PEOPLE'S PALACE
Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.
FRIDAY, September 18th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.
SATURDAY, 19th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.
In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Concert, admission, 3d.
SUNDAY, 20th.—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m., free. Swimming Bath open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Organ Recitals at 4 p.m. and 8 p.m., free.
MONDAY, 21st.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Entertainment, "At Home" Company, admission, 3d. and 6d.
TUESDAY, 22nd.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. The Time Table and Illustrated Syllabus of the Evening Classes for the Session commencing on the 28th inst. are now ready, and may be obtained at the office. This little brochure gives full particulars of all classes in science, art, technical and general subjects to be held at the Palace during the coming winter, and not the least interesting and useful features are the full page plans of the building and the illustrations depicting the various class-rooms. The enumeration of the various subjects would occupy at least a column of this journal; and, in these circumstances, I cannot do better than advise all interested to obtain a copy of the Syllabus in question. In all respects it speaks for itself, and demonstrates the enormous value, as far as at least technical education is concerned, of the institution which not a few in East London will doubtless remember in years to come as their "alma mater."

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—We spent a very pleasant afternoon, at Ilford, last Saturday, inspecting Mr. Barnard's Homes for Girls, a special report of which appears in another column.—Saturday, September 19th, meet at Coborn-road-station, at 3 p.m., and take return tickets to Waltham Cross for ramble to Waltham Abbey and Theobald's Park.—Saturday, September 26th, meet at Coborn-road-station, at 3 p.m., for ramble to Loughton. Tea at Mrs. Guy's, Buckhurst-hill.

The Old Boys Football Club commenced their season on Saturday last by meeting the St. John's Excelior F.C. on the latter's ground at Poplar, result being a win for the home team by 7 goals to nil. During the match, W. White distinguished himself by his good play. Team—Baines (goal), Lawden, Howell (backs), Gravener, Myers, Beckett (half-backs), Langdon, Oughton, Toyne, Atkinson, White (forwards).

H. RAINES, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.—President, Nathaniel L. Cohen, Esq.—In glorious weather last Saturday's match was played on our ground, and resulted in a very even draw. India Rubber Mills' Athletic Club—H. Cox, 0; Newby, 7; Shepherd, 26; Pollett, 1; McLehan, 8; Gudgin, 8; Dray; 14; Brandon, 6; Kemp, 0; Brandon 2; Norton (not out), 0; extras, 12; total, 84.
People's Palace, C.C.—F. Hunter, 15; A. Bowman, 13; J. Phillips, 2; F. Sheppard, 3; Bruce, 0; McDougall (not out), 7; Williams (not out), 0; extras, 4; total (for 5 wickets), 44.
White, Doyle, Brandon, J. Pugh, did not bat.
Resulting analytically.—Bowman, 16 overs, 6 maidens, 30 runs, 6 wickets; Hunter, 13 overs, 4 maidens, 21 runs, 2 wickets; F. Sheppard 6 overs, 0 maidens, 23 runs, 1 wicket.
Match to-morrow at Walliamstown, S. Ashley. Team selected from A. Bowman (captain), C. Bowman, R. Hones, G. Sheppard, F. Sheppard, J. Williams, W. Bruce, White, J. Williamson, F. Hall, McDougall, and F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—Conductor—Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.—We are now practising "Elijah" and some of Mendelssohn's part songs. The date of the concert at New Cross is not yet fixed, but we shall begin to practise the music for it next Friday. The new quarter begins Sept. 29. Voices wanted in all parts, especially altos and basses. Those with good voices and who can read well from either notation are requested to apply to Mr. Bradley on Friday evening, Sept. 29. Mr. C.Bowman, R. Hones, G. Sheppard, F. Sheppard, J. Williams, W. Bruce, White, J. Williamson, F. Hall, McDougall, and F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

This Palace Journal may now be obtained of the following newswriters:

Mr. Young, 250, Mile End Road.
Mr. Haltes, 212, Mile End Road.
The Melbourne Cigar Stores, 175, Mile End Road.
Mr. Kerby, opposite London Hospital.
Mr. Moir, F. Cambridge Road.
Mr. Abrahams, Post Office, Globe Road.
Mr. Roder, 165, Green Street.
Mayor and Sons, 212, Green Street.
Mr. Hanson, 111, Roman Road.
Mr. Sampson, 189, Roman Road.
Mr. Smith, 21, Burdet Road.
Bury and Hollard, 180, Well Street, Hackney.
Mr. Conno, opposite South Hackney Church.
Mr. Roberts, 172, Victoria Park Road.
G. Hind, 295, Mile End Road.
A. Lamplugh, Harford Street.
Sullivan, 368, Mile End Road.
Davies, 13, Hackney Road.
Levy, J., 102, Whitehorse Lane.
Mr. Fox, Stationer, 123, Burdett Road.
Mr. Mead, Newsagent, 542, Mile End Road.
Mr. Poole, 24, Globe Road.
Mr. Wards, 11, Well Street, Hackney.

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Mr. Moir, F. Cambridge Road.
With the Palace Rambling Club at Hyde.

VISIT TO DR. BARNARDI's HOMES.

(Excerpted from the Eastern Post.)

September 15, 1891.

The ever-changing, ever-lenient world
What little that there was when we were curled,
For vast is the collection there unfurled;
Especially piles of "Take them for their real value,
Fate may threaten, clouds may lower,
At the trials once encountered;
Ever strewn along our pathway?

Dorothy turned away with tears in her bright eyes.
The words died on his lips. He sank back on the pillows,
To live he must be exceedingly careful. Now, Carlo was not
our manner is.

And Carlo? Perhaps we cannot understand with what
deeps feeling Carlo, Donatello, and Felicita were moved by the
revenue which he had given his mother had been in a sense
thrown to the shrine. The hour of tears. The end of suffering
ha!f mourn, madre. "Ah, how now, my heart!"

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The Palace Journal. September 14, 1891.

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[Text continues here]
The Palace Journal.
September 18, 1891.

Narve's illness was long and dangerous. For a week he lay in bed, pulseless and fevered, his eyes sunk and his breath shallow. The doctor said, as he let his large, cool hand glide over Paul's hot forehead and cheeks, "I will be faithful, faithful, faithful, he'll live; you must be strong, I will care for him."

Narve felt as if he were body and soul and every feeling and sense and impulse of his being were bound together, that he was a single thing. He felt as if he were a living being, a conscious thing, a self-conscious thing, a self-contained thing.

It was a great blue burnished shield of the Polar Sea, the flaming sheen of the midnight sun, the shrieking storm of the walrus, the blinding blaze of the aurora borealis, the floating avalanches of the icebergs, the antarctic chill of the Labrador current, the imponderable quantity, as he tumbled down into the boat, to the thundering of thee, the gale, the waves, the wind, the weather, the weather-beaten like a whaler. From his earliest years he had known no restraint upon his liberty, but had ranged freely over land and sea, and had been happy, even in the midst of disaster and ruin, because he had been free. And now it seemed to him as if he were in a prison, and that he could not escape. He could not escape even if he would. For the first time he felt that he was not free, that he was not free to do what he pleased, that he was not free to go where he pleased, that he was not free to think what he pleased, that he was not free to feel what he pleased.

In Vardoc he had only seen women dressed in wadmal and balmilk, filled him with wonder and delight. She appeared to him as if she were a goddess, and he longed to have her for his wife and his companion. And Leo had some knowledge of taxidermy, and, as English sailors, he had some knowledge of Arctic birds and their habits. And every time he returned to London in refrigerators, there was much commotion on the ship, and the sailors' sera were wont to brood; and every time he returned, he felt that he was a stranger and a foreigner in the strange and unknown land. And now it seemed to him as if he were in a prison, and that he could not escape. He could not escape even if he would.

When the excrementation of the imponderable quantity, as he tumbled down into the boat, to the thundering of thee, the gale, the waves, the wind, the weather, the weather-beaten like a whaler. From his earliest years he had known no restraint upon his liberty, but had ranged freely over land and sea, and had been happy, even in the midst of disaster and ruin, because he had been free. And now it seemed to him as if he were in a prison, and that he could not escape. He could not escape even if he would. For the first time he felt that he was not free, that he was not free to do what he pleased, that he was not free to go where he pleased, that he was not free to think what he pleased, that he was not free to feel what he pleased. And now it seemed to him as if he were in a prison, and that he could not escape. He could not escape even if he would. For the first time he felt that he was not free, that he was not free to do what he pleased, that he was not free to go where he pleased, that he was not free to think what he pleased, that he was not free to feel what he pleased.

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Thus it came to pass that Narve’s illness made no deep impression upon the merchant, and in an astonishingly short time he acquired the gait and air of one who had been of incalculable service to Mr. Tulstrup and enabled him largely to increase his fortune. The merchant was there­after after having endeavoured to call him to account.

Time was before the cage where Paul lay. “What would you do, Paul-” he asked, solemnly, “if I were dead?”

Narve’s uncompromising self-respect scented beforehand every exclamation. He felt like a man who, calling upon his friend, finds crape on the bell-handle. A mysterious tie seemed to have been established between the keeper, who came along presently with a trough full of food, and Paul, who was swaying to the music of the bell. Narve, not liking to remind him that once I saved your life. Now it is I who am much troubled to think what is to become of you. I do not like to remind you of such absurd things. When you are dead, it will be time enough for you to torment yourself with some such unpleasant topic.

The heat had come like a wind of blight and destruction. The Tulstrups, airily and daintily clad, were sauntering down the streets. That part which remained on the continent was distinctly uncomfortable. Only a few tropical characters luxuriated in the burning sun. Paul, standing in a dense throng of people before a druggist’s shop, smoking a cigarette. He was in good spirits, or rather watches the harmless follies of his child. The question of Paul’s future weighed heavily upon him, now that he had discovered that his own strength had to be offered to him. He offered to give him lessons in writing, arithmetic, and book-keeping (reading had as far been Paul’s only accomplishment, but was always met with the cheerful rejoinder that there was no particular occasion for it). The winter was half over. Narve was able to propound to his position in the offing. But even then he was to be associated with him in a few hours’ work. By his side, he was to have him by his side, to be near him. And this was the best of all. There was no cause to fear this disposition to be very liberal in his dealings with him; but he was conscious of the necessity of the conditions in the extreme North, and by the help of medical men of every commercial symptom was disposed to be very liberal in his dealings with him; but he was conscious of the necessity of the conditions in the extreme North, and by the help of medical men of every commercial symptom...
PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT
To be Given on SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28th, 1891.

Organist: Mr. B. JACKSON, F.C.O. (Organist to the People’s Palace).

1. Allegro Risoluto (Sonata No. 1) — Mozart
2. Hymn — “Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven”
   by Sterndale Bennett

Programme of Concert

3. Minuet and Trio — Mozart
4. Andante Pastorale — Beethoven
5. Fugue in D Major — Bach

SACRED CONCERT

Hymn — “Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven”

1. Castle — C9
2. Fugue in D Major
3. Hymn — “The Three Fishers”

Vocalists—Miss Clara Doyle, Miss Clementine Ward, Miss Annie Layton, Mr. John Bartlett, Mr. A. J. Layton.

Musical Director to the People’s Palace—Mr. Otton Bradley, M.A.

PART I

1. Duet — “No, Sir” — Messrs. Miss Annie Layton and Mr. A. J. Layton
   Tell me one thing, tell me truly,
   Tell me why you want me so,
   Tell me why when asked a question
   You will always answer no?

2. Intermezzo — “Scotch airs and variations” — Birch

3. Song — “The Prima Donna” — Rossini
4. Vocal Solo — “Sing ye praise” — Mendelssohn
5. Fugue in D Major
6. Hymn — “Through the night of doubt and sorrow” — Clark

7. Choruses of Angels — Mendelssohn
8. Vocal Solo — “Cupids Animus” — (Stabat Mater) — Rossini
9. Mariachi Triphaneal — Lemmich

PART II

1. Selection — “Sweet and serene” — Rossini
2. Selection — “from the “Ellen”” — Mendelssohn
3. Intermedio — Rheingruber
4. Song — “My Sweetheart when a Boy” — Wilyford Morgan

5. Song — “La Serenata” — Rossini

6. Song — “Married” — Wilyford Morgan

Vocalist—Miss Clara Doyle, Miss Clementine Ward, Miss Annie Layton, Mr. John Bartlett, Mr. A. J. Layton.

Solo Concertina—Miss Clementine Ward.

Admission Free.
Tuesday, September 18, 1891.

**The Palace Journal.**

**MISS CLARA DOYLE.**

*Hark! hark! the Dogs do Bark.*

No! 'tis the angels call to me,
Old and young, and children fair,
Some of all countries you'll find are there.

Hark! the beggars are coming to town.
Look how motley a crew are they,
Some in rags, and some in tags,
Some in silken gown.

Hark! the beggars are coming to town.

**The Palace Journal.**

**MISS ANNIE LAYTON.**

I see the tall white lighthouse tower,
Asking an alms as Old Time looks down,
Meeting with sorrow, joy, and strife.

Hark! the beggars are coming to town.

**MISS CLEMENTINE WARD.**

The ships move on their way;
Across the meadows grey,
We watch the twinking harbour lights,
We watch the fading shore,
Our souls are wept in one sweet dream,
We drift and speak no more.

Hark! the beggars are coming to town.

**THE GARDEN PARTY.**

The company.

**UNIQUE DRAWING ROOM ENTERTAINMENT.**

Miss F. PERFITT, Miss L. AUGARDE, Mr. J. M. GORDON, Mr. T. C. WRAY.

ACCOMPANY-MR. ASHLEY RICHARDS.

**ADMISSION—THREEPENCE.**

**PROGRAMME OF THE CELEBRATED "AT HOME" COMPAGNY.**

**UNIQUE DRAWING ROOM ENTERTAINMENT,**

**TO BE GIVEN ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21st, 1891, TO COMMENCE AT 8 O'CLOCK.**

**VOCALISTS—MISS F. PERFITT, MISS L. AUGARDE, MR. J. M. GORDON, MR. T. C. WRAY.**

The audience are particularly requested not to walk about the room or talk during the performance of any song or piece of music.

**PART I.**

1. Overture... *Poet and Peasant*... Sopra... Miss F. PERFITT, Miss L. AUGARDE, and Mr. J. M. GORDON.
2. Song... *"Poet and Peasant"*... More... Mr. J. M. GORDON.
3. Song... *"Sweet and Low"*... Barcarolle... Mrs. Wranglebury... Mr. J. M. GORDON.
4. Duet... *"The Singing Lesson"*... Mr. Barnby... Mrs. Wranglebury.
5. Violon Solo... *"The Founders' Song"*... Mr. J. M. GORDON.
6. Song... *"The Founders' Song, Soprano"*... Miss F. PERFITT and Mr. J. M. GORDON.
7. Violon Solo... *"The Toreador's Song"*... Mr. J. M. GORDON.
8. Duet... *"The Toreador's Song"*... Mr. J. M. GORDON.
9. Song... *"Over the Hawthorn Hedge"*... Miss F. PERFITT and Miss L. AUGARDE.
10. Song... *"The Morning Sage"*... More... Mr. J. M. GORDON.
11. Plantation Song... *"Good Night"*... Mr. J. M. GORDON.

**PART II.**

1. Overture... *Poet and Peasant*... Sopra... Miss F. PERFITT, Miss L. AUGARDE, and Mr. J. M. GORDON.
2. Song... *"Poet and Peasant"*... More... Mr. J. M. GORDON.
3. Vocalists—Miss F. PERFITT, Miss L. AUGARDE, Mr. J. M. GORDON, Mr. T. C. WRAY.

**DOORS OPEN AT 7. ADMISSION—THREEPENCE. RESERVED SEATS—SIXPENCE.**
10 which they will be admitted immediately after the examinations each week during the summer months, obtained at the bookstall in the ground floor. Admitted in April and May.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS, MILE END, E

Science Classes.

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<td>Mr. F. G. Pope, Mr. E. C. Forth</td>
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<td>Geology</td>
<td>Mr. W. Harding, Mr. D. S. Macnair</td>
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<td>Zoology</td>
<td>Mr. J. Martin, Mr. W. Slingo</td>
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<td>Botany</td>
<td>Mr. E. J. Burrell, Mr. R. Chaston</td>
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<td>Anthropology</td>
<td>Mr. A. N. Raw, Mr. F. G. Pope</td>
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<td>Sanitary Engineering</td>
<td>Mr. D. A. Low, Mr. E. J. Burrell</td>
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<td>Mathematics</td>
<td>Mr. F. G. Pope, Mr. E. C. Forth</td>
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<td>Art Metal Work</td>
<td>Mr. D. A. Low, Mr. E. J. Burrell</td>
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<td>Perspective Drawing</td>
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<td>Drawing from Life</td>
<td>Mr. F. G. Pope, Mr. E. C. Forth</td>
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<td>Drawing from Copies, Still Life, etc.</td>
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Specialist Shirt and Collar Dressing.

School of Art.

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Class for Women only.

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Musical Classes.

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<td>Mr. W. A. Tuck, Mr. E. J. Burrell</td>
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<td>Bass</td>
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<td>Oboe</td>
<td>Mr. W. A. Tuck, Mr. E. J. Burrell</td>
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<td>Clarinet</td>
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<td>Trumpet</td>
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<td>Cornet</td>
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<td>Flute</td>
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<td>Bassoon</td>
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<td>Cello</td>
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<td>Organ</td>
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<td>Contra Bass</td>
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<tr>
<td>Saxophone</td>
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