Roundabout Notes.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes, and, faith, he'll prent it."

According to Law.

On Monday, for the first time, the election of a mayor of Ealing was carried out according to law. An "election" is not properly conducted by someone moved and seconded and voted upon for and against—that is the method proper for an "appointment," such, for example, as that of an Town Clerk. Candidates for a mayoralty must be nominated. If there be only one nomination, the duty of the Chairman is to declare the candidate elected; if there be more than one, then open voting takes place, and the candidate receiving the highest number of votes is declared elected.

On Monday there were two nominations, and the result of the vote was—

Councillor Bradford 14
Alderman Farr 1

Cr. Marshall had been very adroit in making occasion for a speech by nominating Ald. Farr, but he blundered in not withdrawing the nomination when it had served his purpose.

Exit Alderman Farr.

It is rarely always unwise to withdraw, for it leaves the enemy in possession; and it is extraordinarily difficult to make a dignified exit—particularly if the room be crowded and you have to crab-crawl out sideways. Ald. Farr went out—and he went out alone; that must have been the bitterest drop in his cup of humiliation.

The long campaign, first, to prevent Cr. Bradford from becoming mayor, and then to rob him of any pleasure in his election, had ended—ridiculously!

Cr. Marshall was more fortunate. His revelation that Cr. Bradford had once called him a liar and threatened him with a thrashing excited only amusement, but he carried the thing off with an air, and he was left with a fair share of the honours.

A Brisk Mayor.

Once in the chair, Cr. Bradford carried on briskly, and the sometimes troublesome business of setting up the committees was disposed of very quickly. The Council, it was clear, had got a good presiding officer, and the town will find that it has a very good mayor.

Wrept in Mystery.

I would give twopence to know what was the nature of the motion "relative to the conduct of the Secretary," which Mr. Procter proposed at Tuesday's meeting of the Ealing War Pensions Committee.

It was not, I would lay odds, a motion of censure, for Mr. Procter still feels that, as he brought the Secretary here, he is in honour bound to stand by him; it could hardly be a vote of confidence, for, as the committee is itself to be put upon its trial next Monday, the value of such a vote this week would be infinitesimal. But, whatever conclusion the Ministry may come to, there is no little public confidence in the committee that the public would not be much impressed by an expression of its confidence (or want of it) in any body or person.

Perhaps the motion was for an increase of salary or an extension of the period of appointment. We may never know, for though, technically, the meetings are thrown open to the Press, the committee's business is always done behind closed doors.

True Politeness.

One day Fay, who was three, was going out to tea, but it caused a cloud that she could not go. Of course she was disappointed, but it was explained to her by her mother that some things were more important than going out to tea. Presently she drew a chair to the window, decently folded her hands, and said:

"Dear God, if you really want it to rain please don't let my pleasure interfere with your plans."

The Walpole Cartoon.

No longer will frequenters of the reading room of the Library in Walpole Park see the familiar "Laughty Fay" cartoon of the late Rt. Hon. Spencer Horatio Walpole. It gave offence to Mr. Walpole during his life, it is still offensive to his grandaughter, Mrs. Francis Holland, and she has written to the Library Committee asking that it may be removed, and offering in its stead a reproduction of a portrait of her grandfather painted by Richmond, one by Hugh Vivieve, or both. The committee decided at Monday's meeting to place the cartoon "among the archives," and to accept with thanks the offer made by Mrs. Holland.

Information Wanted.

Does anyone know anything about the "Disabled Soldiers and Sailors Handicrafts Association," on whose behalf a canvasser has been working Ealing this week? It has head offices in Chancery-lane, and is said to have branch offices in Croydon, Birmingham, Northampton, Guildford, Wimbledon and Bristol. According to a circular the canvasser leaves, "the chief aim and object of the association is to establish workshops and find employment for disabled men," but it is not stated that any workshops has been established. No particulars are given as to the officers and committee of the association, but it has two "partners," E. B. Wood and Hy. Dunsford. It is stated that the subscriptions or donations may be accepted by the canvasser, the association being entirely self-supporting, but the canvasser is authorised to take 2s. 6d. (or 1s. 6d. on account) for a "family roll of war service," to be forwarded by post.

I have no doubt that they will get the "family roll" who pay the half-crown, but a great many of the rolls will prove to be sold at a high rate of profit before this self-supporting association can realise its ideal of a workshop in every town, and all the workshops "connected by motor-lories"

"That's what he is."

During the Pause of Remembrance a youth walked rapidly, with an air of bravado, through Ealing Broadway, but on head, a cigar in his mouth. Several women pulled at his sleeve and tried to stop him, and one man called out, "He's a damned German. That's what he is."

Women in Banks.

The Ealing banks do not seem much disturbed by the cry in the London Press that "women must go." Inquiries made of various managers of leading branches of the week showed that women clerks who have given proof of ability in banking have been in many cases (for example, at the Ealing branch of the London, County, Westminster and Parrs Bank), placed on the permanent staff. On the other hand, no former male member of the staff was wished to return to his job has been refused. Mr. Leslie Smith, the present manager of the Ealing branch of the County and Westminster Bank, remarked, "There are no male clerks in divisions here; we are a very happy family."

The Mayoral Anthem.

It was at a meeting in town on Wednesday and, the business being done, a tenor soloist began the first number of a short musical programme.

"Come to the Fair," the ex-Mayor of Ealing groaned. "I thought I had done with that. I must have heard it scores of times this year. Let's go home. I can't bear it again."

As we went down the stairs the ex Mayor was humming—unconsciously—"Come—to—the—Fair."

A Visit from Tetrazzini.

Ten years ago ("O.E.M." writes) Madame Louise Tetrazzini laid the foundation stone of one of the biggest of the Grampians Company's huge factories at Hayes.

On Tuesday last she revisited the scene of this stone-laying and of the many ceremonies which have given to her world such delightful remembrances of her great voice. And this time, as before, ten years ago, she sang to the girls employed in the factory.

The road which stretches between immense factories and leads to the local office, was festooned by a flag bearing the inscription, "Welcome Tetrazzini! Viva l'Italia!" After visiting the foundation stone, the great singer repaired to the post twelve compartment building, many pens of importance, to the hall where the girls had just finished their midday meal. The hall was soon fright about as "three layers full," the employees from every part of the works, factories and local office—manual workers and clerkes—were distributed over floor, chairs, and even higher. As the piano down entered the assembled and chaos was subdued, and, as everyone became aware of her entrance, welcoming calls and clapping broke forth.

On Tetrazzini's singing no criticism can be passed; it will suffice to say that she sang with great feeling that song so eminently appropriate to the thoughts we had given ourselves up to on this second Armistice Day, "Somewhere a voice is calling." This was followed by a bright little Italian air, and then, amidst enthusiastic cheering, the great singer made her way through crowds of admirers, acknowledging their great gratefuel cheers, and carrying the gorgeous bouquet which had been presented to her. After partaking of a tea-party that had been prepared in the Board Room, the great lady was conducted to the waiting motor-car and departed in the whirl of the first show, waving a gracious farewell to her old friend, "His Master's Voice," at Hayes.

To Help the Hostel.

It is found absolutely necessary to expend £40 for structural repairs to the Ealing Young Women's Christian Association Hostel.

Will friends help to meet this unavoidable expenditure?

Contributions sent to Mrs. Hall-Jones, at the Y.W.C.A., 51, Uxbridge-road, W.5, will be gratefully acknowledged.

A Greater Prophet.

One of the winners of an "M.C.T." 5s., Mr. T. J. Binder, tells me that this is his fourth prize for forecasting election results. His previous successes brought him 20s from the "Globe," £50 from the "Weekly Dispatch," and £1 from the show defunct "Evening Times." Clearly, in any future "M.C.T." competition Mr. Binder must be handicapped.

Public Warning Regarding Scarlet Fever.

Scarlet fever has been more or less prevalent within the Metropolitan area during the last fortnight, and is now becoming prevalent in Ealing.

Scarlet fever is usually carried by persons who are only slightly affected by the disease and who scarcely feel ill as a result. The rash, which is a main indication of the disease, may last only a short time, and may not be recognised by the patient or his friends as of any importance. Children chiefly suffer, and it is important that parents, especially at the present time, should consider any kind of rash as suspicious, and should seek the advice of a doctor. Although the disease may be of a mild character, serious complications may result if the case is not recognised and treated properly. Permanent disease of the ear, of the kidneys, or of the heart may result from a mild attack, so that every precaution should be taken to have the condition recognised at once and the patient protected.

"C.P.E." Loses a Bet.

Rather more than a year ago I was rash enough to lay Little Ealing Schools two to one in guineas that they would not raise £3,000 in war savings during the year 1918-19. The bet has been won by the schools—won easily—and I have paid up. The two guineas are to go to a charity nominated by the schools, and Mr. Tanton promises to let me know when the choice is made.

"Little" Ealing is a misnomer in this connection—they are great, the little people of Little Ealing.

C.P.E.

EVERYMAN.

THE NEW HALLOWE'EN.—By A. C.

According to various grave and reputable authorities, Hallowe'en is the eve of All Saints' Day, a festival common to the Roman Catholic, English, and Lutheran churches. There are many further interesting facts about the festival which may be gleaned by anyone who cares to search for them, for Hallowe'en is a proper history of the festival mentions the customs which were observed on that day, and all of which is very interesting, very interesting as revealing the habits and mental level of our ancestors. But in the year of our Lord, 1919, Hallowe'en is invested with a tender mystery and remembered—if you happen to remember it—with a little thrill of romance and sentiment as the time when the dead were supposed to arise and their spirits walk abroad. There are not many households, in England to-day that make merry and observe the customs of Hallowe'en, but the name—beautiful in itself—and the romantic superstition attached to it still inspire sentiment in our hearts.

It is thus with many celebrations which in their beginnings were prepared with rejoicing and ceremony, and invested with dreary ritual, but to passage through the loom of centuries become a gossamer of thought and memory, the memory of reverence rather than a matter of ritual. And time—tool willing—may it be with our new festival which was observed for the first time on Nov. 11 of last year—Armistice Day. A year ago, young and old, wise and foolish, became one, one and one in one mind, one heart, and one soul gave themselves over to joy and celebration. But—even on that day—there were few whose thoughts did not turn to those who sorrow had made peace a matter for rejoicing—bitter-sweet thoughts, compounded of regret and pride, that received the first bitterness of loss, and the first sweetness of sacrifice. And, although we organise galeties to celebrate the day, we cannot recapture the mood that possessed us that second at the time. But the memory of the day has gathered sanctity, the battlefields that shook under the march of the dead, and echoed to the sounds of battle did not hold the imagination one half so tensely as do the silent battlefields of to-day, deserted by the living, seen and echoed to the sounds and sights of fellow-creatures who are now