



Vol. I.—No. 22.]

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1888.

[ONE PENNY.]

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Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

THURSDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
LAWN TENNIS CLUB.—General Meeting at 9 p.m.

FRIDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
LITERARY SOCIETY.—Special Meeting (Mr. Walter Besant in the chair).
BOXING CLUB.—General Meeting at 8 o'clock.
RAMBLERS.—Committee Meeting at 8.30. (There are vacancies for a few more Members, who can join on the above evening.)

SATURDAY.—CONCERT BY THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC (Queen's Hall). Doors open at 2 o'clock.
RAMBLERS.—Fairmead Lodge, High Beech. Members meet at Snaresbrook Station at 4 o'clock. Last train from Coborn Road 3.40.
FOOTBALL.—Match, Victoria Park at 3.30.
CRICKET CLUB.—Practice only, Victoria Park 2.30.
CONCERT (Queen's Hall) at 8 o'clock.
PALACE SCHOOLS ATHLETIC CLUB.—Ordinary cricket practice.

SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITAL at 12.30. LIBRARY open from 3 till 10.

MONDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
PARLIAMENT.—Literary Evening at 8 o'clock.
SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Ordinary Meeting at 8 o'clock.
LADIES' SOCIAL.—Concert as usual.
COUNCIL MEETING at 8 o'clock.

TUESDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
PARLIAMENT.—Ordinary Sitting at 8 o'clock.
DRAMATIC CLUB.—Members' Meeting at 8 o'clock.

WEDNESDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5.
CONCERT (Queen's Hall) at 8 o'clock.

Organ Recital,

On SUNDAY NEXT, APRIL 15th, at 12.30 p.m.
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGANIST MR. LOVELL HARRISON.

1. March in G H. Smart.
2. Allegretto C. F. Frost.
3. "O Rest in the Lord" Mendelssohn.
4. March C. F. Frost.
5. Loud Voluntary H. Parker.
6. Adagio Mozart.
7. Festive March in D H. Smart.

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

Notes of the Week.

FOR the last fortnight there has been an avalanche of letters in the *Daily Telegraph* on working women, work for women, and other cognate subjects. It was started by a certain article in *Longman's Magazine*, called "The Endowment of the Daughter." In this article the writer contended that if women have to work, they should be taught a trade: that the dreadful stories about starving workwomen are due mainly to their incompetence; and that those who can afford to do so should esteem it a sacred duty so to provide for their daughters as to make them at least safe from starvation if the need for work arise.

THE letters show a curious and almost universal incapacity for understanding the duty pointed out. Yet surely it is just as downright wicked to suffer a girl to go out into the world with nothing but her pair of hands—that is to say with no trade and no knowledge—as it would be to let a boy grow up in ignorance of any trade. None but the poorest parents suffer their boys to join the dreadful ranks of those who can do nothing. Why, then, do they allow the girls to do so?

ANOTHER point was also pointed out by the writer of the article. It was this. There is only a limited amount of work to be had in the world; but of this work certain kinds are recognised as belonging especially to women. But if a woman gets a situation or employment in any of the other departments of work she turns out a man. Nothing can be more sure than this—the man has to go. Where does he go? If he had obtained that berth he would have married. Since he cannot get work he cannot marry: so some girl loses her husband. He joins the unemployed, when he has to be kept by charity, a burden to the country, or he has to emigrate.

Again, the woman who turns out the man takes the work at half the pay. So that she cannot do more than keep herself. One cannot blame people in business for taking girls at half the salary of men if they can get them. But take a pencil and paper and work out what it means. We might get the whole Civil Service put into the hands of women, at half the yearly cost; but at what a price in the long run? Think of compositors, lithographers, shop assistants, clerks and accountants—all women! Yet this is what we are threatened, and what will come if the craze for women's labour becomes universal.

THE following is cut from the *Daily Telegraph*. I commend the story to the Literary Society of the People's Palace, to whom it is forwarded. It may be useful to young novelists. "A strange affair has just happened near the secluded village of Milton, Devon. Mr. Crimp, farmer, advertised for a farm assistant. A

young man, who had walked from Cornwall, presented himself as an applicant. The wretched and dirty appearance of the man, and his apparent weakness and poverty, prejudiced Mr. Crimp against taking him into the house. But the heart-touching appeals made by the neglected labourer and his promises to give his work in return for board and lodging induced the farmer to accept his services. Some time had passed, when the man confided to the farmer that he was owner of a large estate near Chippenham, Wiltshire, and that he had a father who owned hundreds of acres of land. He had left home through some unpleasantness, and had been wandering about for several years, never hearing from his family. He earned a living as a navvy or as a farm labourer, and when he presented himself to Mr. Crimp for work he was penniless and starving. The farmer went to Chippenham to see whether his story was genuine, and discovered the place his mysterious servant had described. He was surprised to see an elegant mansion in the midst of beautiful country. The name that had been given to him was false, but upon asking the gentleman of the house whether he had a son answering the description given, who was entitled to a part of his estate, he replied in the affirmative, but said he had given him up for dead. Great was the joy of the father when he heard from Mr. Crimp that the missing member of his family was living. The old gentlemen was so anxious to look once more upon him that he returned with Mr. Crimp immediately to Devonshire. He said that the boy had gone from home through a domestic disagreement, and had never returned. They had mourned for him, and thought to see him no more. The farmer telegraphed to the son to meet him at Kingsbridge-road Station, but without hinting that he would also meet his old father. When the travellers reached the station, they saw the young man standing at the horse's head. The aged parent recognised his child, although he had greatly altered through privation and hard work. True to his master the young man would not leave him until he had found a suitable workman to take his place, and now father, mother, and brothers are once more living together in happiness."

The ter-centenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada ought to be a very glorious affair, but one fears that it will end in nothing but a little exhibition of relics. To read the history of that magnificent victory makes the pulse beat faster. The King of Spain had persuaded himself that his fleet was invincible. Knowing the habit of English sailors to board the enemy he had crammed every ship with soldiers, who proved in the way and helped to make the ships unmanageable. As a matter of fact, the English never boarded any of the ships, but disabled them and let them drift. The weather helped to complete the discomfiture of the Spaniards. Spain continued to dispute the naval supremacy of England for another hundred years. She has, indeed, still a fleet and the traditions of old naval glory, but her greatness has departed by sea as by land.

THE *St. James' Gazette* suggests a motto for a public library. It is this. "Tolle, aperi, recita, ne lædas, claude, repone." That is to say in the English, "Take me down, open me, read me, don't injure me, shut me up, and put me back." When we move the library into the new stately building, now nearly ready, let us remember that motto. The finding of appropriate mottoes is a delightful exercise of the mind. Thus for instance, many mottoes have been suggested for a sun dial, but none better than "Horæ preunt; et imputantur," which any beginner in Latin will translate. There is as yet, no motto for the People's Palace. Will some one kindly suggest one? It may be part of a text of Scripture, or a line from Shakespeare, or a Latin proverb, anything. Will some of our readers try?

A GREAT and wonderful storehouse of proverbs is King Solomon's collection, called the Book of Proverbs. I declare that everything is to be found here. Thus, for instance: I, who write this paragraph, once wanted a motto for a Life of Richard Whittington, which I had just finished. I found in the Book of Proverbs, "Blessed is he who is diligent in his business, for he shall stand before kings." Never was anything more appropriate to Dick Whittington, whose pride it was that he did stand before kings.

A NOTE in the *St. James's Gazette* informs us that the electric light has found its way not only to the dinner table, but also to the dishes on the table. At a recent dinner party in New Orleans there was one dish which was kept covered until a certain time. When it was uncovered a large jelly was disclosed having in its centre an electric light. I should not think that the effect was pleasing. I once read a theory that by the production of a light sufficiently intense, the human body might be made transparent, and that doctors would then be enabled to follow the growth of disease, to arrest it at the very first appearance, and to watch the action of their medicines. This would be a very interesting and valuable discovery. We should all go and be looked at once a week or so by the doctor, to make sure that there were no ugly symptoms. But if medical science did not advance faster than it does at present, life might by this discovery be rendered only the more miserable. Fancy being told that you were developing a disease which no doctors could touch, but which would gradually overpower you, torture you, and kill you. Perhaps it is as well that we are not transparent.

"SOAPY JAMES" has retired into seclusion for a twelve-month. He had several agreeable little eccentricities, of which one was to put a piece of soap in his mouth and presently fall down in a fit, foaming at the lips. Then the charitable presented him with pence, in order that he might get the small medicinal dose of brandy needful for perfect recovery. Some of the papers have noticed this dodge as if it was new—on the contrary, it is one of the oldest tricks of the trade. In *Oliver Twist*, it is related of Noah Claypole, that he practised this deception on Sundays, in hopes of inducing some kind-hearted publican to open his doors and sell him a little brandy. In return for this he informed against that publican and pocketed the reward. There are no new tricks at all among Soapy James's fraternity. A relation of their dodges as told five hundred years ago, would pass current for those of any modern rogue.

CRICKETERS. Note that the Marylebone Cricket Club has refused to alter the existing "leg before wicket" rule. The proposal refused was that the batsman who stopped a ball running straight to the wicket with anything but the bat should be out.

Odd Payment.—Caroline Vernon lost one night two hundred pounds at faro, and bade Martindale mark it up. He said he would rather have a draft on her banker. "Oh! willingly," and she gave him one. Next morning he hurried to Drummond's, lest all her money should be drawn out. "Sir," said the clerk, "would you receive the contents immediately?" "Assuredly." "Why, Sir, have you read the note?" Martindale took it; it was, "Pay to the bearer two hundred blows, well applied."

True Dignity.—We have (says Walpole) in our family an instance of real dignity of mind, and I set it down as the most honourable alliance in the pedigree. The Dowager Lady Walpole, you know, was a French staymaker's daughter. When Ambassador in France, the Queen expressed surprise at her speaking so good French. Lady Walpole said she was a Frenchwoman. "Française?" replied the Queen. "Vous Française, Madame! et de quelle famille?" "D'aucune, Madame," answered my aunt. "Don't you think that *aucune* sounded greater than Montmorency would have done? One must have a great soul to be of the *aucune* family, which is not necessary to be a Howard."

The Value of Colonies.

BY JAMES STANLEY LITTLE, F.R. COL. INST.

Author of "A World Empire," "The United States of Britain," "South Africa," "What is Art?" etc.

ENGLAND has made great colonies; but colonies have made England great. However startling the assertion may be, to say that nothing has contributed so much to England's greatness as the founding and holding of colonies, is only to state a simple truth. The spirit of colonisation has been strong in every race that has gone to make up England as a nation. Romans, Saxons, Danes and Normans were all colonisers; England was in turn a Roman, German, Scandinavian and Norman colony, and the varied races which possessed themselves of this, the world's centre, have as a blended people, thrown themselves from that centre to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Still, we were almost the last, quite the last if we except Germany, of the European powers to enter the field as colonisers. Portugal, Spain, France and Holland were before us. The greatness of three of these nations, Portugal, Spain and Holland, may be said to have begun with the possession of colonies and to have ended with their loss. Professor Seeley has proved this to demonstration in that admirable work of his, "The Expansion of England." I must be contented with the simpler task of endeavouring to show how and wherein England has benefited by the possession of colonies. Few of us realise that England's greatness is quite a modern condition of her being. England was not great when she was held in fee by the Norman and Angevin kings. The Edwards—the first and the third—raised her to a condition of comparative importance in the then scale of nations, and Henry V. restored to her that continental dominance which she had held during a part of the Edwardian period. She can scarcely be said to have been great—in a political sense—even under Elizabeth, and much ground was lost during the Stuarts' régime. Cromwell was, perhaps, the first of our rulers to grasp the fact that England was the world's centre, and that since the commerce of Europe must pass through or by her to the New World, no nation like ourselves had the facilities for acquiring the sea carriage of the world's trade. Cromwell saw our *métier*; he grasped the fact that it was for us to possess ourselves of the best harbours, find them where we might all the earth over; it was for us to settle our people in the lands of the heathen, for us to bend the natives to our will and use them as great motive forces for the aggrandisement of the Anglo-Saxon.

Others before him, but no ruler until him, had seen and marked the star of our destiny. Raleigh and Harrington had seen it, Lord Bacon saw it, the old buccaneers, Hawkins and the rest, had some inkling of this end, and although their way was rough and untutored, they were not unmindful of it in their actions. I question whether it was present to the minds of the early American settlers; absorbed in regard for the interests of religion they divorced themselves from the ties of race. The real value of colonies, however, had never been understood in this or in any country, until a day which we may call yesterday. All the Latin races—the French, Spanish and Portuguese—regarded them, and still, so far as colonies are theirs, regard them as mere conveniences, mere sources from which riches may be drawn. The Dutch were little, if any more enlightened, as the student of South African history knows too well. England was rudely awakened from this mistaken view of the meaning of colonies when the Boston boys boarded the tea-ships at Griffin's wharf and threw the tea chests into the sea. But we did not learn our lesson properly; we read the book all upside down. We went on in our old blundering way founding colonies, quite unmindful of their true value to us or of our natural and proper position in regard to them. We

took South Africa, not for its own sake, but to restore the balance of power in Europe, and to safeguard our route to India: admirable reasons, doubtless, but it scarcely occurred to us, when between 1795 and 1803 we spent 1½ millions on the Cape, a country whose exports at that time only amounted to £15,000 annually, that we were making an excellent investment quite irrespective of considerations touching India. And of Australia. When we settled ourselves there what was our dominant thought; surely no more nor less than to secure a convenient place of transportation for our convicts; of any large imperial idea we were entirely innocent; though some isolated units grasped it. In the case of Australia, Dr. Darwin, whose grandson has had so much to say of the fortunes of our race in taking a backward view, looked forward and saw in the penal settlement at Port Philip the germs of a mighty Empire.

Edmund Burke and a few brave spirits had grasped and foreshadowed the great imperial idea; but the idea itself had no root in the popular mind, the soil was sterile, and, notwithstanding the great shock of the American war of independence, we, as a nation, still preserved our lazy habit of thought in regard to our colonies. This revolution, indeed, increased rather than diminished, our indifference. The least superstitions might be pardoned for the belief that we were led by some hidden power, a spirit in our feet, to found colonies and to keep them against our will; for to the attentive student of history, the pertinence of Professor Seeley's dictum that "we have conquered and peopled half the world in a fit of absence of mind," comes home with overwhelming force. Indeed, until late years, it would seem that having once got colonies, we were waiting, almost impatiently, for the day when they should fall away from us and form themselves into nations. Our statesmen throughout the later Georgian era and a good way into the Victorian era, made no secret that such was their desire. Now, however, all this is changed, although the change, dating from its beginning, is not more than a quarter of a century old. The Royal Colonial Institute in the first instance, and the Imperial Federation League in more recent days, have done excellent yeoman's service in bringing the public to a saner mind in this matter of the value of colonies. We believe that the colonies are of the utmost value to England, and that England is of the utmost value to the colonies, and I propose in a plain, unvarnished way, to endeavour to set forth the grounds of the faith that is in us.

To this end I would base my contentions on three main considerations. (1.) That the colonies are valuable in that they afford a home for our redundant population. (2.) In that in so much as the trade follows the flag, we secure the greater portion of their trade. (3.) That the existence of a powerful and united British Empire is a most important factor in making for the peace of the world.

It has often been contended, that even were England to lose her colonies, they would, as independent republics or kingdoms still afford as good a home for the English emigrant as theretofore. I do not think it would be possible to prove this; but be that as it may, we have no grounds for believing that individual colonies, as detached from England, would be strong enough to maintain their independence. Were the protection of the mother country withdrawn from them, they would fall an easy prey to any of the several first-class European powers which might choose to appropriate them. That a condition of neutrality or independence would prevent a nation at war with England from attacking Greater England, is a proposition which I for one entirely disbelieve: and, moreover, even if it were ever so possible for Canada, South Africa and Australasia to be separate nations, surely England no less than they would be the loser.

(To be continued).

Palace Gossip.

(BY THE SUB-ED.)

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

THE Cat Show, I suppose, was the biggest success the People's Palace has ever had. Over thirteen thousand persons passed through the turnstiles on Monday alone; and on the following day the crowds were still enormous, and the cry was still they come! But all is now over and the Palace is fast sobering down from a week of brilliant festivities to its usual business-like air; and I for one am glad of it. The show of cats was a very satisfactory one, and seemed to gladden the heart of the feminine portion of the spectators immensely; for, to the majority, the feline is, I imagine, a necessary adjunct to the home, and is ever to be associated with dark wintry nights, bright fires, warm slippers, hot coffee and crisp toast. I am a great lover of cats myself, and so our exhibition was of peculiar interest to me; indeed, I greatly envied some of the owners of the really splendid creatures coiled up in those unaccustomed cages, and looking at their critically-prodding human brethren with but half an eye of favour. By Tuesday afternoon most of the animals seemed to be contemplating suicide; and had it been possible I am quite sure that the major part of the Show would have poisoned itself there and then in very forlornness.

I REALLY haven't space to enumerate the many Toms that made up the cat section: and the guinea-pigs must also be passed over with just a murmur. But the coneys should certainly have a line or two to themselves—for a more excellent collection I have never yet seen. There was one that certainly looked the very Colossus of rabbits, and which, I am told was, like the famous giantess Marian, "still growing," notwithstanding its Brobdingnagian proportions. But the *rare-bit*—or rather "bits"—of the bunny section was a long-eared mother and her family, which proved quite a loadstone to the many human "needles" patronizing the Exhibition. Another curious zoologist was the comparatively-unknown cyvet cat which, marked "dangerous," of course attracted an immense crowd of onlookers—as anything else, so labelled, would be sure to do.

NOT the least attractive, in conjunction with the C. R. and G. P. Show, was the "Fine Art" Exhibition so skilfully managed by Arthur Were, who invited the multitudes to deposit a penny so that he might Art-fully a-Mus'em. And well was he patronized: and many were the sunny beams bestowed upon the Artful One as, in high satisfaction, the crowd poured forth from the Fine Art Show. As a consequence, the 'appy Arthur has since been nomading in a state of perfect elation: sighing, like Macedonia's son, for more worlds to conquer.

THE Cat Show terminated on Tuesday night, but the Palace festivities were not yet at an end; so early on Wednesday afternoon a perfect invasion from Lilliput was allowed to take place, and the Queen's Hall was crowded with children. Where on earth they had come from, and to whom they belonged, was an exceedingly puzzling question; but they were there and a right merrie time they spent, too. Most of these youngsters were youngsters, that is between the ages of four and seven; but it was certainly curious to note sundry groups of elder juveniles eagerly discussing some infantile scandal, and precociously opinionating thereon. The entertainment was of a mixed description, and included performing dogs, wizardry, performing parrots, ventriloquism, nigger knock-about, and other things of a similar nature. I, feeling like another Gulliver, wandered aimlessly about, being more entertained by the entertained than by the entertainers. Nearly the same programme was repeated on Thursday afternoon when the grand hall was again filled by another wonderful crowd of youthful East-enders.

GREAT success attended the Gymnastic displays given on Wednesday by the boys of the Technical Day School. These lads, you must know, are under the personal supervision of our Sergeant Burdett, and are a living testimony to his skill and greatness. The first exhibition they gave was a short display in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday afternoon when, of course, they delighted the juvenile-crowded hall; and the second was the same evening in the Gymnasium, when their respective maters and paters put in an appearance. Needless to say that success was more than successful; and I'm half afraid to say anything more in praise of Instructor Burdett—who really deserves it for all that. Not a little of this success must be attributed to Miss Connor—our accomplished Gymnasium pianist, you know; who seems to be particularly happy in her "Time tunes"—if I may so term them. This lady is a great acquisition to the Gym., as the Members all feel; and her playing relieved that monotony which is just a *lettle* prevalent in all gymnastic displays. *En passant*, I may remark that an exceedingly good collection of business-like drawings from the Technical boys was displayed to advantage upon the walls; and many a gratified smile was observable upon the faces of parents as they suddenly came upon the handiwork of their own particular offspring.

ON Thursday night a Gymnastic display by the Members of the Gymnasium, under Sergeant B. and Instructor Wright, gratified another great multitude—in fact, it's been nothing but multitudes this week. For a full, detailed account of this performance please turn to the Club Notes, on page 339.

THE Right Hon. Premier Wadkin's Parliamentary "reception" was a most brilliant affair: brilliant in more senses than one. In the first place it was rather less a reception than a smoking and instrumental concert, as you shall hear. The Trustees, having granted the use of one of the ladies' rooms, the Premier, with his own eyes and hands, arranged the interior to his liking, so that everything was prepared when his "guests" arrived. At eight o'clock, sallied I from my sober sanctum having no mind for "feasting forth" that night; but being, duty-bound, to go, I turned up just as the harmonisers were getting comfortably settled. In my modest way I hid me straight to the remotest corner of the room and then gazed around the rapidly-filling apartment. Premier W., with the radiance of Phoebus lighting up his face, was smiling a welcome to each new-comer; "The Stroller" over yonder, was taking everything in; the Irrepressible, newly arrived from the field of slaughter and bringing with him airs from his Volunteering heaven, was very much *en evidence*; the Admirable Taylor, who had ditto dittoed, was perched, with a peculiarly-Swivellerian *abandon*, against the wall, smoking now the pipe of peace; Senator Little, big with good humour, stood a-smilin' at me through the baccy clouds; the pun-making Turner sat a-doin' likewise; laughing London was lemondaging; Alex. Albu abnegating; and many other Palace demigods were in Parleyment assembled.

THEN the fun of the fair commenced by the pianah-playing of Mr. Daddo, followed in quick succession by the budding Sims Reeves's present. Sir Edmund Currie, accompanied by the Bishop of Brisbane, dropped in for five minutes or so—and was warmly received. But a pleasant surprise awaited the assembly, for it was whispered that Madame Riechelmann had kindly offered to come and warble to the receptioned—which, you may be sure was received with applause. Well, the lady *did* come, and *did* sing; and was shortly afterwards followed by Miss Meredith Elliott, who had also generously expressed her intention of vocalising. Applause followed, till the heavens rang again. The popular Sergeant Lewis, of the Scots Guards band, was the next volunteer, and gave them "Annie Laurie" as a cornet solo. Then came the mountain duet from "Madame Favart"—sung, and most charmingly so too, by Madame Riechelmann and Miss Elliott, and the approval following this fascinating air might have been heard on Mount Olympus. Mr. E. Flower then warbled an Irish ditty, being most favourably received, but he would not oblige with an encore. A pianah selection by Herr Riechelmann followed; and then came the success of the evening in the shape of Private Hayes—of the Scots—who sang a wondrous Dutch song, with a "Yah" chorus, which will, I am sure, never be forgotten.

PREMIER WADKIN may congratulate himself on getting such valuable assistance from these ladies and gentlemen. After such a choice and brilliant vocalization our M.P.'s efforts fell decidedly flat, and indeed, it could hardly be expected to be otherwise. Without naming names, I may tell you that some curious things in the way of songs were gone through; and after a model from Madame Tussaud's had, in a false falsetto, related its experiences, we had Fred Leslie's "Sworn In" song from "Frankenstein"; and Good Old Vampire Lonnen's "Killaloe," followed by a melody entitled "Tit-bits." But the best voice (from the Members) was thrown away on a rubbishy mock-Salvationist ditty—which struck me as being unfortunate; then we had the evergreen "Powder Monkey," and many others, the names of which I forget. Several attempts were made during the evening to enlist recruits (and sympathies) by the opposite political party-leaders; but, thank goodness, their endeavours were promptly sat upon by the rationalists present, who nipped in the bud the threatened "demonstrations." Towards the close of the evening—which I was longing for; the room being for ordinary purposes excellently ventilated, but hardly adapted for smoking purposes—our potent, grave, and reverend Premier spoke a piece; and after the Irrepressible had seconded, the feast of reason flowed into the ocean of "Auld Lang Syne," and an immediate move was made for the sanctum. So, altogether, you see, the Premier's smokah was, to quote that awful, Luciferian Turner, a most *enfuseastic* success.

ON the Thursday before Good Friday a most gratifying incident occurred in the Technical Day Schools, when Mr. Low, the Head-Master, was presented with a metal gong on behalf of his pupils. The materials for making had been bought by the lads of the metal and the carpenter's shops, and on the completion of their handiwork three of their number—Masters Hitchcock, Williams and Barrett—presented the gong to their master before the whole school. The cheering was simply deafening.

I HAD looked forward to an enjoyable hour at the Elocution "Open Night," and I am happy to say I had it. Accompanied by Carter, I arrived on the scene of action just as Miss Marks was giving a charming rendering of the Balcony-scene from "Romeo and Juliet." We found ourselves in a tolerably large, square room, with a raised and red-baized platform at one end of

it (fitted up as a kind of model drawing-room), indifferently lighted (for elocution purposes), and filled comfortably by a sympathising crowd of friends and visitors, who had been attracted by the name and fame of Hasluck. Well, after a touching recital—"Papa's Letter"—from Miss Napper, the junior Reeve gave a fairly humorous rendering of the well-known "Quack Doctor." This was followed by (in my opinion) the gem of the evening, in the shape of a dialogue, entitled "Fast Friends"—given with much *verve* by Miss Simons and Miss Cohen—to whom, indeed, the highest compliments must be paid. This is a humorous little sketch, and full justice was done to its "points" by the two ladies just mentioned: laughter and applause greeted them throughout, and at the close they were honoured with a "call." Miss Elstob, who was evidently suffering from nervousness, then gave the sympathetic story of Captain Norris; followed by a very robust rendering of the "Pied Piper" by Mr. Gray—which would have gone down better had that gentleman been a little clearer in some of his hurried passages. Then Miss Risley tickled them all with Re-Henry's "Old Maid"; and lastly, Miss Nita Martin very creditably gave the "Faithful Lovers," by my old friend Burnand.

THE greater part of the programme having thus been gone through, Mr. Samuel Hasluck mounted the platform and addressed the audience. He pointed out the advantages to be derived from Elocution—recommended his hearers to go in for it, in fact—and gave some excellent advice to students and to intending students. He would now retire, he said in conclusion, as a very ambitious attempt was to be made by his pupils, which he trusted would receive the kind support of the audience. He left. The stage being slightly re-arranged, and with everyone on the tiptoe of expectation, the curtain ascended—at least, there wasn't a curtain—on the first act of Lytton's "Money." I hear that Munro had stage-managed this scene, and if so, great praise must be awarded to his efforts, for the whole thing went quite without a hitch. Indeed, everything taken into consideration, the greatest credit must be assigned not only to Mr. Hasluck but to all concerned for the capital way in which the selection went.

THE sanguine Munro, as Evelyn (looking extremely nice, but somewhat Irvingesque), played with much discrimination—as I hope he will continue to do when *our* dramatic club is in working order. Mr. Havard—an odd mixture of youth and age—played well as Sir John Vesey. Mr. Sainted Maria Gray was quaintly humorous as Graves. Mr. Hargraves, passable as Stout. (Why wasn't he cast for Graves? He's the very image—in that wig—of the "Vaudeville" Tom Thorne.) Mr. Olley, as Sharp, having little to do, but doing that little well; the junior Reeve (is it "C" or "J." Reeve?—both on the programme), staidly solemn as the servant; and his brother Arthur irresistibly funny as the foppish Sir F. Blount. Reeve's "business" with that eye-glass proved capital food for my risibilities, for I larfed consumedly. But to Mr. Hunt must be awarded the palm—because, for self-possession and clearness of enunciation, none who strutted and fretted upon that stage could approach him. He had a very small part (Lord Glossmore), but he showed that he *could* do something when necessary; and so pleased was I with his performance, that I determined to give him two sentences all to himself. Now come we to the ladies, of which, as you know, there are but three in this act. Miss C. Furrow, as Lady Franklin, was simply delightful—playing without any suspicion of nervousness whatever; Miss L. Furrow, as Georgina Vesey, was just a trifle disappointing; but Miss Leyton, looking quite charming and wonderfully like little Miss Norreys, played with a *sang froid* that was much to be envied. The whole act went swimmingly, and, considering that the class has only been in existence such a very short time, great things, indeed, may be expected for the future. I would respectfully suggest that for the next "open night" a scene from Shakespeare be selected, say the Trial Scene from "The Merchant," or the Play Scene from "Hamlet." What say, Munro?

SPECIAL.—On the afternoon of Saturday, the 14th of April, at three o'clock, the Members of the Guildhall School of Music are dated to appear at the Palace, when the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs will attend in state. Tickets, threepence each, should be obtained at once, as the Hall, large though it be, soon fills. I am desired to remark that the Membership ticket will *not* admit Members on this occasion. Tickets, courtesy and information to be had in the general offices.

TENNISIAN Clews tells me that a meeting for receiving Members and subscriptions is to be held to-morrow (Thursday) night, when he hopes that all those who are wishing to join will make a point of turning up. The courts, he hopes, will soon be in readiness; and a scheme is on foot for dividing the Members into sections to play (Sec. A) on Mondays and Thursdays, and (Sec. B) on Tuesdays and Fridays, leaving Wednesday open. Saturday, I believe, will thus be a field day. All particulars from the Tennis Hon. Sec.—which his name is Clews.

ROBIN HOOD writes me to say:—"Dear Sir,—Do you not think the paragraph headed 'Who Wrote Shakespeare's Plays' which appeared in the Journal a week or so ago was somewhat incomplete? After the last sentence 'but All's Well that Ends Well' I would add—as Titus Andronicus observed to Pericles when Macbeth explained to him that the murders committed by and

through himself were only enacted in a (Midsummer Night's) Dream." Many thanks, Robin; I do think it an improvement; and I hope the world will think so too.

I AM sorry to learn that our football fellows fared rather badly last Saturday. It appears that when the game had finished they made tracks for their head-quarters, and having arrived at same found that their money and other valuables had been "annexed,"—and would not be comforted because they were not. There seems to be no clue as to the whereabouts of the offenders—whom I pity should they ever have the misfortune to cross the path of the stalwart Hart.

THERE was, I hear, a particularly lively scene at the Swimming Club election meeting on Thursday last. I was not present myself; but I have heard all sorts of wondrous things in connection with the business then transacted. I had thought, as indeed had many others, that the cautious Karet would be elected to fill the post of Hon. Sec.; but the electors were evidently otherwise opinionated, for they went and voted for Hudibras Butler. There is just a suspicion that all was not quite fair at this meeting, and the Karetites are just a wee bit indignant that their man was not chosen as the Beckwith of the party. Karet, however, is on the Committee, so he still stands a chance of making himself heard.

THE Literary Society will be. At a very interesting meeting held on Saturday evening last, the officers were selected and elected,—Sir Edmund yielding the presidency in favour of Mr. W. Besant, and the sub-Ed. having the greatness of Chairman thrust upon him. If you will turn to the Club reports you will see all about it. One very remarkable thing in connection with this meeting was the ominous silence that followed one—an Opposition—gentleman's name when somebody was rash enough to suggest the owner for Committee purposes. When it was found that the meeting was quite one-minded on the matter everybody applauded his or her neighbour's wisdom—which was rather funny, wasn't it? I could a tale unfold whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul, but I refrain from so doing, for the time is not yet come.

IMPORTANT.—In connection with this club, I should like to inform the Members thereof that a *special meeting* is called for Friday next, at eight o'clock, when the President, Mr. Walter Besant, has promised to turn up and speak very seriously to all concerned.

THE reception accorded the sub-Editor's New Burlesque, "Villainy Vanquished," was most cordial—but dire consequences are to follow. (Alas! for the fickleness of mankind!) On Wednesday last the play in question was enacted in the sanctum: to an overcrowded "house," and on a most enthusiastic call for the author, a little, thin, bald-headed Sub. put in an appearance, and bowed—with one hand insanely covering that part of his anatomy nearest the heart. The caste was not quite perfect; but the commanding proportions of a phistic Bowman gave much zest to the scene. I have since heard, however,—and this is the "dire consequence" in question—that an action for libel is to be brought against the Sub., and that the trial will take place some time next week. Admission, by ticket only. Coody, the much-grieved, will, I believe, retain the worthy Wadkin for his counsel; whilst the Admirable Haylor has commissioned London to stand for him. Unlike the "Private Secretary" I do like London—and I sincerely hope that he'll let me down gently. If he doesn't, I swear by the Gossip that I'll—! No matter!!!

I AM glad indeed to hear that the puissant Proops has been elected Hon. Sec. of the Boxing Club. He has my heartiest congratulations—for he's a very nice fellow. (Don't think I'm flattering him—I always am polite to fellows who box, you know. It's safer.)

MR. ERNEST FLOWER, who has this day left England to recuperate beneath Italian skies, promises that when he returns the much-talked-of cricket match between the Palace Cricket Club and the Palace Staff will come about. Carter, Taylor, and Marshall had better look to their laurels, for Messrs. Murdoch and Styles are on the Staff, and they—C., T. and M.—will probably get a licking.

AM sorry to hear that Cycling Kilbride has resigned his post as Club Hon. Sec., mainly, I believe, through some misunderstanding. The Beaumont Cyclists, however, have secured another good man in the shape and form of J. H. Burley; whom I respectfully beg to congratulate.

GOOD news for the cricketers! Sir Edmund tells me that having received a very satisfactory reply from Mr. E. N. Buxton relative to the proposed playing-ground, he is going to inspect the place—probably accompanied by Carter or Marshall—on Friday morning next.

LETTERS in the sanctum are awaiting Messrs. Wernl am, Chess and Draughts Smith, W. Earley, D. Hersont, Hawkins, T. Hanson, Wadkin, J. Bramley, J. Brodie, H. Marshall, Halfpenny, Smith and Masters; and a photographic studio ticket for Mr. Hendry. Owners should apply to the Sub.

Society and Club Notes.

[NOTE.—Any Club Report arriving after the LAST POST ON MONDAY NIGHT cannot possibly be accepted for the current week.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Officers elected April 7th, 1888:
 President WALTER BESANT, Esq.
 Vice-President SIR EDMUND H. CURRIE.
 Chairman JNO. R. W. KNIGHT, Esq.
 Vice-Chairman H. T. WADKIN, Esq.
 Council Representatives MESSRS. KNIGHT & MASTERS.
 Committee—Messrs. TAYLOR, HAWKINS, KARET, RING, and LONDON, and the Misses BREADY, COHEN and LEVENE.
 Committee meeting, Saturday next, 14th inst., in the Sub-Editor's sanctum, East Lodge, at 6.30 p.m.
 First meeting of the Society, Friday week.
 Entrance Fee, 6d. Subscription nil.
 All information, addressed c/o sub-Editor, can be obtained, and Members enrolled on application to

W. KING RHODES, } Hon Secs.
 W. E. MASTERS, }

NOTE.—A Special Meeting is called for Members on Friday next, at eight o'clock, when Mr. Walter Besant will address the meeting.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The Subjects for the Exhibition to be held in May, are as follows:—

Figure	Rest.
Landscape	A Woodland Scene.
Design	Circular ornament for centre of ceiling. Still Life.

The date of the Exhibition will be published in a future number of the Journal.

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The meetings of the Parliament will in future be held in the large room beneath the west side of the New Library.

Next sitting, Tuesday, April 10th.

J. W. NORTON, Clerk of the House.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

President	SIR EDMUND H. CURRIE.
Vice-President	MR. JNO. R. W. KNIGHT.
Hon. Secretary	MR. G. T. STOCK.
Hon. Treasurer	MR. E. SOLOMON.
Hon. Librarian	MR. H. GOLD.
Council	MESSRS. W. SIMPSON, W. SKINNER, H. SWAIN.

This Society meets weekly, on Monday evenings at 8 o'clock. Its objects are:—

To extend the art of Shorthand writing, by practice from dictation from 30 words per minute and upwards; by the discussion of shorthand principles; by correcting the exercises of learners, who are Members of the Society, and by maintaining a circulating library, consisting of books, etc., written in Phonetic Shorthand.

Will those who have consented to become Members of the Society kindly send in their subscriptions as soon as possible.

Subscriptions, Entrance fee 1/-, and 6d. per quarter. Subscriptions, 1/6 Entrance fee, and 6d. per quarter, for Non-Members of the Palace, but students in any of the Shorthand Classes within the Palace.

Any further information will be gladly given on any Monday evening at the Society's room.

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

The Concert on Monday was postponed owing to the fact that all the Members of the Entertainment Committee were engaged at the Council Meeting.

Members willing to assist on Monday, April 16th, or any other Monday evening, are kindly requested to give in their names to one of the Members of the Sub-committee, Misses Levene, N. Cohen, R. Sinclair, or the Hon. Sec.,

MAUDE MELLISH.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

We were pleased to see so many new friends last Friday, who came to join the Society. If we still continue to progress like this, we shall certainly be the largest society connected with the Institute. Not only are we aiming at quantity but quality, the latter more especially—and with the leader we possess we fear nothing, our motto—"Union is Strength."

We still have plenty of room for *Altos, Tenors and Basses*, and also good *Sopranos*.

Mr. Orton Bradley will be pleased to see any lady or gentleman wishing to join the Society any Friday evening after 9.30. Haydn's "Spring," Macfarren's "May Day," and other works are being rehearsed for coming concerts.

For further particulars apply to

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.

PALACE RAMBLERS.

ON Monday (Bank Holiday), 2nd April last, a party of about 40 Ramblers and visitors had a most enjoyable walk from Woodford to the "Beehive," Lambourne End.

Meeting at Woodford Station at about 12 o'clock, the party set forth with light hearts (led by our worthy steward, Mr. W. Marshall) on their way to the "Beehive"; after an excellent walk arriving there about three o'clock. Leaving the ladies to make themselves comfortable in the "Beehive's" cosy sitting-room, we (the male Ramblers) went for a short walk, returning to the "Beehive" about half an hour before tea was ready, and, of course, at once made our way to the Ladies' room where a sort of preliminary concert was held.

After the tea, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all, a smoking concert was held in a large room on the first floor of the "Beehive," when Miss Bready obliged with the "Maid of the Mill"; Miss C. Moore gave "Which One shall I Choose"; Miss Marshall (not the Miss Marshall), who delighted all with her rendering, of "Tit for Tat," and in response to an encore gave "Grandmother's advice"; Miss Tilley who gave "Somebody stole my Heart away"; Mr. D. Hearson, "Nobody knows what trouble there was there" and "They're all very fine and large"; Mr. Marshall (our "Chairman") rendered very effectively "The Midshipmite"; Mr. Cayzer "Grandmother's Cat" and "Pull Away"; last but not least came Mr. Alfred Albu, who gave splendidly a recitation entitled "Kissing Cup's Race," and further obliged with "Vat you please."

After a vote of thanks was proposed (and, of course, carried unanimously) to our worth "chairman," Mr. Marshall, the proceedings closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." A memento of the visit being left in the "Visitors' Book" of the "Beehive."

We started for the station (a walk of five miles) at 7 o'clock, arriving about 9 o'clock without any mishap.

ON Saturday last, twenty-five Ramblers (including five ladies), started from Leytonstone Station at 4 p.m., for the "Roebuck," Buckhurst Hill, as stated in the Journal of the 28th ult.

They went through the Avenue, across Whipp's Cross Road, towards the "Rising Sun," and thence along the Woodford Road. There was nothing of any particular interest except the leafless trees and barren land, until they reached the "Sir Wilfrid Lawson" Tavern, when, just as old Sol. began to favour us with a little of his radiant light, our attention was called by the "mild Mackenzie" to the beautiful country scenery on our right, and then, immediately afterwards, on taking a glance to the left, we beheld the sweet valley of Hale End. We arrived at the "Roebuck" at 5.45 after having had a most enjoyable walk. The fast party was five minutes in front of the slow party.

When the ladies had divested themselves of their outer garments, they proceeded to cut the bread and butter up, and filled five or six plates in a very short time. Whilst this operation was going on, the gentlemen varied the monotony by making use of the swings that were attached to the "Roebuck."

After tea the light fantastic was indulged in for about fifteen minutes, whilst the tables were being cleared, the "stately Coody" acting as the M.C., throwing his "ghostly" shadow over the merry dancers.

The dancers having had enough of dancing, they sat themselves down and formed the usual Ramblers' circle. A select concert was arranged, and the following are the names of the ladies and gentlemen who took part in it:—Ramblers, Misses L. Marshall, Tilley, Harris and Vaughan; Messrs. Patterson, De Ritter, McKenzie, Edwards, Claridge and Rout; visitors, Messrs. Lockwood, Presland (pianist), Fullstone and Barclay. After a hearty vote of thanks to the pianist, they all stood up and joined in "Auld Lang Syne," which brought the most successful outing that the Club has ever had to a close.

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

SATURDAY WITH THE RAMBLERS.

LAST Saturday afternoon I was induced by the glorious sunshine and the prospect of fine weather to participate in a ramble as far as the Roebuck. Having consulted the Journal for the previous week, I found that the train left Coborn Road Station at 3.40; and accordingly made my way thither and booked for Leytonstone. It was not very long before some of the Members put in an appearance—conspicuous among them being the Committeemen, who, by their badges, could not fail to be recognized by the majority; we did not have long to wait before a train arrived. Entering it, we were whirled off to Leytonstone, where the party was joined by another contingent making in all about twenty-eight, six of whom were ladies. Slowly we filed through the narrow gateway at the station and past the ticket collector, who seemed quite bewildered at having so many tickets to collect, and methinks I heard him mutter something about Dividends, but of that I am not sure. We were soon *en Rout(e)*, and while

passing down a lane saw a man "Riding on a load of hay," as we came up with him he informed us that he hoped "Soon to be in London Town," but unfortunately, he had lost the lash of his whip, could we oblige him with some string? We had to answer "No Sir," but we had not gone very far before one of our party saw the "Lost Chord" lying on the path. Running back he, with the grace of "The Lord Mayor, gave the coachman" his lost treasure, and he thanking us, we continued our journey, crossing a field where "The green grass grew all round" we had to get "Over the stile," and soon arrived at our destination. From this moment things seemed to get a swing (2d. a time), and everything was "Tum-tum," the ever-obliging ladies took their accustomed places round the festive board and ministered to our wants. After tea, a gentleman, whose name I could not catch, rose and remarked, "Say boys, don't you think the girls" deserve a vote of thanks for the able way in which they have presided; this vote, it is needless to say, was carried unanimously. After this the tables were cleared, and, with the assistance of Mr. Guy, our worthy host, the "Joanna" was carried into the room, and ranging ourselves in a semi-circle, with Mr. Rout in the chair, we had a musical evening, in which we were joined by some cyclists, one of whom turned out to be an "M.P.," whereat we rejoiced. Proceedings were stopped when we heard "Somebody coming," but it was only our host, who said, "Gentlemen, if ever you think of the 5th of November "Then you'll remember me"; whereat we cheered, and the evening closed with "Auld Lang Syne," and we all trooped out of that hospitable mansion into the black and inky night, only to get a real "Tipperary Christening" in the shape of a good April shower, but in about 20 minutes we were at Buckhurst Hill Station, and "Nobody knows what trouble there was there" to find a *proper* compartment, but, with the aid of one of the sprites attached to the train, this little difficulty was soon got over, and we were soon at Coborn Road, after having enjoyed ourselves very much, some of the Members registering a vow to be present next time the "Anchor's Weighed."

In conclusion, I should like to say that I am sorry the ladies do not come more to the front in these outings, but I suppose when the weather gets brighter they will turn out *en masse*.

BLACK ROCK.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

A Special General Meeting of the Members of the B.F.C. will be held this evening at 8 in the Schools.

Beaumont v. Upton Rovers. This match should have been played at Victoria Park last Saturday, but to the great disappointment of the 'Monts, the Rovers did not put in an appearance.

I am extremely sorry to mention that while our fellows were playing, some unknown individual visited their dressing-room and stole small sums of money from their clothes.

Match next Saturday at Victoria Park against the St. Luke's F.C. Kick off at 3.30 sharp.

The team will be selected from the following:—Jesseman, Winch, A. Munro, J. Munro, Douglas, Cooper, Sherrell, Wainman, Wenn, Cook, Butterwick, Griffitt, Cantle, Hart, Wand (Captain).

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

All Members are particularly requested to turn up to practice at Victoria Park, Farnell Road entrance, on Saturday afternoon at 2.30, or as soon after that time as possible. It is essential they should have a fair amount of practice before the match season commences, and the trial matches will come off on the third and fourth Saturdays in this month.

The Secretaries will attend on Friday and Monday evenings next, in the School Buildings at the back of the Queen's Hall, from 8.15 till 9.15, to enrol new Members and receive the subscriptions of those Members who have not already paid. No one will be allowed to play in the trial matches who has not paid his subscription.

Members who have not bespoken their caps are desired to do so at once by sending their names to one of the Secretaries.

All information respecting this Club can be obtained by applying to the undermentioned, or by leaving a note at the Bookstall in the Queen's Hall.

H. MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.
 W. H. TAYLOR, Assist. Hon. Sec. (*pro tem*).

BOXING CLUB.

There was a Meeting held on Tuesday evening of the above club. Sir E. H. Currie in the chair.

General Meeting, Friday evening at 8 o'clock; School Room.
 J. H. PROOFS, Hon. Sec.

PALACE SCHOOLS' ATHLETIC CLUB.

Our Easter outing came off very successfully last Tuesday, April 3rd, twenty-nine of the boys taking advantage of it. We started from the Palace soon after half-past twelve o'clock, so as to enable us to catch the 12.50 from Coborn Road to Leytonstone, arriving at our headquarters—Banes' Coffee and Dining Rooms, opposite the "Green Man," about 1.30. A Three-and-a-half Mile

Race was down to take place at two o'clock, therefore no time was lost in getting the clerks of the course in their respective positions, and by ten minutes past two the first boy was started, others going in order of handicap very quickly. Settling down to a good pace, Davis made good use of his start, and was still leading when first time round. A large number having already given up, the pace being too hot for them. Elstob, Henley, Lucas, and Robb were the next past, followed by Atkinson, Howard, and Lloyd (scratch), some distance behind. This order was kept till one mile from home. At this point Atkinson gave in; Howard was running grandly, and with good judgment passed Robert Elstob and Lucas; continuing in fine style, quickly left Henley in the rear, and was gaining every step upon Davis; 100 yards from home Davis spurred, and although Howard tried hard to reach him he failed, and Davis passed the winning post 20 yards in front of Howard, who was some 200 yards in front of Henley.

Davis's time	34 min. 50 sec.
Howard's	30 " 20 "
Henley	34 " 45 "

The course lay along the Woodford Road to the Eagle Pond, turning into Snaresbrook Road about a quarter of a mile, then across the country to Whipp's Cross Road on to Leytonstone, twice round.

After the Race, cricket was indulged in till five o'clock, when we adjourned for "Tea," which Mrs. Banes had got ready for us. We soon set to, the keen air having sharpened our appetites, full justice being done to the good things provided; having appeased the inner man, football was the game, and right well was it played till a quarter past seven, when the order came it was time we started for the Palace if the Cat Show was to be honoured by our presence. Accordingly, we made tracks for the station, and arrived at the Palace at eight o'clock. Being a large party, we split into sections, and went round the show; afterwards tried to get into the Queen's Hall, and after much squeezing and pushing were rewarded, the singing and music fully repaying us for our trouble. It was now getting late, and a move homeward was thought necessary, it being close upon ten o'clock, when we wished one another good-bye, all agreeing it was a day well to be remembered by us.

On Saturday last, April 7th, sixteen Members put in an appearance at head-quarters; cricket was played for two hours, afterwards we had a good run, all enjoying it immensely.

Next Saturday, cricket practice till four o'clock, afterwards ordinary run. Meet at headquarters, Bane's Coffee and Dining Rooms, at two o'clock.

A. HUNT, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

At a general meeting held on Thursday last the Officers and Committee for the ensuing session were elected. Full particulars will be given next week.

A further general meeting will shortly be announced in the Journal for the purpose of discussing the rules for the management of the club, which will be drawn up by the Committee for approval.

All intending Members, ladies or gentlemen, are requested to attend and give their names to the Secretary.

E. C. BUTLER, Hon. Sec.
 C. G. RUGG, Asst. Hon. Sec.

GYMNASTIC DISPLAY.

On Thursday last, April 5th, our first Grand Gymnastic Display and Assault-at-Arms was given by Members of the People's Palace Gym., under the direction of Staff-Sergt. H. H. Burdett. The Gym. was crowded, and by the loud applause with which the audience greeted each event we can safely say they greatly appreciated the programme prepared for them.

The first event of the evening (though not on the programme) was the presentation of the badge of leadership, in the shape of "Red Sashes," to the following Members of the Gym., by Sir E. H. Currie:—J. Hummerston, E. Tucker, H. R. Jones, E. Norford, H. Pope, F. Hunter, F. Box, W. T. Pentney, H. Ellis, A. E. Jacobs, A. G. Lammass and E. Nykerk, the latter for Fencing Leader. Sir Edmund in presenting them said he hoped these Leaders understood the responsible position they were accepting as leaders of the Gym., and that he hoped they would do all in their power to aid the Director, Sergt. Burdett, in promoting proficiency and good conduct in the Gym., pointing out how essential it was to have discipline for the benefit of all concerned, etc.

PART I.

- I.—The first item on the Programme was Musical Drill with Dumb-Bells, by boys of the People's Palace Technical Schools, and was well received. Pianist, Miss N. Connor.
- II.—Boxing by Mr. J. McCaffrey v. A. Bowman, Captain of P. P. Boxing Club. This was a fine exhibition of sparring, there being very little to choose between them at the finish.
- III.—PARALLEL BARS—Leader, C. Pugh, J. Bailey, W. Chapman, J. H. Hulls, P. Turtle, J. Hummerston, H. R. Jones, J. McCaffrey and Staff-Sergt. H. H. Burdett. Some very good tricks upon this apparatus were shown by the Members who were loudly applauded.
- IV.—QUARTER-STAFF—By Leaders J. Bailey v. J. H. Hulls. Much amusement was caused by these exponents, who, after a bout with the Quarter-Staffs, threw them down and pummelled each other with the gloves.

- V.—SOMERSAULT SQUAD—Led by Instructor C. Wright, J. Fordham, W. Fordham, J. Newitt, S. Ansell. Some excellent forward Somersaults were shown by the squad.
- VI.—SWORD FEATS by Staff-Sergt. H. H. Burdett, which included the cutting of the ribbon laid on the sword; the "Saladin Feat" of severing the suspended lemon by cutting the thread which suspends the lemon by cut 2, and the lemon during its descent by cut 1; also, cutting the broom handle supported on the edge of two tumblers of water, without upsetting them; cutting an apple in two inside a pocket handkerchief, without cutting the handkerchief; and finishing by cleaving a solid bar of lead, 1½ inches thick, by one cut of his sword.
- PRESENTATION OF PURSE OF GOLD, CONTAINING £11 10s., by Sir Edmund Currie to Sergeant Burdett. It may be mentioned that much credit is due to Mr. William C. May, and also to Mrs. Mellish (née Miss Coker) for their endeavours in helping to raise this amount.

PART II.

- VII.—HORIZONTAL BAR—Leader, Staff-Sergt. H. H. Burdett; Instructor, C. Wright; J. Bailey, C. Pugh, J. H. Hulls, W. Chapman, J. Fordham, W. Fordham, J. Newitt, A. Gilder. This was a very fine show, but owing to the length of the Programme, the Sergeant was obliged to cut it short. Great satisfaction was expressed nevertheless by the audience at the wonderful feats performed.
- VIII.—BOXING—J. Hawkes v. W. Scott. A pretty exhibition of sparring was given by these two, especially by the former, who is very clever with his head. Both were loudly applauded at the conclusion.
- IX.—FENCING (Foil)—Staff-Sergt. H. H. Burdett v. Professor E. Nykerk.
- X.—MUSICAL DRILL WITH BAR-BELLS AND FIGURE MARCHING—By Boys of the People's Palace Technical Schools. Some 14 exercises were gone through with exactness, to the music of Miss N. Connor.
- XI.—BOXING—Two Bouts: G. Bowman v. F. Izod, and G. Josephs v. J. Brierly. These were good exhibitions and were well received.
- XII.—VAULTING HORSE—Leader, J. H. Hulls; J. Bailey, C. Pugh, W. Chapman, W. Anderson, P. J. Turtle, J. Hummerston, A. Bowman, H. R. Jones, W. Jones, J. Hunter, F. Harvey, E. Norford, F. Box, H. Pope, H. Ellis, Jacobs, H. J. Fairweather, Leach, W. Pentney, E. Tucker, Instructor C. Wright and Staff-Sergt. H. H. Burdett. All the exercises were gone through with precision. The People's Palace Band played selections during the evening and concluded the programme with "God Save the Queen."

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

It may please all readers to know that we have been successful in attaching some of the leading literary and theatrical gentlemen in London to our ranks, who will act in the capacity of patrons. All their letters of consent are headed in a very kindly spirit, which, we venture to say, ought to prove of great encouragement to us all. For patroness we have secured that charming and amiable lady, Mrs. Kendal. We are sure that all connected, or who intend to connect themselves, with the club, will feel honoured at this gracious act of condescension on that lady's part.

We were on the point of missing out our true friend, Mr. Walter Besant, who, we should mention, was the first to consent to become patron of our club. He is so well known that comment is unnecessary.

In a future issue we hope to insert the names of all those who have consented to lend their names to our club.

The management are desirous that operations be begun as soon as possible, and continued throughout with the utmost sincerity of purpose, so that in time our club may hold its own with other clubs, aye, and be above them.

Members are therefore respectfully requested to note all meetings of the club, which shall, as far as possible, be advertised in this Journal, or if time does not permit, sufficient notices will be posted up throughout the Palace; or, if need be—but this is only in extreme cases—due notice will be sent each Member.

The Secretaries will attend on Friday (13th) next, at 8 o'clock, in the schoolroom, to enrol Members and take the subscription.

RULES.

- I.—That this Club be called the "People's Palace Dramatic Club."
- II.—That the Club have for its object the promotion of histrionic art.
- III.—That the number of Members be limited to one hundred.
- IV.—The following are officers hereby appointed:—
Acting Manager... Mr. JNO. R. W. KNIGHT.
Stage Manager... Mr. ORTON BRADLEY.
Sec. and Treasurer... JOHN MUNRO.
Assist. Sec... ARTHUR E. REEVE.
- V.—The following Members form Committee, appointed to direct all business of the Club:—Miss Cohen, Miss Levene, Miss Leyton; Mr. Hunt, Mr. Price, Mr. Clews.
- VI.—That the Club be divided into sections of twenty Members; each section to be under the control of a separate stage manager, who, in turn, will be responsible to the general management.

- VII.—That acting Members shall be expected to play the smaller parts in any piece to be played by the Club, at the discretion of the management.
- VIII.—That the officers mentioned in Rule IV. form the court of appeal, and their decision to be final.
- IX.—That the Members meet once a week from October to May, both inclusive, and once a month during remaining part of year, and that Committee meet as often as required to transact business.
- X.—That the managers of sections be empowered to call rehearsals at their discretion.
- XI.—That the Secretary have power to convene meetings of either Committee or General Members at his discretion.
- XII.—That the Subscription for Membership be 3s. per annum—payable half-yearly, in advance.
- XIII.—That the management have selection of plays.
- XIV.—That the Secretary furnish a balance-sheet every half year.
- XV.—That twelve Members be empowered to call a meeting through the Secretary—the latter being informed of same in writing—for the purpose of revising rules.
- XVI.—That the foregoing rules remain in force till October.

JOHN MUNRO, Sec. and Treasurer.
ARTHUR REEVE, Assist. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

This club held its first race on Monday, April 2nd, from Croydon to Patcham, a distance of 40 miles. The Roads were rather heavy, but not more than could have been expected after the bad weather we have had lately. Fast times, therefore, were out of the question. After the race, the Members adjourned to the "William the Fourth" for dinner. The arrangements about the dinner were anything but satisfactory, although one of the secretaries had been commissioned to put this most important affair in apple pie order. Being the first handicap of the season, the starts allotted to each competitor were very fair. There were four prizes and a time medal to be competed for. The prizes were given by Nathaniel Cohen, Esq., Lady and Sir John Jennings, and the Club. Eleven Members faced the starter and finished in the following order:—

Starter.	Start.	Started.	Finished.	Time.
	Mins.	A.M.	P.M.	Secs.
Glover, F. . . .	28	9.50	1 12 30	3 22 30
Howard	scratch	10.18	1 13 30	2 55 30
Meason, T. . . .	33	9.45	1 13 35	3 28 35
Slater, H. . . .	33	9.45	1 20 0	3 35 0
Jesseman, D. . .	4	10.14	1 25 15	3 11 15*
Ransley, E. . . .	3	10.15	1 44 0	3 29 0
Hill	33	9.45	1 44 5	3 59 5
Dawson, V. . . .	3	10.15	1 48 0	3 33 0†
Hobson	5	10.13	2 4 0	3 51 0‡
Ransley, H. . . .	5	10.13	2 35 0	4 22 0‡
Payne, F.	16	10.2	2 35 0	4 33 0§

* Handkerchief became entangled in the cog-wheel.
† Tyre came off and some of the spokes broke.
‡ Ran into a sand heap, and shot over the handles.
§ Ran over a dog, and came to the ground.

Starters—Messrs. Kilbride and Payne.
Time-keepers and Judges—Messrs. Burley and Maidment.
J. KILBRIDE, Hon. Sec.
E. RANSLEY, Assist. Hon. Sec.

LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

In consequence of the numerous attractions at the Palace on Thursday last, it was not convenient to hold a meeting of the above Club. There will, however, be a meeting on Thursday, April 12th, at 9 p.m., when a good attendance is requested. Subscriptions should be paid on that day as play will be commenced on Monday the 16th inst.

A General Meeting of the above Club will be held on Thursday evening next, at 9 p.m.

Owing to the numerous other attractions last Thursday, it was thought advisable to postpone the meeting called for that date. Subscriptions will be received on that evening, also on Friday evening at 9 p.m., in the Schools.

Play will (D.V.) be commenced on Monday, April 16th. It is proposed to divide the Club into two sections, so as to give every Member good time for practice. Section 1.—Practice nights, Mondays and Thursdays. Section 2.—Tuesdays and Fridays. Saturdays will be "Field Days," when all Members will be invited to attend.

Ladies and gentlemen having a knowledge of the game and willing to render assistance are requested to communicate with the Secretary at the earliest possible date.

For the information of the Palace Members generally, I may state that sufficient names have been received to complete the Club, but it is probable that a few vacancies will occur, and will be filled up in strict priority of application.

For all information apply to
ARTHUR W. CLEWS, Hon. Sec.,
61, Tredegar Road, Bow.

In the Carquinez Woods.

By BRET HARTE.

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. LONGMAN, GREEN & CO.

CHAPTER X.

THE nest of the tuneful Burnhams, although in the suburbs of Indian Spring, was not in ordinary weather and seasons hidden from the longing eyes of the youth of that settlement. That night, however, it was veiled in the smoke that encompassed the great highway leading to Excelsior. It is presumed that the Burnham brood had long since folded their wings, for there was no sign of life nor movement in the house as a rapidly-driven horse and buggy pulled up before it. Fortunately, the paternal Burnham was an early bird, in the habit of picking up the first stirring mining worm, and a resounding knock brought him half-dressed to the street door. He was startled at seeing Father Wynne before him, a trifle flushed and abstracted.

"Ah ha! up betimes, I see, and ready. No sluggards here—ha, ha!" he said heartily, slamming the door behind him, and by a series of pokes in the ribs genially backing his host into his own sitting-room. "I'm up, too, and am here to see Nellie. She's here, eh—of course?" he added, darting a quick look at Burnham.

But Mr. Burnham was one of those large liberal Western husbands who classified his household under the general title of "woman folk" for the integers of which he was not responsible. He hesitated, and then propounded over the balusters to the upper story the direct query—

"You don't happen to have Nellie Wynne up there, do ye?"

There was an interval of inquiry proceeding from half-a-dozen reluctant throats, more or less cottony and muffled, in those various degrees of grievance and mental distress, which indicate too early roused young womanhood. The eventual reply seemed to be affirmative, albeit accompanied with a suppressed giggle, as if the young lady had just been discovered as an answer to an amusing conundrum.

"All right," said Wynne, with an apparent accession of boisterous geniality. "Tell her I must see her, and I've only got a few minutes to spare. Tell her to slip on anything and come down; there's no one here but myself, and I've shut the front door on Brother Burnham. Ha, ha!" and suiting the action to the word, he actually bundled the admiring Brother Burnham out on his own doorstep. There was a light pattering on the staircase, and Nellie Wynne, pink with sleep, very tall, very slim, hastily draped in a white counterpane with a blue border and a general classic suggestion, slipped into the parlour. At the same moment her father shut the door behind her, placed one hand on the knob, and with the other seized her wrist.

"Where were you yesterday?" he asked.

Nellie looked at him, shrugged her shoulders and said, "Here."

"You were in the Carquinez Woods with Low Dorman; you went there in disguise; you've met him there before. He is your clandestine lover; you have taken pledges of affection from him; you have—"

"Stop!" she said.

He stopped.

"Did he tell you this?" she asked, with an expression of disdain.

"No; I overheard it. Dunn and Brace were at the house waiting for you. When the coach did not bring you, I went to the office to enquire. As I left our door I thought I saw somebody listening at the parlour

windows. It was only a drunken Mexican muleteer leaning against the house, but if he heard nothing I did. Nellie, I heard Brace tell Dunn that he had tracked you in your disguise to the woods—do you hear?—that when you pretended to be here with the girls you were with Low—alone; that you wear a ring that Low got of a trader here; that there was a cabin in the woods—"

"Stop!" she repeated.

Wynne again paused.

"And what did you do?" she asked.

"I heard they were starting down there to surprise you and him together, and I harnessed up and got ahead of them in my buggy."

"And found me here," she said, looking full into his eyes.

He understood her and returned the look. He recognised the full importance of the culminating fact conveyed in her words, and was obliged to content himself with its logical and wordly significance. It was too late now to take her to task for mere filial disobedience; they must become allies.

"Yes," he said hurriedly; but if you value your reputation, if you wish to silence both these men, answer me fully.

"Go on," she said.

"Did you go to the cabin in the woods yesterday?"

"No."

"Did you ever go there with Low?"

"No; I do not know even where it is."

Wynne felt that she was telling the truth. Nellie knew it; but as she would have been equally satisfied with an equally efficacious falsehood, her face remained unchanged.

"And when did he leave you?"

"At nine o'clock, here. He went to the hotel."

"He saved his life then, for Dunn is on his way to the woods to kill him."

The jeopardy of her lover did not seem to affect the young girl with alarm, although her eyes betrayed some interest.

"Then Dunn has gone to the woods?" she said thoughtfully.

"He has," replied Wynne.

"Is that all?" she asked.

"I want to know what you are going to do?"

"I was going back to bed."

"This is no time for trifling, girl."

"I should think not," she said with a yawn: "it's too early, or too late."

Wynne grasped her wrist more tightly. "Hear me! Put whatever face you like on this affair, you are compromised—and compromised with a man you can't marry."

"I don't know that I ever wanted to marry Low, if you mean him," she said quietly.

"And Dunn wouldn't marry you now."

"I'm not so sure of that either."

"Nellie," said Wynne excitedly, "do you want to drive me mad? Have you nothing to say—nothing to suggest?"

"Oh, you want me to help you, do you? Why didn't you say that first? Well, go and bring Dunn here."

"Are you mad? The man has gone already in pursuit of your lover, believing you with him."

"Then he will the more readily come and talk with me without him. Will you take the invitation—yes or no?"

"Yes, but—"

"Enough. On your way there you will stop at the hotel and give Low a letter from me."

"Nellie!"

"You shall read it, of course," she said scornfully, "for it will be your text for the conversation you will have with him. Will you please take your hand from the lock and open the door?"

Wynne mechanically opened the door. The young girl flew upstairs. In a very few moments she returned with two notes; one contained a few lines of formal invitation to Dunn, the other read as follows:

"DEAR MR. DORMAN,—My father will tell you how deeply I regret that our recent botanical excursions in the Carquinez Woods have been a source of serious misapprehensions to those who had a claim to my consideration, and that I shall be obliged to discontinue them for the future. At the same time he wishes me to express my gratitude for your valuable instruction and assistance in that pleasing study, even though approaching events may compel me to relinquish it for other duties. May I beg you to accept the enclosed ring as a slight recognition of my obligations to you?"

"Your grateful pupil,

"NELLIE WYNNE."

When he had finished reading the letter, she handed him a ring, which he took mechanically. He raised his eyes to hers with perfectly genuine admiration. "You're a good girl, Nellie," he said, and, in a moment of parental forgetfulness, unconsciously advanced his lips towards her cheek. But she drew back in time to recall him to a sense of that human weakness.

"I suppose I'll have time for a nap yet," she said, as a gentle hint to her embarrassed parent. He nodded and turned towards the door.

"If I were you," she continued, repressing a yawn, "I'd manage to be seen on good terms with Low at the hotel: so perhaps you need not give the letter to him until the last thing. Good-bye."

The sitting-room door opened and closed behind her as she slipped upstairs, and her father, with a

way. I don't want a light; I reckon my eyes ain't as bright nor as young as his, but they'll see almost as far in the dark—he! he!" And nodding to Brother Carter, he strode along the passage, and with no other introduction than a playful and preliminary "Boo!" burst into one of the rooms. Low, who by the light of a single candle was bending over the plates of a large quarto, merely raised his eyes and looked at the intruder. The young man's natural imperturbability, always exasperating to Wynne, seemed accented that morning by contrast with his own over-acted animation.

"Ah, ha!—wasting the midnight oil instead of imbibing the morning dews," said Father Wynne archly, illustrating his metaphor with a movement of his hand to his lips. "What have we here?"

"An anonymous gift," replied Low simply, recognising the father of Nellie by rising from his chair. "It's a volume I've longed to possess, but never could afford to buy. I cannot imagine who sent it to me."

Wynne was for a moment startled by the thought that this recipient of valuable gifts might have influential friends. But a glance at the bare room, which looked like a camp, and the strange unconventional garb of its occupant, restored his former convictions. There might be a promise of intelligence, but scarcely of prosperity, in the figure before him.

"Ah! We must not forget that we are watched over in the night season," he said, laying his hand on Low's shoulder, with an illustration of celestial guardianship that would have been impious but for its palpable grotesqueness. "No, sir, we know not what a day may bring forth."

Unfortunately, Low's practical mind did not go

"Come on, all of you! Observe me; I have nothing to conceal. I walk with Miss Wynne in the woods as her instructor—her teacher, in fact. We cull a flower here and there; we pluck a herb fresh from the hands of the Creator. We look, so to speak, from Nature to Nature's God.' Yes, my young friend, we should be the first to repel the foul calumny that could misinterpret our most innocent actions."

"Calumny?" repeated Low, starting to his feet. "What calumny?"

"My friend, my noble young friend, I recognise your indignation. I know your worth. When I said to Nellie, my only child, my perhaps too simple offspring—a mere wildflower like yourself—when I said to her, 'Go, my child, walk in the woods with this young man hand in hand. Let him instruct you from the humblest roots, for he has trodden in the ways of the Almighty. Gather wisdom from his lips, and knowledge from his simple woodman's craft. Make, in fact, a collection not only of herbs, but of moral axioms and experience,'—I knew I could trust you, and, trusting you, my young friend, I felt I could trust the world. Perhaps I was weak, foolish. But I thought only of her welfare. I even recall how, that to preserve the purity of her garments, I bade her don a simple duster; that to secure her from the trifling companionship of others, I bade her keep her own counsel, and seek you at seasons known but to yourselves."

"But... did Nellie... understand you?" interrupted Low hastily.

"I see you read her simple nature. Understand me? No, not at first! Her maidenly instinct—perhaps her duty to another—took the alarm. I remember

to create a diversion in his favour by dashing into the bar-room and clapping the occupants on the back with indiscriminate playfulness. But here again he seemed to be disappointed. To his great discomfiture, a large man not only returned his salutation with powerful levity, but with equal playfulness seized him in his arms, and after an ingenious simulation of depositing him in a horse-trough, set him down in affected amazement. "Bleth't if I didn't think from the weight of your hand that it wath my old friend Thacramento Bill," said Curson, apologetically, with a wink at the bystanders. "That'th the way Bill alwayth uthed to tackle hith friendth, till he wath one day bounthed by a prithe-fighter in Frithco, whom he hath mithtaken for a mithionary." As Mr. Curson's reputation was a quality that made any form of apology from him instantly acceptable, the amused spectators made way for him as, recognising Low, who was just leaving the hotel, he turned coolly from them and walked towards him.

"Halloo!" he said, extending his hand. "You're the man I'm waiting for. Did you get a book from the Exthpreth Offithe latht night?"

"I did. Why?"

"It'th all right. Ath I'm rethponthible for it, I only wanted to know."

"Did you send it?" asked Low, quickly fixing his eyes on his face.

"Well, not exactly me. But it'th not worth making a mystery of it. Teretha gave me a commithion to buy it and thend it to you anonymouthly. That'th a woman'th nonthenth, for how could thee get a retheipt for it?"

"Then it was her present?" said Low gloomily.

Big Game.

From "THE TROPICAL WORLD."

By DR. G. HARTWIG.

No. 2.—THE TIGER.

WHILE the lion reigns in Africa, the Tiger is lord and master of the Indian jungles. A splendid animal—elegantly striped with black on a white and golden ground; graceful in every movement, but of a most sanguinary and cruel nature. The lengthened body resting on short legs, wants the proud bearing of the lion, while the naked head, the wildly rolling eye, the scarlet tongue constantly lolling from the jaws, and the whole expression of the tiger's physiognomy, indicate an insatiable thirst for blood, a pitiless ferocity, which he wreaks indiscriminately on every living thing that comes within his grasp. In the bamboo jungle on the banks of pools and rivers, he waits for the approaching herd; there he seeks his prey, or rather multiplies his murders, for he often leaves the carcass of the axis or the nyghau still writhing in the agony of death, to throw himself upon new victims, whose bodies he rends with his claws, and then plunges his head into the gaping wound to absorb with deep and luxurious draughts the blood whose fountains he has just laid open.

Nothing can be more delightful than the aspect of a Javanese savannah, to which clumps of noble trees, planted by Nature's hand, impart a park-like character; yet even during the daytime, the traveller rarely ventures to cross these beautiful wilds without being accompanied by a numerous retinue. The horses frequently stand still, trembling all over, when their road leads them along some denser patch of the jungle, rising like an island from the grassy plain, for their acute scent informs them that a tiger lies concealed in the thicket, but a few paces from their path.

It is a remarkable fact that the peacock and the tiger are so frequently seen together. The voice of the bird is seldom heard during the daytime, but as soon as the shades of evening begin to veil the landscape, his loud and disagreeable screams awaken the echoes, announcing, as the Javanese say, that the tiger is setting forth on his murderous excursions. Then the traveller carefully bolts the door of his hut, and the solitary Javanese retreats to his palisaded dwelling, for the tyrant of the wilderness is abroad. At night his dreadful roar is heard, sometimes accompanied by the peacock's discordant cries. Even in the villages, thinly scattered among the grass or alangwils of Java, there is no security against his attacks, in spite of the strong fences with which they are enclosed, and the watch-fires carefully kept burning between these and the huts.

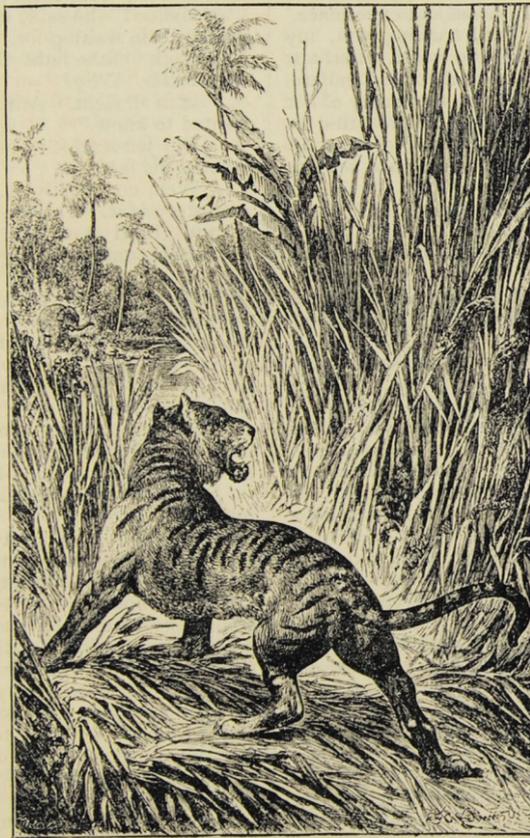
Tiger-hunting is a chief pleasure of the Indian rajahs and zemidars, who, anxious that their favourite amusement may suffer no diminution, forbid any one else to chase on their domains, however much their poor vassals may have to suffer in consequence. But the delight they take in tiger-shooting never leads these cautious Nimrods so far as to endanger their precious persons. On some trees of the jungle a scaffolding is prepared, at a ludicrous height, for his highness, who, at the appointed hour, makes his appearance with all the pomp of a petty Asiatic despot. The beating now begins, and is executed by a troop of miserable peasants, who most unwillingly submit to this forced and unpaid labour, which is the more dangerous for them as they are dispersed on a long line, instead of forming a troop, the only way to secure them against the attacks of the tiger. Thus they advance with a dreadful noise of drums, horns, and pistol-firing, driving the wild beasts

of the jungle towards the scaffolding of their lord and master. At first the tigers, startled from their slumbers, retreat before them, but generally on approaching the scaffolding they guess the danger that awaits them and turn with a formidable growl upon the drivers.

Our English tiger-hunters generally proceed on a very different plan. Provided with very excellent double-barrelled rifles, and accompanied by a troop of well armed, well-paid drivers, and a number of courageous dogs, they boldly enter the jungle to rouse the tiger from his lair. In front of the party generally marches the shikarree, or chief driver, who attentively reconnoitring the traces of the animal, points out the direction that is to be followed.

On his right and left hand walk the English sportsman, fully prepared for action, and behind them the most trustworthy of their followers, with loaded rifles ready for an exchange with those that have been discharged. Then follows the music, consisting of four or five tambourines, a great drum, cymbals, horns, a bell, and the repeated firing of pistols, and conveyed by men armed with swords and long halberds. A few slingsmen make up the rear, who are constantly throwing stones into the jungle over the heads of the foremost of the party, and even more effectually than the noise of the music drive the tiger from his lair. From time to time, one of the men climbs up to the summit of a tree, to observe the movements of the grass. The whole troop constantly forms a close body. The tiger in cold blood is never able to attack a company that announces itself in so turbulent a manner. If he ventures, it is only with half a heart; he hesitates, stops at a short distance, and gives the hunter time to salute him with a bullet.

English Credulity.—Pasquier, an old French author, says that in the time of Francis I. the French used to call their creditors "Des Anglois," from the facility with which the English gave credit to them in all treaties, though they had broken so many.



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.)

Re SUGGESTITIO'S LETTER.

DEAR SIR,—From the letter appearing in your last issue, it is evident that "Suggestitio" has an idea, which is shared not only by myself, but I should think by the majority of the Members, that after what has been done for us by the friends who subscribed so liberally to the building of the Palace, etc., we should use whatever means are in our power to help ourselves.

The proposal that each Member of the Sketching Club should contribute a work for the decoration of the Social Rooms, is in my opinion a good one, and is put forward in a very fair and considerate manner. Leaving as it does the option of framing to the Members, it implies that the frame will be looked upon, as it ought to be, as a minor portion of the gift, and I have no doubt that if the sketch is at all worthy of it, the Trustees themselves would go to the small expense of framing as an incentive, and an indirect encouragement to the Members of the Art Class.

I am of course not in a position to speak as to the willingness of each individual Member of the Club to give in this manner, but there are, to my knowledge, some who would be only too pleased to avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded of setting an example which ought to be, and which I hope will be, followed.

How pleasant it will be to see on the walls of our Palace years hence works, which one can point to and say, that it is the work of a Member who may perhaps then have made great strides in his profession, and again what a chance for any aspirant for painting fame to have his pictures "hung" where they are most likely to be appreciated, viz., among his friends and associates.

The suggestion, I reiterate, is a good one, and will I trust lead to at least a few Sketches being offered to the Trustees to dispose of as they may think fit for the decoration of the rooms, and for the honour of the Sketching Club.

Trusting that you will insert the above in your next issue, I remain, faithfully yours,

T. E. HALFPENNY,
Hon. Sec. Beaumont Sketching Club.

ITALIAN MUSIC.

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps Mr. Orton Bradley will allow me to draw his attention to the fact that there is a strange lack of Italian music performed at the Palace, which is eminently the place for music of the highest order.

I cannot for the life of me understand why Italian music should be pushed out in the cold and German composers enjoy almost a monopoly. Put the two schools together and see which will bear the trial best. Why Italian, for these reasons: it is spontaneous and therefore full of feeling, and it is redundant with melody and harmony combined. German music on the other hand is a collection of notes put together most scientifically, great attention being paid to the production of harmony. Melody being ignored and consequently the music is not so high-class as Italian.

Will the above gentleman and also Mr. Cave take the hint? and introduce selections from all the great masters, not only German and Italian, but the best composers of the world, and so the public will have a chance of listening to some of the most beautiful music it is possible for man to produce, and not virtually restricted to German as at present.—Yours truly,

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

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.)

RAMBLING.—Many thanks for your letter, which has been handed to Sir Edmund Currie—who will give the matter his consideration.

MAURICE LANE.—Take the white of an egg and mix with it a few drops of oil of vitriol: rub the ink spots with the mixture and wash the place well afterwards, and wipe the cloth in the direction of the nap.

READER.—(1) Two thousand five hundred comfortably seated. (2) We have made enquiries of the attendants, but can gather nothing respecting your complaint. Possibly your friend has a very juvenile appearance which would perhaps account for his non-admittance.

J. FOWERAKER.—Why do we "spell your name J. Zoweraker instead of J. Foweraker"?—for the simple reason that your writing is slurred and the capital letters deformed, and therefore likely to mislead anyone.

Competitions, Puzzles, and Prizes.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

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

COMPETITIONS SET MARCH 28.

CLASS A.

No fewer than sixty of the characters which figure in Dickens's novels were mentioned in the lists received of those who were supposed to be the six most popular. The six who were most frequently mentioned were

Mr. Pickwick	86
Sam Weller	82
Oliver Twist	54
Little Nell	47
Nicholas Nickleby)		
David Copperfield)	..	43

The names of those who followed are not given at present for this reason: Seven lists were received agreeing with the above, the sender's names being Leopold Neumegen, Henry Charles, Annie M. Partridge, B. H. Mackelcken, A. M. Smith, W. E. A. Constable, and Rebecca Valentine. As it would scarcely be worth while to divide the prize among so many, these seven must have a little Competition to themselves. The prize will be given to that one of them who sends in a list of Dickens's characters most nearly agreeing with the second set of six, as determined by the mass of Competitors—i.e. the six names which came immediately after those named above. Competitors should mark their envelopes "Extra," and must send in not later than noon on Thursday, April 19th.

CLASS B.

The poets came out strong in this Competition, and the acrostic addresses to Spring were both numerous and good. I would suggest, however, that for their own satisfaction Competitors should pay rather more attention to any conditions laid down when a Competition is set. In this instance several versifiers omitted to note the rule that each line must rhyme with some other line, and consequently their poetic efforts, often meritorious, were of no avail. Others made use of rhymes which are not rhymes, and had also to be disqualified—e.g. "years" does not rhyme with "prayers," nor "reign" with "same," nor "divine" with "rhyme." Still, there were a good many which correctly fulfilled all conditions, and of these the best was the following verse:

Sweet season! green-clad harbinger of mirth!
Primrose and violet start from 'neath the earth,
Rising to greet thee; birds in plumage bright
In leafy trees give voice to their delight;
Nature rejoices, and from her long sleep
Gladly awakes, her vernal feast to keep.

The author of these lines is

J. T. HILL,
125, Belgrave Street, Stepney, E.,

to whom the prize is awarded. I would select for special commendation the verses of W. White, F. Owers and A. J. Parsons.

CLASS C.

The book-covers received were mostly satisfactory, though not all of them could stand the test of having a book placed in them. The covers in question made no provision for the thickness of a book, and being of stiff material refused to adapt themselves to the purpose for which they were intended. The one which proved to

"sit" the best on a book was also the most neatly made, and certainly deserves the prize, the maker's name being

E. COWLIN,
29, Wetherell Road, South Hackney.

A word of praise is due to the paper cover for *The Palace Journal*, sent by Elizabeth Hale, which, however, was not quite the article required.

CLASS D.

The prize in this class is awarded to

C. T. PALMER,
21, Bow Road,

whose favourite subject of study is geography.

COMPETITIONS FOR THIS WEEK.

CLASS A. (OPEN TO EVERYBODY.)

Last week Competitors were asked to decide on the claims to greatness of eminent Irishmen. It would be clearly unfair to leave Scotland out in the cold, and this week, therefore, they are asked to decide on the merits of our neighbours the Scots.

A Prize of Five Shillings will be given for a list of the six greatest or most distinguished Scotchmen. Competitors will decide for themselves as to who has a right to lay claim to that nationality. The Competition to be decided as usual by a majority of votes. Lists to be sent in not later than by noon on Thursday, April 19th.

CLASS B. (FOR MEMBERS ONLY.)

A Prize of Five Shillings is offered for the shortest version of the following telegram, comprising all its material points:

"To Mrs. William Jones, the Lodge, Mudgebury, Kent.

"I have met my old friend Potts to-day, and have asked him to dine with us to-night. He has accepted the invitation. Please invite a few of our friends to meet him; but you must not, on any account, ask Miss Figgins. We shall come by the train which reaches Mudgebury at 5.40 p.m., and you must send the carriage and pair to meet us. Potts would probably take it as a compliment if you came yourself.

"WILLIAM JONES."

Competitors are to imagine that Mr. Jones wishes to telegraph to his wife the information and instructions comprised in the above. To send the message as it stands would involve a greater expense than is necessary, and it can, of course, be considerably shortened, preserving at the same time the gist. The prize will be given to whosoever best succeeds in abbreviating it. Answers by noon on Thursday, April 19th.

CLASS C. (FOR GIRLS ONLY.)

A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best penwiper of as far as may be original design, made by the Competitor. Penwipers are useful articles, but there is, it is believed, considerable scope for improvement in their form. They are nearly always ugly, and when an attempt at beauty is made, usefulness is too often sacrificed. It is hoped that Competitors may be able to produce a penwiper at once pretty and useful. To be sent in by noon on Thursday, April 19th.

CLASS D. (FOR BOYS ONLY.)

A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best model of a wheelbarrow. Two weeks more for this Competition, which closes on Thursday, April 26th.

QUARTERLY PRIZES.

RULES.

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

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

A.—Thus a prize of One Pound, and a second prize of Ten Shillings, will be given to those members of the general public who gain most marks for correct solutions to the puzzles in the quarter.

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

C.—A prize of Ten Shillings, and a second prize of Five Shillings, will be given to the Girls (being Members) who win most marks in the quarter.

D.—A prize of Five Shillings, and a second prize of Five Shillings, will be given to the Boys under fifteen years of age (being educated at the Technical Schools) who win most marks in the quarter.

N.B.—The value of the prizes in Classes C and D has been reduced because the Competition during the past quarter has not been so keen as it should have been. It only lies with the girls and boys to raise it again.

Do not get tired of sending in answers. Several Competitors began well in the past quarter but dropped off, and thus threw away excellent chances of prizes. This was foolish. Begin and stick to it.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES SET MARCH 28.

- (1.) 1. In two ways; either 3 half-guineas and 29 half-crowns, or 8 half-guineas and 8 half-crowns.
2. 280 different crews.

- (2.) DROPPED SYLLABLES.
1. No-ta-ble, noble. 2. Cor-por-al, coral.
3. De-mul-cent, decent. 4. In-con-stant, instant.
5. In-ter-sect, insect. 6. Pal-mis-try, paltry.

- (3.) CRYPTOGRAPH QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKE-SPEARE.
1. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!
2. How ill grey hairs become a fool and jester.

- (4.) MESOSTICH—Spring.
a S s
a P e
a R t
a I l
a N d
a G e

PUZZLES FOR THIS WEEK.

- (1.) 1. A servant agrees to take a certain sum for wages the first month of service, on the understanding that they are to be raised a shilling every subsequent month until they reach £3 a month. At the end of the first of the months for which he receives £3, he finds that his wages during his time of service have averaged 48s. a month. How long has he served?
2. A certain resolution was carried in a debating society by a majority which was equal to one-third of the number of votes given on the losing side; but if, with the same number of voters, ten more votes had been given to the losing side, the resolution would only have been carried by a majority of one. How many voters were there on each side?

- (2.) BRITISH POETS TRANSPOSED.
1. Need I ask.
2. Apes ask here.
3. Negro Tommy.
4. Tenth Actor.
5. Mild ghost.
6. Vile morsel.

- (3.) A VERSE BY WORDSWORTH—alternate letters omitted.
Whnoeelhtshns?
Prashpanieubrfo
Frluhpyaofhns,
Adatelnao.

- (4.) CHARADES.
1. My first is a product of the earth, which is sometimes beautiful, sometimes useful, sometimes noxious; my second, when very old, betokens approaching death to its possessor; my third is one of the most difficult things to define, but women wear it and fish hate it; my whole is the name of a race celebrated in English annals.
2. My first is not exactly slippery, but everyone has a good chance of falling in it; my second is pretty and ornamental, but when composed of men is sometimes dishonest; my third is a measure; my whole is a town in Lancashire.

NOTICE.

LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.—The first and third of the Transposed Proverbs contain misprints, and will not count. In our last Edition a slight error was made in announcing as prize-winner F. Sokolowski, whereas it should have been Henry Sokolowski.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- H. T. WATERS.—Field is permissible, but "log" will scarcely do. I think. My dictionary says that "logwood" is so called from its being imported in logs. In any case, this makes no difference to you, as you get as many marks as anybody else.
T. HOLMES.—(1) Who told you the second proverb was counted? It is desirable to obtain accurate information before bringing charges of unfairness. (2) I believe there was a botanist called John Ray, but don't understand why you ask me. (3) Yes; a field is an open space in a sense. (4) Thanks for your suggestion.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

BOYS' OWN PAPER. Wanted, Volume I., on hire for a few weeks, or will pay cash. See Antonia Verenio, Office, People's Palace.

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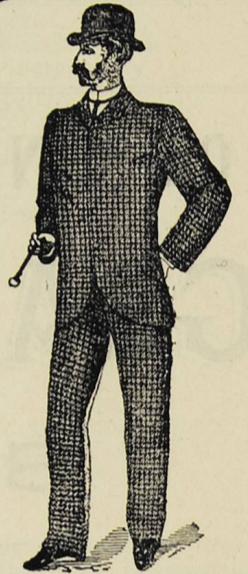
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