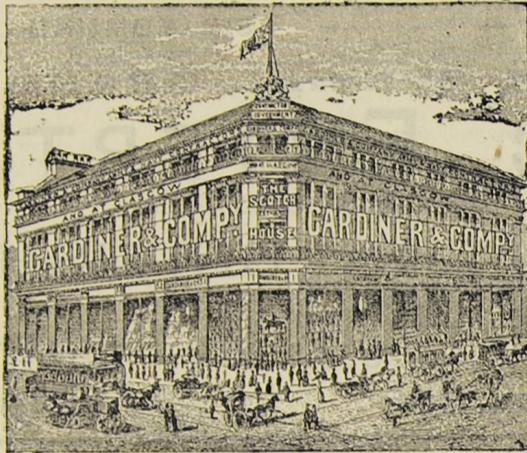
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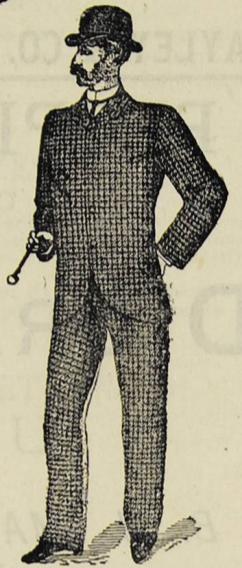
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