

THE PALACE JOURNAL

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[ONE PENNY.]

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Shadows Before THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.—WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.
CONCERT (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock. Scots Guards Band.
LADIES' SOCIAL.—Usual Concert. (By ticket only.)
CYCLING CLUB.—Usual run to Woodford.
SWIMMING CLUB.—First Class-Competition, at 8 o'clock.
- FRIDAY.—WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.
CONCERT (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.
LITERARY SOCIETY.—Meeting as usual.
DRAMATIC CLUB.—Rehearsal, at 8 o'clock, Section B.—
Committee Meeting, at 7 prompt.
- SATURDAY.—WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.
CRICKET CLUB.—First XI., Second XI. and Third XI. at
Wanstead.
RAMBLERS.—To Buckhurst Hill. Last train, Coborn Road
3.40.
CONCERT (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.
- SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITAL (Queen's Hall), at 12.30.
- MONDAY.—WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.
SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Usual Meeting.
SWIMMING CLUB.—Committee Meeting, at 8.30 sharp.
LADIES' SOCIAL.—General Meeting, at 7.15, School-
buildings.
CONCERT (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.
- TUESDAY.—WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.
PARLIAMENT.—Usual Sitting.
DRAMATIC CLUB.—Rehearsal, at 8 o'clock, Section C.
CONCERT (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.
- WEDNESDAY.—WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.
CONCERT (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.

Organ Recital,

On SUNDAY NEXT, MAY 27th, at 12.30 p.m.,
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGANIST MR. STRETTON SWANN.

- | | |
|--|----------------|
| 1. Offertoire in F | Lefebvre Wely. |
| 2. Two Communions | Batiste. |
| 3. "Strike your Timbrels" (Song of Miriam) | Schubert. |
| 4. Solo and Hymn (Golden Legend) | Sullivan. |
| 5. Air with Variations | Hesse. |
| 6. Prelude and Fugue, G | Mendelssohn. |
| 7. Festal March | Scotson Clark. |

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

Notes of the Week.

SOME of the papers and magazines are continuing the pretty custom of the late Richard Jefferies in papers on field and nature lore. No one has, as yet, succeeded to the mantle of Jefferies, but many valuable articles continually appear on these subjects. Thus, in a recent number of the *St. James's Gazette*, a paper which in literary style and finish and apart from politics, is a very long way ahead of all its daily contemporaries, there was a paper on Nature's Weather Prophets full of curious information. "Before rain the farmer's dogs grow sleepy and dull; the cat constantly licks herself; geese gaggle in the ponds, fowls and pigeons go early to roost, and the farm-horses grow restless. Abroad the ants are all hurry and scurry, rushing hither and thither; spiders crowd on the wall; toads emerge from their holes; and the garden-paths are everywhere covered with slugs and snails. When the chaffinch says 'weet, weet,' it is an infallible sign of rain. As the rain draws nearer peacocks cry and frogs croak clamorously from the ditches. These are signs which almost every one has heard who lives in the country; though one of the surest ways of predicting weather changes is by observing the habits of snails. Snails never drink, but imbibe moisture during rain and exude it afterwards. They are seldom seen abroad except before rain, when they commence climbing trees and getting upon the leaves. The tree snail is so sensitive to weather that it will commence to climb two days before the rain comes. If the downpour is to be prolonged, the snail seeks the under-part of a leaf: but if a short or light rain is coming, it stays on the outside. There is another species which is yellow before rain and bluish after it. Others indicate change by dents, and protuberances resembling tubercles. These begin to show themselves ten days before rain, and when it comes the pores of the tubercles open and draw in the moisture. In others again deep indentations, beginning at the head between the horns and ending with the jointure of the tail, appear a few days before a storm. One of the simplest of Nature's barometers is a spider's web. When there is a prospect of wind or rain, the spider shortens the filaments by which its web is sustained and leaves it in this state as long as the weather is variable. If it elongates its thread, it is a sign of fine calm weather, the duration of which may be judged by the length to which the threads are let out. If the spider remains inactive, it is a sign of rain: if it keeps at work during rain, the downpour will not last long, and will be followed by fine weather. Observation has taught that the spider makes changes in its web every twenty-four hours, and that if such changes are made in the evening, just before sunset, the night will be clear and beautiful. In Hampshire swans are believed to be hatched in thunderstorms; and it is said that those on the Thames have an instinctive prescience of floods: before heavy rains they raise their nests. This is characteristic of many birds, which add piles of material to their nests to prevent swamping. When rooks fly high, and seem

to imitate birds of prey by soaring, swooping, and falling, it is almost a certain sign of coming storm. Staying in the vicinity of the rookery, returning at midday, or coming to roost in groups, are also said to be omens to the like effect. Various proverbs would seem to indicate that the cry of the owl, if heard in bad weather, foretells a change. The constant iteration of the green woodpecker's cry before a storm has given it the names of rain-bird, rain-pie, and rain-fowl. Storm-cock is a provincial name shared by this bird and the missel-thrush, the latter often singing through gales of wind and rain. Storm-bird also is applied to the fieldfare. The abhorrence in which mariners hold the swallow-like storm-petrel is well known: its appearance is believed to denote wild weather. This little bird is the Mother Carey's chicken of sailors, and is also called storm-finch and water-witch. Herons, says an old author, flying up and down in the evening, as if doubtful where to rest, 'presage some evil approaching weather'—a legend as old as Virgil, though probably devoid of foundation. Concerning gulls in general, children who live by the sea say, 'Seagull, seagull, sit on the sand: It's never good weather while you're on the land'; and fisher-folk know that when the sea-mews fly out early and far to seaward fair weather may be expected. To Scotch shepherds the drumming of the snipe indicates dry weather and frost at night; and Gilbert White remarks that woodcocks have been observed to be remarkably listless against snowy, foul weather, while, according to another author, their early arrival and continued abode 'foretells a liberal harvest.' In Wiltshire the coming of the dotterel betokens frost and snow, and there is a proverb that the booming of the bittern will be followed by rain or worse. In Morayshire, when the wild geese go out to sea they say the weather will be fine; but if towards the hill, stormy. The saw-like note of the great titmouse is said to foretell rain; that of the blue titmouse, cold. In the south of France so much store is set by the wisdom of the magpie, that if it builds its nest on the summit of a tree the country folk expect a season of calm; but if lower down, winds and tempests are sure to follow. When a jackdaw is seen to stand on one of the vanes of the cathedral tower at Wells, it is said that rain is sure to follow within twenty-four hours. Wells must be a wet place! In Germany dwellers in the country lack faith in the skylark's song as announcing fine weather; but when the lark and the cuckoo sing together they know that summer has come. The robin, buzzard, lapwing, starling, and a number of other birds are said to foretell weather changes: we have noticed that in nearly all the species named the various cries and calls are closely connected with the bird's food supply."

HERE is abundance of food for reflection and observation. How many, however, of *The Palace Journal* readers know a dotterel, a bittern, a great titmouse, a lapwing, a starling, or a wild goose by its flight? One of the greatest and most irreparable losses in town life is that a boy brought up in streets rather than fields and lanes can never, in after life, learn these things. That is, he may slowly and painfully acquire some knowledge of the birds, their flight and their cry; the trees, their foliage and their colour; the flowers, their habits and their season; the creatures of wood and hedge; but he can never acquire the habit of quick, close, accurate observation which the country-bred lad learns unconsciously. I recommend to those town lads who want to understand the immense gulf between themselves and their country cousins, to read Richard Jefferies' *Gamekeeper at Home*.

THERE are, however, certain infallible symptoms and signs by which the town lad may understand the

approach of spring and the probable condition of the weather. As for the former, it is heralded by the appearance, in the West End streets, of *Punch and Judy*, the ingenious gentleman who is tied up in knots and breaks free, the children who play the violin, the foreigner (no doubt a prince in his own country) who plays bells with his hat, a drum with his right hand, the triangle with his elbow, a pipe or bag-pipe with his mouth and one hand, and a tambourine with the other hand. The nigger minstrels, like the swallows, also come in spring. So do the lecturers and preachers in crowded thoroughfares. The costermongers, for their part, indicate the season and the state of the weather by their goods. In very thirsty weather, when the thermometer is "set fair," and the streets of London become like a vast bakehouse, so that one looks around for the agile cockroach, lemons are the favourite ware; ices begin with the first hot day; oranges vanish with the end of May. I am told that their ideas on what constitute a legal pound are vague; but one has a kindness for these itinerant merchants. Besides, it must not be forgotten how they once, in their gratitude, presented Lord Shaftesbury with a donkey, and how that most Reverend of Noblemen received the gift without a single smile.

It is very pleasant to hear of country excursions and Alpine parties being formed among the Palace Members. The business of holiday-making, however, is as yet quite in its infancy in this country. A party of sixty go to Italy for a fortnight and it is thought a great event. In America they organize these things on a much grander scale. At a place called Chautauqua for instance, the Wesleyans have a place where their own people go every year by thousands. It is situated on a lake, there are sailing boats and rowing boats, there are lecture halls, concert rooms, class rooms, churches—everything except dancing. The American Wesleyan (only you must call him a Methodist there) thinks that to put your arm round a girl's waist, unless you mean to kiss her, is sinful. He will not therefore allow any dancing. About a hundred thousand go to this place every summer. They live in tents, in wooden huts, and in great hotels, excellent feeding is provided, they are all temperance people, and all day long they amuse themselves or instruct themselves. It is also reported that after the Chautauqua season a good many weddings are celebrated. Would it not be possible to find such a place in this country? It should be by the seaside, so as to allow of bathing, boating, and fishing. There should be pleasant walks in the neighbourhood, there must be bands, a concert and lecture room, a pier, a sea promenade, a ball room and reading room, boats, cricket and tennis grounds. There should be no shops except the stalls provided by those who "run the show," where everything necessary could be bought by the company. And strangers should be kept out; all meals should be taken at *tables d'hôte* or provided from a central kitchen.

ONE of these fine days the Palace will have its seaside place where two or three thousand Members will be accommodated at one time with lodgings and all those other fine things, at the bare cost of providing them. As the Palace will then have at least 30,000 Members there will be no difficulty in finding two thousand always ready to take a holiday for a week or a fortnight, at a cost not greatly exceeding what they would have to pay at home. There will be no difficulty in finding some organising genius ready to take the thing in hand, and then all that will be wanted to make the thing a great success will be the simple element of good behaviour.

EDITOR.

The Workmen's Exhibition.

PUNCTUALLY at four o'clock on Saturday last, His Grace the Duke of Westminster, accompanied by the Duchess, arrived at the Palace with the purpose of opening the Workmen's Exhibition, and was formally received by Sir Edmund Currie and a number of the Beaumont Trustees. After being ushered into the Gymnasium, the distinguished visitors were conducted through the Exhibition, where a leisurely inspection of its many interesting features was made; and then, after making a purchase at one of the stalls, the party left the Exhibition and visited the new and, as yet, unfinished Library; and so proceeded, by way of the Ladies' Rooms, to the Queen's Hall, where a capital concert with the Scots Guards' Band was entertaining a fairly good audience. Madame Riechelmann and Mr. Donnell Balfe were the vocalists.

An address was then read by Sir Edmund Currie, and was attentively listened to by those present. It ran as follows:

"YOUR GRACE.—The Trustees wish me to convey to you their sincere thanks for coming to the People's Palace to open the Workmen's Exhibition. The Exhibition has been inaugurated with the view of encouraging Working Men to excel in the Industries to which they belong. The number of applications for space have been exceedingly satisfactory, and Exhibits have arrived from all parts of the country; some seventy different Trades are represented, and the majority of the Exhibits have been executed in the spare time of the Exhibitors at their own expense. The Trustees believe that, in the short inspection you have been able to make, that you will consider the Exhibits are worthy specimens of the skill of British Workmen. The Trustees are grateful for the liberality you have shown in subscribing to the Funds for erecting the People's Palace; and they think you must be gratified at the success that has resulted from their efforts during the past winter. Some 200 Day and 4,000 Evening Students have attended the various Practical, Technical, General and Science and Art Classes in the adapted Buildings on the Site; and no one can know better than yourself the urgent need that existed for these Classes, which were begun some years ago under your Presidency in Stepney, and which owed much to your enlightened support. With the new Technical Schools now rising up, and to be opened by September 30th at a cost of building and fitting of £20,000, the gift of the Drapers' Company, the Trustees hope to provide for 500 Boys in the Day Technical Schools, and 6,000 Evening Students. Already 4,000 Young Men and Women, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, have joined the People's Palace Institute, and these numbers will be largely increased when the additional accommodation is provided for social purposes. Your Grace will have the opportunity of witnessing a Gymnastic Performance in our Gymnasium, which has a roll of 1,500 men and 250 women. This short statement would not be complete if the Trustees did not also mention the fact that the beautiful Library you have just passed through, which will seat a very large number of readers, and will be capable of holding a quarter of a million books, will be opened for use on the 16th June by H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany."

In reply to this address, the Duke said he had had great pleasure in visiting such a very interesting Exhibition as that through which he had just passed; and it was certainly not without emotion that he had beheld the wonderful buildings that had been shown him—buildings which spoke only too plainly of the energy displayed by Sir Edmund Currie, and his fellow workers, the Beaumont Trustees. It gave him great pleasure to know that matters at the Palace were so satisfactory

and encouraging. Speaking on the question of technical education—a subject that had created so much interest throughout the country—His Grace remarked that the report of the Commission on technical education was, on the whole, extremely satisfactory, and that notwithstanding the competition of France and Germany and other foreign countries, they had but little hesitation in saying that the English people were still worthily maintaining their position at the head of the industries of the world. His Grace then pointed out that the children on the Continent were allowed to remain at school for a much longer period than our children at home; and he particularly urged that children in England should not be taken from school until they had attained the age of fourteen at least. The value of technical education was incalculable, and its importance becoming more and more recognised by the nation; and it was with the greatest pleasure that he had heard of the magnanimity of the Drapers' Company, who had determined, at such a vast expense, to erect suitable buildings at the East End, where practical and competent teaching might be obtained. It was with increasing satisfaction that he had learnt that the Charity Commissioners, recognising the immense importance of this Palace at Mile End, had determined to try and establish, out of their funds, separate People's Palaces in North and South London, after the model of that so worthily conducted under the chairmanship of Sir Edmund Currie. He would not detain his hearers longer, but with a wish that every success might attend the efforts of the Beaumont Trustees, he would now declare the Workmen's Exhibition open.

The National Anthem having been played by the band, the visitors were re-conducted to the Gymnasium, where a special display was given, under the personal supervision of Sergeant Burdett and Mr. C. Wright. The Gymnasium was comfortably full, and the musical drill (Miss Connor at the piano), parallel bars, boxing, etc., seemed to be heartily appreciated. After spending some twenty-five minutes in watching the gymnasts the Duke and Duchess took their departure.

The visitors, having resumed their seats, the gymnastic performances were re-continued till the close of the programme, and then Sir Edmund, in a few kindly words, bore testimony to the valued services of Sergt. Burdett, and thanked, in the names of the Trustees, those Members who had so ably performed before the Duke that afternoon.

The Workmen's Exhibition, so ably erected under the superintendence of Mr. Robert Mitchell and Mr. A. E. Were, contains representatives of seventy distinct trades, besides many other unique specimens of unclassified industries. One building is devoted to the artistic part of the show, and the other to the more practical, where working models, printing-machines, glass and instrument machines, various stalls for the sale of confectionery, watches, etc., etc., are in full swing. There are nearly four hundred exhibits in all; a museum of "artful" pretensions; and a model reception-room built entirely by the pupils of the various Palace classes. Not the least interesting in the Exhibition is the bicycle-boat, the "Amphibious," designed and built by Coxswain Terry, and the same in which, a few years since, he crossed the English Channel. Several other ingeniously-made articles will attract the visitor's attention, amongst which may be mentioned the ornaments skilfully cut from pieces of coal; a cleverly contrived orery, and several walking-sticks made and polished in the most finished manner from single rings of paper. The Exhibition will remain open for one month, and will be supplemented by performances by that never-failing source of attraction, the Scots' Guards Band, which is to play every evening at eight o'clock in the Queen's Hall.

Palace Gossip.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

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

THE niggah entertainment given by the members of the Stock Exchange on Wednesday last was a great success. I was unable, unfortunately, to sit the performance out—having engagements to fulfil elsewhere; but the first part, that terminated so funnily with a grand review of de troupes, I was lucky enough to witness. The second half, I subsequently learnt, was even more funny, and contained several noteworthy features. An occasional entertainment of this nature serves as an agreeable relief from our usual programme, and does much to vary what some people style the monotony of concerts. The instrumental part of the niggah troupe was very creditable indeed, and left little or nothing to be desired; and altogether the ebony brethren achieved a splendid triumph. Some of the sanctum frequenters told me of the wondrous doings of the so-called lightning caricaturist, who, although he drew popular portraits with remarkable fidelity, failed most signally when attempting to delineate the classic visage of our Sub.

THERE are symptoms of discontent amongst some of the Members of the Dramatic Club that should certainly not exist. The cause of this "distemper" unquestionably comes from the Members themselves, and I should like to point out, with the view of enlightening the discontented, that the rules set down for the proper discipline of our Club *must* be adhered to; and to remind those concerned that the casting the parts of a play is the business of our Acting Manager or the Manager appointed by him. It is not possible to play Claude Melnotte—or Pauline Deschappelles as the case may be, without having had plenty of experience; and the least proficient should learn to take their places cheerfully at the bottom of the ladder, and, by their energy and perseverance, to work their way to the top. Speaking candidly, I must say that the want of familiarity with things dramatic was most strongly marked last week when sub-manager Munro was casting his play; an ignorance that showed only too plainly the immense amount of work that is necessary before we dare—conscientiously—to place a play before an audience. How can it be otherwise, when we reflect that some of the Members are novices—in the very earliest sense of the term?

IT is all very well for a person to learn a part, and to be able to give it off from memory letter-perfect, but if that person stands mechanically before an audience not knowing what on earth to do with his arms or with his body, then, I think you will agree with me, that much teaching is required, and that those Members who show the most promise and the most capacity for a certain part should be cast for that part. Another little matter on which I fain would speak is the continued inattention at the rehearsals. I don't want to be unkind, or to say nasty things—traits, I hope, quite foreign to my nature—but I really must, in my capacity as Acting Manager and, indeed, for the benefit of the whole company, insist upon absolute attention when the management is enduring the agonies of rehearsal. Unless one's whole attention is concentrated upon one's work, such work, I take it, cannot be accomplished in a reliable or satisfactory manner; and therefore, unless silence is observed and attention paid to the "business" and the cues the whole of the section must necessarily suffer. I am loth to make even these few remarks, for one is liable to be misunderstood,—and a false interpretation is sometimes put upon the most innocent observations.

MUNRO, the Hon. Sec. and Treasurer, writes me to say that he is quite prepared to receive whatever subscriptions are owing. Will those interested please take the hint?

THE boys of our Technical Day School left for the country last week to spend their Whitsun recess, and at the time of writing are faring right gloriously. They are divided into two parties, and are in the hands of thoroughly competent cicerones. Some of the boys are under Mr. Laurie's charge, and others are pleasuring beneath the eye of Mr. Albert Hunt—just the man to interest boys. How happy could I be with either—were only the Journal away!

OUR lady M.P.'s held another pleasant "social" in their rooms on Thursday last, when the lord of Mrs. Mellish ably presided over a goodly company. Unfortunately, some half-a-dozen cads—the same, I suspect, that have previously distinguished themselves,—attempted to destroy the harmony of the evening, without, I am pleased to learn, any great success. It wouldn't be a bad idea to call in a contingent from our Boxing Club if ever these interruptions are continued, for a good sound chastisement is sometimes very beneficial. We are our own "police" in the People's Palace, you know, and I really do think that we might occasionally assert our authority. Harking back to the concert for a moment, I may tell you that D—y again trilled most delightfully and, having fully recovered from his moulting, was this time able to *finish* his song—to the great satisfaction of his many admirers. (Hear, hear!)

A MEETING was held one night last week—I really forget the date—when the question of organising a fortnight's summer excursion to Switzerland was re-considered. As I have previously remarked, organisation and economy are to stand pre-eminent; and after weighing the matter very carefully Sir Edmund was able to inform his hearers that the journey could be accomplished, and the necessary living expenses settled for the incredibly small sum of £5. This, on the face of it, certainly seems impossible: yet it is desirable that the figure should be extremely low. The time decided upon has been the last week in August and the first week in September,—which I, for one, think much too late in the year. But the voting showed this date to be in favour of the majority, and if the excursion does come off I sincerely hope that those who can afford to go will profit and pleasure by their holiday. More particulars presently.

EXCURSION projects, as I remarked last week, are very much in vogue just at present, and the latest idea is to arrange a special (and, of course, *select*) ramble to the Italian Exhibition, or—as our Sub prefers to call it—the Penny Iceries. (This, of course, in strict confidence.) I don't know whether the Penny Iceries or the Saffron Hilleries, or whatever you choose to call the place, possesses a switchback-railway, but if it does, I can—as Mrs. Gamp's friend, Betsey Prig would say—"partick'ler recommend it," knowing how wonderfully well the switchback at last year's Buffalo Billeries rejuvenated my fossilized frame. Then I also learn that the leaders of the Gymnasium intend to make high holiday at Wolsey's palace, Hampton, on Saturday next—an example, that will shortly be followed by the bruisers, no disrespect, I assure you, of the Boxing Club. The Choral Society, not to be outdone, is thinking seriously about doing likewise, and the jovial Mears and another rather fancy they Spicer—should say, spies a—pleasant day's outing in the no very distant future, probably, there where the silvery Thames doth gently meander: Richmond.

UP to the time of writing (Sunday) nothing definite has been settled in regard to the Parliament outing, which was, I believe, to have been celebrated on Saturday next—or thereabouts. The Committee are undecided—and who shall decide when Committees disagree? The whole matter should have been thoroughly sifted and, as far as practicable settled, on Tuesday last; but the time was fizzled away and the result is a general dissatisfaction. Then, at half-past nine on Wednesday last a Committee meeting was held in the sanctum, and in an imperious manner one gentleman there present wanted to settle everything in five minutes—which alas! could not be done. He thereupon opposed everything he had previously supported. Richmond was declared to be out of the question: was unsuitable—a thousand objections—and besides, could offer absolutely *nothing* in the way of dancing accommodation. Absurd! [It must therefore, be clearly concluded that the Richmond mission last Sunday was a failure]—for unless, gentlemen, we can find a place wherein to disport our Terpsichorean abilities it would be, I—take it, quite inadequate for our requirements. Thus spake Sir Oracle, and we bowed in submission. The probable heavy outlay was pooh-poohed—(and really we *ought* to have known that each Parliamentist possessed, in a lesser or greater degree, the wealth of Croesus)—so perish the thought and hang the expense! Yet, foolishly enough, I was otherwise opinioned, and was very justly snubbed for daring to venture that possibly the expense might be just a *little* beyond the—! No,—absurd? Then I would willingly withdraw my objection—sitting the action to the word and maintaining a discreet silence for the rest of the evening. But I have since perceived the enormity of my stupidity, and, determined to make up for my blunder, am quite prepared, by way of penance, to indulge in the most amazing speculations—to wildly carmine to the sound of the merry concertina; to cover mine aged frame with the most festive costume, to deck my chapeau with the paper streamer loved of the Cockney; to—so hang the expense for to-morrow we die! [Yet notwithstanding these wild and un-Sub-like determinations I have occasional qualms of conscience; for methinks me that the day *might* be spent quietly enough beneath the leafy beauties of Nature, and in contemplating the thousand delights that the sylvan affords. Dancing!—well, perhaps not being built that way, I cannot, as I should, fully sympathise with the project; or perhaps it is due to my Jacques-like melancholy. Who knows!]

WHILST I am dealing with matters Parliamentary, I should like to dwell for a moment upon what I really think threatens to prove a very serious matter. When the Debating Society had not yet blossomed into the dignity of a Parliament, matters in connection therewith went on amicably and—comparatively—smoothly enough under the able secretaryship of poor Sydney Thomas, whom, the gods loving, died young. Since the decease of our well-loved *confere*, fearful and wonderful things have happened to the Debating Society, or, as it is now called, the Palace Parliament. No longer does a general good feeling exist amongst its members, but a dangerous spirit of doubt and antagonism reigns rampant there. I use the word "dangerous" advisedly, for I have daily watched the party-feeling that has arisen between its members—a feeling attacking not only the "politician" but the man, and a feeling that is fatal to the existence of sociability and good-fellowship. Many and many a time have I heard remarks from members that, beginning with a political theme, have gone on to

insulting personalities—a state of things that I have certainly failed to remark in similar bodies. If it is not possible to carry on a discussion forum without endangering the friendliness that is the life of an institute, it would be better, I fancy, did not a political society exist at all. Take the Parliament, as at present established, at its very best—where will you find such another institution so vilely conducted? The mode of procedure—if I may so term it—is simply monstrous: a man has never a fair hearing—be he of whatever opinion you will, and is universally condemned almost before he rises in his seat. Scenes in the House are doubtless provocative of mirth—and mirth, of course, tends to lessen the invariable monotony of a Parliament: but when mirth reaches the stage of imbecile frivolity, it is quite time, I think, that matters should stop.

YET it is not so much of the Tuesday sitting that I lament. It is of the after consequences—when the Members are gathered elsewhere at the Palace, and when some wretched senator starts politics. I was never greatly interested in things political 'tis true, and if this is the way in which the politic worms turn one upon another, I fervently hope that I may never show a desire to participate in senatorial discussions. The words are uttered—forgotten: but the sting remains. The result of such a feeling existing where nought but sociability should prevail, or acting upon any sensitive Member can, to use a newspaper expression, be much better imagined than described. O reform it altogether!—and when, after the vacation, the House re-assembles with a Liberal government, let the new plan of campaign be entirely different to the old one, with the conduct of the House gentlemanly and straightforward, and the consequences, believe me, need never then be questioned. But, above all, let the Members themselves thoroughly eschew politics *outside* the Tuesday sitting—and, by so doing, keeping any assembly they may honour with their presence free from all political taint and monopoly. I have spoken thus much in my desire to point out to my fellow Parliamentarian navigators the cruel but plainly rocks on which *they* (because I have not yet taken *my* seat) are guiding our craft; and, not presuming to dictate—for my intentions do not that way tend—I may hope that these remarks will awaken the more lethargic to a sense of what indeed is undeniably their duty. I—Gad's Hill—am convinced that until a thorough reformation has taken place the Parliament must remain as the chief and most fatal institution in the whole Palace to the much-desired spread of sociability.

WE had a very excellent day at the Palace on Saturday last, when the Duke of Westminster came to open the Workmen's Exhibition. His Grace, who was accompanied by the duchess, drove up to the door of the Gymnasium as nearly as possible at four o'clock. Prior to this, organ recitals and band performances were given in the Queen's Hall, and were continued at intervals throughout the day. After passing through the Gym. the visitors, followed by the Trustees and those specially invited, were conducted by Sir Edmund through the Exhibition. His Grace, who appeared thoroughly interested in what he saw, was particularly struck by several, amongst other things. The first was the patent pillar-boxes, the next the curious walking-sticks made entirely of rings of paper—unquestionably the most ingenious "exhibit" in the Industries, and lastly, my tombstone—I call it mine as I am sure it is intended for me. Rounding the corner the duke again paused, and this time purchased a half-guinea Waterbury—the proprietors of which can now say with some truth that they have "set a watch upon His Grace the Duke of Westminster." Then we passed on into the unfinished but majestic new Library, where the party stayed for a brief space, admiring the domed roof and the lovely busts round about. (Shakespeare is represented; but neither Lord Bacon or Mr. Ignatius Donnelly could I discover.)

THEN through the ladies' rooms the proud procession swept—which verges, as the elder Weller would say, on the poetical. Here, on a crimson cloth-covered platform, the visitors were seated, and listened, *Palace Journal* in hand, to the Scots Guards' band, to Mr. Donnell Balfie, and to that charming favourite, Madame Riechelmann—who was deservedly enored. Whilst the Guards were playing a selection from the "Pinafore" I noticed that the duke was reading the Journal, and, following his eyes, could see that he was engrossed on "The Suspension of Karet"—possibly wondering who on earth Karet was. Then the speaking followed, His Grace paying Sir Edmund several graceful compliments—after which we adjourned to the Gymnasium where the gallant Burdett was making ready to receive us. Certainly, it isn't often that I frequent the Gymnasium, but I really thought that the entertainment was the best yet given there. I have no room for particularising a lengthy programme, so you must be contented with an assurance that everything passed off in the most satisfactory manner—even the boxing which, not being a bruiser, I failed to appreciate. Soon after, the distinguished visitors took their departure; and, the remainder of the party re-assembling, the Gymnasium programme was gone through—Sir Edmund thanking, in the name of the Trustees, those gentle gymnasts who had so generously given their Saturday half-holiday.

WHIT MONDAY was celebrated in the usual manner at the Palace, and the very shrubs looked *en fête*. The Swimming-bath, as announced, was opened to the public for the first time, and a great

number gathered to splash in consequence. I was at the bath at noon, and I must say that the good old Sol shining brightly upon the (almost sea-green) water made matters look cheery and the waves inviting. Several amphibious but much-unwashed urchins in the shallow end, were varying their enjoyment by not inelegant diving, and by "wave-making." But the tritons were six-footed at the other end of the bath—far away from the youthful minnows—and were "displaying" their natatorial skill in such a way that I burned again with envy, and positively pined for the fame of a Bibbero.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Sir Edmund Hay Currie, Chairman of the Trustees, would be glad to meet the female Members of the People's Palace Institute, on Monday evening next, the 28th inst., at 7.15 p.m., in Room No. 2, Schcol-buildings.

I HAVE just heard that the month of June will bring forth another attractive "item," and that is to be a Band Competition, under the supervision of our popular Musical Director, Mr. Orton Bradley. This judging of harmony and skill is to be held in the Queen's Hall, commencing on Monday, June 25th, until its close. There are to be very special prizes offered—of which due notice will be given. Bands wishing to compete should forward their applications as speedily as possible, addressed to "The Chairman, People's Palace, Mile End, E.," and marked "Band Competition."

THE Palace Ramblers—and their name was legion—who went roving on Monday had, if all I have heard is correct, a right merrie time. The majority went to Merstham—*via* Caterham, but a smaller party (of course, "select") met in the neighbourhood of Henley and much enjoyed that beautiful locality. I was to have accompanied one party, but Nature proving too strong for me, I had to abnegate, and—stay at home. The Mersthamites, as I have remarked, were a large party: the Ramblers proper being recruited from various Palace sections—ramblers likewise, but in another sense. Much—what seemed to me unnecessary—mystery covered the movements of the Monday trippers, aye, even at the eleventh hour on Saturday night; and the impression that the Rambling Club wanted not to be saddled with "outsiders" quickly gained ground, and much indignation and no little murmuring was the result. Prior to my departure from the Palace on Saturday night I interviewed Lieutenant Rout *re* this misunderstanding, but his explanation certainly was fair and square enough, and the only "mystery" that I could unravel seemed to be that the Ramblers, fancying they should be overwhelmed in point of numbers, had made no very great effort to encourage outsiders to accompany them, fearing—ah, how naturally!—that the village they were about to visit would not contain *sufficient provision* for all; and that, being responsible for the general welfare, the leaders of the Ramblers had "wisely" refrained from publishing unto the world their Whitsun Monday intentions. It struck me very forcibly that these "intentions"—beneficial as they were doubtless meant to be, were much overdone: for I couldn't help thinking that the world was large enough for all; and that as England is really not as *yet* in danger, notwithstanding the alarmists, this storing up of provisions was extremely absurd. Besides, as I pointed out a week ago, the village in question was provisioned sufficiently well enough to accommodate the whole of our Institute—if need be, and was indeed a land o'erflowing with milk and honey. Then why such thushness?

THE Mersthamites, it appears, were extremely fortunate; for Mr. Fisher—that genial host whom I shall ever pleasantly remember—had met the party, which, under his guidance were conducted over the various points of interest. Of course, Gatton Hall was visited; and I am told that whilst they were wandering round about, the Ramblers suddenly came upon Lord Rosebery—who, it seems, was also on inspection bent. After their early peregrinations, Mrs. Fisher, in her characteristic way, invited all the lady Members of the party to dine at her house; and afterwards, at tea, the more masculine were also entertained. From what I can gather, it seems that the Rambling party was not without its black sheep—one fellow doing his level best to bring not only disgrace upon the party, but also helping to throw a reflection on the Palace generally. It seems a great pity that a party of fellows cannot go out for the day without some unpleasantness; and this party particularly was most unfortunate. Were I in Bullock's place, I should take immediate steps towards the expulsion, from his Club, of the fellow who not only treated his hostess with extreme discourtesy, but also succeeded in making himself a thorough nuisance to the whole party.

SOME of the photographs taken by Diggins and Albu have turned out wonderfully well; and I hear that several are to be forwarded to Merstham—as a slight recognition of the hospitality shown to the Members of the People's Palace Institute.

A LETTER just received (Wednesday) from Oddyn's Farm, Hasted Keynes, Sussex, says that our Technical Day School-boys are "enjoying themselves immensely; weather grand; looking forward to see Mr. Mitchell to-day and Sir Edmund to-morrow." This is gratifying.

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 PARLIAMENT.

SCENES IN THE HOUSE.—TWO MEMBERS SUSPENDED.

SITTING HELD MAY 15TH.

The Speaker in the chair. The minutes of the previous sitting were read and passed.

Mr. Ives called attention to the conduct of the Chief Secretary for Ireland in disregarding the ruling of the Chair at the previous sitting; but the gentleman in question not being present, it was decided to postpone the discussion till he arrived.

Notices of questions were given by

- Mr. Ives to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.
- Mr. London to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.
- Mr. Wadkin to the Chief Secretary for Ireland.
- Mr. Hawkins to the Secretary of State for War.
- Mr. Taylor
- Mr. Doyle to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.
- Mr. Jolly to the Home Secretary.

The Chief Secretary for Ireland having arrived, Mr. Ives moved the adjournment of the House for the consideration of the conduct of Mr. Maynard respecting his disregard of the ruling of the Chair at the last sitting of the House, seconded by Mr. Wadkin, and after a discussion the House divided, the voting being—

For the adjournment	27
Against	5
Majority for	22

Mr. Ives moved and Mr. Taylor seconded, "That the Right Hon. the Chief Secretary for Ireland be suspended for disregarding the ruling of the Chair at the previous sitting."

A very animated discussion followed, in which the following gentlemen took part, Messrs. London, Karet, Watson, Harry, etc.

Mr. Wadkin moved the Closure, which on division the House adopted by a majority of 9.

The question was then put, and Mr. Ford and Mr. Wilmott were appointed tellers. The voting was—

For the suspension	21
Against	20
Majority for	1

The Prime Minister moved the House go into Committee. Mr. Wadkin supported him, and Mr. London strongly opposed.

A very warm Debate ensued, during which, while the Speaker was in possession of the House, Mr. Karet rose, presumably with the object of addressing the House. He was twice requested by the Speaker to resume his seat, but refusing, Mr. Harry moved that Mr. Karet be suspended; this was seconded by Mr. Masters.

A further very heated discussion arose, but eventually the House cooled down and divided.

The tellers were Mr. Ford and Mr. Albu, and the voting for the suspension of Mr. Karet was—

For	27
Against	16
Majority for	11

The House then resolved itself into Committee to receive the report of the Sub-Committee for the summer excursion. Mr. Wadkin read the report, which was adopted, and the House decided to leave the further arrangements with the Committee.

The Speaker took the chair, and the House adjourned.

N.B.—Members of the Palace wishing to take part in the Excursion of the Parliament may obtain particulars from any of the Committee, and are requested to forward their names at once to the Clerk of the House.

J. W. NORTON, Clerk of the House.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Next Friday's rehearsal will be held in the old Room (No. 4), in the School-buildings behind the Queen's Hall. All Members are requested to attend, as the rehearsals are of great importance.

We are especially in want of Basses, also good Altos and Tenors; but have no vacancies at present for Sopranos.

It has been suggested, and met with universal appreciation, to have a picnic among the Members of the Choral. The matter will be talked over on Friday next.

Mr. Bradley's fourth Smoking Concert will take place on Tuesday, 5th June. Admission by ticket only, which can be had of any gentlemen of the Choral Society, or at the Sanctum (Mr. Knight), also of

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

FIRST ELEVEN.—On Saturday last the First Eleven tackled that well-known Victoria Park Club, viz. Beaumont, at Lake's Farm, Wanstead. The weather, with the exception of a slight shower and a high wind, was all that could be desired, but the pitch provided for us was simply wretched—it crumbled a great deal, and after the match had started the pitch turned out to be two yards short, which greatly handicapped the bowlers, and gave the batsmen a great advantage—full pitch balls being very prominent. The result of the match was a draw in favour of the Beaumont, who had possession of the wickets most of the afternoon, running up the long score of 166 runs. The Palace Club had 70 minutes' batting, and in that time lost 5 wickets for 36 runs. It is but fair to say that the Palace Club were represented by a very weak team, and the pitch being short, put our bowlers to great disadvantage. With one or two exceptions Captain Carter kept his men well together through the long outing in the field, and gave every man in the team an opportunity of shining with the ball, A. Bowman coming off most successful, taking 5 wickets—all bowled. The fielding of the Palace Club left much to be desired, especially with two or three of the players, who carelessly put down one hand to stop a ball, instead of getting well in front of the ball and using both hands.

The Beaumont Captain, winning the toss, elected to bat first, to the bowling of L. Goldberg and E. Sherrall; the first ball from the former got W. Pilbrow leg before wicket—one for 0. Here Hayward joined Mowatt; 72 runs were put on before Carter bowled Hayward off his legs; two for 72. The outgoing batsman gave one or two chances, and some of his hits were decidedly lucky; his 50 included five 4's, three 3's, six 2's, and 9 singles. Browne joined Mowatt, and another long stand was made, until Browne ran out his partner, the third wicket falling for 101. Mowatt had batted very well for his 30 runs, which included two 5's, three 2's, and 14 singles. Baker stayed some time with Browne, the last-named being bowled by Goldberg for a good 14—by far the best batting display. Parkes joined Baker; after making 12, the former was bowled, six wickets being down for 145, seven and eight for 150, nine for 165, the innings closing for 166 runs.

The Palace Club had seventy minutes to bat, and in that time lost 5 wickets for 36 runs. The wicket by this time had greatly crumbled. Carter sent in A. Bowman and H. W. Byard to bat. For a time runs were hard to get—the ball getting up very much, and it became really dangerous to bat. Meanwhile A. Bowman was batting splendidly, his hard cutting being much admired. The first wicket fell for 13; E. Sherrall joined Bowman the second wicket falling for 19. Wilkins joined Bowman, the former being soon bowled by Baker—the batsman not attempting to play the ball; three for 26. Hones was the next man; Bowman continuing to play a very plucky game. Hones was bowled by Parkes; four for 35. Hunter, the next batsman, was soon bowled. The fall of this wicket finished the game, A. Bowman carrying out his bat for a splendid 24—including two 4's (two splendid cuts), three 3's, two 2's, and three singles. Following are the scores and bowling analysis:

BEAUMONT.

BATSMAN.	HOW OUT.	BOWLER.	TOTAL.
W. Pilbrow	L.B.W.	Goldberg	0
H. Mowatt	Run out	30
H. Hayward	Bowled	Carter	50
Browne	do.	Goldberg	14
Baker	do.	Munroe	20
Parkes (Capt.)	do.	A. Bowman	12
Jackson	do.	do.	5
E. Pilbrow	do.	do.	0
Hodgson	do.	do.	0
Price	Not out	1
Byles	Bowled	A. Bowman	13
Extras	21
Total			166

PEOPLE'S PALACE.

BATSMAN.	HOW OUT.	BOWLER.	TOTAL.
A. Bowman	Not out	24
H. W. Byard	Bowled	Browne	4
E. Sherrall	do.	do.	0
E. T. Wilkins	do.	Baker	1
R. Hones	do.	Parkes	2
F. Hunter	do.	Baker	0
T. G. Carter (Capt.)
L. Goldberg
J. Munroe
C. Bowman	Did not bat.
W. Hendry
Extras	5
Total for 5 wks.			36

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.
BEAUMONT.

Bowler.	No. of Balls.	Maiden Overs.	No. of Runs.	No. of Wickets.
L. Goldberg	135	3	50	2
E. Sherrall	10	0	7	0
H. W. Byard	10	0	11	0
T. G. Carter	70	6	36	1
W. Hendry	10	1	6	0
R. Hones	15	1	3	0
E. Wilkins	20	1	4	0
A. Bowman	50	4	17	5
J. Munroe	20	0	11	1
F. Hunter	5	1	0	0
C. Bowman	5	1	0	0

The First Eleven of the Palace are greatly indebted to Mr. Proops, for the able manner in which he keeps the scoring and bowling analysis. Mr. Byard (senior) gave universal satisfaction in the capacity of umpire; he has been engaged by the First Eleven to umpire through the season.

A team representing the People's Palace Cricket Club journeyed to Egham on Whit-Monday; particulars in next issue of *The Palace Journal*.

The First Eleven play the Mistletoe, at Lake's Farm, Wanstead, next Saturday, with the following team:—A. Bowman, C. Bowman, W. Hendry, E. Goodwin, E. C. Brown, T. Knight, H. W. Byard, L. Goldberg, E. T. Wilkins, R. Hones, T. G. Carter (Captain).

The Second Eleven play the Pelham, at Wanstead, next Saturday. Selections from the following team:—J. Munroe, W. Wenn, W. C. Wand, W. H. Taylor, G. Sheppard, J. Emslie, G. Josephs, W. Everson, L. M. Nathan, — La Reviere, E. J. Taylor, A. Wainman (Captain).

The Third Eleven play the Bethnal Green Baptist Cricket Club, at Wanstead, next Saturday, with the following team: A. Alvarez, J. Etridge, — Witham, H. Kitchen, A. M. Emslie, W. Preager, — Dodds, D. Herson, P. W. Carter, W. W. Carter, A. H. Valentine (Captain).

The Second Eleven of the Palace did not play a match, owing to the Whittington not putting in an appearance, but had some good practice. The following will represent the Palace on Saturday at Lake's Farm, Wanstead:—

W. C. Wand, W. Everson, W. Wenn, G. Thomson, J. Munro, H. Marshall, H. Philpot, W. H. Taylor, M. Prager, J. Lyons, A. Wainman (Captain.) Reserves:—G. Sheppard, W. Newman.

HENRY MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.
W. H. TAYLOR, Assist. Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The Members of the above Club held their Fifth Monthly Exhibition of Sketches and Designs in the Art Class-room on Monday evening, the 14th inst.

It was originally intended to hold it in Room No. 9, but the Art Class-room being better lighted and more adapted to the purpose, was decided upon at the last moment; and I might here take the opportunity of expressing my regret that some intending visitors, on putting in an appearance at Room No. 9, was led to believe that the Exhibition was over on account of the darkness prevailing in the room in question.

The number of sketches sent in were in excess of the number anticipated, the Still Life studies predominating, these productions being in several materials—pencil, crayon, sepia, oil and water-colour—and it is apparent from this that in-door work was most attractive during the last month, and that the weather offered no inducement to the sketcher to seek his subject in the open air. It is hoped, however, that now there is some promise of sunshine, it will have the effect of reversing the position of affairs in next month's display, and that we shall see the landscape subjects in the majority.

Lady Jennings had intended honouring the Club by inspecting the works, but unfortunately her ladyship came rather too early, and whilst the Exhibition was really taking place was witnessing the gymnastic display given before Lord and Lady Rosebery on the occasion of the opening of the Swimming Bath. I have no doubt that her ladyship will do us the honour on some future occasion.

The opening of the Swimming Bath clashing with the Exhibition, had the effect of reducing the usual number of visitors; but having always been held on the second Monday, and so advertised, the Committee deemed postponement inadvisable.

Mr. Cornish, the head master of the Art Class, criticised the sketches in his usual able manner; and it is right that I should here express not only the thanks of myself and Committee, but also the indebtedness of the Members, for the trouble he takes on each of these occasions.

At the Committee meeting held on Friday (18th) Mr. James Scott was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. H. Edwards.

The Secretary will be glad to hear from any intending Members, and desires to point out (for fear they might be under the impression that the Exhibitions are confined to Members of the Club) that these displays are open to all Members of the Palace, with the exception of the time during which the criticism is going on.

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

PALACE RAMBLERS.

On Monday last a party of eighteen Ramblers visited Henley-on-Thames, where a very enjoyable day was spent.

On Saturday next, 26th May, the Ramblers will pay their second visit to Buckhurst Hill. Tea at "The Bay Tree." Excursion tickets from Coborn Road. Last train 3.40.

On Saturday, June 2nd, Hadley Woods; particulars next week.
F. W. BULLOCK, } Hon Secs.
H. ROUT, }

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

Members of the Institute intending to be playing Members of the above Club next season will greatly oblige by sending in their names to either of the undersigned.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

On Friday evening last the above Club held its usual meeting. The Members mustered in full force, but, owing to the excessive heat of the weather there were not many who indulged in the noble art. The first to commence business was our stalwart instructor, Mr. A. Bowman, who was to be seen towering over his slim but rather lively pupil, H. Deane. C. J. Funnell v. E. Morgan were the next two to commence operations, and right merrily did the war rage, until we heard the clanking of a distant bell, which told us that it was time to depart; so, with a hearty hand-shake all round, we each went our respective ways after a most enjoyable evening.

Members will please take notice that the remainder of their subscriptions are now due. All intending Members should apply at once to I. H. Proops, Hon. Sec., or to P. Simons, Assist. Hon. Sec. Subscriptions 2s. 6d. per quarter.

Full particulars of the General Meeting held last evening (Tuesday), will be given in the next issue of the Journal.

I. H. PROOPS, Hon. Sec.
P. SIMONS, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

Section A.—Please note that the usual rehearsal takes place this evening (Wednesday), at 8 o'clock.

Section B will also please note that a meeting for rehearsal will be held on Friday evening, 25th inst., in School-room, at 8 o'clock, at which it is specially requested all will attend.

Section C is kindly requested to meet our Acting Manager, Mr. Knight, on Tuesday night, 29th inst., at 8 o'clock, in School-room.

Lady Members of the Palace are reminded that a few vacancies are still open in the remaining sections. Early application is requested, as it is desirable to have all sections in working order. "Tragediennes and Comediennes" are particularly invited to join, as we understand the remaining sections compose the *crème de la crème* of these two branches of the noble art. Letters to the Secretary will have direct attention.

To those Sections rehearsing, and, indeed to all whom this remark may concern, it is requested that the text of the plays under consideration be as quickly as possible committed to memory, so that the books may be dispensed with. We beg respectfully to point out to Members the necessity for attendance when called upon, as when one is absent a whole scene has sometimes to be thrown up.

We again repeat, Members will please consult the Journal every week, that each may be thoroughly posted up in what is going on in connection with the Club. The Club is to be congratulated on having secured that king of comedy, Mr. J. L. Toole, to their list of patrons, and we feel that we are not committing ourselves when we say that some day, perhaps, we may see him and a few more at the Palace. But we anticipate.

Now that the weather is fine, it has been suggested that a day's outing would not do us any harm; so with this object in view, and knowing it is necessary to gain the minds of our Members on such an important subject, we beg to call a meeting for next Saturday, 26th inst, at 6 o'clock in the School-room.

We feel sensible of the severe tax which Saturday afternoon meetings have upon our Members, but we hasten to assure those murmurers that it will not be of long duration. This meeting is exclusively "dramatic."

To Committee.—A meeting, for 7 o'clock prompt, on Friday next, in School-room, is hereby called. General business, and also to talk over the proposed pic-nic. Prompt attendance is requested.

JOHN MUNRO, Sec. & Treas.
ARTHUR REEVE, Assist. Sec.

P.S.—The Secretary begs to thank one of the Members for his suggestion as to covers for the play-books, and to state that same has his attention. In the meantime Members are requested to be as kind to and careful with the text-books as they are with their best Sunday-go-to-meeting gloves, etc.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

Subscription 2s. the season. 1s. due at once.

First Meeting in the Bath to-morrow night at 8 o'clock for class competition. 1st Class, 510 yards (17 lengths); 2nd Class 210 yards (7 lengths); 3rd Class, 90 yards (3 lengths).

The 1st Class Members will be those who succeed in swimming the 17 lengths in 11 minutes, 2nd Class those who succeed in swimming 7 lengths in 4½ minutes, and 3rd Class those who swim 3 lengths in 2½ minutes. Members who can swim, but do not pass 3rd Class, will be classified 4th Class.

Don't forget that this is our opening night. So turn up in strong numbers.

RULES.

1.—That the name of the Club be the PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

2.—That all Members be amateurs as defined by the Amateur Swimming Association Laws, and must be Members of the Palace.

3.—That the colours of the Club be Blue and White, and each Member is to procure and wear suitable bathing dress at Club Meetings.

4.—That the subscription be 2s. the season for gentlemen and 1s. 6d. for ladies, payable 1s. May 1st, and 1s. August 1st, ladies 1s. and 6d. respectively.

5.—That no Member be allowed to compete in any race, or enjoy any privileges of the Club whose subscription is in arrears, and if not paid within a month shall cease to become a member.

6.—That the officers consist of a President, Vice-President, Captain, Vice-Captain, Secretary, Treasurer and Assistant Secretary, who, together with a Committee of 6 ladies and 6 gentlemen, shall conduct the business of the Club; 7 to form a quorum.

7.—That an Annual General Meeting be held for the election of Officers, etc., during the month of September. All officers retire, but are eligible for re-election.

8.—That the Club meet two evenings a week, for practice and racing. Ladies one day.

9.—Notifications of all Meetings to be made in *The Palace Journal*.

10.—That Committee Meetings (7 to form a quorum) be held when necessary.

11.—That a Special Meeting may be called on the requisition of 12 Members for the revision of rules, or any other business. Notice must be given at least 10 days previously to the Hon. Secretary.

12.—That the Handicapping Committee consist of 6 ladies for the ladies' section, and 6 gentlemen for the gentlemen's section, together with the Secretary in each instance.

13.—That the Committee and Officers shall arrange the programme of races and fixtures, and shall have the power of framing bye-laws and rules for the regulation of the Club.

14.—That the Captains race be decided in the Palace bath during the month of July, the distance 510 yards. No Member will be allowed to compete who has not been an active Member for one month prior to the event.

15.—That intending Members must be elected at a General, Special or other Meeting. Application forms to be obtained from the Secretary.

16.—That all Members comply to Palace regulations.

17.—That any case not provided for on the above Rules be decided by the Committee.

18.—That every Member be supplied with a copy of these Rules, and shall abide thereby.

Committee Meeting on Monday next at 8.30 sharp. Please note.

Lady swimmers are requested to give their names in as requested last week addressed to the Secretary. They might be left at the bookstall or office.

E. C. BUTLER, Hon. Sec.

C. G. RUGG, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, ESQ.

The Members of the above Society met last Friday, when a most interesting "productive" evening was held. Mr. Jno. R. W. Knight occupied the chair. The programme included contributions entitled "Bob Mahoney: a Tale of Love and War," by Harry Dacre; "The Unfairness of Drink," by our Chairman; "Reflection," by Lux; "Gladys's Fortune," Anonymous; and "Three Jolly Bachelors," by Mr. Hawkins. Many of the gentlemen present took part in the criticisms.

Meeting below Queen's Hall, next Friday evening, at eight o'clock.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

There was, of course, no meeting of the Shorthandists on Monday last, owing to the Whitsun recess; but it is hoped that the Members will make a point of turning up as usual on Monday next, when, like giants refreshed, we shall be able to attack the "winged art" with increased encouragement.

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

Garrick's Acting.

GARRICK introduced on the stage altogether a new style of acting: its effect was electrical upon some, while others hesitated to give up their old favourites. Cumberland, who was then at Westminster School, afterwards became an acute critic; he says, of this period:

"I was once or twice allowed to go, under proper convoy, to the play, where, for the first time in my life, I was treated by the sight of Garrick in the character of Lothario. Quin played Horatio; Ryan, Altamont; Mrs. Cibber, Calista; and Mrs. Pritchard condescended to the humble part of Lavinia. I enjoyed a good view of the stage from the front row of the gallery, and my attention was riveted to the scene. I have the spectacle even now, as it were, before my eyes. Quin presented himself, upon the rising of the curtain, in a green velvet coat, embroidered down the seams, an enormous full-bottomed perriwig, rolled stockings, and high-heeled square-toed shoes. With very little variation of cadence, and in a deep, full tone, accompanied by a sawing kind of action, which had more of the senate than of the stage in it, he rolled out his heroics with an air of dignified indifference, that seemed to disdain the plaudits that were bestowed upon him. Mrs. Cibber, in a key high pitched, but sweet wital, sung, or rather recitatively, Rowe's harmonious strain, something in the manner of the improvisatore's; it was so extremely wanting in contrast, that, though it did not wound the ear, it wearied it; when she had once recited two or three speeches, I could anticipate the manner of every succeeding one; it was like a long, old, legendary ballad of innumerable stanzas, every one of which is sung to the same tune, eternally chiming on the ear without variation or relief. Mrs. Pritchard was an actress of a different cast, had more nature, and, of course, more change of tone, and variety both of action and expression: in my opinion the comparison was decidedly in her favour; but when, after long and eager expectation, I first beheld little Garrick, then young and light and alive in every muscle and in every feature, come bounding on the stage, and pointing at the wittol Altamont and heavy-paced Horatio—heavens, what a transition!—it seemed as if a whole century had been swept over in the transition of a single scene; old things were done away and a new order at once brought forward, bright and luminous, and clearly destined to dispel the barbarism and bigotry of a tasteless age, too long attached to the prejudices of custom, and superstitiously devoted to the illusions of imposing declamation. This heaven-born actor was then struggling to emancipate his audience from the slavery they were resigned to; and though, at times, he succeeded in throwing in some gleams of new-born light upon them, yet, in general, they seemed to *love darkness better than light*, and, in the dialogue of altercation between Horatio and Lothario, bestowed far the greater *show of hands* upon the master of the old school than upon the founder of the new. I thank my stars, my feelings in those moments led me right; they were those of nature, and therefore could not err."

Garrick excelled in comedy as well as in tragedy, and in the lowest comedy too—in Abel Drugger as well as Hamlet. He followed the improvement in costume introduced by Macklin. West, the painter, once asked Garrick why he did not reform the stage in costume. Garrick said the spectators would not allow it; "they would throw a bottle at his head." He had a particular dislike to appearing in the Roman costume; probably, through a consciousness of his small person. There are engravings of him extant, in which his tragic characters are seen in coats and toupees. His appearance as Hotspur, in a laced frock, and Ramillies wig, was objected to, not as being unsuitable to the time, but as too insignificant for the character. There is a fine print, by V. Green after Zoffany, of Garrick playing Macbeth, in a full court suit, embroidered with gold.

"On the Frontier."

By BRET HARTE.

2.—A BLUE GRASS PENELOPE.

CHAPTER I. (Continued.)



HE was standing before the picture as she entered. Even in the trying contiguity of that peerless work he would have been called a fine-looking man. As he advanced to greet her, it was evident that his military title was not one of the mere fanciful *sobriquets* of the locality. In his erect figure and disciplined composure of limb and attitude there were still traces of the refined academic rigours of West Point. The pliant adaptability of Western civilisation which enabled him, three years before, to leave the army and transfer his executive ability to the more profitable profession of the law, had loosed sash and shoulder-trap, but had not entirely removed the restraint of the one or the bearing of the other.

"Spencer is in Sacramento," began Mrs. Tucker in languid explanation, after the first greetings were over.

"I knew he was not here," replied Captain Poindexter gently, as he drew the proffered chair towards her, "but this is business that concerns you both." He stopped and glanced upwards at the picture. "I suppose you know nothing of his business? Of course not," he added reassuringly, "nothing, absolutely nothing, certainly." He said this so kindly, and yet so positively—as if to promptly dispose of that question before going further—that she assented mechanically. "Well, then, he's taken some big risks in the way of business, and—well, things have gone bad with him, you know. Very bad! Really, they couldn't be worse! Of course it was dreadfully rash and all that," he went on as if commenting upon the amusing waywardness of a child; "but the result is the usual smash-up of everything, money, credit, and all!" He laughed and added, "Yes, he's got cut off—mules and baggage—regularly routed and dispersed! I'm in earnest." He raised his eyebrows and frowned slightly, as if to deprecate any corresponding hilarity on the part of Mrs. Tucker, or any attempt to make too light of the subject, and then rising, placed his hands behind his back, beamed half-humorously upon her from beneath her husband's picture, and repeated, "That's so."

Mrs. Tucker instinctively knew that he spoke the truth, and that it was impossible for him to convey it in any other than his natural manner, but between the shock and the singular influence of that manner she could at first only say, "You don't mean it"—fully conscious of the utter inanity of the remark, and that it seemed scarcely less cold-blooded than his own. Poindexter, still smiling, nodded.

She arose with an effort. She had recovered from the first shock, and pride lent her a determined calmness that more than equalled Poindexter's easy philosophy.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"At sea, and I hope by this time where he cannot be found—or followed."

Was her momentary glimpse of the outgoing ship a coincidence or only a vision? She was confused and giddy, but, mastering her weakness, she managed to continue in a lower voice:

"You have no message for me from him? He told you nothing to tell me?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing," replied Poindexter. "It was as much as he could do, I reckon, to get fairly away before the crash came."

"Then you did not see him go?"

"Well, no," said Poindexter. "I'd hardly have managed things in this way"; he checked himself and added, with a forgiving smile, "but he was the best judge of what he needed, of course."

"I suppose I will hear from him," she said quietly, "as soon as he is safe. He must have had enough else to think about, poor fellow!"

She said this so naturally and quietly that Poindexter was deceived. He had no idea that the collected woman before him was thinking only of solitude and darkness, of her own room, and madly longing to be there. He said "Yes, I daresay," in quite another voice, and glanced at the picture. But as she remained standing, he continued more earnestly, "I didn't come here to tell you what you might read in the newspapers to-morrow morning, and what everybody might tell you. Before that time I want you to do something to save a fragment of your property from the ruin—do you understand? I want you to make a rally, and bring off something in good order."

"For him?" said Mrs. Tucker, with brightening eyes.

"Well—yes—of course—if you like—but as if for yourself. Do you know the Rancho de los Cuervos?"

"I do."

"It's almost the only bit of real property your husband hasn't sold, mortgaged, or pledged. Why it was exempt—or whether only forgotten—I can't say."

"I'll tell you why," said Mrs. Tucker, with a slight return of colour. "It was the first land we ever bought, and Spencer always said it should be mine and he would build a new house on it."

Captain Poindexter smiled and nodded at the picture. "Oh, he did say that, did he? Well, *that's* evidence. But you see he never gave you the deed, and by sunrise to-morrow his creditors will attach it—unless—"

"Unless—?" repeated Mrs. Tucker with kindling eyes.

"Unless," continued Captain Poindexter, "they happen to find you in possession."

"I'll go," said Mrs. Tucker.

"Of course you will," returned Poindexter pleasantly.

"Only, as it's a big contract to take, suppose we see how you can fill it. It's forty miles to Los Cuervos, and you can't trust yourself to steamboat or stage coach. The steamboat left an hour ago."

"If I had only known this then!" ejaculated Mrs. Tucker.

"I knew it, but you had company then," said Poindexter with ironical gallantry, "and I wouldn't disturb you." Without saying how he knew it, he continued, "In the stage-coach you might be recognised. You must go in a private conveyance and alone—even I cannot go with you, for I must go on before and meet you there. Can you drive forty miles?"

Mrs. Tucker lifted up her abstracted pretty lids: "I once drove fifty—at home," she returned simply.

"Good! and I daresay you did it then for fun. Do it now for something real and personal—as we lawyers say. You will have relays and a plan of the road. It's rough weather for a *passee*, but all the better for that. You'll have less company on the road."

"How soon can I go?" she asked.

"The sooner the better. I've arranged everything for you already," he continued with a laugh. "Come now—that's a compliment to you isn't it?" He smiled a moment in her steadfast, earnest face, and then said more gravely, "You'll do. Now listen."

He then carefully detailed his plan. There was so little of excitement or mystery in their manner that the servant, who returned to light the gas, never knew that the ruin and bankruptcy of the house was being told before her, or that its mistress was planning her secret flight.

"Good afternoon; I will see you to-morrow then," said Poindexter, raising his eyes to hers as the servant opened the door for him.

"Good afternoon," repeated Mrs. Tucker quietly answering his look. "You need not light the gas in my room, Mary," she continued in the same tone of voice as the door closed upon him; "I shall lie down for a few moments, and then I may run over to the Robinsons for the evening."

She regained her room composedly. The longing desire to bury her head in her pillow and "think out" her position had gone. She did not apostrophise her fate, she did not weep; few real women do in the access of calamity, or when there is anything else to be done. She felt that she knew it all; she believed she had sounded the profoundest depths of the disaster, and seemed already so old in her experience that she almost fancied she had been prepared for it. Perhaps she did not fully appreciate it; to a life like hers it was only an incident, the mere turning of a page of the illimitable book of youth; the breaking up of what she now felt had become a monotony. In fact, she was not quite sure she had ever been satisfied with their present success. Had it brought her all she expected? She wanted to say this to her husband, not only to comfort him, poor fellow, but that they might come to a better understanding of life in the future. She was not perhaps different from other loving women who, believing in this unattainable goal of matrimony, have sought it in the various episodes of fortune or reverses, in the bearing of children, or the loss of friends. In her childless experience there was no other life that had taken root in her circumstances and might suffer transplantation; only she and her husband could lose or profit by the change. The "perfect" understanding would come under other conditions than these.

She would have gone superstitiously to the window to gaze in the direction of the vanished ship, but another instinct restrained her. She would put aside all yearning for him until she had done something to help him, and earned the confidence he seemed to have withheld. Perhaps it was pride—perhaps she never really believed his exodus was distant or complete.

With a full knowledge that to-morrow the various ornaments and pretty trifles around her would be in the hands of the law, she gathered only a few necessities for her flight and some familiar personal trinkets. I am constrained to say that this self-abnegation was more fastidious than moral. She had no more idea of the ethics of bankruptcy than any other charming woman; she simply did not like to take with her any contagious memory of the chapter of life just closing. She glanced around the home she was leaving without a lingering regret; there was no sentiment of tradition or custom that might be destroyed; her roots lay too near the surface to suffer from dislocation; the happiness of her childless union had depended upon no domestic centre, nor was its flame sacred to any local hearthstone. It was without a sigh that, when night had fully fallen, she slipped unnoticed down the staircase. At the door of the drawing-room she paused and then entered with the first guilty feeling of shame she had known that evening. Looking stealthily around she mounted a chair before her husband's picture, kissed the irreproachable moustache hurriedly, said, "You foolish darling, you!" and slipped out again. With this touching endorsement of the views of a rival philosopher, she closed the door softly and left her home for ever.

CHAPTER II.

THE wind and rain had cleared the unfrequented suburb of any observant lounger, and the darkness, lit only by far-spaced, gusty lamps, hid her hastening figure. She had barely crossed the second street when she heard the quick clatter of hoofs behind her: a buggy

drove up to the kerbstone, and Poindexter leaped out. She entered quickly, but for a moment he still held the reins of the impatient horse. "He's rather fresh," he said, eyeing her keenly; "are you sure you can manage him?"

"Give me the reins," she said simply.

He placed them in the two firm, well-shaped hands that reached from the depths of the vehicle, and was satisfied, yet he lingered:

"It's rough work for a lone woman," he said, almost curtly. "I can't go with you, but—speak frankly—is there any man you know whom you can trust well enough to take? It's not too late yet; think a moment!"

He paused over the buttoning of the leather apron of the vehicle.

"No, there is none," answered the voice from the interior; "and it's better so. Is all ready?"

"One moment more." He had recovered his half-bantering manner. "You have a friend and countryman already with you, do you know. Your horse is Blue Grass. Good-night."

With these words ringing in her ears she began her journey. The horse, as if eager to maintain the reputation which his native district had given his race, as well as the race of the pretty woman behind him, leaped impatiently forward. But pulled together by the fine and firm fingers that seemed to guide rather than check his exuberance, he presently struck into the long swinging pace of his kind, and kept it throughout without "break" or acceleration. Over the paved streets the light buggy rattled, and the slender shafts danced around his smooth barrel, but when they touched the level high-road horse and vehicle slipped forward through the night a swift and noiseless phantom. Mrs. Tucker could see his graceful back dimly rising and falling before her with tireless rhythm, and could feel the intelligent pressure of his mouth until it seemed the responsive grasp of a powerful but kindly hand. The faint glow of conquest came to her cold cheek; the slight stirrings of pride moved her pre-occupied heart. A soft light filled her hazel eyes. A desolate woman, bereft of husband and home, and flying through storm and night—she knew not where—she still leaned forward towards her horse. "Was he Blue Grass, then, dear old boy?" she gently cooed at him in the darkness. He evidently *was*, and responded by blowing her an ostentatious equine kiss. "And he would be good to his own forsaken Belle," she murmured caressingly, "and wouldn't let anyone harm her?" But here, overcome by the lazy witchery of her voice, he shook his head so violently that Mrs. Tucker, after the fashion of her sex, had the double satisfaction of demurely restraining the passion she had evoked.

To avoid the more travelled thoroughfare, while the evening was still early, it had been arranged that she should at first take a less direct but less frequented road. This was a famous pleasure-drive from San Francisco—a gravel and sanded stretch of eight miles to the sea and an ultimate "cocktail," in a "stately pleasure-dome decreed" among the surfs and rocks of the Pacific shore. It was deserted now, and left to the unobstructed sweep of the wind and rain. Mrs. Tucker would not have chosen this road. With the instinctive jealousy of a bucolic inland race born by great rivers, she did not like the sea: and again the dim and dreary waste tended to recall the vision connected with her husband's flight, upon which she had resolutely shut her eyes. But when she had reached it the road suddenly turned, following the trend of the beach, and she was exposed to the full power of its dread fascinations. The combined roar of sea and shore was in her ears; as the direct force of the gale had compelled her to furl the protecting hood of the buggy to keep the light vehicle from oversetting or drifting leeward, she could no longer shut out the heaving chaos on the right from which the pallid ghosts of dead and dying breakers dimly rose and

sank as if in awful salutation. At times through the darkness a white sheet appeared spread before the path and beneath the wheels of the buggy, which, when withdrawn with a reluctant hiss, seemed striving to drag the exhausted beach seaward, with it. But the blind terror of her horse, who swerved at every sweep of the surge, shamed her own half-superstitious fears, and with the effort to control his alarm she regained her own self-possession—albeit with eyelashes wet not altogether with the salt spray from the sea. This was followed by a reaction, perhaps stimulated by her victory over the beaten animal, when for a time—she knew not how long—she felt only a mad sense of freedom and power, oblivious of even her sorrows, her lost home and husband, and with intense feminine consciousness she longed to be a man. She was scarcely aware that the track turned again inland until the beat of the horse's hoofs on the firm ground and an acceleration of speed showed her she had left the beach and the mysterious sea behind her, and she remembered that she was near the end of the first stage of her journey. Half an hour later the twinkling lights of the roadside inn where she was to change horses rose out of the darkness.

Happily for her the ostler considered the horse, who had a local reputation, of more importance than the unknown muffled figure in the shadow of the unfurled hood, and confined his attention to the animal. After a careful examination of his feet and a few comments addressed solely to the superior creation, he led him away. Mrs. Tucker would have liked to part more affectionately from her four-footed compatriot, and felt a sudden sense of loneliness at the loss of her new friend, but a recollection of certain cautions of Captain Poindexter's kept her mute. Nevertheless, the ostler's ostentatious adjuration of "Now then, aren't you going to bring out that mustang for the Senora?" puzzled her. It was not until the fresh horse was put to, and she had flung a piece of gold into the attendant's hand, that the "Gracias" of his unmistakable Saxon speech revealed to her the reason of the lawyer's caution. Poindexter had evidently represented her to these people as a native Californian who did not speak English. In her inconsistency her blood took fire at this first suggestion of deceit, and burned in her face. Why should he try to pass her off as anybody else? Why should she not use her own—her husband's name? She stopped and bit her lip. It was but the beginning of an uneasy train of thought. She suddenly found herself thinking of her visitor, Calhoun Weaver—and not pleasantly. He would hear of their ruin to-morrow, perhaps of her own flight. He would remember his visit, and what would he think of her deceitful frivolity? Would he believe that she was then ignorant of the failure? It was her first sense of any accountability to others than herself, but even then it was rather owing to an uneasy consciousness of what her husband must feel if he were subjected to the criticisms of men like Calhoun. She wondered if others knew that he had kept her in ignorance of his flight. Did Poindexter know it—or had he only entrapped her into the admission? Why had she not been clever enough to make him think that she knew it already? For the moment she hated Poindexter for sharing that secret. Yet this was again followed by a new impatience of her husband's want of insight into her ability to help him. Of course the poor fellow could not bear to worry her—could not bear to face such men as Calhoun, or even Poindexter (she added exultingly to herself)—but he might have sent her a line as he fled, only to prepare her to meet and combat the shame alone. It did not occur to her unsophisticated singleness of nature that she was accepting as an error of feeling what the world would call cowardly selfishness.

At midnight the storm lulled and a few stars trembled through the rent clouds. Her eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, and her country instincts, a

little overlaid by the urban experiences of the last few years, came again to the surface. She felt the fresh cool radiation from outlying upturned fields, the faint sad odours from dim stretches of pricking grain and quickening leaf, and wondered if at Los Cuervos it might be possible to reproduce the peculiar verdure of her native district. She beguiled her fancy by an ambitious plan of retrieving her fortunes by farming; her comfortable tastes had lately rebelled against the homeless mechanical cultivation of these desolate, but teeming, Californian acres, and for a moment indulged in a vision of a vine-clad cottage home that in any other woman would have been sentimental. Her cramped limbs aching, she took advantage of the security of the darkness and the familiar contiguity of the fields to get down from the vehicle, gather her skirts together, and run at the head of the mustang, until her chill blood was thawed, night drawing a modest veil over this charming revelation of the nymph and woman. But the sudden shadow of a *coyote* checked the scouring feet of this swift Camilla, and sent her back precipitately to the buggy. Nevertheless, she was refreshed, and able to pursue her journey, until the cold grey of early morning found her at the end of her second stage.

Her route was changed again from the main highway, rendered dangerous by the approach of day and the contiguity of the neighbouring *rancheros*. The road was rough and hilly, her new horse and vehicle in keeping with the rudeness of the route—by far the most difficult of her whole journey. The rare waggon tracks that indicated her road were often scarcely discernible; at times they led her through openings in the half-cleared woods, skirted suspicious morasses, painfully climbed the smooth dome-like hills, or wound along perilous slopes at a dangerous angle. Twice she had to alight and cling to the sliding wheels on one of those treacherous inclines, or drag them from impending ruts or immovable mire. In the growing light she could distinguish the distant, lowlying marshes eaten by encroaching sloughs and insidious channels, and beyond them the faint grey waste of the Lower Bay. A darker peninsula in the marsh she knew to be the extreme boundary of her future home—the Rancho de los Cuervos. In another hour she began to descend to the plain, and to once more approach the main road, which now ran nearly parallel with her track. She scanned it cautiously for any early traveller; it stretched north and south in apparent unending solitude. She struck into it boldly, and urged her horse to the top of his speed, until she reached the cross-road that led to the rancho. But here she paused, and allowed the reins to drop idly on the mustang's back. A singular and unaccountable irresolution seized her. The difficulties of her journey were over; the rancho lay scarcely two miles away; she had achieved the most important part of her task in the appointed time, but she hesitated. What had she come for? She tried to recall Poindexter's words, even her own enthusiasm, but in vain. She was going to take possession of her husband's property, she knew—that was all. But the means she had taken seemed now so exaggerated and mysterious for that simple end that she began to dread an impending something, or some vague danger she had not considered, that she was rushing blindly to meet. Full of this strange feeling, she almost mechanically stopped her horse as she entered the cross road.

From this momentary hesitation a singular sound aroused her. It seemed at first like the swift hurrying by of some viewless courier of the air, the vague alarm of some invisible flying herald, or like the inarticulate cry that precedes a storm. It seemed to rise and fall around her as if with some changing urgency of purpose. Raising her eyes, she suddenly recognised the two far-stretching lines of telegraph wire above her head, and knew the æolian cry of the morning wind along its vibrating chords.

(To be continued).

The Bottle Conjuror.

THIS foolish experiment on the credulity of the public is said to have originated as follows:—The Duke of Montague being in company with some other noblemen, proposed a wager, that let a man advertise to do the most impossible thing in the world, he would find fools enough in London to fill a playhouse, who would think him in earnest. "Surely," said Lord Chesterfield, "if a man should say that he would jump into a quart bottle, nobody would believe that!" The Duke was somewhat staggered; but for the sake of the jest, determined to make experiment. Accordingly, it was advertised that the next day (January 10, 1749) a person would, at the Haymarket Theatre, "play on a common walking-cane the music of every instrument then used, to surprising perfection: that he would on the stage, get into a tavern quart bottle, without equivocation, and while there sing several songs, and suffer any spectator to handle the bottle; that if any spectator should come masked, he would, if requested declare who he was: and that, in a private room, he would produce the representation of any person dead, with which the person requesting it should converse some minutes, as if alive." The prices of admission were—gallery, 2s.; pit, 3s.; boxes, 5s.; stage, 7s. 6d.

At night the house was crowded with curious people, many of them of the highest rank, including no less eminent a person than the Culloden Duke of Cumberland. They sat for a little while with tolerable patience, though uncheered with music; but by and by, the performer not appearing, signs of irritation were evinced. In answer to the continued noise of sticks and cat-calls, a person belonging to the theatre came forward and explained that in the event of a failure of performance, the money should be returned. A wag then cried out, that, if the ladies and gentlemen would give double prices, the conjuror would go into a pint bottle, which proved too much for the philosophy of the audience. A young gentleman threw a lighted candle upon the stage, and a general charge upon that part of the house followed. According to a private letter—it was written by a Scotch Jacobite lady—"Cumberland was the first that flew in a rage, and called to pull down the house. . . . He drew his sword, and was in such a rage, that somebody slipped in behind him and pulled the sword out of his hand, which was as much as to say, 'Fools should not have chopping-sticks.' This sword of his has never been heard tell of, nor the person who took it. Thirty guineas of reward are offered for it. Monster of Nature, I am sure I wish he may never get it."

The greater part of the audience made their way out of the theatre; some losing a cloak, others a hat, others a wig, and others, hat, wig and sword also. One party, however, stayed in the house, in order to demolish the inside; when, the mob breaking in, they tore up the benches, broke to pieces the scenes, pulled down the boxes; in short, dismantled the theatre entirely, carrying away the particulars above-mentioned into the street, where they made a mighty bonfire: the curtain being hoisted in the middle of it by way of flag.

The proprietor of the theatre afterwards stated that in apprehension of failure, he had reserved all the money taken, in order to give it back; and he would have returned it to the audience if they would have refrained from destroying his house. It, therefore, would appear that either money was not the object aimed at, or if aimed at, was not attained by the conjuror. This corroborates the above statement—that the object was only to make an experiment on the public credulity.

The Bottle-hoax proved an excellent subject for the wits, particularly those of the Jacobite party. In *Old England* appeared this advertisement: "Found entangled in a slit of a lady's demolished smock petticoat,

a gilt-handled sword of marshal temper and length, not much the worse of wearing, with the Spey curiously engraved on one side and the Scheldt on the other; supposed to be taken from the fat sides of a certain great general in his hasty retreat from the Battle of Bottle Noddles, in the Haymarket. Whoever has lost it may inquire for it at the sign of the Bird and Singing Land, in Rotten Row."

Old City Regulations.

IT is curious to note that in the *Guildhall White Book*, milk is nowhere mentioned as an article of sale or otherwise; it was perhaps little used, if at all, by the City population. The same negative evidence will scarcely warrant a corresponding suggestion in the article of "drunkenness," coupled in the same sentence with milk, because, like that innocent beverage, the subject of drunkenness is "nowhere" in these pages. It is inferred that intoxication was probably not deemed an offence by the authorities if unattended with violence. "The best ale, too, which was no better than *sweetwort*, was probably so thin that it might be drunk in 'potations pottle deep,' without disturbing the equilibrium of the drinker." Ale-houses were to be closed at Curfew, under heavy penalties, as also were wine-taverns—to prevent persons of bad character from meeting to concoct their "criminal designs." No allusion occurs to wine in bottles or flasks; it would seem to have been consumed wholly in draught. The price of Rhenish in Richard II.'s time was 8d. a gallon; Malmsey, then called Malvesie, was just double that price. "It seems to have been a prevalent custom with knavish bakers to make bread of fine quality on the outside and coarse within; a practice which was forbidden by enactment, it being also forbidden to make loaves of bran or with any admixture of bran." The servants of *bons gens* were legally entitled to be present when the baker kneaded his dough. Fines were at one time extensively exacted from the baking trade, but, "by a civic enactment *temp.* Edward II., it is ordered that from henceforth the Sheriffs shall take no fines from bakers and breweresses, but shall inflict upon them corporal punishment (by pillory) instead." For a first offence, against the required weight or quality of his loaves, the culprit was drawn upon a hurdle—shoeless and stockingless, and his hands tied down by his side—from Guildhall, through the dirtiest and most densely-peopled streets, the short-weight loaf pendent from his neck. For the second, he was dragged by the same conveyance to the pillory in Cheap, to air himself for an hour, and receive the mob's voluntary contributions, animal, vegetable and nondescript. For the third, he had a third journey on the hurdle, his oven was ignominiously pulled to pieces, and himself compelled to abjure baker's business in the City of London for evermore. The hurdle appears, however, to have been discontinued in Edward II.'s reign, and the pillory substituted for it in first offences.

Fox and Gibbon.—Of the sale of Fox's library, we find the following memorandum in Walpole's manuscript Notes, quoted in Earl Russell's *Life of Fox*:—"1781, June 20th. Sold by auction, the library of Charles Fox, which had been taken in execution. Amongst the books was Mr. Gibbon's first volume of 'Roman History,' which appeared, by the title-page, to have been given by the author to Mr. Fox, who had written in it the following anecdote:—'The author at Brookes's said there was no salvation for the country till six heads of the principal persons in the administration were laid on the table; eleven days later the same gentleman accepted the place of Lord of Trade under those very ministers, and has acted with them ever since!' Such was the avidity of bidders for the smallest production of so wonderful a genius, that by the addition of this little record, the book sold for three guineas." Gibbon said that "Charley's black collier would soon sink Billy's painted gallery"; but Mr. Fox said more truly—"Pitt will do for us, if he should not do for himself."

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 ROWING CLUB.

DEAR SIR,—As a Member of the Palace I am pleased to see the letter in last week's issue of our paper with reference to the above subject. If I recollect rightly when the Rowing Club was mooted some time ago, cold water was thrown on it as it was shown that several Members of the Lytton Rowing Club are Members of the Palace, and all Members inclined to this sport were advised to join their Club; but I think with your correspondent "Dogberry" that we should form a Club to be known as the "People's Palace Rowing Club," and as he knows six who are willing to start, no doubt there are more,—of which I am one—who would hail with rapture this idea. I am willing to assist with your correspondent in this matter, and should esteem it a favour if you will either give me his name (if this is not against the law of your paper), or you can send him my name and address if possible. Trusting that ere long the P. P. R. C. will be in existence and prosper, I remain, yours faithfully,

HENRY S. RUDD.

DANCING CLASS.

DEAR SIR,—Among the many pleasant classes we have enjoyed at the People's Palace during the last winter, we beg to solicit your kind attention towards a dancing class for the coming season, which so many of the young ladies would be so glad to embrace, as they would be able to return home early without the uncomfortable disappointment of leaving others behind to enjoy themselves and the temptation to linger until as late an hour as the public classes do. Hoping this will meet the approval of the Trustees.—I beg to remain, yours respectfully,

JOHN HARRINGTON.

ART SOCIETY.

DEAR SIR,—In the interest of those Members who were not at the meeting that was convened last Thursday evening for the purpose of discussing the above subject, I beg you to publish the following:—

It is an unfortunate fact that the title "Art" Society should have been so thoroughly misunderstood. It seems to have conveyed the impression that its Members should have an immediate and personal interest in Art, such as a knowledge of painting, sculpturing, etc., would produce. This impression I am most anxious to dispel, in place of which I should like to convey that the Society is formed for the cultivation of taste and refinement. Any artistic accomplishments its Members may possess would, no doubt, be developed and at the same time be beneficial to the Society. But there is no Member of the People's Palace, however inartistic, who would not be a gain to the Society.

As you announced in your last issue, Sir Edmund Hay Currie kindly took the chair, and in his very able address to the handful of Members present encouraged them to persevere in their difficult task by an assurance of his heartfelt sympathy and belief in its ultimate success; and I must take this opportunity of thanking those ladies and gentlemen who were present for their earnest attention and promised support, and of assuring them that in their hands now lies the result of one of the most important missions—the success of which entirely depends upon their individual efforts.

Our next meeting will be held on Thursday evening at 8.30, when I hope we shall have a more representative meeting. Perhaps some of the Members of the Palace will resist the allurements of the Ladies' Social for the more serious business of the new Society?

(Amusement is the order of the day!)—I am, yours obediently,

A. M. MENDOZA.

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.)

W. H. H.—We are afraid not. No person is eligible to the Dramatic Club unless he or she is a Member of the Palace. The gentlemen who participated in the performance you mention certainly was not a Member—but then the dramatic selection was given by the *Elocution* Class, not the Dramatic Club, and the Member was a pupil of Mr. Hasluck, although not attending his Palace class.

ABSENT MINDED.—We will refer the matter to the proper quarter and will make every enquiry as you suggest.

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 MAY 9.

CLASS A.

The voting in this Shakespearian Competition resulted as follows:

1. Best tragedy—

Hamlet	38
Othello	6
Macbeth	6
2. Best comedy—

Merchant of Venice	11
Merry Wives of Windsor	9
As You Like It	9
Midsummer's Night Dream	8
3. Best play of all—

Hamlet	22
Merchant of Venice	15
4. Greatest male creation—

Hamlet	32
Othello	8
5. Greatest female creation—

Portia	32
Lady Macbeth	9
6. Most hateful character—

Iago	17
Shylock	16
Richard III.	12
7. Most popular quotation—

To be or not to be	17
All's well that ends well	10
Who steals my purse steals trash	8

The winning list therefore comes out thus—

1. Hamlet.
2. Merchant of Venice.
3. Hamlet.
4. Hamlet.
5. Portia.
6. Iago.
7. To be or not to be.

One Competitor only sent in a list exactly corresponding to the above, and therefore takes the prize, the name and address of the winner being

E. F. BEADLE,
11, Foxberry Road, Brockley, S.E.

CLASS B.

It would appear to be easier than might be thought to make a paragraph every word of which begins with the same letter, for the majority of those sent in were good, intelligible, and grammatical. The best I consider to be the following:

Despatch from Master of Cutter *Shark*, employed in suppressing slave traffic, to Admiral of the Station. "Strongbow," a supposed slave-dealer.

Successfully scoured South Seas. Succeeded storming Strongbow's stronghold, saving seventy slaves, some suffering severely; sending same southwards. Should strongly suggest sending soon several small size schooners, so stopping supplies sent Strongbow seawards.

Superintendent Stevenson says Senegal settlement still satisfactory.

The Prize will be given to the author of this composition, who is

CECILIA WILLIAMSON,
42, Rhodeswell Road, Stepney, E.

Highly commended.—W. White, Kate Morris, A. J. Parsons, S. J. Carter, C. Millicent, C. Measures.

CLASS C.

Several of the mats received were pretty and effective, if they did not display any great amount of originality. The one which was at once the prettiest and the most original was a mat which is perhaps best described as a parti-coloured mosaic in velvet, the maker of which is

MARY COOPER,
77, Campbell Road, Bow, E.

to whom the prize is awarded. The paper roses sent by Ruth Sinclair were pretty, but scarcely durable; and the woolwork design sent by R. Joseph is entitled to a word of commendation.

CLASS D.

This Competition was better than usual, and some very well-executed alphabets were received. The best was that sent by

HENRY WISSNER,
386, Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

who takes the prize. Highly commended.—W. Garthwaite and Douglas Cunningham.

COMPETITIONS FOR THIS WEEK.

(Articles sent in for Competition cannot possibly be returned.)

CLASS A. (OPEN TO EVERYBODY.)

A Prize of Five Shillings will be given for a list of the six most popular short poems or "pieces of poetry" in the English language. To be decided by the majority of votes. The poems selected may be indicated by either the title or the first line, which will be considered sufficient. Lists must be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, May 31st.

CLASS B. (FOR MEMBERS ONLY.)

This week's Competition takes the form of an examination paper, and

A Prize of Five Shillings will be given to the Competitor who obtains most marks in answering the subjoined questions. The figures following each question indicate the number of marks that will be given for a correct answer to it.

(1.) QUESTIONS.

1. What comment would you make in correction of the following passage from Scott's "Heart of Midlothian" ?
" . . . and thus our simple and unpretending heroine had the merit of the peacemakers to whom it is pronounced as a benediction that they shall inherit the earth."

2. And in this, which is from Collins' Account Homer's Iliad ?

"The spirit horsemen who rallied the Roman line in the great fight were the horsemen at Lake Regillus, the shining stars who lighted the sailors on the stormy Adriatic and gave their names to the ship in which St. Paul was cast away." (5 each.)

(2.) The phrase "No love is lost between them," commonly signifies that the persons referred to hate one another. Give a quotation from a well known poem where these words are used in an opposite sense. (6.)

(3.) Give the names of the authors of the following quotations, and the names of the compositions from which they are taken.

1. Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.
2. He whistled as he went for want of thought.
3. The cups that cheer but not inebriate.

4. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
 5. 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view. (2 each.)
- (4.) Point out any grammatical errors that may exist in the following sentences:

1. The Daily News has the largest circulation of any Liberal paper in the world.

2. Dr. Flemings' report for 1887 tells us that out of forty students who went in for examination in the several classes, seven obtained first-class and no less than eighteen second-class certificates.

3. John set out on his long walk alone. Having no companion the way seemed endless, but he plucked up heart and accomplished the journey sooner than was expected. (3 each.)

All answers to be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, May 31st.

CLASS C. (FOR GIRLS ONLY.)

A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best criticism on any one of the three following works: Dickens' "David Copperfield," Scott's "Ivanhoe," or Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." To be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, May 31st.

CLASS D. (FOR BOYS ONLY.)

A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best specimen of wood-carving, the work of the Competitor. To be sent in by noon on Thursday, May 31st.

QUARTERLY PRIZES.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES SET MAY 9.

- (1.) 1. Disproportionableness.
2. Disproportionableness (and "no" which should not have appeared).
- (2.) Jack and Gill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down
And broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.
- (3.) 2d. on Tuesday; 3d. on Wednesday.
- (4.) Cordilleras.

It is hoped that the results of the past quarter's Competition will be published next week.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARY.—Articles sent in for Competition cannot be returned; but I hope this will not deter you from competing.

J. T. HILL.—Hereby receive the acknowledgment of answers you asked for.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

"Jack Robinson" and George III.—John Robinson, of Appleby, rose, under the patronage of Sir James Lowther, from being footboy in his service, to sit in Parliament for Westmoreland and Harwich, and Secretary of the Treasury, under Lord North's Administration, when he was caricatured as the political rat-catcher. He was made by Pitt Surveyor-General of His Majesty's Woods and Forests; when he died, there were found in his writing-desk upwards of 300 letters written to him by George III. Mr. Serjeant Atkinson relates of Robinson; the King was once obliged in the chase to cross Wyke Farm (Robinson lived at Wyke House, near Brentford), when on riding up to one of the gates, he found it locked. He hailed a man close by, but the fellow seemed lazy or unwilling to do as he was bid. "Come, come," said the King, "open the gate." "Nay, ye mun gang about," was the answer. "Gang about!" replied the King;—"open the gate, man—I'm the King!" "Why, may be," said the chap; "but ye mun gang about, if ye er t' king;" and sure enough, the King was forced to "gang about," which in plain English means that he was obliged to go round nearly the whole enclosure of Osterley Park. Robinson came home in the afternoon, and hearing of the King's disappointment, instantly ordered horses to his carriage, and drove post haste to Kew. He was admitted, as usual, without ceremony, and his Majesty, laughing, greeted him thus: "Ah, Robinson, I see you are in distress—be of good cheer! I wish I had such fine fellows in my pay as auld gang about. Tell him from me that I shall always be glad to see him." Robinson was at ease; and auld gang about very soon and very often found a more direct path than around the palings of Osterley Park to Kew Palace, where he always met with kindness. The King never saw Robinson afterwards without inquiring affectionately after "auld gang about."

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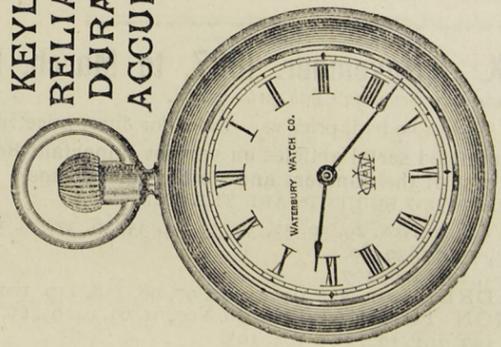
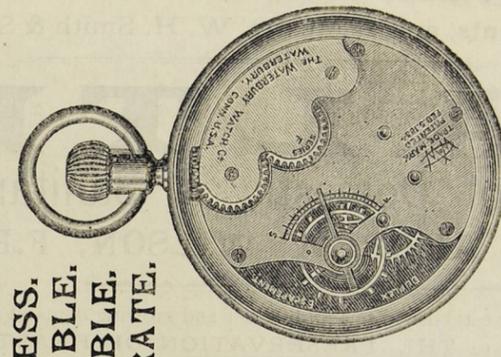
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