



Vol. II.—No. 45.] WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1888. [ONE PENNY.

Shadows Before
THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.—LIBRARY.—Open from 9 a.m. till 10 p.m., free.
 SWIMMING CLUB.—General Meeting, at 8.
 DEBATING SOCIETY.—Committee Meeting, at 8.30.
 CYCLING CLUB.—Usual run to Woodford.
 RAMBLERS.—Special Committee Meeting, at 8.30.
 SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Annual General Meeting, at 8.
- FRIDAY.—LIBRARY.—Open from 9 a.m. till 10 p.m., free.
 CRICKET CLUB.—First Annual General Meeting, at 9.
 RAMBLERS.—Annual General Meeting, at 8.30.
 DRAMATIC CLUB.—General Meeting, at 9.15.
 CHORAL SOCIETY.—Practice Meeting, as usual.
 LITERARY SOCIETY.—Special Meeting.
- SATURDAY.—LIBRARY.—Open from 9 a.m. till 10 p.m., free.
 CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8.
 CRICKET CLUB.—First XI., at Wanstead; Second XI. at Wanstead.
 FOOTBALL CLUB.—First Eleven, at Manor Park; Second XI., at Wanstead.
 RAMBLERS.—To Chingford. Tea at the "Jubilee Retreat."
 CYCLING CLUB.—Run to Rainham ("Ship and Shovel.")
 REPRESENTATIVES OF CLUBS.—General Meeting, at 7.
 CHESS CLUB.—General Meeting, at 8.30.
- SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITALS at 12.30 and 4.
 LIBRARY.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY.—LIBRARY.—Open from 9 a.m. till 10 p.m., free.
 SPECIAL CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8.
 SKETCHING CLUB.—Special General Meeting, at 8.30.
- TUESDAY.—LIBRARY.—Open from 9 a.m. till 10 p.m., free.
 DEBATING SOCIETY.—First Meeting.
 FOOTBALL CLUB.—General Meeting.
- WEDNESDAY.—LIBRARY.—Open from 9 a.m. till 10 p.m., free.
 SPECIAL CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8.
 DRAMATIC CLUB.—Rehearsal for Section A.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, SEPTEMBER 23rd, 1888,
 IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.
 AT 12.30 AND 4 P.M.

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. LIONEL OVERTON.
 (Organist of Hoxton Parish Church.)

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| 1. Allegro Moderato | W. Volckmar. |
| 2. Berceuse | G. Delbruck. |
| 3. Golden Trumpets' March | A. Godwin Fowles. |
| 4. "Children's Home" | Cowen. |
| 5. Offertoire in A | Wély. |
| 6. Sonata in C minor | Mendelssohn. |
| 7. Adagio | C. H. Rinck. |
| 8. Festive March | H. Smart. |

Notes of the Week.

THE recent revolting murders still occupy the public mind to the exclusion of other topics. Perhaps the most profitable contribution to this gruesome subject has been made by *Punch*, who asks whether the horrible crimes in Whitechapel may not be due, to a certain extent, to the highly-coloured pictorial advertisements to be seen on almost all the hoardings in London, vividly representing sensational scenes of murder, which are the "great attractions" of certain dramas. This suggestion ought not to be contemptuously dismissed.

It is one thing—and a very desirable thing—to legitimately stimulate the imagination, to the lack of which we may attribute nearly all the cruelty and selfishness in the world; and to this end fairy tales, exciting stories of adventure, romance, poetry, especially dramatic poetry like Robert Browning's, and the dramas are all useful and essential agents: but it is quite another thing, and an extremely dangerous one, to stimulate the depraved appetites to be found in most human beings by hideous and brutal representation of crime and violence. Most of us have considerable difficulty in subduing our lower passions: and there can be absolutely no justification for the hideous posters which are perpetually appealing to these instincts, especially strong in the uncultured and ignorant.

THE *Standard* gives some interesting particulars of the amber fishing on the Baltic.

Amber fishing is no child's play, and the fishers of the Samland are an exceptionally vigorous and hardy lot of men, as they need be, seeing that they work either shoulder deep in the water, when the salt spray dashing over them falls in chilling icicles upon their faces, or are obliged to spend hours in a constrained position on the sea-bottom, in heavy diving armour, when the air temperature is often a great deal below freezing-point. Stormy weather is the time to see the village fishers at work, for then wind and wave do what man's hands cannot accomplish. The sea lashed into fury loosens the boulders that press upon the amber masses underneath, disentanglements them from the weeds and "sea-tang" by which they are attached to the bottom, and sets them rolling in shore. On these occasions the fishermen armed with long hooked forks and hand-made nets wade shoulder deep into the sea. Some poke at the masses of seaweed and "tang" driven towards them by the surf, and catch as much as they can and drag it landwards, while others try to gather in their nets any stray pieces of amber tossed about by the waves. As fast as the masses of weed or single pieces can be got ashore, they are passed on to women who stand as near as they can to the water, and who quickly loosen from them the fragments of amber, large or small, that may be attached. These are then put into bags, sorted, and sold to the dealers.

SCIENCE is certainly making rapid strides in America. Mr. Peter Campbell has invented an air ship. The ovoid form above the car is a balloon of silk 42 feet long and 24 feet in its greatest diameter, with a capacity of 18,000 cubic feet, and will be charged with hydrogen gas. Connecting the balloon with the arrow-like rod beneath is a keel of the same material as that composing the body of the balloon. Suspended below that pole is a boat-shaped car, containing the machinery for propulsion and direction, with a central well-like basket for passengers. On the sides are wings made of silk stretched to rattan frames, which it is not intended shall

be flapped, but set at such variable angles as may be required by the direction of the wind, to give an effect similar to that produced by the outspread wings of some great birds, like the albatross, that seem to fly without motion. This effect will be further enhanced by two great pairs of wings fore and aft of the basket that may be closed, opened, and set at will, as requisite in elevating, depressing, or directing the structure. There is also a rudder, made like the wings, at the bow instead of the stern of the car, and worked by lines from the basket.

As soon as Ireland has ceased to absorb the attention of every Government it is to be hoped that ministers will turn their energies to that branch of Home affairs which is connected with the law. Especially is it to be hoped that some improvement will take place in the description of magistrates appointed to carry out the law in London. Look for instance, at the speech made by Mr. Saunders, the magistrate of Worship Street, who is paid to administer the law impartially. An application was made to him on behalf of a Pole against his master who would not pay him his wages. Whereupon says Mr. Saunders "The Pole has no business in this country. He is taking the bread out of the mouths of Englishmen—you may have a summons, but I hope you won't succeed!" So the unfortunate Pole will not only probably lose his money, but has also been insulted by the magistrate when applying for the justice to which every person is supposed to be entitled.

THE *Standard* says the angler is experiencing content once more. Summer is here at last, two months behind its time—still it has come, and the rodster is satisfied. The water is clear as crystal, and every trout or grayling as much on the alert as the coyote of the prairie. The Yorkshire rivers are providing very satisfactory angling. On the whole the trout fishing has been good considering the extraordinary season, and just now on the Wharfe, the Yore, and the Swale, both the minnow and the fly are effective, and it is possible to get a respectable creel. Grayling are in tolerably fair condition; and barbel, dace, roach, and bream, have been caught in large quantities.

A SAD instance has just occurred showing the necessity of cultivating self-control and presence of mind in the face of great danger. A small child of three years old fell out of an express train bound for the north. Its frantic mother immediately dashed out after it, and falling on to the metals was killed immediately, whilst the child was picked up unhurt a few yards off.

SALFORD is not as much alive to the advantages of education and healthful relaxation as East London. At the first Sunday Opening of the Public Libraries in Salford last week, the attendance was very small. At the Greengate branch, which stands in the heart of working Salford, the attendance had reached 128 at eight o'clock. To the 128 eighteen books were issued, the rest occupying themselves with magazines and newspapers.

MEMBERS of the Palace will be pleased to hear that Mr. Walter Besant is now convalescent: and will, it is to be hoped, soon gladden us with his presence again.

THE provinces of Catalonia and Barcelona are suffering considerably. This in consequence of the severe industrial crisis which has prevailed throughout the year. Important factories, where the labourers have been hitherto accustomed to constant work, good wages, and comparative comfort, have been either closed altogether or worked with a reduced number of hands. Strikes have occurred frequently, but they were all conducted in a peaceful manner, save in a few instances. In Barcelona itself the depression has not been felt so severely as elsewhere, because of the number and magnitude of the works which were started there for the general improvement of the town, and especially in connection with the International Exhibition. But in spite of these, in spite of the large number of docks, hotels, and private residences which were "raised at racing speed," it appears that over 23,000 labourers were either wholly or partially thrown out of work, 17,000 of these being deprived of work altogether, and the remainder for two, three, or four days a week. The crisis appears to prevail all over Southern Spain, and is not a purely industrial, but an agricultural crisis also.

THE Library and Reading Room.

SINCE the opening of the new Library in August last, readers have been under great disadvantages so far as quiet reading and facility in getting books are concerned, owing to the Picture Exhibition which has been held in the room, and which has naturally been the cause of considerable noise, and prevented the proper working of the Library. The close of the Exhibition this week affords a good opportunity of letting our readers know that now all these drawbacks will be removed, and that by October 1st they will be able to sit in their splendid Library, and read and study in perfect quiet. As only *bona fide* readers will now be admitted to the Library, the rule as to perfect silence will be strictly maintained, and it is particularly requested of all readers—more especially Members who in the past have been the chief sinners—not to spoil the pleasure and comfort of others by talking and laughing, or otherwise misbehaving themselves.

Lady Members are especially troublesome in this matter. They do not appear to recognise that a number of men come here in the evening to study technical books, who are put to great inconvenience by their thoughtless conduct.

The following are the chief points to which I would draw the attention of readers:—

I. The new Technical and Science Catalogue, containing over 700 books, is arranged alphabetically under the title of the book; consequently any work required, say on "Practical Mechanics," can be found at once, and at the same time readers are enabled to see every book contained in the Library on Practical Mechanics. This catalogue includes under Science all Political Economy, Law, and Philosophy books; and can be purchased from the Librarians for threepence.

II. A new General Catalogue is in course of formation, which will contain all the books in the Library under the name of the author. Every new book which is acquired by the Library will be immediately transcribed into this catalogue, so that a reader will be able to get the newest books as soon as they are acquired. Considerable difficulty is often experienced in remembering or knowing the name of the author of the book required. In this case readers are advised not to waste time in turning over the catalogue, but to appeal to the Librarian, who is always to be found in the centre; and who will be happy to help readers in their choice of reading, and in any difficulty as to the catalogue. As this catalogue involves an enormous amount of labour, it will not be ready for use for some months.

III. For the benefit of readers who wish to go through a systematic course of study, it is proposed to issue lists in which the standard works on all subjects will be classified under separate heads. There will also be special lists, by means of which a man will be able to see all the historical novels contained in the Library; all works relating to London, etc., which, it is hoped, will be found of great use to those who are, to a great extent, entirely ignorant of literature in its various branches.

In conclusion it is hoped that some courses of lectures in connection with the books in the Library will be started this winter. At present the mass of readers content themselves with Dumas, Marryat, and Rider Haggard. The great names of those masters of fiction like Thackeray and Scott: in dramatic literature, of Shakespeare and Goethe: in essay writing, of Lamb and Addison, with numerous other poets and novelists, remain unknown, and their books unread because it is wrongly believed their works would prove dry and uninteresting.

FRANCES H. LOW,
Joint Librarian.

Dr. Wendell Holmes' Advice to Young Men.—

Writing in the October number of *The Young Man* (Partridge & Co.), Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes selects the following as the best three books: "The Bible, Shakespeare's Plays, and a good Dictionary—say Worcester or Webster." Regarding the Theatre, he thinks that "A young man of good taste and good principles may safely go to see a good actor in a good play." In answering the question, "Shall we Smoke?" he says "Certainly not. It is liable to injure the sight, to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will, and enslave the nature to an imperious habit, likely to stand in the way of duty to be performed."

Palace Notes.

DURING the last week of the Fête—which terminated on Saturday—the turnstiles admitted no less than 55,383 persons; making the grand admission total, from August 4th to September 15th—six weeks—of 310,207 persons. Several additions were made to the Palace attractions during the Palace week, and the return of that accomplished vocalist, Madame Riechelmann, was highly appreciated by the audience. The Scots Guards Band, under Mr. Conductor Holland, continued to discourse much sweet music; and a special word of praise is due to the marked skill of the Boys' Band of the *Exmouth* training-ship.

THE first of the Social Dances (in aid of the Clubs of the Institute) took place on Monday night, when a great number of Members were present. The dancing was carried on in the Gymnasium, which with its innumerable Chinese lanterns and artistic decorations—the work of Mr. A. Davison, of Cambridge Place, Paddington—made an excellent ball-room. The Scots Guards Band went through a very fine programme of dance music—selections from the favourite comic operas delighting everybody. Dancing began about eight o'clock, and was carried on with much vigour till nearly eleven, when the proceedings terminated. The thanks of the Members are certainly due to the Hon. Sec., Mr. Walter Marshall, and to the M.C.'s, Messrs. Clews, Wadkin, Rosenway and Rhodes for the admirable and smooth way in which the arrangements were carried out. The second (and final) dance took place last night.

FOR the benefit of those who did not dance, a Special Concert was organised in the picturesque and fern-laden Exhibition-building. This concert was certainly not the least attraction of the evening; and was attended not only by non-dancers, but also by those who could trip the light fantastic toe as blithely as may be. In this case, the honour falls to Mr. Frederic Mears, who, assisted by Messrs. A. Albu and Halls, succeeded in catering most ably to the requirements of the audience. If applause means anything at all it means success; and that the concert was successful none will surely attempt to deny. The programme consisted of songs—by Messrs. Mears, Newport, Morgan, Roberts, and Harris, and Miss Kate Jarvis and Miss Maud Mears; whilst Miss Marks and Mr. Lytton acquitted themselves well with recitations. The accompanists were Miss N. Connor and the Misses Mears. The concert was also repeated last night.

LASTLY a word of thanks is due to those Stewards who have worked so well together during the past fortnight in distributing tickets, etc.; and to the different owners of the choice ferns and flowers which made the Exhibition-building such a beautiful retreat. The refreshments were carried out by Messrs. Pearce and Plenty, and gave unlimited satisfaction.

WHAT the Clubs will realise by the sale of programmes, etc., and cloak-room fees, I know not; but I should like to remind all readers that Special Concerts are to be given in the Queen's Hall on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday next, at which some well-known vocalists and instrumentalists are to be present. On Monday Mr. Herbert Reeves and friends have promised to give a concert. On Wednesday Mr. Lane Wilson (of the Dod's Minstrel Troupe) and concert party, including Miss Hilda Wilson, will favour us; and on Saturday, the 29th inst., the Tonic Sol-fa Choir, under the direction of Mr. Proudman, will go through a performance similar to that given by them last July at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Orton Bradley, I believe, superintends these arrangements. The financial success of these concerts will depend, of course, on those taking tickets; so if every individual Member will do his and her best to sell the tickets, a grand result must necessarily follow.

THE Second Great Dog Show (under Kennel Club Rules) will take place on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 8th, 9th, and 10th of October. Special classes and prizes will be given for East London. All entries close on September 24th. Schedules of prizes and regulations may be obtained at the General Offices. Postal communications should be marked "Dog Show."

SUB-ED.

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 DEBATING SOCIETY.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The Annual General Meeting of this Society took place on Tuesday, September 11th, 1888. Sir E. H. Currie occupied the chair.

In opening the meeting, the Chairman referred to the form to be taken by the Society, and, after some discussion, it was decided to re-form a Debating Society, with the understanding that the Society take the form of a Parliament at the earliest opportunity, with the approval of the Trustees.

Sir E. H. Currie was unanimously elected President of the Society; and, unfortunately, owing to other engagements, had to leave the meeting. Mr. Norton was elected Chairman for the evening.

The Balance-sheet of the Society was then read by Mr. Spratley (the Auditor), and was unanimously adopted on the proposition of Mr. W. Marshall, seconded by Mr. Cayzer.

The meeting then proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing Session, when the following gentlemen were elected:—Chairman: Mr. W. Marshall; Vice-Chairmen: Mr. Spratley and Mr. Ives; Treasurer: Mr. Valentine; Secretaries: Mr. London and Mr. Maynard; Committee: Messrs. Cayzer, Clews, Harry, Hawkins, Norton, Taylor, White, and Whittick.

Mr. Wadkin expressed regret that he should not be able to take such an active part in the Society as he had done in the past. The meeting expressed much sympathy with Mr. Wadkin, and regret at his inability to take part in the Society as before, and a resolution thanking him for his past services was proposed by Mr. W. Marshall, and carried unanimously.

It was decided to hold the first meeting of the Society on Tuesday, the 25th inst.

A Committee Meeting will be held on Thursday (to-morrow), 20th, at 8.30 sharp. Committee-men please note.

Members of the late Society, and all Members of the Institute interested in the Society, are invited to the meeting on Tuesday, the 25th inst.

J. W. NORTON, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

Next Saturday the First Eleven play the return match with the Lyndhurst Cricket Club, at Lake's Farm, Wanstead. The following will represent the Palace:—Messrs. H. W. Byard, R. Hones, J. Cowlin, Osmond, L. Goldberg, F. Knight, A. Bowman, C. A. Bowman, F. Hunter, H. Chatterton, T. G. Carter (Captain). Reserve—G. Josephs. Match to commence at 3.30 sharp.

SECOND ELEVEN v. PALESTINE PLACE.—This match will be played at Wanstead on Saturday next. The following will represent the Palace:—W. Everson, W. Newman, G. Sheppard, C. Jacobson, H. Marshall, S. Loxton, G. Thomson, L. Nathan, G. Lyons, G. Helbing, A. Wainman (Capt.). Reserves—W. H. Taylor, W. Gorton.

All Members of the above Club are requested to attend the First Annual General Meeting on Friday next, at 9 p.m. Business: Balance-sheet and election of officers.

HENRY MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

A meeting of the Leaders was held on Thursday evening last, for the purpose of electing a Secretary (Sir E. Hay Currie in the chair); also to arrange several matters in connection with the ensuing season.

Sergt. Burdett explained that he thought it would be desirable to have both a Secretary and an Assistant Secretary to represent the Gymnasium in all matters, and so place it upon a similar footing as the other Clubs and Societies.

Messrs. A. E. Jacobs and J. H. Hulls were nominated for the offices, and as the votes were equally divided it was decided that they should act together as joint Secretaries.

The Leaders will please note that the next meeting will be held on Thursday, 27th inst., at 8 o'clock, by which time they are requested to acquaint the Secretaries with the evenings of each week upon which they will be able to attend the Gymnasium for the purpose of taking squads, etc.

The Gymnasium, as most of the Members are probably aware, will be re-opened on Monday, October 8th. All Members wishing to join this season are requested to book their lockers on the opening night as the number is limited.

Any information respecting the Gymnasium will be gladly given by either of the undersigned.

J. HOOPER HULLS, } Hon. Secs.
ALBERT E. JACOBS, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

The ramble to the Italian Exhibition on Saturday last was one that should not have been missed by any Member. Apart from the many attractions which are provided, it affords a certain amount of instruction as well as amusement. In the Roman Coliseum we spent a very pleasant time watching the old Roman sports, which, needless to say, caused a great deal of excitement, especially the Amazonian contest, and the horse, foot, and chariot competitions.

The following are some of the principal attractions in the Exhibition:—A varied collection of Italian sculpture and paintings (which has a very pleasing effect by the electric light); magnificent and unique display of Italian industries, scenes from Italy, Rome in London, Roman Market Place, Roman Forum, Palace of the Caesars, Vesuvius, the Bay of Naples and Italian Fleet, Capri Blue Grotto, Temple of Vesta, Borghese Garden, Tuscan Farm House, Italian Government Naval Exhibits, Venetian Lace Makers, Alpine Switchback Railway, and the late King Victor Emmanuel's Hunting Tent.

We reached home about 11 o'clock, after having had a most enjoyable and instructive ramble.

A Special Committee Meeting will be held to-morrow (Thursday), at 8.30. Important business.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS:—
On Friday next, September 21st, the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held in the School-buildings, at 8.30 p.m. Election of officers and other business.

September 22nd.—Ramble to Chingford.
Members meet at Buckhurst Hill at 4.15. Last train from Coborn Road, 3.40. Take excursion tickets to Buckhurst Hill. Tea at the "Jubilee Retreat."

Tickets can be had of the Secretaries for the Club's concerts, to be held on 29th September, and October 1st and 4th.

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

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

The Annual General Meeting of the above Club took place on Friday last, September 14th, in the Technical Schools, Sir Edmund Hay Currie in the chair.

The minutes of the last meeting having been read and passed, the Balance-sheet was read by one of the Auditors. Although the summer has been a very bad one as far as cycling is concerned the Balance-sheet was very satisfactory, a balance being available to be carried to next year's account.

The next item on the agenda was the election of officers for the ensuing year, which are as follows:—

President: Sir Edmund Hay Currie.
Vice-Presidents: Captain Spencer Beaumont; Sydney Buxton, Esq., M.P.; Nathaniel L. Cohen, Esq.; Henry Cushen, Esq., M.B.W.; Spencer Charrington, Esq., M.P.; T. Dyer Edwardes, Esq.; Ernest Flower, Esq.; Reverend E. Hoskyns, M.A.; G. Lacy Hillier, Esq.; Sir John Jennings; Reverend W. Jay, M.L.S.B.; F. Wootton Isaacson, Esq., M.P.; J. D. Kemp, Esq., M.A.B.; Samuel Montagu, Esq., M.P.; E. S. Norris, Esq., M.P.; R. Mitchell, Esq.; Lord Rothschild; Albert Spicer, Esq.

Committee: D. Jesseman; J. Howard; V. Dawson; L. M. Nathan; H. Bright; H. Slater; M. Moyle.

Road Committee: D. Jesseman; M. Taylor.
Captain: J. Kennard.
Vice-Captain: A. Giles.
Bugler: J. Howard.

Honorary Secretary and Treasurer: James H. Burley.

Sir Edmund having spoken of the pleasure it had given him to attend the meeting, then referred to the financial state of the Club, with which he was very pleased. He also remarked that all the Members of the Club seemed to thoroughly understand and trust each other, which was the chief item in the success of a club. A vote of thanks having been passed to the Auditors for their work, with regard to the Balance-Sheet, and to the Secretary, the meeting closed with a very hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman.

On Saturday eleven Members went for a run to Woodford, where tea was partaken of. After tea a gentle ride to "King's Head," Loughton, was indulged in. Here a very successful Smoking-concert was held, the artistes for the evening being Messrs. Kilbride, Kennard, and J. Burley; the accompaniments being played by Mrs. Burley.

Mr. E. Ransley carried the Beaumont colours to victory at the Kildare Meeting by taking third prize in the Mile Handicap, being only caught near the winning-post by members of the Crusaders B. C. and Ipswich B. C.

On Thursday next, usual run to Woodford.
On Saturday, to Rainham ("Ship and Shovel").

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Members are requested to notice that unless their tickets of Membership of the Palace be renewed, they will on no account be admitted as Members of the Cycling Club.

JAMES H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec. and Treas.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

A Special General Meeting of Members of the above Club will be held on Monday, the 24th inst., at 8.30 p.m., in the School-buildings. All Members are requested to attend. For particulars of Competition see previous issue of Journal.

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

A General Meeting of the above will take place on Friday evening, the 21st inst., for the purpose of receiving the Half-yearly Balance-sheet and the election of officers for the ensuing year. Sir Edmund Hay Currie will take the chair at 9.15. Members of Sections B, C, and D are kindly requested to return all play-books now in their possession.

The Management will at once commence casting the characters for the new Sections, and those Members who have not replied cannot expect to receive a part in any play.

We submit herewith the first Half-yearly Balance-sheet for the perusal of Members. The balance in the hands of the Treasurer is 2s. 6½d.

MR. J. KARET (Treasurer),

IN ACCOUNT WITH THE PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

Dr.	£ s. d.	Cr.	£ s. d.
To Members' Subscriptions	5 6 6	By Cash deposited in Bank	3 12 0
" Cash withdrawn from Bank	0 12 0	" Postage	1 5 10½
		" Play-books	0 15 7
		" Returned Subscription	0 1 6
		" Stationery	0 1 0
		" Cash in hands of Treasurer	0 2 6½
Total	£5 18 6	Total	£5 18 6

Section A.—Rehearsal as usual every Wednesday evening.

J. KARET, Hon. Sec.
ARTHUR E. REEVE, Assist. Sec.

MEMBERS' SOCIAL DANCES AND CLUB BENEFIT CONCERTS.

A few articles have been taken away from the ladies' and gentlemen's Cloak-rooms at the Social Dances, such as gentleman's brown hat, silk umbrella, and a malacca cane; also a ladies' silk umbrella, similar things being left in their place. It is earnestly hoped same will be returned as soon as possible.

CLUB BENEFIT CONCERTS.

As previously announced three concerts in aid of the Clubs connected with the Palace will be held next week, when a good programme will be gone through, and it is hoped will afford satisfaction to those that attend. Please attend in your thousands.

On Monday next Mr. Herbert Reeves and friends have promised to give a concert.

The following Wednesday Mr. Lane Wilson (of the Dod's Minstrel Troupe) and concert party, including Miss Hilda Wilson, will be with us on that evening.

On Saturday, 29th inst., the Tonic Sol-fa Choir, under the direction of Mr. J. Proudman, will go through a performance similar to that given by them last July at the Crystal Palace.

Tickets, price 3d. each, can be obtained of the representatives and Committee of each Club. It is hoped that Members and our friends outside the Palace will support us on each occasion. Tickets can be also obtained in the General Offices. Palace Members kindly note that as the concerts are in aid of funds for the Clubs, no Member will be admitted free on these evenings.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

NOTICE.—A General Committee Meeting of representatives of the Clubs will be held on Saturday at 7 p.m. A large attendance is requested, as the business of the evening is (a) Final arrangements for the Club Benefit Concerts; (b) Balance-sheet for Social Dances.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

A General Meeting of the above Club will be held on Tuesday, September 25th.

Matches next Saturday.—First Eleven v. Manor Park at Manor Park. Book to Manor Park (G.E.R.); dress at "Three Rabbits" Hotel, Romford Road. Team:—Jesseman (goal), Hart, Hennessy (backs), Munroe, Cowlin, Wenn (half-backs), Sherrell, Cox, Hunt, Cook (Capt.), Hendry (forwards). Reserves—Shaw and Butterwick.

Second Eleven v. Tonic Sol-fa at Wanstead; dress at "Eagle and Child," Forest Gate. Team:—Cantle, Algar, Arno, Winch, Griffith, Gould, Mears, Hawkins, Cooper (Capt. pro tem.), Horseman, Helbing, Rhodes, Moreton. Matches to commence at 3.45 p.m. sharp.

N.B.—Shirts and monograms to be obtained at the Palace not later than Friday night.

T. MORETON, } Hon. Secs.
E. SHERRELL, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, Esq., M.A.

A Special Meeting of the above Society was held last Friday, the Vice-President (Sir E. H. Currie) in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and carried, Sir E. H. Currie, in an encouraging speech to the Members, referred to the illness of Mr. W. Besant, but said that that gentleman was slowly recovering.

Mr. H. T. Wadkin proposed a vote of condolence to Mr. W. Besant on his illness, and one of congratulation on his recovery. This was seconded and carried.

Mr. W. King Rhodes proposed that the latter part of Rule II. read as follows:—"Officers to be elected annually each September, in lieu of October." This was seconded and carried. The meeting then proceeded to elect the officers, and resulted in the following gentlemen being elected:—President, Walter Besant, Esq., M.A.; Vice-President: Sir E. H. Currie; Chairman: Mr. H. T. Wadkin; Vice-Chairman: Mr. Horace Hawkins; Secretaries: Messrs. W. King Rhodes (Sen. Sec.) and J. Whittick; Committee: Messrs. Masters, W. White, Rowe, Cayzer, Maynard, C. J. White, Hendry, and Morris.

Mr. Wadkin spoke of the way in which Mr. Masters had fulfilled his office as joint Secretary, and proposed a vote of thanks.

Mr. Wadkin gave notice for a Special Meeting (which will be held next Friday) to revise Rules.

Contributions for that evening are earnestly desired. The Secretaries will be in attendance at 7.45—to enrol Members and receive subscriptions—every Friday evening. Information can be obtained by letter, or on application to

W. KING RHODES, } Hon. Secs.
J. WHITTICK, }

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

SUBSCRIPTION.

To Members of the Palace 1s. per annum.
" Non-Members 3s. "

The Club will meet for practice for the present on Saturdays, at seven p.m. in the School-buildings.

A General Meeting, to elect officers and receive report, etc., will be held on Saturday next, 22nd inst., at 8.30 p.m.

Mr. Gunsberg, the winner of the Masters' Tourney at Bradford, will play twenty-four games simultaneously on Saturday, Oct. 20th. Players are requested to join at once, in order to take part in this, and also in matches, etc.

The attention of all interested in the Chess Club is called to the series of concerts to be held on the 24th, 26th, and 29th September, in aid of the various Clubs in connection with the Palace.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The Annual General Meeting of the above-named Club will be held on Wednesday evening, the 19th inst., in Room 16, at eight o'clock, to receive the Report of the Committee; to elect the officers for the ensuing year; and to receive the financial statement.

Prints will be exhibited, and all Members of the Club are expected to be present. Members of the Palace, and others interested in the subject of photography are cordially invited to attend; and any persons, being Members of the Palace or Students of the last course of lectures, or intending Students of the course about to commence, desirous of joining the Club, are requested to send their names to the Hon. Secretary, at any time, with the entrance fee, 1s., when they will be notified of their admission; and on payment of the year's subscription Cards of Membership, with a copy of the Rules, will be handed to them.

The Secretary will be glad to receive the subscriptions of present Members as soon as convenient.

Any information will be given on application to

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec. & Treasurer,
16, Clare Road, Forest Gate, E.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

An important General Meeting will be held to-morrow (Thursday), at eight o'clock, to elect the officers of the ensuing season. Everyone is requested to attend, as some important changes will be made. If possible a Consolation Race will be arranged.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

At a General Meeting held last Wednesday, Mr. Laundy was elected Secretary, and Mr. Thomas Librarian for the ensuing season.

All Members are requested to attend the rehearsal on Friday next, and bring with them the "Messiah," "Babylon's Wave," "Departure," "Sigh no more," "Softly falls the shades of evening," for concert to take place in Queen's Hall, on Friday, October 5th.

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of this Society will take place to-morrow (Thursday) evening, September 20th, at 8 o'clock.

For room, see notice at Entrance Gates. Business: Election of officers for the ensuing half-year, and the appointment of Auditors. All Members are requested to attend.

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

"Rider Haggard at Home."

THIS week's *World* contains an article on Mr. Rider Haggard as seen "at home," at Ditchingham House, Bungay. We append a few interesting extracts:—

A COUNTRY SQUIRE.

The jacket and knickerbockers of brown tweed, the soft felt hat, the thick knitted stockings, and the serviceable boots, are just such as you might reasonably expect any country squire to wear; but Mr. Rider Haggard generally holds in his hand a long knobbed stick of umzimbeet wood (once the property of a Zulu chieftain), while on his little finger is a signet from Thebes, bearing in hieroglyphics the legend, "Ank Bes Bes Ank": "Bes the living—the living Bes." The blackened briarwood pipe which the scribe smokes assiduously brings you back immediately from Philæ to Norfolk; and your host leads the way to a hall running right through the house, where you receive the friendly greetings of Caesar, a gentle bulldog of forbidding aspect, and Nous, the most active of terriers, who appear to be in possession of two throne-like chairs of inlaid ebony and ivory, with seats of twisted string and curious footstools, which came from Lamu. The trophies on the walls savour equally of ancient Egypt and modern South Africa. The skull of an eland is surrounded by Zulu kerries, Egyptian bows, and priests' wands from Achmeen. A shield of rhinoceros hide is placed over a rude missile for killing wild ducks, just like those depicted on the tomb of Ti at Sakhara; and above a carved Scotch settle hangs a whip made from the skin of the hippopotamus.

MR. HAGGARD'S LIBRARY.

Proceeding with the description of Mr. Haggard's furniture, the representative of the *World* says:—Half-a-dozen cards, letters, and envelopes are stuck carelessly in the frame of a whip-rack. Mr. Budge addresses his most promising disciple in hieroglyphics; and an American correspondent writes to say that "ten thousand of her readers demand imperatively to know the colour of Mr. Haggard's eyes." The object of this flattering inquisitiveness writes at a brass-bound desk on a large table which stands near the window furthest from the door. The top shelf of his dwarf bookcase is filled by a selection of fifty pirated American editions of his works; English translations of Herodotus, Apuleius, Strabo, and Athenæus lie within easy reach of his hand; and in his very limited library you find few possible instruments of plagiarism. Just behind his head is an ideal picture from "Dawn," and a female head with the brief inscription: "She, from an onyx, penes J. E."

FIRST LITERARY EFFORTS.

In 1882 Mr. Rider Haggard wrote "Cetewayo and his White Neighbours," over which he lost £50. The sight of a fair face in a church at Norwood gave him, he says, an inspiration for "Dawn." The publishers regarded his first novel with disfavour, and the re-writing it against time very nearly cost him his eyesight. It was produced at last, and his profits amounted to ten pounds. Encouraged by a very favourable review in the *Times*, he set to work on the "Witch's Head," and this time he realised no less than fifty pounds. In 1885 he was called to the Bar, commenced his legal career in the Probate and Divorce Court, and wrote "King Solomon's Mines" in the leisure evenings of his first term. He woke up one morning to find himself famous, and this time he very fortunately retained a royalty of 10 per cent. "She," "Jess," and "Allan Quatermain" were each phenomenally successful; and the still youthful author practically abandoned the drafting of pleas in matrimonial causes for the practice of romantic literature. He cannot satisfactorily explain why "Maiwa's Revenge," the work of a single fortnight, excited so much notice; while the elaborate preface to the second edition of "Cetewayo," to write which he patiently dissected the pile of Blue-books which nearly bury the gun-cases out of sight, passed almost unnoticed, even by the politicians.

Figaro's First Love.

BY THE SUB-ED.

"SHAVE, sir?—Yessir. Takerseat, sir."

Thus spake Figaro as I burst one morning into his temple of hair-cutting and shampooing. It was a quaint little shop, with a low front window decorated with dirty red baize curtains which effectually shut out the vulgar gaze. A couple of playbills (with the "sensational" lines in big capitals) relieved the dullness of the curtains; whilst the legend "Easy Shaving and Shampooing," badly written on a grimy placard denoted the nature of the shop's proprietor: a fact that was the more boldly proclaimed by the presence of a variegated pole outside.

The interior of this establishment was still more striking. It was a close, stuffy little shop—rather suggestive of the British Museum mummy-room on a hot summer's day; and many patches of human hair and scraps of paper adorned the floor. The ceiling was papered, quilt-fashion with squares of startling hues: but the walls were innocent of any such vanity whatever—save a large and gaudily coloured Jubilee almanac, whereon was depicted Majesty Itself gracefully posing the sceptre and orb, to the intense admiration of a motley throng. A diminutive fire-place, with a handful of fire and a saucepan bubbling merrily thereon, faced the door; and on the mantel-shelf above a dozen bottles of hair-restorer and a case containing three or four razors stood confessed. An old mirror reflected the form of its owner, and by its side hung a little cage containing a spruce young goldfinch. A greasy bottle of strong-smelling hair-oil, a couple of brushes, a pair of scissors and a shaving-pot were very much in evidence on an adjoining sideboard. An unsavoury-looking towel, a wheezy Dutch clock, two chairs, and a bench running alongside the wall, completed the whole.

I took the chair that Figaro proffered and sat me down. The barber was a round little man rather inclined to *embonpoint*, with a large head prettily trimmed with the most engaging curls, and a face that would have been perfectly cherubic had it been a trifle less bloated. A boiled blue eye, a tender whisker and a young moustache finished a striking, if stunted, appearance.

It grieves me to say it—for I am nothing if not patriotic—but I have little or no faith in our British barber. I have been a martyr to razor-dorm since the age of seventeen, and a bitter experience in the shape of many a gashed throat has led me to regard the English Figaro with positive dismay. He lacks the neatness and despatch of his foreign rival; is often terribly dirty in costume and establishment; is decidedly wanting in that delicacy of touch—there's no other way of putting it—that is such a feature of the alien barber; is invariably clumsy with his dangerous tools, and is sometimes much more mindful of local gossip and his own tongue than he is of your particular countenance. Give me the foreign gentleman for preference: with his wise tongue, his brisk air and his priceless cleanliness! It is no idle fancy that prompts me to write thus: but the result of an experience that has had to be purchased: and very dear has it been at the price.

As I sank down into a chair the barber, methought, looked so pleasantly safe that my heart reproached me, and a returning love for our native Figaro filled my long-distrustful breast. But as he warmed to his work, something forced itself painfully on my olfactory nerves, and I became conscious that he was not entirely free from the previous night's dissipation: for he smelt most dreadfully of rum. As I reflected on the probable unsteadiness of his hand my mind misgave me, and all the old antipathy returned.

Perhaps I looked savage beneath the lather, for Figaro suddenly stopped short and actually gasped. But he went on with his soaping.

"So they haven't found the Whitechapel murderer, yet," he said presently, stropping his razor—"and in my opinion they never will. Not that I believe in this 'Leather Apron' as they call him; for between you and me, guv'nor," he whispered, familiarly—"I believe it was a woman as done it and not a man at all!"

"A woman," said I, overwhelmed at such a suggestion, "impossible!"

"I don't know that," he continued. "Women have a lot to answer for in this world and to tell you the truth I don't believe in 'em—especially your clever ones. Tell a woman she's clever and she'll lose her head in no time and those around her will have a nice warm time of it. No; you'd better leave her to find it out."

I was at a loss to understand this violent outburst against the fair sex; so I turned to the misogynist and asked if the chains of matrimony had e'er ensnared him.—Perhaps, in his case, marriage had proved a decided failure?

"Married!" he exclaimed emphatically. "Not if I know it. Not me. I shall be five-and-forty come Monday week if I live so long; but you don't catch me a-marrying. No: I was nearly making a fool of myself one-and-twenty years ago; but I'm older now and have learnt a thing or two since then. When I was a sailor on board the 'Cephalus'—"

"A sailor," said I.

"A sailor," said he, re-lathering my chin,—“with seventeen years o' roughing it. I was a runaway, and left as good a home as

a boy 'ud find anywhere; and like many another lad who has done the same thing, I found out my mistake only when it was too late—Shampoo, sir?"

Unthinkingly I answered "yes," and the barber made preparations accordingly. His accommodation for such an elaborate process as shampooing was rather limited. Unlike most barber-establishments of the present day his could not boast any of those mechanical contrivances such as hair-brushing machines; or even those ingenious instruments that discharge hot, tepid, or cold water at will. So he departed in quest of a basin, presumably from a downstairs room, and a large tin can of not very tepid water. The basin he placed on the aforesaid sideboard; and wrapping that extremely shabby towel about my neck he proceeded to operate.

"Yes," he re-commenced, slowly, "I run away from home when I was fifteen, and ha' knocked about the world a good deal. There isn't a port on the globe which I don't think I haven't visited. Seven years after when the 'Cephalus'—which 'd already been out over two years—was making her way home from Hong Kong, something happened. Of which I shall tell you. Up to the time of reaching Suez the weather had been splendid; but after getting through the Canal it suddenly changed, and dirty weather set in. For two days the weather was as foul as it could well be; and the darkness was so thick that you couldn't see a hand before you. We were then about eighty miles from Sicily, when all of a sudden there was a crash and cries of help, and a time that I'll never forget. We had run into—as it turned out afterwards—a French passenger boat homeward bound from Calcutta. There were fifty passengers on board who were all saved—thank Goodness: but the captain and two of the crew went down with the ship. The row those Frenchies made was awful, but devil a bit could we understand of it. It was then that I met . . . the first woman who's ever troubled me."

"Oh!" I exclaimed from beneath the towel with which he was drying me: "then there *has* been a woman in your Eden?"

"Yes," said Figaro, more tenderly, "there has. She was a little French girl who was on her way to England to join a family in Devonshire. She was a nurse; and was so terribly upset over the accident affair that my heart warmed to her and—and—I made a fool of myself. Of course I got a lot o' chaff from my ship-mates, but I didn't mind that: for whenever I lost my temper I used to go and have a look at Hortense and that righted me in a moment. Lord! to think what a fool I must ha' been—to be sure!" And he rubbed me so hard with that confounded towel that the tears started to my eyes in very pain.

"But you never married her?" I queried.

"No: she never gave me the chance. We were a long time getting to England: and by the time we had arrived there Hortense and me perfectly understood each other, or, at least, I thought so. I felt quite ready to give up the sea and settle down on shore: and should have done so there and then. I took her to my home at Hampstead: and if you could have seen the astonishment of my people at the sight of their runaway son come back after seven years of it you'd ha' never forgotten it—But somehow they didn't take very kindly to my little girl: for the old man was always a stickler against foreigners—and I took myself and Hortense off one morning, and I intended to marry her by special licence. . . . But she bolted: run away when I'd gone to a shop to be measured for my wedding-things."

"And never returned?" said I.

"I never saw her afterwards, although I heard from her. I was pretty well frantic at the time and swore I'd never be civil to a woman again. Then I went away to sea once more."

"But what became of her—Hortense?" I asked.

"Why, it seems that she was engaged to a valet fellow when I first saw her on board after the accident. They had quarrelled just before their boat had been run down, and had agreed to part; but I never knew it then. The fellow was a bad'un—no good at all, and was hanged in London for being concerned in a murder at Shadwell. She never did any good by marrying him," Figaro continued, "for he was a regular out-and-out blackguard and almost starved her to death. When I came back from that voyage after three years' time—quite cured—I heard all about it. Hortense had fled from her husband to my folk's place in Hampstead. At first they couldn't understand her: and thought that she was *my* wife; but they soon found out different. She . . . she died there: leaving her child to my care and writing the most touching letter you ever see—asking to be forgiven."

"And the child—is she still with you?" I said, as I rose to depart.

"Oh, yes!—Here, Horty!" he shouted, going to the door. "Come up here at wunst."

There was a sound of suppressed laughter somewhere in the regions below, and a hastening upstairs, and then an untidy, bright-eyed, Good-for-Nothing-Nan sort of a lass, about fourteen, and with a very French face, skipped into the room. I could have wished she had been cleaner—in keeping with her romantic history.

"That's her, sir," said Figaro, proudly, eyeing his charge, "that's her, and as like her mother as two peas. Like the rest of the women I s'pose she'll do her best one o' these days to break some poor fellow's heart. They're a bad lot, all of 'em—Good day, sir."

"Such a Good Man."

BY
WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

(Reprinted by kind permission of Messrs. CHATTO & WINDUS from the volume of collected stories, entitled "Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.")

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

THERE was not much book-learning for them, to be sure, but they learned something; perhaps their father was a man with ambitious tendencies, whose development was checked by drink; perhaps they had a mother who cared for her boys beyond the care of most Lancashire factory women; this point in the history of the two Escombs is obscure, and has never been cleared up by any voluntary revelations on the part of Sir Jacob. "I have made my own way in the world," he is not ashamed to own. "I began with nothing, not even a good education. My father was a poor man; my grandfather and all before him are unknown to me." That was the general confession which any Christian might make. To go into particular confession, to poke about in one's memory for the details of forgotten poverty, the squalid house, one of a row of wretched red-brick monotonous houses; the evenings, when the men were in drink and the women all speaking together on the curbstone, in that Shrews' Parliament, or Viragos' Convention, which met on every fine evening; the days in the factory, where

All day, the wheels are droning,
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn—our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places.

The absence of education, the rough words, rough food, harsh treatment—it is not pleasant even for a wealthy and respected baronet to recall these things. Therefore, and not, I believe, with any desire to hide his former poverty and its depths, which, indeed, only enhanced his present greatness, Sir Jacob did not go into details when he spoke of his childhood.

The most important thing about their education was, they both learned a lesson which our boys are more and more in all classes of society learning. Forty or fifty years ago it was not even understood. Consider the importance of it. It was the great, the precious, the never-to-be-sufficiently-impressed-upon-a-child, Duty of Discontent. That the present position was a hard one; that it might be improved; that in this fair realm of England there is a career open to every one provided he is discontented with his lot—that was the lesson which the two brothers learned. It stimulated one to study, to work, to invention, to enterprise as he grew older: it only fell upon the other like a dull clog round his neck, making him uneasy under his burdens, and unable to shake them off. In a word, the elder, Jacob, advanced in life; the younger, Peter, save that he became a foreman, remained where he was. That is generally the way with things: the same teaching produces entirely different effects. What made Jacob rich, only made his brother unhappy.

Both brothers married. Peter led to the altar a woman in the same station of life as himself. He imparted to her his grand secret of discontent, and they both lived in great unhappiness together for twenty years. They had several children, but what with bad smells and bad milk the infants all died except one, a girl, whom they named Rose. Rose was a bright, healthy girl, who at thirteen or so was rather a hoyden, which mattered little in those circles; fond of playing with John Gower, who was two or three years older than herself, whenever John could find time to play with her; not plagued with much learning, but sharp and clever. Before she was fourteen, something—say those bad smells—carried off both her parents, besides a whole batch of friends. In fact, half the street migrated to the other world as if with one consent. Those smells

were really too overpowering. Anything was better than a continuation of such a nuisance; so they all went away, leaving their children, husbands, wives, and friends behind. Old and young went away together. Among those who stayed behind was little Rose Escomb, whose uncle, the grand and prosperous Jacob, sent for her to be educated under his own superintendence, and to be adopted by him. Jacob, now exalted to the rank of baronet, married a good deal later than his brother Peter. In fact, it was not till he was past forty that he began to think of the step at all. He was already a wealthy and well-considered man, with plenty of that discontent hanging about him still. He chose his wife for prudential rather than for amatory considerations. He found a certain widow with a property, all her own, of thirty thousand pounds in the funds. She was his own age, of good family connections, of good temper, with an extremely high opinion of herself, and with excellent manners: just the woman to put at the head of his table. The money was all settled upon herself.

Lady Escomb took a great fancy to her niece, this half wild, uneducated girl from Lancashire. She sent her to school, the best school she could find. She was kind to her in the vacations; and had the good sense when she died, which unhappy event took place a year or two before the time of my story (that is, about the year 1874), to leave all her money to Rose, on the sole condition that she married with the consent of Sir Jacob. If she failed to keep that condition, the thirty thousand pounds were all to go back to her husband.

All this brings me back to the breakfast-room on Campden Hill, and we will take the opportunity, Julian Carteret being there alone, of looking at him.

A strong face, you would say; a face with regular features and those not weak, clear-cut nostrils, square forehead, firm lips, and a square chin, which is, perhaps, a little too long; the hair curly and short, after the fashion of the time, a heavy moustache and shaven chin, with short, square whiskers; dressed in the regulation style, which is that of the last year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six. A good-natured face, too, brimming over with peace and contentment, and just now full of *malice*, which is French for fun, because the owner hears steps in the room, and knows whose the steps are, and waits for what acrostic readers call more light, that is to say, for information of what the owner of the steps has done, where she has been, and what she thinks about things in general. The steps are, in fact, those of Rose. She wears a riding-habit, because she has just returned from her early ride in the Park. A pretty girl, a very pretty girl indeed; a girl calculated to make the hearts of young men to dance, and the pulses of fogies to quicken; a girl of nineteen, the age when womanhood and girlhood meet and one feels the charms of both; the innocence and freshness of the one, with the assurance and self-reliance of the other.

It is Rose Escomb's second season. I do not know what hearts she broke in her first campaign, but I do know that she came out of it scatheless herself. Perhaps Julian Carteret, who went through it with her, knows the secret of her escape. Not that they are lovers; not at all; but they have been a good deal together for the last year and a half or thereabouts. Julian belongs to the house, in a way; it is a great thing for him to sleep in the house when he pleases, to dine there if he pleases, to feel that luncheon is spread for him as well as for Rose and Mrs. Sampson, who is Rose's chaperon in ordinary; also, it is not unpleasant to feel a kind of protectorate over the girl, acquired by this constant companionship. But in love? Rose would be the first to laugh at such a notion; to laugh first, and to become a little thoughtful afterwards, because, when you come really to think of it, Julian is very nice, much nicer and cleverer than most young men. But then Julian is—well, nobody at Campden Hill even looks on Julian

Carteret as a marrying man. He is Sir Jacob's ward, too; and it matters nothing, of course, to Rose whether he marries or whether he does not.

Julian became Sir Jacob's ward through a second-cousinship, or something of that kind, with Lady Escomb. He is, like Rose, an orphan, and Sir Jacob is his guardian and sole trustee. By the terms of an uncle's will he has an allowance of five hundred pounds a year until his twenty-fifth birthday, when he is to come into full possession of the very handsome fortune of seventy thousand pounds, which his father was good enough to save up for him. The extension of the period of wardship until five-and-twenty is explained in the will. "And whereas it is my desire that my nephew and heir, Julian Carteret, shall not have the excuse of extreme youth to plead should he waste his patrimony in debauchery or folly, and because I hope that he will use the four years between twenty-one and twenty-five in the acquisition of sound and useful knowledge, in gaining experience and prudence, and in laying down a plan for the future conduct of his life, I will that his fortune should be held in trust for him by Sir Jacob Escomb, Baronet, and shall not be handed over to him until the day when he arrives at his twenty-fifth birthday. And until that date he shall receive the sum of five hundred pounds a year, paid quarterly, from the said Sir Jacob Escomb, Baronet."

As a student, perhaps, Julian Carteret has not been an unqualified success. He went through Cambridge quietly and without any kind of distinction: he was called to the Bar two years after taking his degree, but he did not propose to practice, and had but a limited acquaintance with the English law: he had travelled a good deal: he had a great many friends, and very few enemies, which is the general rule with good-natured men; his aims, if he had any, lay in the direction of personal ease and comfort: he abhorred trouble or worry: he despised benevolence as he saw it in Sir Jacob Escomb: and he would fain have lived in a land where there were no poor people, no noisy people, no canting people, no active people: where the servants should move noiselessly: where there should be plenty of art accessible: and where he could set up his lathe and work quietly. For the one thing this young man cared for in the way of work was mechanism. He was a born mechanic. Reuben Gower, Sir Jacob's secretary, often compared his hand, which was broad and long, with his own. Both, he said, were the hands of mechanics. And he could do cunning things with his lathe.

Rose sees him sitting in the window, and steals softly so that he shall not see her—but he does see her, or rather feels that she is in the room and near him—and throws her handkerchief over his eyes. "I know that is Rose," says Julian, lazily, behind the handkerchief. "No one but Rose could have the impudence to blind my eyes."

"Tell me, blindfold, what you have been reading," says Rose. "Repeat the leading article by heart."

"That is very easy, because, in this paper, it is always the same thing. England is to be swallowed up by the Russians first, the Germans next, the French afterwards. What little remains of us will be taken by the Japanese."

"That is rubbish," said Rose, taking the handkerchief from his eyes. "Do you like this rose? I just picked it in the conservatory."

"The manliness is gone out of Englishmen," Julian went on in a sing-song tone, "the honesty out of English merchants, the enterprise out of English brains, the fair day's work for a good day's pay can no longer be got out of English workmen, and—ah! this is more dreadful than anything else—the beauty of English girls is a thing of the past."

"I wonder if it pays to write that kind of thing?" said Rose; "because, you know, it is too desperately

silly. And yet some people must believe it; otherwise, I suppose, the very clever men who write for newspapers would not have written it. Tell me, sir, is the beauty gone away from—me?"

There was no need to reply. If there was any exception wanted by which to prove the rule of the pessimist paper, Rose Escomb would have furnished that exception. She has thrown off her hat, and her light hair, blue eyes, sunny face, and slender figure are well set off by the black riding-habit, which becomes her so well. In her hand she carries a rose-bud, which she is "trying on" in her hair, at her neck, in her waist, wherever a girl can stick a rose.

Julian rises slowly—he is a lazy young man—and surveys his guardian's niece with indolent gratification. Perhaps if he did not see her every day there might be a little more vivacity in his tone:

"For a picture, Rose," he says, "for a single picture of a young lady, I don't know where to find a better study than you. You would do for one of those things which they sell in shops—young lady—you know—coloured photograph. You might be tapping at a door with a letter in your hand; or standing on a chair, with gracefully trailing skirt, to feed a bird; or musing in a garden, also with a letter in your hand—"Yes, or no?" or in a field, blowing off the petals of a daisy—"Is it he?" or in any of the attitudes which you see in the shop-windows. A girl might win fainter praise than that, Rose. You would look well in a picture, but I like you out of a picture best."

"Thank you for so much," said Rose. "How is it you are up so early, Lazy Lawrence?"

"Woke," he replied, with a faint yawn. "Remembered, all of a sudden, that you would be going for your morning canter; thought I would go too—sunny day—breezy in the Park—freshen a man; got up—came down. Thought better of it when I was down—thought of the fatigue. Been reading the paper instead."

"You are really a Lazy Lawrence. What are you going to do all day—sit on the sofa and think about what the paper says?"

"Fulfil the condition of my uncle's will," he replied solemnly—"I am going to study."

She laughed. "His uncle gives him all his fortune on the condition that he studies till he is five-and-twenty."

"And he does study."

"In order that he may choose his career at a comparatively mature age."

"He has chosen his career," says Julian, sitting down again.

"Have you really, Julian?" She is surprised by the announcement. "What is it? Are you going to be a great statesman, I wonder, or a great lawyer, or a great—no, you can't be a great theologian!"

"No," said Julian, "no; I do not think I shall be a great theologian."

"A great philanthropist, perhaps, like—"

"Like your uncle, Sir Jacob? No, no: I hardly think I should look well on a platform spouting to the waxy faces of Exeter Hall. Why are good people always wax-and-putty-faced? You shall guess my career, Rose."

"I cannot, Julian. Give it me by weekly instalments in double acrostics, with a prize at the end of the quarter and a big dictionary to guess the words with, and I will try."

"Listen, then; maiden, hear my tale." Julian sat as dramatically as the position allows. "I was to prolong my studies till twenty-five. It wants three weeks to my twenty-fifth birthday—you know how hard I have studied—then I come into my fortune—which does not look, by the way, nearly so big now as it did when one was further off—and I chose my career."

"What studies!" laughed Rose. "Oh, wicked pretender!"

"My uncle did not specify my studies, so I chose them to please myself. From eighteen to twenty-one I studied at Cambridge: there I learned how men look at things, and how they talk about them; also I learned how to play whist, racquets, tennis, and loo—all athletic and valuable games; learned to row—a most useful accomplishment: learned to bet—a safeguard against rogues and turf-sharppers; and forgot what I had learned at school, down to examination-point—that was a good deal of useless information well got rid of. I also learned how to get into debt."

"Go on, most industrious of students."

"At twenty-one I came up to town. I have since learned very little, because the University of Cambridge rightly and intelligently used, as I used it, really does, as they say, finish one's education. After three years there, I had no more to learn. But one can put into practice what one has learned. To satisfy the clauses of the will I became a law student, and have never since opened a law-book; and, to get through the time, I have been globe-trotting—all round the world in a hundred and twenty days. Now the time has come, and with it the career—the Time, the Man, and the Career."

"Well?"

"The Career, Rose, is—to do nothing—a Nothing-doer—a Waster of the golden years—an Idler by profession. Other men may become members of Parliament, and sit up all night listening to dreary talk, and for their pains get abused by the papers—not Julian Carteret; other men may waste their time writing books, and for their pains get down-cried and misrepresented by the critics—not Julian Carteret; other men may wade through dull law books and wrangle in courts of law, and for their pains scrape money together to spend after the time of enjoyment has gone by—not Julian Carteret; others may work and pile up money in trade for their children to spend—not Julian Carteret. And then, there is the new profession—that of the man who goes about doing good—"

"Julian, you must not sneer at philanthropy."

"Doing good; standing on a platform to talk; getting up after dinner to talk; giving money and supporting societies; mixing with the snuffy women who want to 'hel-lup,' as they call it; talking their cant with the broken-down adventurers who live on the charitable world; content to enjoy such a reputation as that kind of thing can give—pah! the unreality of it, my dear Rose, the unreality of it!"

"But there are exceptions, Julian—my uncle, for instance—"

"Oh, your uncle of course." Julian laughs a little short laugh. "Everybody knows what a good man he is. But I cannot follow him even at a distance. No, Rose; my career will be, to do good to myself alone. I shall have a town house—not a very big one—one of the houses, say, in Chester Square; and I shall go away every winter to Sicily, to Southern Italy, to some of the places where there is no winter, but, instead, a season where the sun is only pleasantly warm and the flowers are sweetest. There I shall live undisturbed by cackle, cant, or care, amid such art as I can afford, and such artistic people as one can get together, and so by their help gather from every hour its one supreme rapture. I shall live for pleasure, Rose; all the rest is a flam—a humbug—a windbag—whatever you like."

"Julian, that is a selfish life. You must not forget the duties. I won't say anything about doing good, Julian, if you dislike the phrase; but there are the poor, whom we have always with-us."

"Yes," he replied irreverently, "that is just what I dislike. The poor! They belong to a different world: they work, we play; they wake up tired and go to bed more tired, we wake up refreshed and go to bed happy; they toil for their masters, we neither toil nor spin. We are like the lilies of the field. There is but one life

in this world for all of us, rich or poor. Make the most of it: you who are rich, get what you can out of every moment; let there be no single day unremembered for lack of its distinctive joy; keep your heart shut to the suffering which you do not see and did not cause; never think of the future—"

"Oh, Julian," Rose interrupted him, "is that the creed of a Christian?"

Julian shrugged his shoulders.

"*Je suis philosophe*," he said. "Well—but there is one thing wanting in my life, Rose. I have planned it all out, and I find that it won't do without one little alteration. You see Rose—you see—you see, it never does do to live alone—not good for man, as you have often read—and I want, to complete the ideal life—a partner!"

Rose was startled.

"I must go and take off my riding-habit," she said.

"Not for a moment, dear Rose. How long have you been staying with your uncle? Six years since you came here—wild-eyed, timid Lancashire lass of fourteen; and since your last home-coming from school a year and a half. We have been together, you and I, pretty well all that time. Do you think you know me well enough, Rose—well enough for me to put one more question to you?"

She was silent and he took her hand.

"One more question, dear Rose. You know what it is going to be. Could you be my partner in that ideal life?"

She hesitated; then she looked at him with frank, clear eyes, which went straight to his heart.

"Julian, I could not live that life that you have sketched—a life without either sympathy or duty."

"You would not be happy with me—and with love? Speak, dear; tell me the truth."

"I should be—O Julian!"—he drew her gently to himself, and her head fell upon his breast—"I should be too happy; I should forget the people from whom I sprang. You know who my father was, Julian—a poor, mill-hand once, and never more than a foreman. I belong to the poor: I must do what I can for my own class. I am only a jay dressed in borrowed plumes—only half a lady."

"Is that all, dear Rose? You are afraid of the ideal life? Why, you could never, never go back to the old Lancashire days; you have grown out of them; you no more belong to the people now than I do."

"But still I am afraid of your ideal life—all enjoyment."

"Then I give up my ideal life. Let it all go—art, pictures, sunny slopes of Sicily, vineyards, villagers dancing, flowers, and *contadine*. Rose and love are worth them all. We will live in England if you like, even through the east wind, and I will give you a cheque for your poor people every day. That is what Sir Jacob says is the only way to practise charity. See, here is his speech at the dinner last night of the Hammerers' Company, with a leading article on the subject."

But she shook her head.

"You may give them money, and ruin their self-respect. What you must give them, if you want to help them, is—yourself."

"Dear Rose! I will even do that, if you will give—yourself—to me."

She made no reply, but she made no resistance when he drew her closer and touched her face with his lips.

Then he let her go, and they started asunder guiltily.

Ten o'clock strikes as a big footman brings in breakfast. They are not early people at this town-house, but they are punctual. At a quarter to ten, prayers, read by Sir Jacob to all the household; at ten, breakfast.

(To be continued).

The Little Cobbler.

My dear, I can't!
It's what you *must*, you see, not what you want;
But it was like your precious little heart
To think of me, and think about the treat,
And get the ticket that would take me down,
In the hurrying train, out of the hurrying town,
To where the quiet is—where green fields spread,
Trees everywhere—and roses, pink and red,
That you may really pick—it does "sound nice";
And you (who've only seen me once or twice)
To think of me—that's just the nicest part!
I'll think of you all day. That will be sweet!
I hope there will be sunshine all the day
To watch you play!

"Why can't I go?"
Well, first, I'm not a child like you, you know;
I hardly look it, but I'm seventeen.
Here, on the bench, I mend the boots and shoes
For happy children's feet to wear and use.
I never need to mend the ones I wear;
They never have much weight or knocks to bear,
For I am lame; I cannot run about
As you do in the court, and play and shout;
I never could—even when I was strong
Before I took to trade. I limped along
On crutches; they wore down sometimes, or broke,
I never break one now—see, there they lean;
I hardly use them; say they're there for show.
If I stood up you'd see I'm crooked, too—
Not straight, like you.

"Isn't it hard?"
Yes, very hard sometimes, but being lame
Isn't the hardest part; it's worse by far
To feel your life's drawn wrong. I hate that school;
It only taught me that I was a fool.
I'd not learnt much else when I had to leave;
It's what I heard at school that makes me grieve;
That is what pricks me on to grieve and care,
For there I learnt what Art and Learning were;
Heard they were free—even to lads like me.
I was young then, and green like, do you see?
I thought that genius brought its own reward;
Believed that any boy could climb to fame;
Could climb to the heaven where the painters are
If he had only genius—day and night
I said this, in a secret, still delight.

I used to shut my eyes
And dream and dream. You hardly would believe
The dreams and hopes and fancies that I had.
What did I care for being poor and lame,
Since I could be a painter all the same?
And I could draw—could draw what people look,
Not freehand things or copies from a book.
An artist said I'd genius, and he said
He'd take me home and give me board and bed,
So I might learn to paint—and would I go?
The next day give my answer—Yes or no.
No pocket-money, though. I didn't grieve—
What want was pocket-money to a lad
Full swing for Paradise?

That day was sweet!
"Would I go?" Well, I laughed out in the street,
As I went home, I was so glad and gay.
Would I *not* go? And, when the thing was done,
Fame, honour, love, and money made and won,
Mother should have the prettiest clothes, best home!
I laughed. It seemed the day was almost come.
I went home, limping, quickly as I could.
Mother had had a stroke, and never would,
The doctor said, be fit to work again;
She wouldn't suffer very much of pain,
But she would always have to lie in bed,
I never told her what the artist said.
Would I have left her then? No, dear, not I,
I bound myself to a shoemaker, near by;
And—I was quick to learn—I learned this trade,
And, from the very first, I always made
Enough to keep the sharp wolf from the door.
Mother was used to being very poor,
And what I earned kept both of us, some way,
And mother said I was her prop and stay;
And so I was, and it was good to hear
Her "Bless you, dear!"

You see, when I was little, weak, and small,
I cuddled under mother's old green shawl
When I was cold; she worked to get me fed,
Often went short herself to give me bread;
She never beat or cuffed me. Very few
Boys have such mothers. What I had to do
Was not so much, considering all she did
For me when I was helpless and a kid.
And I was not unhappy till she died.
Yes, she is dead. And now there's dead beside
Something that used to give a sort of spring
To work and marketing and everything,
Like the boys' spring, as they go jumping by;
And life now limps along as slow as I.

"Why not begin again?"
Well, dear, the artist chap is gone away;
I haven't seen him now for many a day,
And he's forgot me too without a doubt.
Besides—it's naught to make a fuss about—
But sitting on this bench twelve hours a day
Is weary work, whatever they may say.
And the shop's draughty, and I feel oppressed
As if a weight was stuck inside my chest,
And I lie coughing all the tiresome night
Until the sparrows chirp and sky grows white,
And—see how thin I am. I don't complain,
But, if I had the chance, I couldn't do
All that I might have done three years ago.
And somehow now I do not greatly care
If things are wrong, and nothing's right or fair—
Only sometimes I ache all through with pain
For my lost chance that will not come again.
I wish I had not understood and seen
What I might not be—what I might have been.
They taught me far too much or not enough,
Just what would make the rough path doubly rough.
Sometimes among the nails and awls and twine
A sort of hazy, dreamy state is mine.
I dream the tools are brushes, and that I
Can paint at last—am painting perfectly,
And all the world is looking on to see
What I can do—what soul there is in me;
And loving me because I paint and draw
The lovely things they love, and always saw
But could not paint; they needed me for that.
Then in a moment down I came, fall flat
On the bench among the leather and the tools,
And curse the teaching and the priggish schools
That gave me falls like this—from heaven to hell.
I'd rather have missed hell and heaven as well.

You do not understand? Well, what I mean
Is—the cloud's blacker when the sun's been seen.
I don't know why I told you; but forget
All I have told you if it makes you fret.
It isn't really hard—I don't much care;
Besides, there's not much more of it to bear.
But don't forget me, dear—once in a while
As you go by to school look in and smile.
I like to see you peeping round the door
With your pink face and blue check pinafore;
And if some day you find me gone, don't grieve,
But just be very glad. You may believe
That of all days I shall like that one best
When I may leave off work and get some rest.

E. NESBIT.

Man.—What an enigma is man! What a strange, chaotic,
and contradictory being! Judge of all things, feeble earth-worm,
depository of the truth, mass of uncertainty, glory and butt of the
universe, incomprehensible monster.—*Pascal.*

No one can thrive upon denials: positive truth of some kind
is essential as food both for mind and character. Depend upon it
that in all long established practices or spiritual formulas there has
been some living truth; and if you have not discovered and learnt
to respect it, you do not yet understand the questions which you
are in a hurry to solve. And, again, intellectually impatient people
should remember the rules of social courtesy, which forbid us in
private to say things, however true, which can give pain to others.
To any one who holds what are called advanced views on serious
subjects I recommend a long-suffering reticence, and the reflection
that after all he may possibly be wrong. Whether we are Radicals
or Conservatives we require to be often reminded that truth or
falsehood, justice or injustice, are no creatures of our own belief.
We cannot make true things false, or false things true by choosing
to think them so. The eternal truths and rights of things exist
fortunately independent of our thoughts or wishes, fixed as mathe-
matics inherent in the nature of man and the world. You who
believe that you have hold of newer and wider truths, show it as
you may, and must show it, unless you are misled by your own
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