

THE REMINDER.

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PEOPLE WHO COUNT—No. 12.

MR. FRANK MOBBS, J.P.

From time immemorial there is one appellation which has been applied in general to the British race, and that is the title of good sportsmen. Right down through the ages that signification has gathered weight similarly as the proverbial snow ball increases, and we have now in the term, "a good sport," an embodiment of all that is true, honest and upright, in addition to all those invigorating qualities which are necessary for the successful playing of the game of life. In primitive times when fighting and hunting were man's chief pursuits, he learnt the importance of a clear head and a steady hand, and thus it has ever been that the qualities that made a man good at sport and athletics were literally the same as made him valuable to himself and the community in actual living.

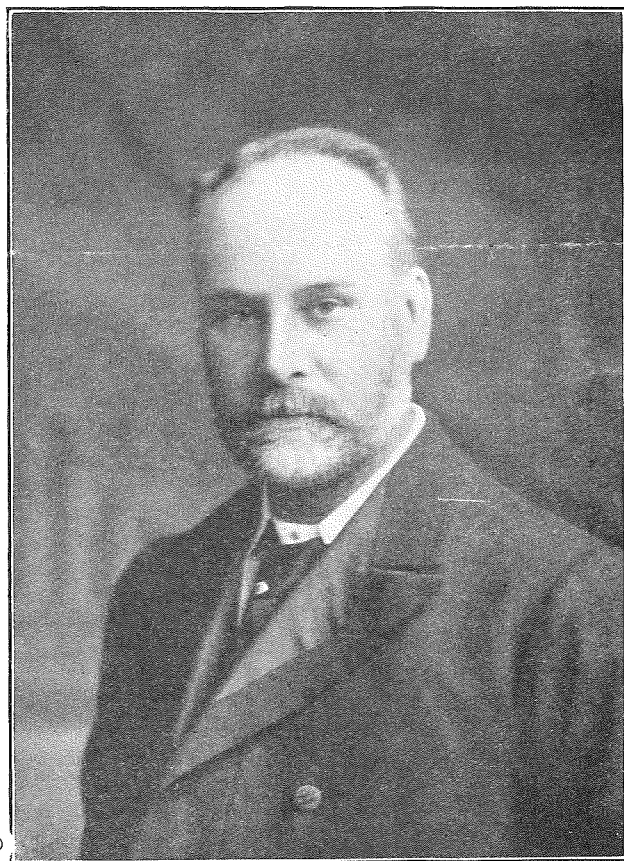
In Mr. Frank Mobbs we have one who has taken more than ordinary interest in the sport of modern times, and who has brought all the splendid attributes of sportsmanship into his daily life and used them with very great advantage to all those with whom he has come in contact.

A native of Kettering, Mr. Mobbs was born in 1855, and the first years of his scholastic career were spent at the Boys' National School, where the Headmaster at that time was Mr. W. Sturgess, and his assistant, Mr. Henry Briggs. After leaving school at the age of 13½ years, young Frank Mobbs was still yearning for knowledge, and not satisfied with the elementary education he had received, he joined a mathematics class under the late Mr. T. Widdowson, for many years Headmaster of the old Kettering Grammar School. He also attended a course of science classes, and after careful study was successful in obtaining first-class certificates in Animal Physiology, Acoustics, Light and Heat, and Magnetism and Electricity under the South Kensington examinations. Immediately after leaving school he was apprenticed for 4½ years at Mr. W. Hanger's, boot manufacturer, and here passed through all the stages of manufacture, from clicking-boy onwards, thus gaining that invaluable practical knowledge which enabled him in after years to become manager of the works.

In 1880 Mr. Mobbs married and a year later he commenced in business on his own account in partnership with his three brothers, Mr. Septimus Mobbs, Mr. Charles Mobbs, and Mr. Harry Mobbs, and as the business grew and flourished, a small factory was built in Northall Street. A few years later a larger building was erected adjoining the first, and in these premises a prosperous manufacturing concern existed for a long period.

Commencing with the ordinary boot and shoe manufacture carried on in the town, the business gradually developed into the manufacture of sports wear only, as was mentioned before, Mr. Mobbs took particular interest in the various phases of sport.

Using the trade mark "Embekay," being an interpretation of Mobbs Bros., Kettering, the sports wear



MR. FRANK MOBBS

manufactured by the firm has gained a world-wide reputation. Unfortunately the premises in Northall Street were burned down in 1924, but the business is still being carried on in Durban Road, although Mr. Mobbs himself has now practically retired from business life.

The call of sport sounded early in the life of Mr. Mobbs, for at the formation of the first Rugby Football Club in the town in 1872, he became its Captain and Hon. Secretary. From that time to the present day, "Rugger" has always had a tender spot in Mr. Mobbs's heart, if such a term can be permitted in this connection, for memories of those early games akin with those of modern times can only be described by adjectives indicative of the opposite of "tender." However, the ups and downs, skirmishes, and oft-times painful effects of "Rugger" only served to harden and develop the youth into that splendid embodiment of true manhood which Mr. Mobbs attained in after years.

As most enthusiasts of the game in Kettering are aware, Mr. Mobbs took an active part in the inauguration of the present Rugby Club in the town, and he displays the keenest interest in all the engagements of that very clever combination of players.

In the realm of Bowls Mr. Mobbs has gained much distinction, and in addition to being a more than average player, has served the Kettering Lodge Bowling Club in many offices including that of President, Captain, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer. He has represented the Club in many of its teams, and has visited numerous places in this country where tournaments have been held, thus bringing much credit to the town of his birth by his skilful execution of "ye ancient game."

It is a matter for congratulation for the town in general and Mr. Mobbs in particular that he has received the high honour of being included in the Bowling Team representing England to visit Australia and New Zealand in the autumn of this year. We feel confident our readers would desire to extend hearty good wishes for his success in this trip o'er the briny, and trust that "Good Luck" that intangible something which is ever the sportsmen's hope and confidence, may attend him throughout the tour.

Other sports which have gained his attention and interest have been the Cycling Club, the Golf Club, of which he was Captain and Hon. Secretary at its formation, and the Kettering and District Angling Association, whose President he was for some considerable time. Although so actively associated with the sports life of the town, Mr. Mobbs has by no means allowed this particular interest to dominate his outlook, for he has rendered incalculable and devoted service to the community in his public activities. Mr. Mobbs was for fourteen years one of the most enthusiastic and hard-working members of the Urban District Council on which body he represented the East Ward. During his period of membership he took an active part in the carrying out of the new scheme for Sewage and Disposal Works, the acquiring of the Water Works, and establishing of the Free Library and Electric Light undertaking, all of which projects loomed large in the civic life of the town, and were undoubted landmarks in its history. His business foresight and keen thinking were here manifested to the utmost and the town owes Mr. Mobbs a great debt of gratitude for all he did in the establishment of these great enterprises, which have proved of such inestimable value to the community.

Mr. Mobbs received the highest honour possible to a Councillor, that of Chairman of the body, on three occasions, thus serving the town as its chief citizen for three years.

It was during one of these periods of office, in May, 1904, that one of the most important events in Kettering history took place, the occasion being the opening of the Public Library. In 1902 the late Sir Andrew Carnegie promised the munificent sum of £8,000 towards the cost of a Library, and as a result the very handsome building now standing in Sheep Street was erected, and the town was honoured by the presence of the generous donor at the opening ceremony. Mr. Mobbs, as Chairman of the Council, extended a hearty welcome to Mr. Carnegie, in the name of the townspeople, and asked him to formally open the building. A silver key was presented by the Architect, Mr. Goddard, to Mr. Carnegie, who at once unlocked the doors and allowed the company present to enter and inspect the building. Mr. Carnegie was then introduced to the Librarians and Mrs. Mobbs. As a memento of the occasion Mr. Mobbs presented Mr. Carnegie with a beautifully bound copy of Mr. F. W. Bull's "History of Kettering." A rather interesting fact is recalled that the same day that marked the opening of the Library also saw the opening of the Electric Power Station on the Rockingham Road, and on that day also the town was illuminated with electricity for the first time.

The day's proceedings were brought to a very satisfactory conclusion by a banquet held at the Royal Hotel in honour of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, LL.D., and attended by about 130 guests. Mr. Mobbs proposed the toast in honour of the guest of the evening, and said, "We have not yet attained the dignity of a Borough, so we cannot confer upon you the Honorary Freedom of the Borough, nor place your name upon the Burgess Roll; but, sir, we have your name engraved upon our hearts, and shall ever have the recollections of what you have done for us in our minds. Mr. Carnegie has conferred an additional honour upon us in Kettering by coming down to perform the opening ceremony, and we feel that we owe this largely to our being a working class town, and to the character of our workers. Being workers gives us the spirit of independence, that is not lost, gentlemen, by accepting a gift so graciously bestowed by so generous a giver."

In reply Mr. Carnegie remarked, "I was sure as ever I was sure of anything that before I was here many minutes I should feel perfectly at home in the town. I began to wonder whether Kettering knows what position it has attained abroad, and amongst other things whether you think enough of Kettering. I know what the prayer of Scotland is said to be, 'Gie us a guid conceit for ourselves,' and I have been asking myself whether in your case the prayer has been answered in any great measure. One reason why I thought I should be at home in Kettering is that you are engaged in boot and shoe manufacture. My title to nobility springs from my grandfather, a shoemaker in Dunfermline. A number of fellows met at dinner and had a great time. An old schoolmate who came from the West and had been engaged in making money without cultivating the mind sat still during the whole dinner. Someone said, 'Sir, you are the only man who has sat and said nothing,' and the reply was, 'I do not care about talking, but you have not tried me upon leather!' Mr. Carnegie concluded this anecdote by saying 'Do not stick always to leather, but cultivate the mind.'"

In addition to the arduous duties of Council work, Mr. Mobbs served as a member of the first Education Committee, succeeding the old School Board, and as a member of the Board of Guardians for two years.

Mr. Mobbs was instituted a Justice of the Peace in 1900, and from that time onwards he has given great service in this connection, not only in a magisterial capacity, but as a member of the County Licensing Committee, visitor under the Mental Deficiency Act, and visitor to H.M. Prisons at Northampton and Bedford.

During the late war he acted as Military Representative for Kettering and Desborough.

Mr. Mobbs has served as a Trustee and member for the Management Committee of the Kettering and District General Hospital since its inception, and was Chairman of the latter body for many years.

For the past 50 years Mr. Mobbs has been a member of the Kettering Permanent Building Society, and is now Chairman of its Directors. He is also a vice-president of the Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Association, serves on the Arbitration Boards, and has recently been appointed a Commissioner of Income Tax.

In politics Mr. Mobbs has always been and is a staunch Liberal of the best and truest type, always adhering to the principles which he believes to be right and rendering unswerving loyalty to the cause to which he is allied.

Reared in an atmosphere of nonconformity, Mr. Mobbs has ever kept strictly to his early training, attending for many years Fuller Baptist Chapel, the church of his father, the late Mr. James Mobbs, but latterly has worshipped at the London Road Congregational Church, where he was for a considerable period a member of the Church Council.

Through all the varied activities of his career, Mr. Mobbs has proved to be made of that metal which rings true, for the sportsmanship and genial courtesy of his nature has been evidenced in whatever matter he had in hand, whether business, public service, or pleasure.

His personality radiates good humour, and all who know him will readily agree that pervading all his actions and thoughts are the instincts of a perfect English gentleman.

D. M. M.

"DINGE" SPEAKING!

THE CAR-MINDERS.

The boys and girls of these hectic times are not lacking in ingenious ideas for squeezing a copper out of anyone who is responsive enough to give it to them.

To the motorist who leaves his car for a short time the 'cute kid is no stranger. He knows by heart the saying, "I've been looking after it for you!"

One who was getting rather tired of this new version of "Give us a penny, Mister," ignored the youngster's remark that he had been watching no one ran away with his car, which induced the boy to add, as a further reason for benevolence: "— and it's my birthday."

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FOOT COMFORT.

The nicely-carpeted floor of boot-dealers' shops is so, not wholly for appearance, but to ensure that the finely finished soles of new shoes are not affected by the strolling up and down of the person trying to find a fit. One who was not fully satisfied with the comfort of a pair tried on in the shop, asked that some might be sent home.

The shopkeeper obliged by despatching odds; whereupon the seeker after comfort covered the whole shoe with a man's thick sock, and wore it the whole evening, thus preserving the lustre of the finished sole!

In cases where even such a prolonged test fails to satisfy and the shoes are returned, may lie the explanation of the next customer's remark that "The right shoe is very comfortable—it seems much bigger than the left."

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THE ANCHOR OF THE TEAM.

At a huge sports meeting in the West an onlooker admitted that she had much to learn regarding the technicalities of sport. She heard the coach in a tug-

of-war competition call the last man "anchor," which she thought rather an unusual surname.

When he called the last man of the next team "Anchor," also, she thought he had made a mistake.

It was not until the third team came on and the coach urged "Anchor" to "dig well in," that she realised that that was the correct term for the man who "goes over last."

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POOR EPSTEIN.

The person who directed me to Epstein's memorial to Hudson, the naturalist, in Kensington Gardens, said that so many people were going to see it that they would soon have to lay down more paths.

No one in the crowd seemed, or rather dared, to have a good opinion of the work, and it was obvious that the criticisms were merely repetitive of the remarks made in the daily papers.

One woman, who had no great claims to physical charms herself, remarked that the sculptor evidently had a poor idea of the beauty of woman.

Another, that he presumably thought birds more beautiful than woman; whilst a man tried to propitiate another lady by remarking that Epstein no doubt thought by cutting off the top part of the head of the figure that brains in women did not exist!

Still another critic said that the whole thing looked as if it had been run over by a steam roller.

A boy suggested that the birds were too frightened to come near their own sanctuary. He was right; but it was not the carved figure that kept them away.

In spite of the cynical remarks flung about regarding the panel, I could not help noticing that those who said nothing found something irresistibly impelling, if not pleasingly attractive, in the work, judging from the way their eyes appeared to be glued to the subject.

TAR BARRELS.

The tar-laying process has been simplified to the very limit. The casks of tar lying at the roadside are put on a kind of jack and the bung removed. Then, as one man tilts the barrel to allow the tar to pour on to the road, other men spread it evenly over the surface. A vast improvement on the complicated apparatus usually connected with this summer pastime.

Someone, of course, will come along with the rejoinder that the first method merely sheds the tar in the surface, while the other forces it into the road itself.

Whichever method is used it would be better if there were less "retard" about it. It needs twice the energy to propel a bicycle on tarred surfaces nowadays.

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WHO WROTE "THE SHEIK?"

It doesn't do to express an opinion unless the facts are strictly correct, or someone who sees no side but the critical is sure to hold you to ransom.

I was told that Ethel M. Dell did not write "The Sheik." This in relation to my remark in the last weekly issue of the *Reminder* for Ethel to decide as to the correct pronunciation of Sheik.

I did not mention the sheik as the book itself; I never gave a thought to the idea that one may have been written, and I certainly did not say that Ethel M. Dell wrote it. I merely suggested herself as one who might have authority on the subject, having a faint notion that such "strong, silent men" as sheiks, were her particular *métier*.

My aspirations have not risen to great heights in literature. I have never read either "The Sheik," or Ethel M. Dell! Sorry!

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TRUST AND TRUSTS.

It is surprising how very few people can be made to understand that the Wicksteed Park is a gift in perpetuity almost to the town of Kettering; that it is still possible, even in this age, for a person to be utterly disinterested and generous to an untold degree without any ulterior motive whatever; and that any and every charge—very few by the way—made within it goes merely to the Trust for the upkeep of the whole.

Even if a thing is given, much necessary expenditure is entailed in replacements, repairs and upkeep, and there are but a few things, such as the canteen and the boats, whereby money can be made to keep step with the enormous expense attached to the Park.

Yet, when such charges are made, the type of people whom no one could ever satisfy, apparently take no account of the many amusements that are absolutely free, and the few instances in which a coin is urged out of their pockets loom up before them as an almost monstrous imposition.

Two men, who doubtless prided themselves on being super-intelligent working-men, were discussing the weighty matters of the Park. They agreed that it was a good thing, but "you know, somebody's getting something out of it. You know what these Trusts are!"

An unfortunate name perhaps, "The Wicksteed Village Trust" if this is the opinion; but no one can

deny that these men had read their daily papers, even if they confused one type of Trust with the other.

The word Trust, one of the finest words of meaning in the language, of which a poet wrote:—

"Trust. No other word we utter
Can so true and tender be:
Turning all life's jarring discords
Into Heavenly harmony

has been sadly abused commercially, and might rather be construed as to read "mistrust."

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LOAFERS?

An amusing incident happened to a small camping party in the holiday week.

Finding they had no bread, one of the four men walked two miles to the village bakery and came back with the tale that the baker would be baking all day till half-past twelve.

After eleven o'clock at night four hefty fellows walked down to the bakehouse expecting to see white-capped flour merchants shovelling loaves out of ovens. Instead, one lonely man sat reading.

He came warily to the door in response to the knocking, with no idea of a customer, and to the request for a loaf said, "A loaf? Are you hungry, then?" Peering through the gloom he discerned three more applicants, and added, "are you *all* hungry?"

They had merely mistaken 12.30 noon for midnight.

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PHILOMEL.

By the way, if you can't get the nightingales through 2LO. it is possible to hear them from the railway embankment beyond the sluice in the Wicksteed Park.

Before the Spinney at the top of the Brickyard Hill was cut down to make the Park entrance, people made a regular practice of walking there to hear the nightingales warble in the moonlight. As the time for their concert gets later as the season advances, so must one's enthusiasm require tuning up to stay awake late enough to hear them.

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POUND A POINT.

Wireless in the Hospital Wards. I rather think that the City of London is simply cribbing the idea which, I venture to opine, originated in Kettering.

The Hospital in the smaller "city" was fitted up, through generous donors, by Mr. Paul Taylor some weeks ago; and even before then, "Dinge" was "speaking" about the effect the Spiritualistic representations on the Wireless might have on Hospital patients should the boon be provided in such institutions.

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LONDON ROAD.

And, another instance, although modestly, I do not suggest that the writer in a contemporary reads these notes, it is pleasing to see that he makes the same suggestion about improving the London Road as was mooted weeks ago under this heading.

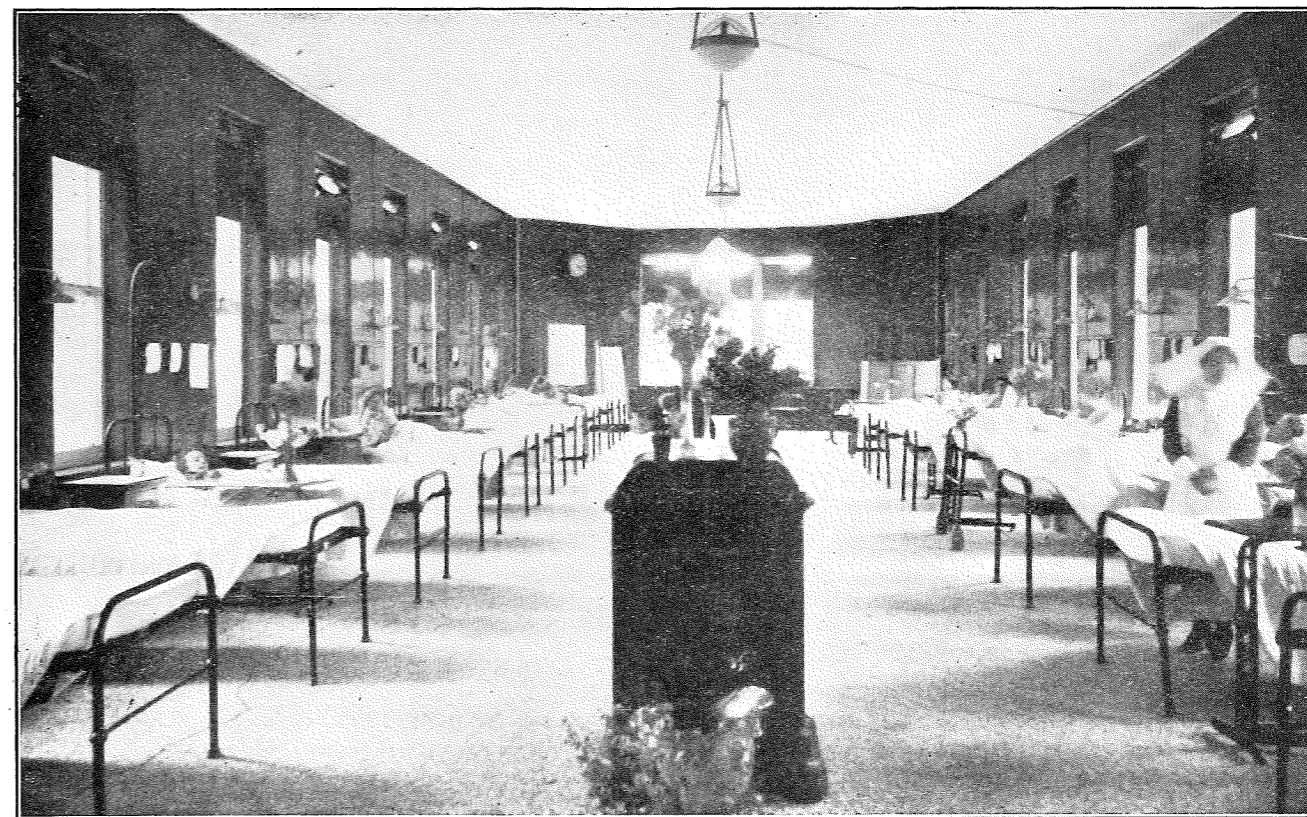
Our Local Hospital, Its Birth and Development.

BY H. J. LANCASTER, M.C. *Secretary-Superintendent Kettering and District General Hospital.*

In the Jubilee Year of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria's reign, the local medical men suggested the building of a Hospital, but at the time this suggestion was not taken up. In the year 1891, however, a town's meeting was held in the Victoria Hall on November 25th, when it was unanimously decided that the provision of a Hospital in Kettering had become an urgent necessity. A Committee was elected, of which J. T. Stockburn, Esq., was appointed Chairman, and J. T. Iliffe, Esq., Secretary, to set about raising the necessary funds. Eventually, by the unceasing efforts of Mr. Stockburn and Mr. Iliffe, and this Committee, and the

Staff. The first matron was Miss Huck, appointed on Sept. 21st, 1897, at a salary of £45 per annum with uniform.

At this time many of the members of the Committee found difficulty in believing that the sum necessary for the maintenance of the Hospital would be forthcoming, and they were also uncertain as to whether the people of Kettering and the surrounding villages would take advantage of the facilities offered by the new local Hospital. The success which attended the institution from its opening, however, justified the hopes of the most sanguine of its promoters. The available accom-



WOMEN'S WARD.

generous response of the public of Kettering and District, the scheme for a Hospital of 25 beds was adopted, and the Hospital was opened for the reception of patients on Nov. 7, 1897, by the Right Hon. C. R. Spencer, on behalf of Earl Spencer.

A Management Committee was formed, with His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, K.T., K.G., as Hon. President, J. T. Stockburn, Esq., President, Frank Berrill, Esq., Hon. Treasurer, J. T. Iliffe, Esq., Hon. Secretary, and H. T. Berry, Esq., as Assistant Hon. Secretary, and with Doctors J. Allison, M.D., F.R.C.S., Edin., L. W. Dryland, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., D. Lee, M.D., M.Ch., M.A.O., and J. P. Roughton, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., D.P.H., as the Hon. Acting Medical

modation of 25 beds was almost always used to the full limit, the average daily number of patients seldom being less than 20. The use which was being made of the Hospital and its Surgical Aid Department, bore eloquent testimony to the benefits being conferred by the institution, and to the value of the gratuitous services given by the members of the honorary acting medical staff.

Very soon after the opening of the Hospital it became evident that its usefulness would suffer curtailment unless it were possible to extend the accommodation. It was found that fully one-third of the cases sent in for treatment were those of children under 12 years of age. It is obvious that children can be more satis-

factorily dealt with in a separate ward, as their treatment amongst adults is often detrimental to the older patients. At the same time, it is most important to afford every facility for the treatment of children, as ailments, when taken in hand promptly, may frequently be prevented from developing into chronic and life-long illnesses.

It may be asked why the Hospital was not made larger in the first instance. The answer to this was, of course, the lack of money. The Committee dared not undertake more than they felt the funds at their disposal justified. The laying of the memorial stones on May 9th, 1896, by Her Grace the Duchess of Buccleuch, and Lady Brunner, gave a great impetus to the Hospital movement in the district; and the large measure of success which attended the bazaar held in November of that year placed the Committee in possession of funds

for 55 beds in all. Details of this important extension are as follows:—

A large new ward was erected on the west of the original building, containing 18 beds. This was to be utilised for women, whilst the old women's, or Buccleuch Ward, was to be used as a Children's Ward. The Men's Ward was lengthened and space for eight additional beds provided. Convenient sanitary blocks were placed at the South end of these Wards. An anæsthetic chamber was added to the operating theatre. Four small wards were thrown out on the north side of the building for the use of private patients, or for such cases needing quiet or isolation. New waiting rooms and consulting rooms were provided to the north side of the Women's Ward, and above these the additional bedrooms required for the increased staff of nurses. A nurses' dining room was provided in the basement



CHILDREN'S WARD.

which enabled them to start the Hospital free from debt. At the Annual Meeting of Governors held in October, 1899, it was decided that an enlargement should take place as soon as half the estimated expenditure had been promised, and the Committee found themselves able to arrange for the plans to be prepared early in the year 1901. On July 11th, 1901, the Management Committee accepted the plans presented, which had been prepared by Messrs. Gotch and Saunders, and unanimously decided to carry out the whole of the suggested alterations. These were very considerable, and resulted in doubling the accommodation then provided for In-patients, the number of beds being increased from 25 to 50, sufficient space being allowed

at the north end of the Buccleuch Ward, and the laundry removed from the basement into a more commodious detached building. A mortuary was also built. The porter's lodge was enlarged in order to make provision for a house surgeon, whose services it was anticipated would be required.

The total cost of the extension, including furnishing was approximately £8,000, and the work was done by Mr. G. Henson, of Wellingborough. This extension memorial stone was laid by Lady Lilford in the presence of a distinguished gathering, on the 2nd November, 1901.

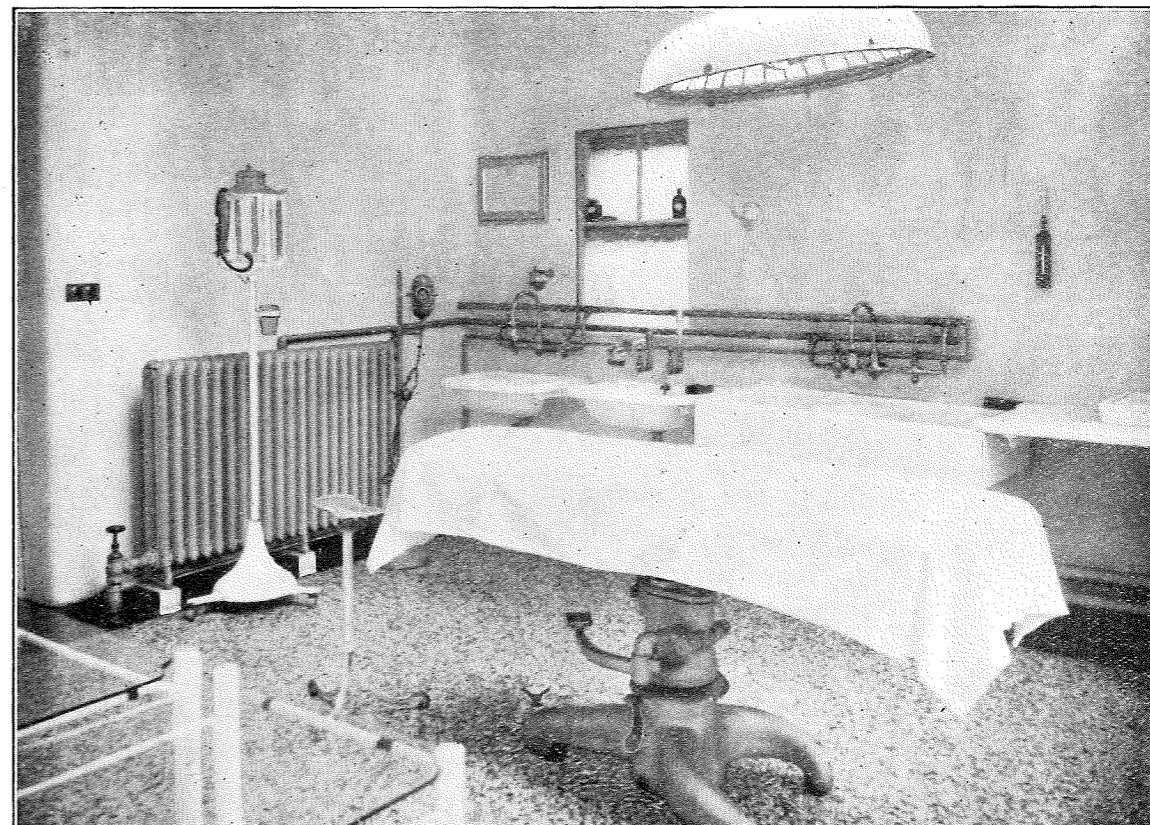
Towards the end of 1918 the Hospital was further enlarged by the addition of a new children's ward, bringing the total accommodation up to 79 beds.

Since the Hospital was first opened, some 28 years ago, the work has grown tremendously in every direction and a few statistics may be of interest here. The following table gives a few figures showing the work done during the first year in which the Hospital was open for the reception of patients, and then from 1900 to the present time every fifth year's taken for the purpose of comparison:—

Year.	No of Patients.	No. of Operations.	Income.	Expenditure.
1898 ...	129	40	£1,126	£786
1900 ...	287	89	£1,916	£1,576
1905 ...	677	266	£2,665	£2,481
1910 ...	1557	381	£2,700	£2,332
1915 ...	1492	347	£2,201	£2,371
1920 ...	1594	474	£5,870	£5,219
1924 ...	2054	801	£6,441	£6,928

Account money which had, over a number of years, been saved for general repairs to buildings, etc. To run the Hospital efficiently, an income of about £8,000 is required each year, in view of the ever-increasing numbers of patients being treated. Well equipped operating theatres have to be maintained, also X-Ray and other expensive departments as aids to correct diagnosis, as well as separate staffs for day and night duties. Before the War the cost of maintaining a bed in the Hospital was £60 per year, but now the cost is over £120. I feel confident, however, that the people of Kettering and District will rise to the help of their Hospital now, in its time of need, as they have always done in the past, when appeals for extra support have been made.

In passing on to the various departments, I might say here that the present Hospital consists of two



OPERATING THEATRE.

This growth in work amply demonstrates that the Hospital has continued to gain the confidence and esteem of the public throughout the large area it serves.

Patients are admitted from no less than 65 towns and parishes, which proves that the institution is rightly named the "Kettering and District" General Hospital. As the work has increased, so has the expenditure, but unfortunately the income has not kept pace with the increased expenses, and last year's report showed a deficit of over £500 on the year's working, and a total deficit of some £1,300.

The Board of Management was compelled to "clear off" this bank overdraft by paying into the Maintenance

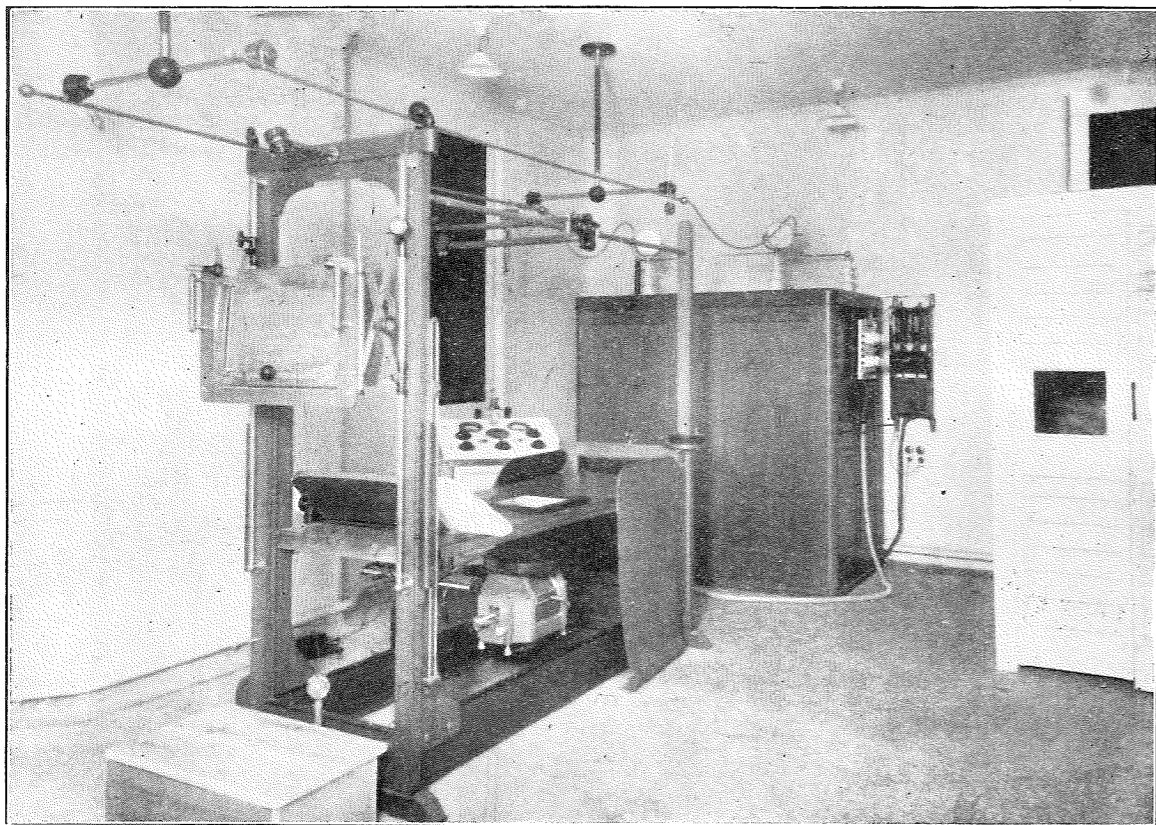
Adult Wards of 22 beds each, four Private Wards, one Children's Ward of 20 beds, and a 10 bed ward which, owing to the insufficient accommodation for the nursing staff, is at present being used as a nurses' dormitory. There is also an Out-Patient Department, a dispensary, an operating theatre, an X-Ray department, an Eye department and a laundry.

Next to the wards, where the patients are nursed back to health and strength, the most important department is undoubtedly the operating theatre, for it is here, very often, that the life of a patient hangs in the balance.

In one of our large provincial hospitals a young house

surgeon, who was known for his witty remarks, chalked over the door of the operating theatre, "Abandon all hope, all ye who enter here." This, however, does not apply in the case of our own operating theatre, for many wonderful operations are performed in the course of a year. For the size of our Hospital, we have a very good operating theatre, and it is well equipped with modern apparatus. Quite recently a sum of about £500 has been spent in this department, the money being mainly expended in the three following items:—

(1).—The provision of a new operating table, which is of similar design to those used in most of our large hospitals. This table is built on the hydraulic principle, all controls being operated by foot or knee, for the convenience of the surgeon. It can be elevated and adjusted to any height or angle, so as to get the most convenient position for difficult operations.



NEW X-RAY APPARATUS.

(2).—The provision of a new sterilising plant, which ensures that all dressings and instruments used are absolutely sterile, and so minimises the danger of septic poisoning settling in after operation.

(3).—A very powerful light suspended over the operating table, which eliminates all shadows, and enables a surgeon to perform night operations without being annoyed by the shadows which an ordinary artificial light throws across the patient. This particular light is not yet in use in many Hospitals, so here again, as in many other instances, Kettering leads the way.

The X-Ray department is one of which Kettering has reason to be proud. It has recently been re-equipped

at a cost of £1,300, and the apparatus is the most up-to-date one that could be procured. This department has already proved itself a tremendous asset to the district generally, for since September last over a thousand radiographs have been taken. The members of the medical profession have found it to be a valuable aid to them in their diagnosis of various ailments. Take, for instance, a case of fracture. In the old days a broken limb was set, and it was more or less a case of guess-work setting the bones in a correct position. Now-a-days the X-Ray shows the exact position of bones in setting, without disturbing the dressings, etc. This, however, is only one example of its usefulness, and many others could be given. The other day a little girl of about four years of age swallowed a half-penny. The X-Ray showed the exact position of the coin, which was then extracted in a few minutes.

A new Nurses' Home is at present being erected, and will provide accommodation for 25 nurses. Our nurses have not been too well housed in the past, often having to share a bedroom with two or three others.

In the new home, each nurse will have a bedroom to herself, and I can assure all that this extra comfort will be appreciated. Then, again, the patients will benefit in the long run, for if our nurses are happy and comfortable, those under their care are bound to get better and more sympathetic attention, and a little sympathy goes a long way in a case of sickness.

The question of the training of nurses has for some time past been a difficult problem, but the Board of

Management has now every reason to hope that in a very short time the Hospital will be recognised as a Training School for nurses, by the General Nursing Council of England and Wales.

Reference ought to be made to the splendid gift of a wireless set by users of Burndept components in Kettering and District. This set, which cost over £120 consists of a three-power valve Burndept receiver with power amplification, all built into a handsome Jacobean oak cabinet. Seven Ethovox loud speakers are in use, and undoubtedly the installation has already helped to while away many tedious hours for patients, who, through the epidemic of smallpox, have been unable to receive their friends and relatives.

Many times of late one has heard the wish expressed that the State would take over the control of our Hospitals, and for this reason I quote the following extract from the Report of the Voluntary Hospitals' Commission, appointed by the Ministry of Health, and issued in June, 1921:—

"The Committee are convinced that it is desirable in the public interest, to maintain the voluntary system of Hospital management which secures gratuitous and skilled service, both lay and medical, of inestimable value. If that system falls to the ground, hospitals must be provided by the public, and the expense of so providing them would be enormous. The wages and other disbursements would undoubtedly increase, and the payment of full remuneration to the administrative and medical staffs would at once become urgent. But the money loss to the State would be a small matter compared with the injury which would be done to the welfare of the sick, for whom hospitals are provided, the training of the medical profession, and the progress of medical research.

"The Voluntary Hospital System, which is peculiar to the English-speaking race is part of the heritage of our generation, and it would be lamentable if by our apathy or folly it were suffered to fall into ruin."

Let us then give all the support we possibly can to our Hospitals, so that they can carry on their good work of healing and caring for the sick,—a work which it is our duty to assist.

In closing, may I throw out an open invitation to all who would care to be conducted round the Kettering and District General Hospital, so that they may see for themselves the work that is being done. It will give me great pleasure to take round parties of say 10 or 12 in number, if organisers of such parties will send me a postcard to say when they would like to pay a visit.

"The Life of Joan of Arc," by ANATOLE FRANCE, in 3 vols., 2/6 each. Published by John Lane, Bodley Head, Ltd.

In these three volumes we have a most important instalment of the half-crown edition of the complete works of Anatole France, issuing periodically from the Bodley Head Press.

The closer relationship in war and peace of the two nations, England and France, resulting from their alliance in recent years of tragedy and triumph, revives interest for the students of each of them in the history

of the other. This admirable English translation comes, therefore, at a specially appropriate time, and will be a most welcome book for many English readers. It displays in striking manner the historic research, literary ability, and humanistic insight of the great Frenchman. The great man of letters is revealed as a close student of history, able to bring the treasure of research among the musty documents of antiquity to the service of the modern mind. And not only to do this but to steer a safe and steady course among the devious and delusive records of mediæval ecclesiasticism and legalism. A simple statement of happenings would give but a very faulty conception of the times of the Maid. It is as an interpretation of the psychology of the period that this treatise is perhaps most enlightening to twentieth century readers. Piety and chicanery, learning and credulity, faith and ignorance, devotion and a cunning attempt to bribe the powers of Heaven, these opposites combine to confuse and mislead him who unguided would find his way through the mazes of bewilderment. Among it all there stands out the pure, sweet mystical sainthood of Joan. Trusting with unshakeable confidence in her "voices," devoted with unswerving loyalty to her mission as saviour of the royal house of France, and liberator of her country from the foreign aggressor, she pursues her pilgrimage from the farmstead of Domremy through battle, victory, treachery, to a tragic martyrdom. Anatole France the critic of ecclesiastical pretensions, the disbeliever in sainthood, draws for us the picture of a saint.

The power of this work is a wonderful revelation of the universality of the great master, and must come as a surprise to many who are only acquainted with his lighter work.

? WHO IS IT.

An energetic, honest-to-goodness, fresh complexioned lady. One who, since settling in the town, has been acknowledged without dissent, by virtue of duty conscientiously performed in the past, to be the very person best fitted to carry on the good work in another direction.

Sits, as a result of the people's discernment and decision at a recent election, in company with her husband—another devotee of good Samaritanism—at meetings where the care of the poor and distressed comes up for attention. Such cases could be in no better hands for the alleviation of the sorrows of their lot.

WHO IT WAS.

Mrs. W. J. Payne, of Kettering, was the lady portrayed in "Who is it" in the last weekly issue of *The Reminder*.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

CRICKET.

Now that nearly half the season has gone we are able to take stock and gain some idea of the strength of the respective counties. The clubs that finished in the first four in last season's County Championship occupy those positions at present, though not in the same order. It again looks as if there will be another keen fight for premier honours, with Yorkshire favourites at the moment, though one or two slips on their part would open out the issue very considerably. One noticeable feature up to the present is the comparatively small number of matches that have not been brought to a decisive conclusion, in direct contrast to last year when the weather interfered so much with the progress of the games.

Local interest in the competition is naturally largely centred on the doings of our own county, and needless to say their performances have given much pleasure to all interested. Last season they only won two matches and occupied the penultimate position on the final chart, whilst now they have already doubled their number of victories and occupy a respectable position on the table. The two Kettering representatives P. A. and R. L. Wright, have had quite a lot to do with this success.

The County Committee must have realised that it is good business to bring matches to Kettering. There was a splendid gate at the Warwickshire match, and, given decent weather, it is a certainty that there will be another large one this week-end when Essex are the visitors. Then for Yorkshire on the 22nd, the match about which all cricket lovers in the district are thinking and talking. The capacity of the ground will be severely tested for this game.

The committee of the Kettering Club, with Mr. E. Wright who acts as hon. secretary for the County matches, are to be congratulated on the splendid manner in which things are organised, which entails a large amount of work from a body of willing helpers. Everything that it is humanly possible to do is done for the comfort and convenience of spectators and players alike. No wonder that the teams who visit Kettering always express a desire to come again. A word of appreciation is also due to Thompson, the groundsman. As the result of his labours the ground looks a picture.

The Town Club are turning out three elevens each Saturday and are having a pretty successful time. They are playing bright and attractive cricket and a satisfactory feature is that the gates are steadily increasing.

With regard to what one might term minor cricket, the game never was in such a healthy state as it is at present. Many new clubs have been formed and players engaged each Saturday must run into hundreds. The standard of play, too, is rapidly improving—one sees more straight bats in one afternoon's walk round the playing fields than used to be seen during a whole season, whilst the bowling and fielding have also improved. The playing of first-class cricket in the town may have had something to do with this, but the playing of evening matches and the provision of grounds

by the Council have probably had much more effect. With regard to the former, matches are being played practically every evening, and there is no practice like match practice. As to the grounds, it is not so many years ago when there were very few wickets on which a batsman could play forward without great personal risk. I have painful memories of one particularly lovely black eye gained through attempting an orthodox stroke on one of the atrocities. On the Council grounds quite decent wickets are obtainable and the out-field is also good, a state of things which tends to players improving their game.

An interesting match was played on the Church Institute ground on Saturday, St. Andrew's being in opposition to a team collected by that good old all-round sportsman, Mr. T. G. Maycock. This side was composed in the main of men who were prominent in local cricket circles a good many years ago. Their average age was fifty-one and a half years, the youngest member being a promising lad of forty-one. The scorer, Mr. R. Hardwick, is seventy-nine, whilst the umpire, Mr. A. Hall, stands at sixty not out. Once again the old adage, "Youth will be served" proved true, St. Andrew's scoring 82, to which the "Ancients" replied with just over 50, superior nippiness in the field and between the wickets telling its inevitable tale. There were many flashes of old prowess, Councillor Dainty, in particular, dismissing two men by means of exceedingly smart stumping efforts, quite reminiscent of the days when he was one of the best keepers in the county. Altogether it was a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon, well worth the expense of a few stiff joints and aching limbs.

ATHLETICS.

The revival of interest in Athletics noted during the last few years has been more than maintained, and in most parts of the country has been reflected in large entries of competitors and increased attendances of spectators. Probably the Olympic Games of last season supplied a tonic, but there are other factors which have had an important bearing on this success. Many County Associations have revived the old County Championships and these have been well supported and have provided opportunities for athletes to test their paces on level terms with other aspirants to championship honours. Most of those who did well in these events competed in the district championships—North, South and Midlands—held a week or so ago. In these there were some very good performances and proof was provided that at the present time we possess more men approaching the top class than at any other period in the history of athletics. The way is now clear for the English Championships, confined to English athletes, which will be decided at St. Albans on July 4th. These will be followed a fortnight later by the A.A.A. Championships which are open to the world.

It is very pleasing to note how largely open meetings are being supported by University and College athletes. This is all to the good. The Achilles Club, which is composed of past and present members of Oxford and

Cambridge Universities and the Inter University Athletic Union, which embraces the newer Universities, have also been greatly to the fore.

Coming to our local athletes, the members of the K.T.H. have well supported all the meetings held within easy reach, and, incidentally, have had a very good time. They must have put up something like a record for a first-class meeting when, at Northampton, members of the club won the first five heats in the sprint. There are certain to be more to follow, but, up to date, those who have been amongst the prize winners are:—A. B. Bosworth, H. Ball, A. Toseland, E. Spence, R. Brown, S. R. Foster, W. B. Howard, H. Blades, A. Wright, R. J. Chambers, F. A. Parkinson, A. R. Sims, H. E. Hodson, W. Toseland, C. Panter, A. S. Fields, F. Boddington. This is an imposing list of which the club has every right to feel proud.

To-day is a great day for the Elementary School children of the town, being the occasion of their annual sports which will be held on the Town Cricket Ground. There are numerous events, running the whole range from a creeping race for the kiddies from the Infants' schools up to the lap race for the older boys. There is a tremendous entry of more than 1,500, but, from what we can remember of last year's effort, we can safely predict that everything will go off smoothly and with a swing, and that during the whole day there will not be one dull moment for the spectators. Anyone who takes a delight in keen, heart and soul contests should not miss this meeting.

CYCLING.

Some twenty-five to thirty years ago, in the time of such men as the late H. A. Palmer, W. Wright, F. Allen, G. A. Mayes, and others, Kettering was famed throughout the length and breadth of the land for its racing cyclists. Since those days, with a few exceptions, most prominent amongst whom were the brothers Lucas, we have had comparatively few. Lately, however, there appears to be a re-awakening of interest in this sport, and the committee of the Hospital Sports Association have had a request from several youths to put up a race at their meeting on August 4th. Naturally they have been pleased to do so, and are offering three prizes for a half-mile race for riders from 15 to 18 years of age residing within ten miles of Kettering.

The quarter-mile N.C.U. Centre Championship will also be decided at this meeting and should prove a great attraction.

Jack Sibbitt, the holder of the Kettering Hospital Cup, has made another very valuable trophy, the Rhodes Gold Cup, his own property. On Saturday, he added still further to his long list of successes by winning the English Quarter-Mile Championship at Herne Hill. He has intimated his intention of competing at Kettering again this year.

Jean Brunier, the cyclist, who some time ago covered the astounding distance of 69 miles 1,488 yards in an hour, is to appear at the famous Wheelers' meet at Manchester on July 11th.

ROWING.

The Kettering Rowing Club have just entered on their busiest time in a competitive sense, several important regattas at which they will be represented being scheduled for the next six or seven weeks. On Saturday last, several of their members were competing at the Aylestone Boat House Regatta, at Leicester, and met with a good measure of success. A. F. Gotch, won the Junior Sculls for the Aylestone Cup, beating H. Evans, of St. Neots, in the final, whilst Miss M. Blewitt and A. N. Patrick won the mixed Doubles from a good entry.

The Annual Regatta will be held on July 11th, when several important open events are down for decision. Two N.A.R.A. trophies are at stake the Junior Fours (holders, Kettering) and the Novice Fours (holders, London Iris). In addition there is the Junior Sculls for the Webb Cup which last season was placed to the credit of the Kettering Club and a Ladies Fours, which will be rowed under the rules of the W.A.R.A. It is to be hoped that the enterprise of this young and successful organisation in putting on such a programme will be rewarded by a good attendance.

On July 25th, the local club are sending two crews to compete in the Thames Branch regatta at Barnes Bridge.

We are pleased to hear that Jack Atkins, son of Mr. J. B. Atkins, of the Angel Hotel, has got his place in the Bedford Modern School boat and will be rowing at Henley this week. The draw for the first round of the Ladies' Challenge Plate brings together Bedford Modern and Merton College, Oxford.

BOWLS.

Congratulations to Mr. Frank Shatford on being chosen to play for England once again. I believe this gives him the distinction of being selected to represent his country on more occasions than any other player.



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The Late Mr. Owen Robinson

(By EVAN WILLIAMS.)

When you endeavour to analyse the character of a remarkable man, you find yourself up against the mystery of personality. Personality is not easy to define, yet it is unmistakable. You know it when you see it. You feel its spell. It grips you at once, and you cannot escape it. It is a magnetic something which arrests you immediately, and makes an unforgettable impact upon your consciousness. At such a moment you become aware that you are in the presence of a Man! It is always a refreshing experience, for while men are numerous, Man, original, vital, individual, self-contained, is rare. Owen Robinson belonged to that rare company of men who are Real Men because

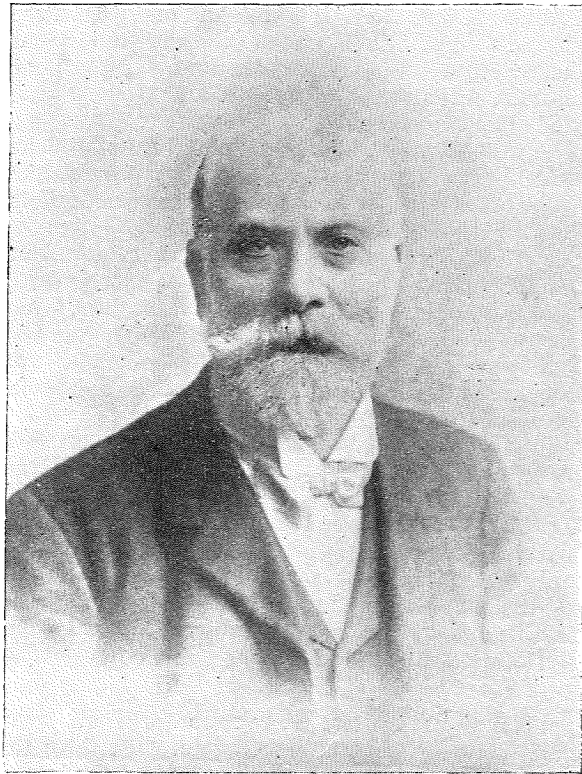


Photo by) MR. OWEN ROBINSON. (Speight.
Oct. 28, 1833—June, 26, 1925.

in them is seen manhood in its highest potency.

The life-story of Mr. Robinson is a witness to the reality of his manhood.

I only knew Mr. Robinson in his closing years, but at once I could see "this was a man." No minus quantity was he; plus was clearly marked upon his forehead. He dominated you unconsciously, and you had to vindicate your self-respect by standing up to him. His familiar fore-finger suggested finality, and it almost made you tremble. It required an effort to assert yourself against his judgment, for he was so certain of himself. The true Man is like that.

This is the key to the story of his life. Much has been naturally made of the fact that he missed vast wealth by a narrow turn. I should rather say that he missed greatness by a hair's breadth. Indeed, I am not so

sure that he quite missed it. There were elements of true greatness in the massive personality which was so daringly original in those early years, and which, baffled in one direction, with unconquerable hope, rushed along another lane towards the goal. He was irrepressible. He abounded with vitality. He lived a full life. Checked here, hindered there, disappointed in another place, he took every hill on his top gear and with a smile on his determined face. He was a Man.

Perhaps the greatest contribution to the common stock was his fine manhood. There are men in Kettering and far beyond, who remember with gratitude the inspiration he so lavishly gave forth from his life. They are better men to-day because they came within the range of the moral stimulus of his character. The causes he espoused, the principles he advocated, the religion he practised, the hope he inspired and kept undimmed through the long years,—all these made him a great and noble figure in their eyes, and they gave him their unstinted veneration and affectionate regard. Owen Robinson was to them, and he will be through the years, the Man *par excellence*.

He was the Man with the sign of plus to the end. Old age revealed itself by its well-known signs, but he remained ever young at heart. He refused to grow old. He still read the news of the world, and kept himself abreast of the times. He was thinking and planning and inventing to the very end. As I close, I can only think of Browning's story of the old Grammarian's funeral—the old scholar who, when the death-rattle was in his throat was still grinding at his grammar, "dead from the waist down," yet obsessed with the subtleties of his beloved Greek. His scholars carry his body up from the valley to the mountain-top, the only fit place of burial for such as he.

"Here's the top-peak; the multitude below
Live, for they can, there;
This man decided not to Live but Know
Bury this man there?
Here—here's his place, where meteor's shoot, clouds form,
Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,
Peace let the dew send!
Lofty designs must close in like effects:
Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying."

Coming Events.

JULY.

- 1st 2nd & 3rd. Northants. v. Kent, at Northampton.
- 4th, 6th & 7th. Northants. v. Essex, at Kettering.
- 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th & 11th. Royal Agricultural Show at Chester.
- 11th. Regatta, Wicksteed Lake.
- 11th. Castle Ashby. Great Rally of Members of Women's Institutes.
- 11th. Walgrave v. Kettering. Division 1.
- 22nd, 23rd & 24th. Northants. v. Yorkshire, at Kettering.
- 25th. Rockingham Flower Show. Pony Races and Gymkhana. Gates open 1 p.m.
- 25th. League of Nations Union. Garden Party, "Crossways," Headlands, 2 p.m. Speaker, Lady Victor Horsley. Chairman, Dr. Tolpudd.

AUGUST.

- 1st. Kettering Division Conservative and Unionist Association. Annual Fete and Demonstration, Althorp Park, near Northampton. Address by Rt. Hon. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Bart., F.R.G.S., D.L., M.P., 2.30 p.m.
- 2nd. Open American Tennis Tournament at Lilford Hall.



Our Beautiful County.



BURTON-PLESSEY.

Perhaps you will not recognise the place by that name, but as a matter of fact that is one of its names and one by which it has been called in past times, though it is better known as Burton Latimer. I have been looking it up you see, in the hope of finding something beautiful about it; not an easy matter that. It may be a nice little country place and all that, but it is not really remarkable as a beauty spot. Still, I do not like the way Old Bridges starts to describe it in his history of our county. He says, "Burton Latimer is a village in a low situation of one hundred and twenty families." Of course I do not know exactly what that implies, it is somewhat enigmatical. Geographically Burton is not particularly low lying; it is as high, or higher, than Barton where Old Bridges lived, any way. If it means the place was in a low way for want of families, it was

me. The most familiar way there is by 'bus along the delightful bit of the London road that goes through Barton. And if you will do the climb up that "delightful" hill on a push-byke, without getting off to walk I think you will agree with me that the run from the top into Barton is a very pleasant approach to the village. The way you get to it, makes a difference to your opinion about a bit of road; but it is nice along there at any time.

At the moment, this go-a-head little town is passing through a rather unfortunate stage of its evolution, so far as beauty is concerned. There are a number of old premises in the main street that have fallen into a rather advanced state of decay, which gives the place a forlorn and dilapidated look. We have to remember with the poet that "The old order changeth yielding place to



Photo by

BURTON LATIMER CHURCH.

H. T. Winterhalter

thirteen times as big as Barton. And if the phrase means that it was in the undesirable situation of having 120 low families, it was a very unneighbourly reflection upon the people of Burton at that time; it might have been resented—badly! In fact, I think Mr. Bridges was well advised in not publishing his account of our villages until some time after his death; it was safer.

Burton is a pleasant enough place in Summer time, just on the border of the northern woodland part of the county where begins that rather treeless district that I have frequently mentioned as being uninteresting to

the new"; and that these poet chaps are so apt to omit the details or gloss over the little inconveniences. The poet should mention that there may be a painful hiatus between the "yielding place" and the arrival of "the new."

The old order changeth yielding space for new,
But oft meantime the ruined roof and wall
May tottering stand, encumbering the ground:
With thatch blown off and windows fallen in,
Showing wall papers generations thick
One on another piled, yet all unstuck,

And sagging where a broken bedstead props
 Three bags of soot, a worn-out horses collar,
 And other odds and ends, all growing old
 And dustier every day. While no new order
 Comes that way, save such as advertise
 The "Shell," "B.P.," or some new wireless gadget.
 The newer order may pass by to where
 The land is cheap, or subsidised the house,
 Or nearer to the train. For progress now
 Must needs fulfil itself in many ways
 While ruins still corrupt the village street.
 Particulars like these the poets miss
 Too oft; which is a pity is it not?

From *Drat t' Mortar.*



Photo by]

FREE SCHOOL

[H. T. Winterhalder.

The new order in Burton seems to be in the direction of getting the village nearer to its railway station; which is, no doubt, a step in the right direction. But the picturesque part of the village is on the other side of the main road, towards the Church. As in most places the Church is the most interesting object to the passing stranger, though not necessarily so to those who have their home and life interest in Burton. I fancy most people take a passing interest in any church except their own.

But Burton Church is interesting to any one who feels any pleasure in ancient architecture. Though it has been over much restored, it has a good deal of typical gothic work about it, that is instructive to a student of architectural styles. The oldest work is seen at the west end where the three arches on the North side are probably of the early Transitional period, about 1150 A.D., though they are very Norman in character; those on the south are at the end of that period, about 1200. The square caps of the pillars with their bottom corners rounded off, are typically Norman, and the caps carved with stiff stalked leaves and the pointed arches represent the beginning of the early English style. The Chancel is early English and its high pitched roof has been restored in its old character. The windows on both sides of the

Chancel are very nice examples of what is called "soffit-bar tracery"; which is late early English or very early Decorated, about 1275, and are perhaps the best feature of the Church. The East window is in the same style and very beautiful, though obviously a modern copy. The tower is of the same age though that also has been rebuilt, the outside wall arcading with single stone shafts, is typical of the early English period. The spire seems to be Decorated and a number of windows in the aisles are, as in most churches, perpendicular. The high roof of the Chancel coming above that of the nave, gives the building rather a disjointed appearance externally; and the rather slender spire on a broad tower with a turret at one corner, gives Burton Church a character

of its own which is recognisable and distinctive from any point that it can be seen from.

There is for me a charm in these churches whose confused architecture witnesses to endless alterations and changes that have been made to fit the structure to the needs of its day; strange days too, some of them. Those west end pillars and arches tell of times when a Norman warrior was lord of Burton Plessey, and the lord of the manor was a very real thing. Often ignorant and brutish himself, he was yet a fixed power that could be depended upon to remain, and around which industrious people could gather and work, with some certainty of being defended from lawless robbery; a state society could not attain to at that time without submitting to the lawful robbery of their appointed lord. There were two manors at Burton at the time of Domesday book, one owned by Guy de Reinbuedcurt and the other by the Bishop of Constance, and later they were owned by the Plesseys and Latimers respectively, who have, at different times, given their names to the place.

The perpendicular windows in our churches are of the time when the military lords of the manor were beginning to give place to rich landowners of a more peaceful type. And the old Free School house on the opposite side of the street from the Church at Burton, belongs to

the time when the rights of the lord of the manor were being curtailed and disputed by many lesser land owners. This school bears the date 1622, when it was built; and an inscription which says the school was founded in 1589 by Thomas Burbank and Margaret, his wife. I believe the Charities Records say it was endowed by Elizabeth Margaret Burbank, which looks as if Mrs. B. held the purse strings and B. took what credit he could; went round and put himself right with the stonemason I expect. There are names of other donors also but they probably did not give much; laid a brick perhaps. It is a fine old building with a sundial above the handsome doorway.



Photo WAR MEMORIAL. H. T. Winterhalder

There are other nice old houses in Burton that are worth looking for, amongst them the manor house. This is the first house on the left as you go into the village from Kettering, and from the top of a 'bus you can see into the delightful old walled garden. I am always interested in the place because as far as I remember it is the only place where I have met a real live lord of the manor in official capacity. The fact was that in my youth I cast covetous eyes upon the fish in Burton brook, where fishing was not allowed by the Lord of the Manor; and I thought I would try for permission. I interviewed the great man one twilight summer evening in the gun-room at Burton Manor House. I was surprised to notice that the Squire was a little surprised to be consulted in the matter. "Are there any fish there?" he asked. I admitted there were a few and then he began to remember that he was a great man and became kindly dignified.

"Well, I will give you permission to go this once, but

you must never ask me again." And he swelled with a sense of the dignity of a great moral disciplinarian.

I humbly promised.

"By-the-way," he added, "While you are there you might do a little keeping for me. If you see anyone fishing, just order them off."

So it was that "dressed in a little brief authority" I went a-fishing, and with an eye for poachers too. I fished and fished, I do not remember catching anything, but I fished right down to Burton bottom mill. I was fishing the mill head when the miller came along and with evident disrespect demanded to know who gave me leave to fish there. "The Squire" I told him.

"What the Devil has he got to do with it? If he comes here I'll chuck him in the brook."

Both my authority and my allegiance to the Squire began to waver, and I soon put myself right with the miller by expressing my contempt for all lords of manors. I had promised never to ask permission again, and I can proudly say I have kept my word; though I have been fishing down there again, a number of times.

By-the-way, there were two water-mills at Burton in Plantagenet times, and these Burton millers have always been a troublesome lot. You may remember that I told you how they bothered our own lord of the manor, by diverting the Kettering corn from Kettering mills and grinding it to their profit at Burton and Barton. Such men as these undermined the authority of the lords of the manor which has fallen sadly since those square headed pillars first rose in Burton Church.

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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

One of the most interesting events at Wembley this month will be the three days International Conference of Women in Science, Industry and Commerce, July 15th to 17th, which the Duchess of York, as President, will open in the big Conference Hall of the Palace of Industry, with Lady Astor, M.P., in the chair. The sessions on Thursday, the 16th, should appeal especially to scientific and industrial workers, as the morning one will deal with Electricity applied to Mining, Chemical Problems in the Cotton Industry, and Automotive Research, with Miss H. M. Davis, Miss Hadfield, M.Sc., and Miss Ethel Bailey, of the American Association of Automotive Engineers, as the chief speakers, and the afternoon one with Factory Inspection, Industrial Welfare Work and its effect on health and efficiency, and the possibilities of advancement for women in industry.

On the 17th, the morning session on Commerce and Salesmanship should attract women of business, as the afternoon one, on Electricity and Domestic Science, should attract housewives, who very soon, I hope, through the good offices of the recently constituted Women's Electrical Association, will be able to avail themselves of the help of that wondrous "silent servant" electricity, in their every-day life, as they have never yet had the opportunity of doing—in this country at any rate.

There are to be evening festivities also, a reception on the first night, a dance on the last one, and every woman who would like to attend should write for particulars at once, to Miss C. Haslet, Women's Engineering Society, 26, George Street, Hanover Square, London, W.1.

THE LINEN CUPBOARD.

By E. M. TAIT.

If you want your household linen to look and wear well to the last thread, take proper care of it. Always keep it in a linen cupboard, and if this is built for the purpose, near the hot pipes, open the door wide for an hour or so periodically, when there is no steam about. Linen requires air as well as heat.

Cover each of the wide shelves with a piece of clean old linen—the remains of worn sheets serve well—secured with drawing pins, and with a spare piece hanging in front, large enough to turn back and cover up the linen when it is ranged in place. Have one shelf for bed linen, another for table damask, a third for towels, etc., and arrange each sort neatly in piles. Always take from the bottom, and replace clean linen at the top of each pile. In this way you will use everything regularly in turn and your stock will last much longer.

Look over every article before it goes into the wash and do any repairs that may be required then, or the tear will get bigger in the wash. Get the proper fine flax thread for darning holes or thin places in damask cloths and table napkins, damp and press the darn well before washing, and if neatly done it will be almost invisible. Every bit of damask or bed linen can be utilised. Make the best parts of worn out sheets

into pillow slips, cloths into table napkins for every day use, and quite small bits will make centres for tray cloths and d'oyleys, with crochet insertion and edging. And don't forget, in August, to renew your store of flat muslin bags filled with fragrant lavender to lay among the bed linen.

NATURE'S GREAT BEAUTIFIER.

Most girls and women are wont to expend much time and money on cosmetics, while they utterly neglect the great beautifier, water, provided by Dame Nature, for nothing. None can have bright eyes, a clear skin, and good health unless the interior, as well as the exterior of the body, is kept scrupulously clean, and the way to ensure this is to drink plenty of water every day, in addition to any that may be taken with meals. A pint-and-a-half daily is not too much, and the best times are a tumblerful first thing in the morning, another at eleven o'clock, and a third last thing at night. Cold water is best, as it is a natural tonic, but victims of indigestion may find it advisable to begin with hot water, and reduce the heat day by day till they can drink it cold.

If the town water is very "hard" or chalky, it is wise to boil it. Pour the boiled water into a big jug, and when cold carefully decant it into another jug, throwing away the deleterious sediment which will have settled at the bottom. Boiling and decanting in this way is a better steriliser than filtering.

For ablutions always use rain water if possible, and failing that soften all water used for toilet purposes. Anti-Calcaire powder is a good softener if a big teaspoonful is stirred into an ordinary bedroom jugful of water, and left for several hours before using. Or a handful of fine oatmeal tied loosely in a little muslin bag, squeezed in the basin of water, and used instead of soap for

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washing the face is excellent, and one bag will serve several times, while if you mix a pinch of powdered orris root in the oatmeal it will assist the softening process and impart a faint and delicious odour as of violets.

The old beauty specific "go out at dawn and bathe your face in dew from the grass" is really more scientific than superstitious, for the dew thus gathered is the purest distilled water, fresh from Nature's own laboratory, and excellent for the complexion, while the early rising and fresh air are wonderful health givers and beautifiers.

THE HAUNTING TERROR.

Multitudes of women who work for their living, in professional or business occupations which do not come under the National Health Insurance, are always subject to the haunting terror of being incapacitated by illness or accident, and having no resources whatever to rely on. That terror is no mere phantom, too often it materialises, and proves even more grim than it had been imagined, unless, indeed, the victim has had the forethought, while she was still in health, to become a member of the Professional and Business Women's Hospital League, which, founded a few years ago by Lady St. Cyres, who is still the President, is now daily increasing in strength and usefulness. For it insures its members, in return for a subscription of a very few shillings yearly, immediate, full and most skilful care and attention in illness even when an expensive operation may be needed, together with many other benefits, such as free consultation of specialists, whereby often an illness may be averted, facilities for obtaining expensive surgical appliances, and so on. Only those women who have lived or are living under the shadow of that menace of illness and disability can appreciate the value of the Hospital League, of which Miss Philippa Strachey is Secretary, at the charming old house in Westminster, 35, Marsham Street, S.W.1., which is the home of the famous London Society for Women's Service.

FRESH FRUIT DRINKS.

Nothing is more delicious in summer weather than a really good "cup" made from fresh fruits, equally good for everyone, young or old. Even those—and they are many—who have to be strictly dieted, and are forbidden to eat fresh fruits, can safely drink these beverages. They get all the vitamins, and none of the indigestible fibre.

MIXED AMBROSIA.

Stalk one pint each of fresh strawberries, raspberries, and red or white (or mixed) currants. Mix and mash them well up together in a big earthenware bowl, add two quarts boiling water, three quarters of a pound icing sugar, and a thin strip of lemon peel, stir well, cover with muslin, let it stand all night in a cold place, then strain for use.

CHERRY AMBROSIA.

Make a syrup by boiling one pound cane loaf sugar in one pint water for five minutes, add one pound stalked cherries, let them boil fast for ten minutes, then add

another quart boiling water, turn out into an earthenware pan, and next day strain through a hair sieve. Serve the drink in a glass jug with two or three fresh cherries and strawberries and a slice of lemon thrown in. The cherries themselves should be very nice as a sweet.

FRUIT SYRUPS FOR "CUP."

All fruit drinks may be diluted with soda water, and of course iced when convenient. It is a good plan to make a quantity of fruit syrup as a basis and bottle it for use. Strawberries, raspberries, currants, or a mixture of all, are good, and excellent additions are a few spoonful liquor from tinned pineapple or peach, strip of lemon peel, and juice of a lemon. Stalk the fruit and mash it well, put in a large enamel pan with three-quarters pound sifted sugar and three-quarters pint of water to each pound. Simmer for half-an-hour after it comes to the boil, strain through a jelly bag, bottle, and cork. If it is to keep for some weeks a wine-glassful of brandy should be added to every quart, and the bottles must be perfectly dry. For use put a wine-glassful of the syrup in a tumbler, and fill up with soda water or cold water.

STRAWBERRY FLAN.

Line a flan tin with good short crust, fill the centre with uncooked rice (which can afterwards be used for a pudding) and bake. Empty out the rice and fill with strawberries in syrup, stewed as follows:—For each pound of fruit allow one pound loaf sugar and one gill of water. Put the water in an enamel saucepan with some of the sugar, beat gently and as sugar dissolves add the remainder, boil for five minutes taking care it does not burn. Stalk, wash and draw the strawberries, put in the syrup and simmer for ten minutes, stirring gently occasionally. If not a good colour add

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a few drops cochineal. Any other sort of fruit can be treated in the same way for "flan." Plum and cherry stones should be removed, boiled first in the water and this strained and used to make the syrup. A few of the plum kernels cracked and blanched are a good addition.

SUNDAY STRAWBERRIES.

Strawberries should always be eaten as fresh as possible, as they will not keep well. Therefore, for serving on Sunday it is best to stew them whole as above. Strawberries served raw should always be stalked and washed. Put them on a hair sieve, pour cold water gently over them and let them drain.

ROYAL WIMBLEDON.

June 25th, 1925.

We had "Queen's Weather" at Wimbledon this afternoon writes a correspondent, and a large crowd

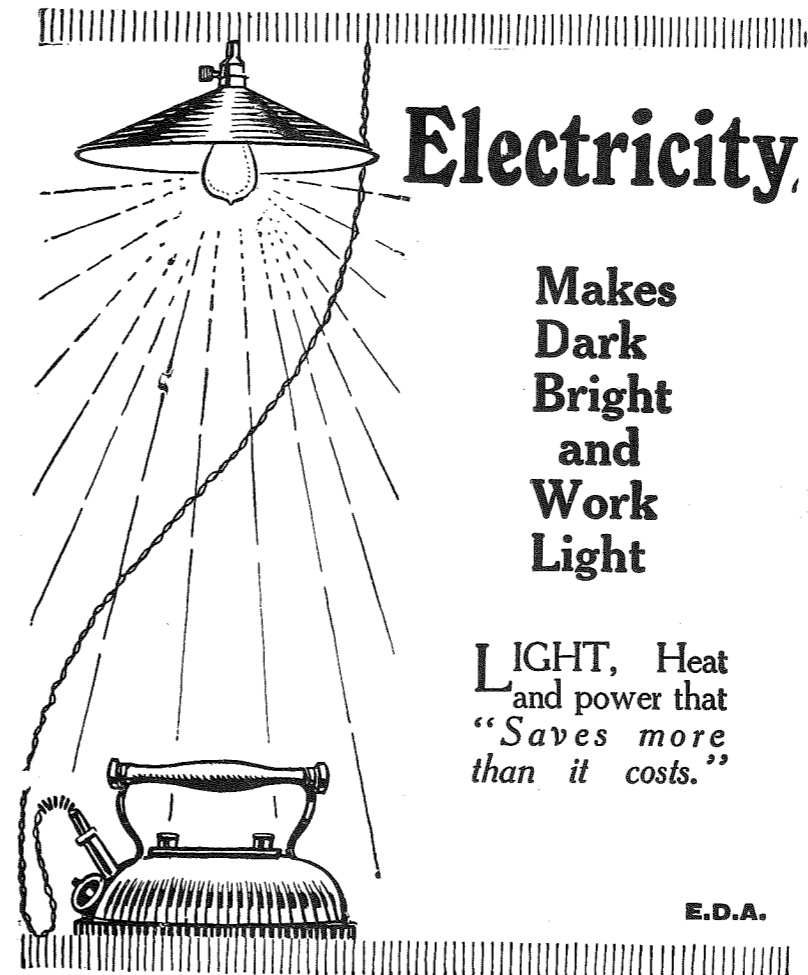
greeted with cheers, the appearance of their Majesties.

Among notabilities in the Royal box were Lord Balfour, the Earl and Countess of Oxford, Lady Desborough, and the Grand Duke Michael of Russia.

The Queen wore a white wrap coat which had the festive appearance necessary to a summer function. Mdlle. Lenglen's flame-coloured bandeau was, like her play—unique. The mastery of her placing baffled Miss Ryan at every turn, but, although the end was a swift victory for France, Miss Ryan gave a pretty exhibition of steady play.

In spite of the tremendous crush in the corridors and tea rooms, everyone looked well-content and there were many smart toilettes to distract feminine attention from the game.

The small felt hat of every shade and shape was largely in evidence. A few hardy spirits had ventured out in summer garb, but there was a predominance of smart wrap coats with even an occasional fur coat, justified by the chilly weather of the last few days.



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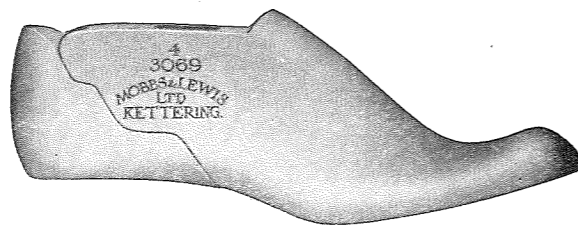
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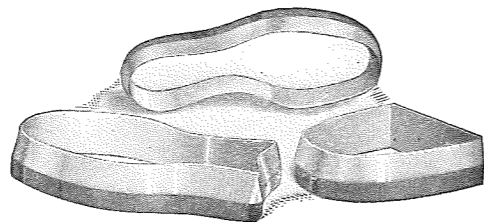
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— KETTERING. —

Our Village Life Before and After the War.

Miss Joan Wake offered a prize for the best essay on the above subject, the competition to be open to members of Women's Institutes in the County, living in houses the rental of which did not exceed 6s. a week, or the rateable value £15 a year. This was followed up by the offer of another prize open to members of Women's Institutes not included in the above definition. Some very interesting essays were sent in, and the following is the best essay in the first class, written by Mrs. W. Hewitt, Manor Yard, Islip, near Thrapston.

In writing of our village life before the war I am rather handicapped as I have only lived in Islip for the last nineteen years, and am still looked upon as practically a newcomer.

What I know of previous years has been told me at times by old people of the village. My husband's grandfather who lived to be over ninety, and died about nine years ago, used often to tell us how they lived in his younger days. Labourers' wages were about 9s. a week, and this with a family of children to support.

In one case a man was working at a lodge more than a mile from the village, and received 6s. a week. When he asked for a rise he was promised 7s. if he got married.

Many of the women worked at pillow lace making to supplement their husband's wages. This industry is still carried on, I believe, by several women of the village. The children started to work very early, at the age of nine or ten. At harvest time extra money was earned. Very often the husband and wife worked side by side, the men cutting the corn, and the women tying it in sheaves. In these cases they would be paid according to the amount of work they did. As everything was done by hand, they would work as long as they could see, to get the harvest in as soon as possible. I've heard it said that their boots would not be cooled from the night before, when they put them on in the morning.

After the harvest came the gleaning when the women and children gleaned all day. A bell was rung at eight a.m. for the gleaners to start, and again at 6 p.m. for the gleaners to leave the fields. This, of course, was to prevent some from getting more than their share by going before or after the others. When the gleaning was over each family took their gleaned corn to the miller, who ground it into flour. The women made it into bread, and very sweet it was too.

The cornfields are still gleaned by the women and children, but it is chiefly done by those who wish to use the corn for their hens and chickens.

Between 60 and 70 years ago there was a Charity School for girls in the village. The girls chosen were those whose families seemed the most needy. They were taught by a dame, in a house that still stands in the village. In fact, we lived in it for a few years.

The girls wore a kind of uniform which was provided by the Charity, a new one being given each year. It consisted of a brown frock, and white hat with brown ribbon, a white pinafore and low shoes. A grey cloak was worn in winter, and a white cape in summer.

A loaf of bread was given to each girl on Sunday, after Church. The period for attending the School

was five years, but the girls could leave sooner if they wished.

There was a similar school for the boys at Lowick, a neighbouring village. The boys were dressed in green suits with yellow buttons. I do not know if these were the forerunners of the present Church Schools, but at Barnwell and Brigstock the Schools still retain the name of "Latham's Charity."

There was a school held at the same time as the dame's school, but this seemed chiefly for the little ones. It was held in a building near the rectory. I should think the present Church Schools were built soon after the Charity School came to an end, which as far as I can make out, would be about 60 years ago. These, of course, have been enlarged and improved upon since.

The Church of Islip dates from the 15th century, when it was entirely rebuilt. It was restored about 70 years ago, and since then it has been improved and beautified. There is a small grass enclosure near the village pump that is still called "the pound."

The man who lived in the house near by was placed in charge of it, and was called the "penner" or "pender." I am not sure which, but probably "pender," as he was the keeper of the "pound." Any animal found straying was placed in this enclosure, and was not given to the owner until he had paid the sum of 4d.

One of the chief events of the year used to be the Village Feast. This is still kept. It is really the Festival of the Dedication of the Church, and in different villages it is held on different Sundays of the year. In this village it is kept on the second Sunday in July. It used to be a week of great merry making. Stalls were stood in the street, and a dancing booth was set up in the yard of a public-house. The men would play at a game called bowls, by the description it seemed more like skittles than anything.

Feast Sunday is still kept as a Festival of the Church, and special services are held. The week following is called Feast week, and a garden party is held at the rectory. It is also a great time for family re-unions.

There are one or two very old customs that still survive in this village. One of them is that of plough witching. This occurs on Plough Monday, the first Monday after the 5th of January.

The plough boys and men used to dress up in fantastic costumes and bring a plough tied to a rope. They would go from door to door and ask for money. Sometimes if nothing was given to them, they would plough the door scraper up. I think when it originated it was supposed to be the winding up of the Christmas holidays, they would start work on the next day. Now there are just a few young men and lads of the village (not always ploughboys) who dress up and come round to the houses in the evening after their day's work is done.

Another very old custom which I believe dates back from the Middle Ages, is that of Morris Dancing. This has died out now in the village, but my husband's father can remember when it was kept.

There were three men who came round from house to house. They were dressed in smocks decorated

with gaily coloured paper streamers. They would stand and sing outside the door something like this :

"Here come I, who've never been before,
Three merry actors at your door,
We can both fiddle, dance and sing,
And by your leave we will come in.

Then, if they were invited in, a kind of farce was acted, one being the patient and one the doctor, but they do not seem to have done any dancing, although I think that is what they were supposed to do. The Morris dancers used to come round just before Xmas.

On St. Thomas's Day there used to be a loaf of bread given to all the old people of the village. This was called the "dole." I believe there is still a small sum of money given to the old people of the village, just before Christmas. I do not know if this is from the same Charity.

Islip Church was restored in November, 1854, at least that is when it was re-opened after its restoration. In the summer before there was a huge feast held for the villagers in the grounds of Drayton to commemorate it. There was also a big feast held on the village green to commemorate the end of the Crimean War in 1856.

For more than 50 years now our village has not been so much an agricultural village as in former times. The ironstone that is found in the ground surrounding it led to the Iron Furnaces being built. These give employment in some form or other to many of the men in the village.

The wages, although not quite so high as during the war, are much better than before the war, and although some commodities such as meat and flour are somewhat dearer, I am sure that on the whole the people are better off in every respect. There are good schools where the children's health, as well as their education, is attended to. There is a charming recreation ground, which is the village war memorial. It contains all sorts of amusements for the children, with tennis courts, bowling green, etc.

We have a devoted district nurse, a health visitor to help us in the care of our babies.

There is a pure water supply. The water is laid on to every house that wished for it.

The Women's Institute in the village has done much to brighten the lives of the women, and to enlarge their outlook. There is a good library attached to it, to provide reading for all who care for it.

There are different clubs and classes for the young people to provide occupation and amusement for them.

There is a good library at the school, too, for the children. Many houses of the village have the "wireless" attached to them, and they hope soon to have it fixed to the school buildings.

All these things show how many more advantages we have than the people who lived before us in our little village.

Greater opportunities mean greater responsibilities and we ought to see to it that our lives are the better for all these blessings that we enjoy.

Miss Constance M. Julyan, L.T.C.L.

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League of Nations.

THE FATE OF WORLD LABOUR LAWS.

By A. RICHARDS.

For a week the delegates from forty-two different nations, now assembled at the Seventh International Labour Conference at Geneva, have been discussing the progress of international labour legislation during the past year. Some Government Delegates have been able to congratulate themselves on the steps taken by their countries to carry out the terms of International Labour Conventions, while a great many others have been forced to explain to the Conference why their Governments have felt themselves unable to ratify these world labour laws. Workers' delegates, and in particular, M. Jouhaux, of France, Mr. E. L. Poulton, of Great Britain, and M. Mertons, of Belgium, have used the occasion to appeal to their Governments from the tribune of the Conference, not to let apathy, indecision, or administrative difficulties stand in the way of the ratification of measures which the workers consider of vital importance.

The Hours of Work Convention, adopted by the Conference in 1919, has not yet been ratified by any large industrial States, and the Workers' Group threaten that if Governments delay year after year to ratify this measure, they will become inclined to withdraw their support from the Organisation altogether, and give their support to less constitutional international movements.

On Monday last, M. Albert Thomas (Director of the Organisation) replied to the forty-six speeches thus made. He said that most delegates had complained that too few ratifications of Conventions had been secured. He agreed with them to a certain extent, but pointed out that the ratification by 17 countries of the Unemployment Convention, by 13 of the Night Work for Women and Young Persons Conventions, and by 10 of the Minimum Age of Employment in Industry Convention was not a negligible result. 157 ratifications of Conventions had now been obtained and he did not think that the League of Nations itself had been much more successful in getting universal acceptance of international agreements. Furthermore, he noticed at each succeeding Conference that the Conventions drawn up were being used as a standard of labour legislation all over the world; that the new countries were framing national legislation on these lines and that the older industrial countries were doing their best to conform to the terms of the Conventions. The International Labour Office had done all it could to hasten ratification of the Hours of Work Convention and he hoped that a meeting of the Ministers of Labour of Great Britain, France, Belgium and Germany would shortly take place and would clear up the difficulties of Governments in this question.

As to the charge that Conventions ratified by Governments were not actually put into operation, he reminded the delegates that any Government or employers' or workers' organisation had the right to bring such a case of breach of agreement before the International Labour Organisation, and, even in the last resort, before the Permanent Court of International Justice. If there were cases of default, it was only the apathy of members of the Organisation which prevented their being remedied.

How to handle Industrial Problems.

Professor Hadow, I think it was, in a series of lectures on "Citizenship" suggested that in each town there ought to be a civic centre where every industrial dispute, or other question affecting the industries of the town or the country as a whole, could be publicly debated, so that the citizens might have every opportunity of forming a correct judgment. He contended that such a centre would not be an expense, but, by its action on public opinion, would tend to save much time and money which are wasted in strikes and lock-outs and create an enlightened public opinion which this country appears to sadly need.

The idea is excellent. We are all so apt to base our opinions and our conduct on prejudices or on ideas we have grown up with, and never examined or tested. This is a real danger to progress as well as being intellectually dishonest. We need not trouble to go back into history for illustrations. The past and the present provide ample examples. When the writer was a boy he often heard the phrase, "My Country, right or wrong," and connected it, as it was intended to be connected, with the highest form of patriotism. Even to-day an unjustified strike by one Trade Union is seldom denounced by the members of other Unions who may know it to be wrong. Patriotism and loyalty to one's Association or Trade Union are both good—but the greater good is loyalty to right. As Tennyson says:—

"And because Right is Right, to follow Right
We wisdom—in the scorn of consequence."

If Professor Hadow's scheme was carried out in Kettering, say, there would be disseminated through the intelligent people of the town and district, a clear idea, for instance, of what Mr. A. J. Cook, the Secretary of the Miners' Federation, is claiming for the miners, and the line of action he proposes in order to achieve his object. This could be compared with the line of action proposed by Mr. Frank Hodges, and the two compared with the proposals of a section of the Liberal Party which were published in book form under the title of "Coal and Power."

The great question is not perhaps, after all, whether it would be wise to publicly and regularly, as a civic duty, discuss these great issues which apparently in the future may decisively affect everybody, but whether our people have any desire to examine for themselves the foundations of things which are being shaken, and not infrequently being shaken by men of little experience whose judgments are too narrow to be reliable, and whose outlook is so circumscribed that it does not embrace the future.

Do we want, even in Kettering, to discuss these things intelligently with all the knowledge about them that can be gathered together, classified and clearly presented, with a desire to be absolutely impartial, neither leaning to Labour nor to what is called Capital. We can, when presented, decide the line we ought to take by the application of our political principles.

The aftermath of the War does appear to show clearly

that we cannot cut ourselves off from the past, no matter how great the world upheaval. That changes, both social and industrial, which are catastrophic and vast lead to untold suffering and injustice far more evil and intense than are brought about by the evolutionary process however slow and unsatisfactory it may appear to be to the young and impatient.

Professor Hadow has opened up to the workers of the world a new idea—that we shall be better able to guide our feet along the rugged path of industry and of national progress if we clearly understand and consider where we are going, and realise the causes that are driving us in that direction. Prejudices will not help us; the loud shoutings of one class of the community will not help, however emotional may be their appeal; the frigid silence of another will not solve our difficulties. There is no one simple panacea. It is not the hard pushing of new ideas—but first of all to understand the problems which confront us, and then to act vigorously, which we should do because we should have behind us the confidence which comes from having carefully thought matters out.

D. R. K.

All communications should be addressed to
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Kettering & District General Hospital. Garden Fete Committee.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE DATE of the HOSPITAL GARDEN
FETE has been provisionally fixed for
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WIT

Little Son : " Father, is there a reason for all things ?"
 Father : " Yes, I suppose so."
 Little Son : " Well then, why do hens lay eggs."
 Father : " Because they can't stand them up on end."

* * * * *

A North London 'bus driver was proceeding in a traffic block behind a scrap-iron cart. Being impatient he called out to the front driver.

" Now then, admiral, buck up."
 The scrap-iron cart driver turned round and made answer :
 " Oo yer callin' hadmiral, yer whipper up o' cat's meat ?"

* * * * *

" Orl right, admiral, don't get 'aughty, even if you are takin' home the Baltic Fleet."

* * * * *

A farmer having gone to the fair to sell a horse, was asked by an intending purchaser if he had any faults.
 " Wal," said the farmer, " he has just one. He's a wee apt to run awa' wi' ye."
 " Oh, if that's all, he'll do fine. The last one I had was given to running away without me."

* * * * *

Rector : " These pigs of yours are in fine condition, Jarvis."
 Jarvis : " Yes sir, they be. Ah sir, if we was all on us as fit to die as they are, sir, we'd do."

Two old Scotch women Mrs. McW. and Mrs. McB. met on the road and Mrs. McW. said :

" Losh, woman ye're far frae hame the day."
 " Aye," said Mrs. McB., " I was just yont at Peebles. Sanders McNabb o' Peebles keeps good ham. Oor Sandy ye ken likes a bit a guid ham."
 " Oor Sam," said Mrs. McW. " is aye the same. There's no pleasing o' him wi' his ham. I'll ha to gie McNabb a trial."

So Mrs. McW. journeyed into Peebles and called at the shop of Sanders McNabb the grocer.
 " Gies twa pound o' yer ham."
 " What kind," says Sanders, " wad yer like ?"
 " Oh just the same as Mrs. McB. gets," said she.
 " A' richt," said Sanders, " whaurs yer bottle ?"

* * * * *

The farmer was very short-handed, and had been compelled to engage a town boy, whose knowledge of agriculture and kindred subjects was extremely limited. One day he sent the youth to a wheat field to see if there were any crows amongst the wheat. When the boy returned the master asked him if there were any crows there. The boy said he counted twenty-two.

" Did you drive them away," asked the farmer.
 " No," replied the boy, " I thought they belonged to you."

* * * * *

" He," screamed the Park orator, " who puts his hand to the plough must not turn back."
 " What's he to do when he gets to the end of the furrer," asked the man in the crowd,

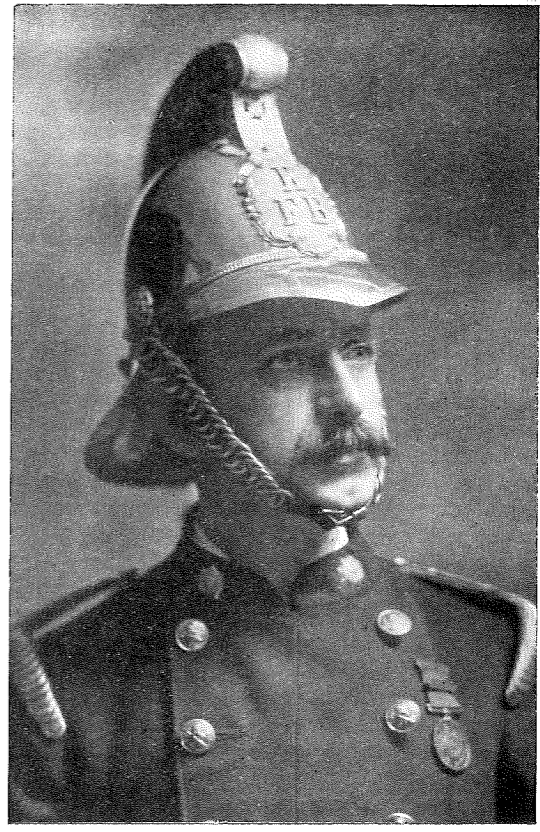
Then and Now.

Contributed by M. H. BREWER.

FIRE! FIRE!! 'Tis a thrilling cry that resounds through the quiet streets of the slumbering town. FIRE, shrieks a voice in anguish, as with panting breath a scantily dressed figure rushes along the street. Before the neighbours have thoroughly aroused themselves, or realised the dread nature of this midnight alarm, the strident sound of a police whistle giving the fire signal adds to the rising commotion. Other whistles ring out their shrill, penetrating tones, as the fast spreading flames turn the inky night into a dull red glow. People of all ages rush into the street in various stages of undress, to watch with ever-growing anxiety the progress of the flames which roar on unchecked, casting myriads of sparks into the dark dome of the sky.

Fierce tongues of flame spurt out in all directions, hissing and cracking in derisive mockery at the puny attempts made to check the outbreak by buckets of water. The news reaches the Fire Station through a hard stressed policeman, and in a few seconds a dozen electric bells are noisily ringing in the firemen's houses, calling the men to duty. Away at the fire, eager eyes are straining to catch the first glimpse of the fire fighters, and a sigh of relief goes up as with clanging bell the machine and its crew pull up with a jerk. The men spring from their seats, receiving a few sharp orders and hasten in the preparations for the combat with their natural enemy. In a few minutes the struggle begins, and gradually the weight of water propelled with tremendous force begins to have effect. So the fight goes on until the roaring flames die sullenly away, and the last vestige of fire is extinguished. Then, and not till, can the helmet-clad men take a well earned breather prior to packing up their gear and returning to headquarters.

Such scenes as thus depicted with as much brevity as possible are of almost daily occurrence throughout the country, and unfortunately this district has not been immune from these disastrous outbreaks, causing con-



EX-CAPTAIN RIDDLE.

siderable personal loss and in many cases serious dislocation of trade.

It certainly appears paradoxical that with the advance of science the fire risks have proportionately increased. Machines that were good fire fighters in the Victorian age would be little better than hand squirts in dealing with the fierce outbreaks which now occur. Like



KETTERING'S OLD MANUAL.

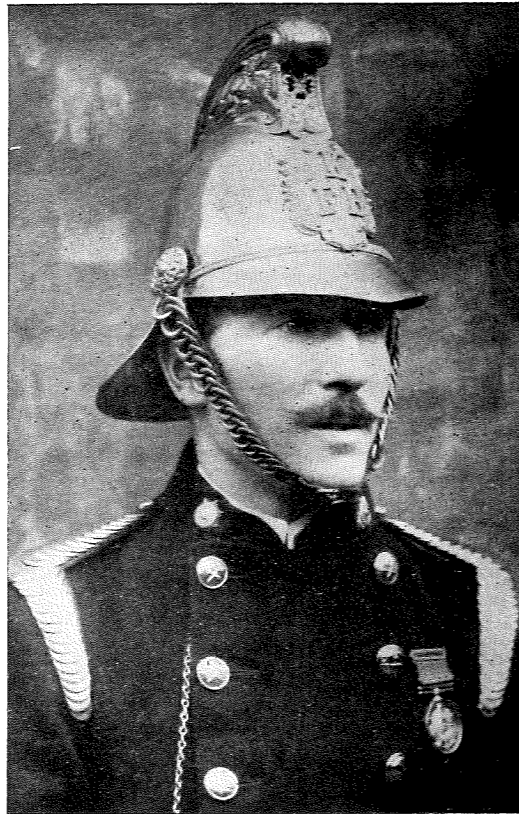


every other branch of the public services, the fire departments of our towns have been modernised to meet the increased responsibilities and dangers of the present day. This evolution has perhaps been painfully slow and to those particularly interested in fire fighting the opinion has become deep-rooted that the governing authorities, probably from financial reasons, are not always disposed to keep abreast with the times. During the past few years, however, there has been evidence of Governmental interest in this important branch of our civic service, probably created by the stupendous losses due annually to fires, and there is reasonable ground for hoping that within a short time some measure will be placed on the Statute Book, which will ensure far better protection from fire than exists at present.

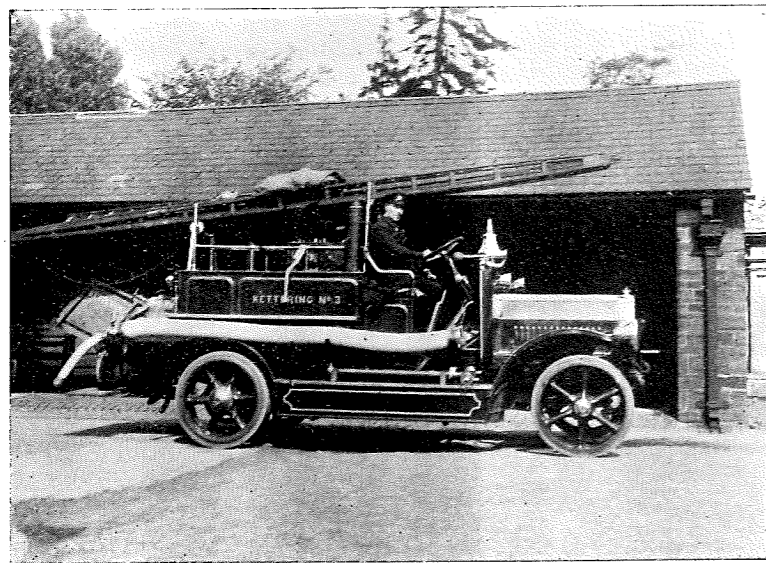
Appended are photographs showing Kettering's manual fire engine taking part in a parade nearly 40 years ago, and the up-to-date motor machine which has rendered such valuable service during the past seven years, and which may be supplemented by a second machine of an even more powerful type when the new fire station is an accomplished fact.

The names of the men mounted on the old manual engine will be readily remembered by old inhabitants. They are Captain W. Riddle, Fireman W. Bridgman, A. Mitton, J. Botterill, H. Payne, T. Cooper, G. R. Dixon, Arthur Spence, Fred Gilbey, Fred Few, Charlie Pinnock, and Alec. Henson, with William Milly as postillion.

The photos inset are those of Capt. W. Riddle, who controlled the Brigade for 30 years, and Capt. M. H. Brewer, the present chief.



CAPT. BREWER



KETTERING'S MOTOR PUMP.

THE POLITICAL TRIANGLE.

"Oh, that some power wad the giftie gie us, to *hear* ourselves as others *hear* us!" And, it might be added, never so much so as in time of General Election.

Whether it be the arts, or business, or philosophy, or religion that comes within the region of controversy (and when are they ever out of it?) humbug, pharisaism, prejudice, ill-tempered abuse are always more or less rampant, both above and below the surface. But when it comes to politics—the one science which more than all others has the most direct bearing upon our practical national life—then we are in the midst of it with unequalled vengeance. Whatever the heights here attained the depths of hatredness, intolerance, and quarrelsome nonsense to which we can descend easily outvie those in any other sphere. At least in modern times. The obvious reason is, of course, that we are one and all, involved in the consequences of political schemings, and feel our right individually to air our own opinions.

And that so far as it goes is surely as it should be. The point is that we do express *our own* opinions—if we can form any. The mischief is that our own opinions so often prove to be on the slightest examination, nothing more than the windy tags and plausible catch-phrases of the more voluble of the leading lights of the particular party to which we express allegiance. And who can deny that in ninety times out of a hundred, a strictly honest self-analysis will show that our reason for such allegiance is primarily because we hope that the particular party we choose will come nearer to benefiting us individually than any other party? Which means in the long run that our so-called political principles are no more than the outcome of stark selfishness.

Fortunately it is not always so. And when it is, it is mostly unconsciously and thoughtlessly so. The political devil is not as black as he is painted. We enjoy the excitement of elections. We love to hear ourselves talk. And here we find ample opportunity. But as the more we talk the less we think, the senilities we can perpetrate at such times, and at any time, on such subjects, are not altogether to be wondered at.

In the bygone days of an ascending national prosperity, such things did not perhaps matter so much. But what of to-day? Who but a fool would maintain that in our present condition, personal, or even party spite and rankling can fill any useful place?

Furthermore, rose-coloured spectacles are perhaps even more dangerous than blue ones. And to advance an airily optimistic view of things as some people seem inclined to do, and to suppose that all the unpleasant allegations of national insecurity are so many bogies, is merely to bury one's head in the sand and declare the danger non-existent because it has by this means become invisible.

Every man who can think sanely and levelly realises the precariousness of the country's present position, and whether his party is A, B, or C he will, if he is honest, see and maintain that his party's ultimate object should be to aim at that legislation which will, in its judgment, confer the greatest benefits upon the community.

But having gone thus far, it does not necessarily follow that because he has quite honestly chosen his party as the best of the three, he should turn round

upon the other two and vituperate them as being utterly at variance with national welfare. A sensible man knows very well that whatever party he adopts, its policy is bound to be far from perfect, and that if A, B and C could be shaken together in a sack, nothing short of omnipotence could predict which would come top, and that most probably they would all be found to be on pretty much the same level.


These suggestions may seem trite and commonplace. But the trite and commonplace things of this kind, cannot, I believe, too often or too seriously be borne in mind. National affairs are to-day too grave a matter for venomous squabbling. When, for instance, the socialist and the tory come to grips, they will if they are honest politicians, each realise that what they are after is not for each to prove himself a Solomon and the other an idiot (a feat neither will ever succeed in) but that by putting their two heads together over extremely divergent views, they may make some really adequate attempt to discover what is the most reasonable and likely course to take in any line of action. Each will perceive and acknowledge his own limitations and his adversary's advantages. In fact it requires no great acumen to see that in that way only is each going to gain anything.

In a word, whether they be two parliamentarians or two citizens meeting casually in the street, they will look at things from an altruistic rather than an egotistic standpoint. They will have steadfastly before their mind's eye an ideal which will save them from the silly animosities and petty wranglings which are more fitting for the feeble folk who have so much time on their hands that they don't know what to do with it.

If this is not the wisest and indeed the only sane principle upon which to build sound politics, I should be mightily interested to learn what is. It means tolerance, fairness and sense. And never was the application of such a principle more urgent than at the present day.

I daresay there will be always someone ready to fling the old accusation that such a standpoint is an excuse for attempting to be all things to all people. But if so, it will be because they are incapable of comprehending that what they say is really an ill-natured gibe, and not a logical assertion.

REGINALD UNDERWOOD.

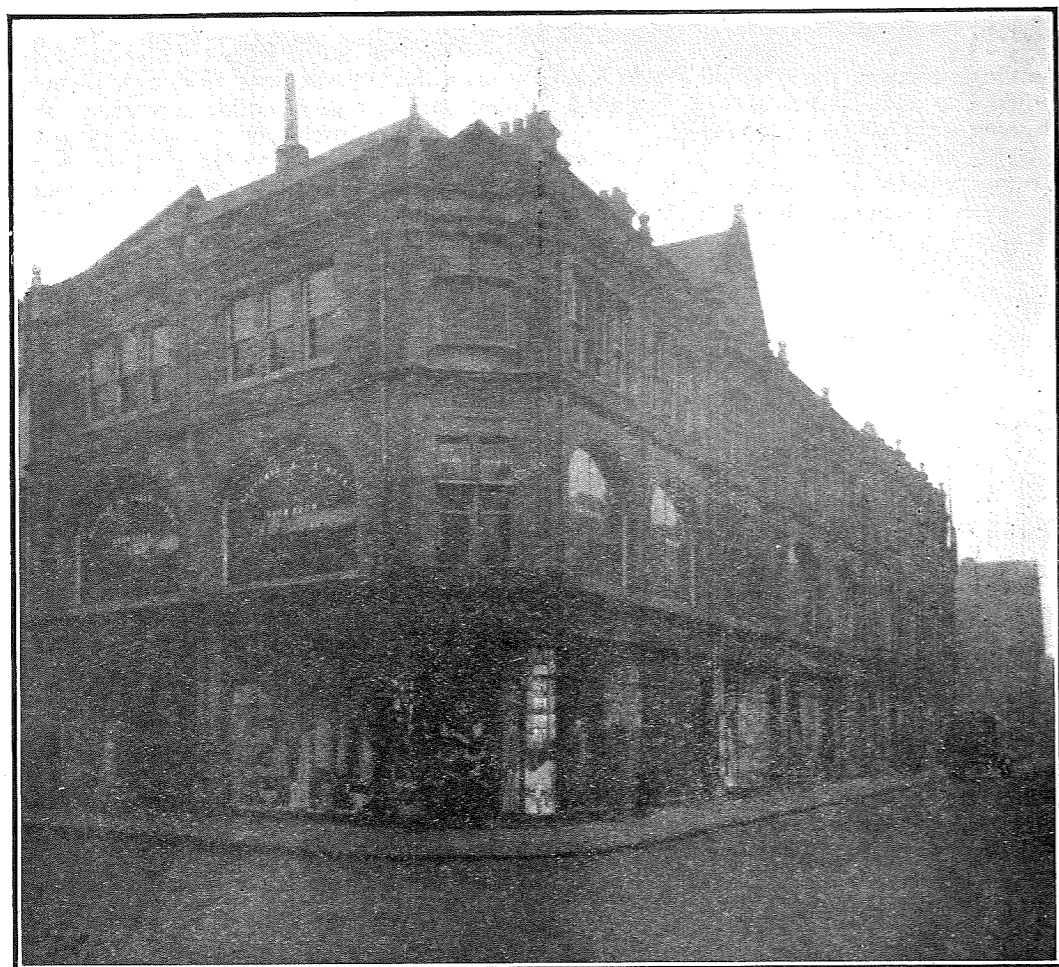


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INSURANCE.

From an experience of many years we have come to the conclusion that Insurance is one of the subjects of which most people know very little and that when a man or woman wants to insure his or her life he or she knows about as little about the proper way of going about the matter as a coal-heaver does about the dialect of the Aztecs. In most cases he asks some friend about the matter or he is got hold of by some Insurance Agent whose only concern is to get him assured by his own company; thus without any proper investigation of the merits and particular points of a company or mutual office he finds himself paying a premium and committed to payment of premiums for several years to come. The probable reason for this is that he assumes that all Insurance Companies are equally stable and that no matter in what office he insures, the premium he will have to pay will be very much the same in one as in another. There is a certain amount of truth in this if he takes out a non-profit policy but most life policy holders usually seek a policy which will give them a "bonus" on the amount of insurance. Hence the necessity for a more detailed investigation of the terms offered by the company, and the methods upon which the "bonus" is fixed. Each life office has its own inherent peculiarities and information should be sought on the following points:—

- (1) What rate per cent. does the office earn on its life funds?
- (2) On what rate per cent. does it calculate its liabilities?
- (3) What mortality table does it use?
- (4) How does it allot its "bonuses"?
- (5) What was the rate of the last bonus?

The answer to the fifth question depends on the difference between the answers to the first two questions. Answers to some of these enquiries are provided in "Whitaker's Almanac," and to others in the offices annual reports, but our experience is that even "Whitaker" is not consulted in such an important matter. Recently a large Mutual Office offered so-called special terms to the members of a society, yet even those offered by an equally well-known mutual institution. Obviously there is a reason for this discrepancy for no person will knowingly pay a larger amount for what can be obtained elsewhere for a smaller sum. The reason is that the first office gives a bonus to every insured person who takes out a with-profit policy whereas the second office reserves its bonuses for the good lives and does not give one to the policies under which an early death causes a loss to the funds of the institution. We have, no doubt, as to which of the two we prefer.

During the last few years we have had various slogans such as "Life Assurance as an Investment," "Life Assurance as a Protection," etc., etc., but "Life Assurance as a Duty" is one which is neglected in these days when each individual seems to spend all his spare cash in the pursuit of pleasure without regard to the obligations which exist to provide for the dependents if the bread winner is taken away. This duty is recognised in the Income Tax regulations under which a man is given relief up to one-sixth of his income with

reference to his life assurance premiums. Do we not know of many cases in which the assurance on the life of the bread-winner has been only £100 or £150 and of the resulting tragedy when he has been taken away and a young family left behind. To spend one-sixth of one's income on insurance is impossible for most people but there are many who do not spend one-sixtieth on it, even though they are in receipt of good pay.

Recently a young married man, with no family, in receipt of £5 a week said, in our hearing, that he could not afford to take out a policy for £100. If that frame of mind continues, there is trouble brewing for that young couple. To them and all others our advice is "Insure early and often."

Next month we will discuss "Whole-Life and Endowment Policies." If, meanwhile, any advice is required, letters of enquiry may be addressed to the Editor.

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CUTLERY.

Protection v. Free Trade.

" I'd stood at this 'ere corner for eleven years come May
 Wiv me barrer full o' kebbages and sich
 When this 'ere feller comes and squats not 40 yards away
 Becos 'e thought as I'd struck it rich.

'Is barrer was a noo 'un, all painted green and white
 And the folks abaght forgot I'd served 'em fair ;
 They bought of him as much as me—which ' Blime,'
 was'nt right
 Considering the years as I'd bin there.

There war'nt more 'an a living in the trading wot I'd done
 And for two it meant the profits would be halved
 So I went and told 'im strite, there was only room for one
 Unless our wives and kiddies were half starved.

He larfed and said he'd got none—but advised me to
 clear out
 Me! What had made the trade in this 'ere street
 So I said I'd 'ave the lore on 'im, and turning right about
 I went up to the " Bobby " on the " beat."

The Bobby said he did'nt know as nothing could be done,
 I'd better go and see at " County Court "—
 'E said 'ed watch me barrer if round there I'd like to run
 And see as none took what they did'nt ought."

I knew where I should find it—I'd been summoned there
 before
 So off I went like smoke to ast the Beak
 He told me pretty quick and sharp as that there ain't no
 lore
 To " prevent competition " so to speak.

As I went back I thought a lot, I'd sold just half as much
 As I 'ad done for near a dozen years
 And felt I 'ad no use for this unfair Free Trade, as such
 I knew through it my rent was in arrears.

That night I waited for that bloke and blackened both
 his eyes
 The next I tripped him up and broke 'is leg
 I took good care no witnesses could tell no blasted lies
 He knew at last he'd 'ave to " move his peg."

When 'e come out of Orspital I went and 'elped 'im find
 Another pitch where 'ouses all was new
 And there was no one else as ever had the right to mind
 'Is barrer being there no more 'an you.

'E says e'll do what I did if more competition come
 E'l 'old 'is pitch like any blooming fort
 For man 'as got to do 'is best to keep up " arth and
 'ome."
 The fool who tries to stop 'im must be taught.

So we don't old' wiv Free Trade—'tis a nasty kind o'
 trick
 To snatch a job another man 'as got
 Just becoss the bad conditions makes it 'ard for you to
 kick
 And 'e can live on less than you, a lot,

And 'im and me are waiting for next General Election
 When Coster's votes are equal to a Lord's,
 And both of us will put our X for 'im as backs Protection
 Wiv all the help in trading it affords.

But now I cannot 'ave it. Well, I'll just protect myself
 And if another chap comes on my lay
 It won't be just the very best thing for that chap's good
 'ealth
 That I've bin here eleven years next May.

EDUCATION.

The report of the last meeting of the Kettering
 Education Committee shews it to have been a very long
 one, but two items stand out as of importance to the
 citizens of the town. The first is the overcrowding of
 the St. Mary's Schools and the second is the request of
 the Headmaster of the Central School that he should
 be allowed to train intending teachers in his school.
 In view of the importance of the two matters to the
 ratepayers we give each a separate paragraph.

OVERCROWDING IN ST. MARY'S SCHOOLS.

It is regrettable that owing to Dual Control this is
 possible. It is time the Established Church came to
 some concordat with the Education Authorities in order
 to increase the efficiency of education. The attendance
 returns for the town shew that there are, including the
 Open-air and Central Schools, some 5,739 school places.
 There are 4,224 children on the roll and the last return
 shews 3,601 scholars in average attendance. With
 1515 vacant places in the schools it is perfectly ridiculous
 to talk of overcrowding. In fact, on the basis of the
 figures, it is obvious that one school in the town could
 be closed without overcrowding the rest. Readers will
 remember that the plans of the New Estate shewed a
 site for a school; the present Education Committee is
 quite capable of wasting the town's money and building
 a new one, though there are so many vacant places in
 the existing schools.

SHOULD THE CENTRAL SCHOOL BE A PUPIL TEACHER CENTRE ?

The Headmaster of the Central School, as a compara-
 tive new comer to the town, is probably not fully aware
 of the history of the training of Pupil Teachers in
 Kettering. The old Pupil Teacher Centre carried on in
 the Tordoff Schools, had two excellent principals in
 Dr. Iken, now Director of Education for Blackpool,
 and in Mr. George Watson, now Headmaster of Sir
 John Leman's School, Beccles, under both of whom
 excellent results were obtained.


With the establishment of the County Secondary
 School, in 1913, the Pupil Teacher Centre was amalga-
 mated with it and its separate existence came to an end.
 The powers responsible for this union were evidently of
 opinion that the duplication of the work would be a
 waste of public money. Now the ratepayers of Kettering
 although the Central School costs a 5d. rate are faced
 with the possibility of a further increase in the cost.
 If Mr. Easterby's proposals are accepted, additions to
 the Central School staff will be needed. The Education
 rate is quite high enough already.

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