
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>



BF
385
D26m

BIOMED





THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



Yours
Faithfully
Datar

MEMORY . .

. BY

. . “DATAS.”



A SIMPLE SYSTEM OF
MEMORY TRAINING. . .



LONDON :
GALE & FOLDEN, LIMITED,
2, AMEN CORNER, E.C.

LONDON :
GALE & POLDEN, LTD.,
2, AMEN CORNER, E.C.

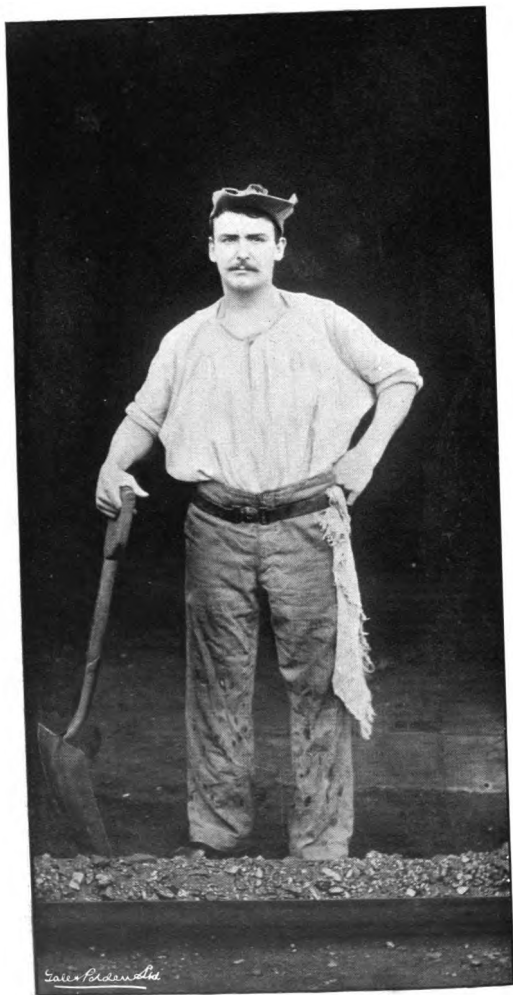
—
1904.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

BF
385
D26m

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—Youthful Days	I
II.—My Memory : How I Cultivated It	11
III.—How I Remember—A Few Hints...	24
IV.—“ Mind Pictures ”	36
V.—A Simple System	42
VI.—Some of the Questions I Have Answered... ..	55
VII.—Before the Footlights	63
VIII.—On Tour	75
IX.—“ Jack the Rover ” and Other Ex- periences	87
X.—Press Opinions	95
XI.—A Closing Word	106
XII.—Impressions of “ Datas ”	110



"Dats" at the Sydenham Gas Works.

Digitized by Google

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

CHAPTER I.

YOUTHFUL DAYS.

THE widespread interest which has been aroused by my feats of memory, and the many inquiries which have reached me from friends in all parts of the Kingdom for particulars of my life, have induced me to set down some account of my career and to trace the steps which have led me from selling newspapers at Forest Hill to relating facts and giving dates to large and distinguished audiences from one end of the British Isles to the other.

To begin at the beginning, I was born on July 20th, 1875, at Newnham, in Kent,

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

where my father kept a small shoe-maker's shop; and two years later I was brought to London, as my father had obtained employment there. After some time we removed to Penge, my father having secured a situation in the Gas Works at Lower Sydenham. As an infant, I was very delicate, and was even unable to walk until I had reached my sixth birthday, in fact, so sickly was I, that, like Joseph Addison, the doctors gave up all hopes of my living. To comfort my mother, however, and to encourage her to take every care of me, the doctors were so kind as to say that if she could only manage to pull me through, I should turn out to be someone quite beyond the ordinary. My mother persevered, and her efforts were rewarded!

It may easily be imagined that the education was neglected of a young, sickly child of poor working parents, who had a family of eleven to support, and as a matter of fact I had only sufficient schooling in Penge to enable me to read. When I had reached the age of eleven, my family moved to

YOUTHFUL DAYS.

Forest Hill, and I was at once launched upon the ocean of life to earn my own livelihood. I obtained a job as a newspaper boy, and for eight months mingled with the milk-men every morning. I then became a parcel boy at Lordship Lane Station, on the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway, and remained with that Company for three summer seasons.

On reaching the age of fifteen years, I left the railway and obtained a situation as a boy on one of the London Parcel Delivery Company's vans, but only remained six months, since learning the addresses of parcels did not afford much scope for my powers. Butchers, bakers, grocers and other tradesmen, next engaged my services, but I could make little out of tea, bread, or sheep's hearts!

Eventually the glare of the light of the Crystal Palace Gas Works, Lower Sydenham, attracted my attention, and on November 6th, 1891, exactly twenty-two years after Blackfriars Bridge and Holborn Viaduct were opened, you will remember, I

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

was engaged and given employment in the retort house, at a job they call "retort stopping." As everyone has not seen the inside of a gas works, I will just explain what retort stopping is. After the retorts have been making gas for some time, the fires are put out and the retorts are allowed to cool down. Then the furnaces are recharged, and the cracks, which have been caused in the sets of retorts by the action of cooling, are stopped with fire clay. This is an operation which only small boys can do with any degree of comfort, on account of the smallness of the space to work in.

After two months at retort stopping, I was given a job at "pipe-jumping," and this I will also briefly explain. After a retort has been charged, the pipe that carries away the gas from the retort sometimes becomes choked with tar, or hard pitch; and "pipe-jumping" consists in clearing away the obstruction by means of augers, hot-heaters, and bars. There, standing over the tops of the pipes, with the thick, yellow smoke belching forth, the sensation is as near

YOUTHFUL DAYS.

suffocation as anyone would desire to experience. It is the worst job a man can be given in a gas works.

In course of time I was made a boiler-boy, and worked in company with an engine driver. It was there I learnt the art of driving an engine, and I can well remember one of my chums, a young fellow named Fred Holmes, who, so far as I know, is still driving his engine, while I am being asked "Who killed cock robin?" "When was Krüger vaccinated?" or "When did Noah enter the Ark?"

On the 24th April, 1895, I was promoted to the position of engine driver; and from that date until the following November, I did a spell of seven months' night work all by myself.

I was next transferred to the blacksmith's shop, as a striker, and as a handy man to work the steam hammer. In summing up this period of my life, let me say that my earnings at the gasworks were not much—only twenty-four shillings a week—and the work was laborious. Sometimes I had

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

to put in thirty-six hours without a break. During the last five years at Lower Sydenham I was chiefly in the retort house, engaged at what is known as "driving the scoop," a task hard enough to try the constitution of the strongest man, so you can guess what the strain must have been for a small man like me.

But with it all, there existed a good-fellowship among the employés, and I could never desire a better set of mates than those who were once my associates and fellow-workers.

At last the great change came, and it came in a most unexpected way, one day in June, 1901. I had been working on the night shift, from ten o'clock till six, and reaching home about 6.30, I went to bed. By mid-day I was up again, had dinner, and then took a walk to the Crystal Palace, where fate had much in store for me. Arrived at my destination, I strolled about for some time, and then thought I would have a little refreshment. While having it, I overheard two gentlemen discussing the

YOUTHFUL DAYS.

date of the finish of the great Tichborne trial. Neither knew the correct date, so I ventured to interpose the remark: "I beg your pardon, Gentlemen, but the date of the close of the Tichborne trial was February 28th, 1874." One of the gentlemen turned round and said: "Why that was before you were born!" I replied, "I am quite aware of that," and then I went on to give them all the leading particulars of that famous trial.

Finding how surprised they were at my stock of knowledge, I felt encouraged, and continued with a number of dates of events in English history, and the names of Derby and Oaks' winners, in rapid succession. Quite unnoticed by me, a third gentleman was a listener to our conversation; and when I had finished my long string of dates, he quietly came up to me, and put the momentous question: "Would you like to go upon the stage?" I thought the gentleman was joking, but, to convince me that he was in earnest, he slipped a sovereign into my hand, saying, "Come

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

along with me, and I will show you whether or not I am joking." He then and there took me to the Standard Music Hall, Victoria, where, without further ado, I at once gave my first performance. I must leave my readers to endeavour to realise my feelings during this sudden transformation, and to conjure up my sensations as I was rapidly changed from "scoop driver" to "public entertainer." I can only think how much I have to thank the Tichborne Claimant for!

My entertainment was so startling in its novelty, that I was immediately engaged for three weeks; and in order to be able to fulfil my engagement, I had to obtain my employers' permission to change my shift from night work to day work, that I might be free in the evening. At the end of the three weeks it was realised that my performance was popular and likely to be a permanent success, and so, on the 29th July, 1901, I went down to Sydenham and pushed my last scoop of coals into the

YOUTHFUL DAYS.

retort and thus brought my gas-works' career to an end!

My advance was rapid, and I appeared first at Gatti's and then at the Middlesex, and afterwards I was introduced to that prince of entertainers, Mr. Charles Morton, who engaged me to perform at the Palace Theatre, London, where I appeared night after night for a period of no less than twelve months, and never once did I go off the stage and leave the audience unsatisfied.

At the end of my year's engagement at the Palace Theatre, I arranged with Mr. H. E. Moss for a twenty weeks' tour throughout the British Isles, and among other places I appeared at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Sheffield; and during the tour, many curious and out-of-the-way questions were put to me.

Not only do I perform at the Halls, but I have the honour of appearing before most distinguished audiences in private residences and at garden parties; and at

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

times, Royalty and nobility have been pleased to ask questions and listen to my replies. By the way, once, at a house, not many miles from Grosvenor Square, my audience consisted of fifteen ladies, of whom only one could speak English!

Since my return to London, I have fulfilled another lengthy engagement with Mr. Morton at the Palace Theatre, but before very long I anticipate paying a visit to our American cousins, and to our kinsmen in South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand.

CHAPTER II.

MY MEMORY—HOW I CULTIVATED IT.

PERHAPS it will be as well for me to commence this chapter by stating that I know nothing of the science of mnemonics, in fact, until quite recently, when I used to see this word in print, I was puzzled as to its meaning! I have been told that, without knowing it, my system, if such can be called the simple process by which I stock my mind with dates and facts and afterwards readily and correctly draw upon the fund in store, is based upon this ancient science, and since those who have told me so are well-educated men, who understand such things better than I do, I will not contradict them. Nevertheless, of mnemonics—as a science—I know absolutely

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

nothing, although I am practically a living illustration of its teachings!

Having made this remarkable statement, you will be eager to know how it is I remember: whether it is the result of carefully training a natural gift—natural in this respect—that from birth we all possess it in common, "few in the extreme, but all in the degree," as Pope so well expresses it, or whether I am what is commonly known as a "freak," that is, that all my information comes to me in some marvellous manner, impossible of description!

I shall disappoint some of my readers, perhaps, when I flatly own that I am not a "freak," for a "freak" is un-natural, whereas, as I said before, the power of memorizing is a natural gift, which can be cultivated to such an extraordinary degree, that people who have always neglected to make use of it, and who have in some cases stultified what little they had at first, look on, or rather hear, with amazement, a man who has always tended and attempted to expand his powers in this direction until

MY MEMORY—HOW I CULTIVATED IT.

he eventually reaches a stage almost of infallibility.

The latter is my case. As a child, my mnemonic powers, although more strongly developed than those of most children, were, nevertheless, not phenomenal. I mean that I was never known as an infant prodigy; I could not rattle off a string of dates connected with events in political history or scientific discoveries, without a break, at the tender age of one and a half or two years! It was only after long and constant study in the shape of reading and carefully committing to memory that which I read, that I made any real headway at all.

In a previous chapter, my history has been related, and, without troubling you with any more facts relating thereto, I will endeavour to tell you how I passed my years of childhood, and later years, in training my memory.

It may have been, that being a delicate and backward child, and not being forced to attend school, like other children, I, in my childish way, felt time hang heavily

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

on my hands, and so began a habit of committing things to memory for the occupation of being able to repeat them afterwards, at leisure. It is a long time ago, now though, for I was only six years of age at the time I am writing of, and perhaps even to me it is rather obscure as to the precise period when my powers of memorizing first dawned on me. But this I do know, that at about this age I found a new joy in slowly spelling out the names of shop-keepers in our neighbourhood and running them over in my mind, and when I found that once learned I never forgot them, from that day forth it was practically my only form of recreation, or study, though I term it both.

I was not the same as most other children, in that I took no part in their games, having no desire to. Boys, as a rule, are never fond of anything in the shape of study, but I was an exception, only I took my course of study rather promiscuously, and not at the village school, so we didn't get on very well

MY MEMORY—HOW I CULTIVATED IT.

together. In consequence, I kept apart from them, and, having taught myself to read, I set to in right good earnest to master everything in the shape of reading matter that came to hand.

From memorizing shop-keepers' names, I got to cabbies' and policemen's numbers, and thence to reading Lloyd's newspaper, which was then, and always has been, the chief literary organ which has supplied the wants of my parents in that direction. "Lloyd's" proved to me a veritable "god-send," for, as you know, it contains a good deal of interesting matter relative to the Army and Navy. I soon mastered details of the various regiments, ships, naval stations, etc., marshalling these in order in my mind, so that there should be no confusion when I wished to draw heavily on my "Bank of Memory!" Paper in hand, I would sit down on a little stool in a cosy corner by the fireside, and, my head resting against the chimney-piece, I would concentrate all my attention on the matter I wished to learn. So absorbed I used to

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

become that I would sit for hours thus, as in a trance, and I believe my parents sometimes thought I should go out of my mind. On the contrary, instead of unhinging that little mind, I slowly, but surely, stored it with facts, facts that at any time afterwards I could give forth with the greatest ease and assurance as to their being correct.

I soon exhausted "Lloyd's," and, though continuing to read it weekly, went further afield. In some way, I forget how, a copy of Tussaud's calendar of events came into my possession, and how I gloated over it for the next few days! I think the mention of famous names therein, many of which I was unable to pronounce at all correctly, whetted my appetite for works of history, geographical research, and adventure, in which I could learn more about them. I obtained a copy of Cassell's "British Land and Sea Battles," also copies of several works of adventure, and I dived into histories of England and geographical textbooks until you would imagine that my little head would have ached, but I never

MY MEMORY—HOW I CULTIVATED IT.

remember that it did, the memorizing process seemed to always agree with it!

But then I was not occupied thus all day. Two or three years had passed since I started, and, never having been to school for any period of time worth mentioning, I now had to "turn out," with scarcely a smattering of education, and help to bring some grist to the mill. So from now on, up to the time when I entered Lower Sydenham Gas Works, my studies were continued at intervals only, though, I must say, all the time I was doing manual labour I used to think, and when I heard any conversation going on between adults, I was a keen listener. As parcels', butcher's, baker's, and news-boy, in turn, I used to turn to good account all my spare time. Whilst parcels' boy, in my spare time at the station, I learned all I could of the histories of the railways of the world, with the names of the stations, in their correct order. I also obtained particulars of railway accidents, and a mass of facts and dates. When I was younger, my parents had tried

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

to check my propensity for memorizing, not unkindly, though, for they feared lest too much reading would injure my health. At length they gave it up as a bad job, seeing that I was so persistent, and that no evil came of it, and I was allowed to go on in my own fashion, provided I did my work properly.

One of my favourite books at this period was the "Cruise of the Challenger." I learned a great deal from that, and then I went in for sport, not in the ordinary sense, however; I mean that I made up my mind to master all the various records made in sport: cricket, football, golf, rowing, cycling, sprinting, jumping, tennis, billiards, weight-putting, etc., and the dates of remarkable encounters "behind the ropes." This took me some time, and when through, I started on "horse-racing," and occupied myself with various turf guides and racing calendars, until I was a veritable "programme of the races"—past races!

As I grew older, the more conscious I became of my powers of memory. Natur-

MY MEMORY—HOW I CULTIVATED IT.

ally, with the careful habit of cultivation I had adopted, they were by this time developed to quite an extraordinary degree—I had at my command a most extensive stock of information, but I feel sure that unless I had, so to speak, trained myself by committing to memory everything I had read, I should not have known much more now than the average person of my years, who has any knack at all of acquiring information.

But my principal rule was “one date at a time, and that learnt well.” Some people lack power of concentration—the concentration of thought—hence they soon forget a thing they learn, because it has not made a sufficiently vivid impression on their mind. I always took care to concentrate my whole thought on that which I wished to remember, and I was determined it should make an impression that should never be effaced. This, in the main, is the reason why I have succeeded.

As a young man, I still kept apart from my fellows. Not because I disliked their

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

company, but rather because it had no attraction for me. I liked to be alone, because I found it more conducive to thought, and since by this time I had acquired quite a reputation among those who knew me intimately, I was suffered to go my way in peace. Generally speaking, I kept my knowledge to myself, seeking, rather than attempting to barter it at public-houses for free drinks, to cultivate my mind still further.

After entering the gas-works, I read up books containing classical and Biblical information, the accounts of discoveries in astronomy, medicine, science, manufactures, etc. The births and deaths of famous persons, remarkable occurrences the world over, facts concerning great crimes, in short, anything and everything I could get to read I read, and my mates, knowing my weakness (as they called it) used to lend me books and papers, many a time, all of which I used to "devour," and I venture to remark that I can almost use the term literally!

MY MEMORY—HOW I CULTIVATED IT.

It was often during the lonely midnight hours that I learned a great number of historical dates and facts—of battles, fires, shipwrecks, and various calamities, and miscellaneous events, so that, whether I am asked when President Garfield was shot, or when George IV.'s coronation robes were sold by auction, the correct answer is always on the tip of my tongue.

All this time, however, it had never occurred to me that I could make my living by answering questions as to dates; my reading and memorizing that which I read was to me what might almost be termed a hobby, for, knowing I had to support myself by the labour of my hands, I felt quite contented with my lot as a gas-worker, and you may be sure that in that humble walk of life it matters but little whether you possess a good or a bad memory. It is a curious fact, too, that when tired out in a bodily sense, after a long spell at night-work, I could go almost straight to my books and papers and commit to memory a string of dates

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

hitherto unknown to me. Haydn's Book of Dates or Ensor's famous Chronological Chart used to have quite a refreshing effect on me, almost the same as though I had taken a brisk walk. It always seemed to me as if, when I had finished my bodily labour, I wanted mental exercise, and I used to take it on every occasion; in fact, I think I have often been poring over musty old dates when I ought to have been satisfying Nature's demands by sleeping!

But at length something happened which altered the whole course of my career. I refer to my adventure at the Crystal Palace, and though, even for a short time afterwards, I could scarcely realise that thenceforth I should probably be able to live by "retailing dates while you wait" from my mental store, it was not long before I knew that it would be so, and also, that in order to bring myself thoroughly up-to-date and then to keep abreast of the times, I should have to apply myself to my old hobby, not as a

MY MEMORY—HOW I CULTIVATED IT.

hobby, but as a pursuit, one which would require great mental activity, and a keen exercise of my powers of perception. How I set to work, and with what success, I reserve for my next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

HOW I REMEMBER—A FEW HINTS.

FROM the day I left the gas-works, and thus gave up the heavy work attached to a labourer therein, exchanging my old rôle for the new one of music-hall artist, I lost no time in seeking to improve my mnemonic powers. Formerly they had never helped me to earn my daily bread, and their cultivation was a thing I could only attend to during my spare hours, but now that I was to rely on them—and on them wholly—as a means of livelihood, the first thing to do was to devote as much time as possible to reading and memorizing.

So I set to work in real earnest. Anywhere where books existed in profusion, I was to be found, learning dates and facts connected with ancient and mediæval history, and noted occurrences, births, deaths, etc., **of the last few centuries**, that I

HOW I REMEMBER—A FEW HINTS.

had "missed" in my previous rambles after knowledge. For months this went on, and all the while I had to read daily and weekly papers, magazines, etc., and new works of fact, so you can imagine the tax on my mental powers! The while I was appearing before large audiences nightly, and sometimes daily, also, and endeavouring to accustom myself to answering questions promptly and without indecision.

It was a great strain, and but for my regular mode of life, which enabled me to husband my mental strength, I believe I should have given way. Can you imagine what it means, to cram yourself with practically every date of importance from the days of Adam up to the current day of the current month of the present year of grace? That is what you will have to do if you are going to pose before the public as a second "Dadas," because that, in plain, bald English, is what I had to do.

At the present time, I do not for a moment hold that I am infallible, and doubtless there are still many facts con-

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

nected with the past that I am unaware of, but I am fairly well "primed" in that direction now, and though I often run through some musty old work in the hope of unearthing something "fresh," regarding it from my standpoint, my principal occupation consists in keeping in touch with all that is going on in the civilized world to-day, and, for the matter of that, in the uncivilized portions also!

As I have related, I rely on the Press to a large extent for this information, for nowadays nearly everything that is worth knowing "gets into print," and it is only a matter of wading through the refuse to find the good metal. Again, if ever I get a chance of conversation with a distinguished personage, or an eminent traveller, scientist, or so forth, I make the most of it, and here let me say that, if there is any degree in the strength of the impression made upon my mind in the process of memorizing, information I obtain first-hand from the people themselves connected in some way or the other with the facts I wish to commit

HOW I REMEMBER—A FEW HINTS.

to memory is more vividly impressed on me than that which I acquire in the ordinary manner from cold print. There is generally something about the person who has told you the story which makes a deep impression on you and the probability is, that whenever that person's name is mentioned in the course of conversation, or you chance to meet him, or her, again, everything which transpired on the occasion of your last meeting flashes before you.

In my case I do not require the extra aid to enable me to remember, but it undoubtedly helps me, and, with a beginner, I should say "learn as much as you can from people who, as it were, make history, of any sort." This can be done in many ways, the best of which is by travelling. But all are not lucky enough to possess the advantage of being able to travel, and these should avail themselves of other advantages, such as listening to great speakers, and, when in company, taking heed of information that is imparted, which they undoubtedly do possess, that is, if they can use their

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

senses, and hear, see, and say nothing. The last rule it is particularly incumbent on one to observe, for I have always found that by listening to casual conversation one may learn a good deal—and it will be best to let the other man, or men, do the talking, while you listen. Of course, there are times when it is necessary to break your silence, to ask an occasional question, but, in the main, the old adage, "silence is golden," applies particularly well in this case.

Again and again I have found myself in the company of persons who were discussing various questions, and I have made it an invariable rule, unless the conversation is a private one, to pay attention to anything of importance that is mentioned. I don't intrude my views, although very often I could throw light on many a subject, or date, that is in dispute; I simply remain quiet and take note of all that is said. If the dates and facts that are mentioned are new to me, they are impressed on my mind as vividly as possible; if I know them already, my knowledge is often strength-

HOW I REMEMBER—A FEW HINTS.

ened and my memory in that particular line is freshened.

Suppose railways are the subject of discussion, like a flash everything on the subject I have memorized comes before me. In an ordinary way, the probability is I should not have thought of railways just then; a chance conversation in which railways are mentioned, however, awakens the long train of dates, facts, etc., I have associated in my mind with them, and thus I obtain invaluable practice.

In memorizing, the chief thing is to retain everything that you commit to memory. This sounds like an extremely tall order, as the Americans say, but in reality it is not. Now I don't mean that you should go straight away and endeavour to commit to memory all the facts and dates to be found in twenty large volumes of the "History of England." In the first place, it would be almost impossible; in the second place, it would not be following out my plan. In commencing to train your memory, you must begin as I did, and take a few dates

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

only for your first "meal." When you have thoroughly "digested," or assimilated, these, add to your number, and each day or week, as the case may be, when you increase your total, run over in your mind those previously learned, to make sure of your ground.

Most of you will not, as I had, have the advantage of childhood, for that is a great aid, but good progress can be made, even though you start now. To-day, to-morrow, a friend may give you an address. Don't make a memorandum of it, at least, a memorandum in writing. Carefully commit it to memory, and you will then have a memorandum of the proper kind, one that cannot be lost, as can one written on paper, in pencil, or in ink!

Here is an aid to render the process an easier one: The name of the person, the house, street, number therein, town, and perhaps county and country, will be given you. There is a good deal of this that will be of little use to you, and will only serve to impair your impression of the important

HOW I REMEMBER—A FEW HINTS.

points. The latter are obviously the name of the person (if a stranger) and the name and number of the street. Concentrate your attention on these, and learn them thoroughly, and you will find that you will not easily forget them, and they will recall to your mind the remaining portions of the address.

Observe this in all things, for it is a "memory system" in a nut-shell. You will have noticed, if you have heard me at the "Halls," that I refuse to answer a question unless it is put in the form of an inquiry as to a date. That is how I work, and that is principally "how I remember," by being certain as to my dates, all of which have been carefully and thoughtfully committed to memory, and, accordingly, to me a date is a starting-point from which to pick up the threads of memory which run here, there, and in every direction. Everything must have a beginning; there must be something to work from. With a builder it is a foundation stone, with an author, a thought, with an artist, a momentary glimpse

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

of some beautiful scene, all have something. With me it is just a date, and it is as well that I am termed "Datas," for therein the secret lies. When I am asked for a date, usually I not only give it, but a great many facts connected with it, until people often marvel more at the narration of fact I weave around the date than the date itself, yet in the first instance all depended upon the latter.

But in order to remember, it is most essential that for the time being you devote your whole thought to that you wish to bear in mind. It is of no use to repeat it over and over again, in parrot-like fashion, for you might do this for six months, and then, if you ceased for a month, you would probably forget what you had learned, unless a sufficiently strong impression had first been created in your mind. The manner in which a clear and lasting impression is to be gained is by concentration of thought, and that alone. Some people lack power of concentration in anything, and you will find that such persons are

HOW I REMEMBER—A FEW HINTS.

generally of defective memory. It is because they never devoted attention to their powers of concentration as children, in school, or even at play; as men and women, in their daily occupation, or recreation. Concentration of thought as applied to the memory may be successfully applied in almost every other way, and the result will not fail to be of a satisfactory nature.

So it comes to this, if you wish to improve your memory, you must begin by taking one thing at a time, and giving it your sole attention, taking care, where the subject matter is lengthy, to pick out the salient points only and commit these to memory. When you at any time recall them, the subsidiary matter will return to you therewith.

If you only follow this out, you will be amazed at the progress you will make. Just think of the number of facts that now enter your brain in the course of a year, and you will be able to form some idea of the vast stock of knowledge you would accumulate if you remembered, clearly, only a little of it. But you don't, there is very little at all of

which you have a distinct impression. That which you have retained is a confused mass in which something rarely takes a clear shape, and, generally speaking, it is a case of letting things "in at one ear and out at the other." In the future, don't pay any attention to quantity, but to quality, of thought, and you will discover that in good time the latter will come also, and in workable form.

I know that many authorities on mnemonics have recommended various artificial aids to help one in memorizing. I do not intend to discuss their application, nor do I wish to call into question their virtues, but I would impress upon all who wish for honest, straightforward advice on memory-training the fact that a memory trained without artificial aid of any description whatsoever is of far superior strength to one that has been, and is being, buoyed up in the manner indicated. Artifice is opposed to Nature, or Nature to artifice, and therefore artificial means are opposed to natural means. In my own case I

HOW I REMEMBER—A FEW HINTS.

adopted Nature's means in childhood, and never at any time since have I found any reason to question them or any occasion to supersede the system, at once the most simple and most effective it is within our limits to conceive.

Nature is not, never has been, and never will be, found at fault. It is man who is to blame, for failing to develop his natural gifts. Wishing to shelve the burden of development, he generally does so, and then, later, when he begins to discover his mistake, he seeks, by artifice, to repair it. To a small degree he may succeed, but never in the extreme; it is only by going back to the point at which he deviated from Nature, and once again taking up the course of development therefrom, that he can hope to be entirely successful.

CHAPTER IV.

“ MIND PICTURES.”

IN the previous chapter I have described how I remember, and you will have borne in mind the fact that with each question I take a date for the “open sesame” of the information stored in my mind. As I did not write concerning it before, I will set it down now, that, the date having been settled, the after process of narrating all the interesting facts appertaining thereto that are within my knowledge, is rendered easier by a series of mental pictures which the date in question conjures up.

To explain myself more clearly, we will suppose that I have been asked the date of the commencement of the Great Fire in London. I give the correct answer—1666—and immediately there arises before me a panoramic scene, as it were, of that calamity, from its start in Pudding Lane, to

"MIND PICTURES."

its finish in Pie Corner. The picture that is thus marvellously and so expeditiously drawn for me is one of my own fashioning entirely, the pencils, or brushes, are Nature's, and the materials are the suggestions conveyed to the optical nerves by the facts hidden safely away in my mind. In what precise manner they act, I know not, but Science can and does easily explain. Suffice to say, I have the vision, and it materially assists me in narrating my version of the facts, acting as an all-powerful mentor. Only if the version I committed to memory was wrong, can my "biograph" show incorrectly—my actual powers of memory might fail, temporarily, but Nature, my scenic prompter, so to speak, is never found wanting, and if I only avail myself of her wonderful assistance, I can scarcely fail.

Strange it is that I, who have never been in foreign lands, have often before me the presentment of now a tropical forest, now the boundless expanse of the ocean, untenanted, save for the two vessels. I see

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

rushing to destruction in the shape of disastrous collision. Mountains, valleys, stretches of railroad that I have never traversed, and glimpses of desert scenes, so real, that I can almost imagine the thirst one readily associates with them, appear to me like flashes of light, and are gone.

Of course, this goes far to prove the intensity of the impression made on my mind by the information I set in store, for that impression is so strong, that it sets two of Nature's forces to work on my behalf, and should one at any time collapse, the other is present to prevent a breakdown. And I should like it to be remembered that there is nothing supernatural—nothing unusual—in this, though to the uninitiated it may seem as though I am romancing. It is only a matter of training one's natural forces so thoroughly, that at any and every time when called on to exert them, one is enabled to do so to their full extent.

When in the future you are called on to answer any questions, endeavour to call up at the same time some "mind pictures," for

“MIND PICTURES.”

you will find their help of immense value to you. At first you may meet with little success, but, remembering that failure is the result of a weak mental impression, due in the first place to a lack of concentration of thought on the subject matter you endeavoured to commit to memory, make up your mind to always create the strongest impression you are capable of creating, and eventually success will not be wanting.

There are times when, even without having been previously trained, you can and do call up these mind pictures. Perhaps you have been in a shipwreck, or a collision at sea. The impression wrought on your mind by the sufferings—the agony you have undergone—is such that, when afterwards you read in the paper of a similar accident, or your friends discuss such a subject, unconsciously your mind reverts to your former experience, and a faithful reproduction of the scene of misery that once was yours rises before you. And the chances are in favour of the effect produced on you being so strong, that you are glad to change

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

the subject, or turn to another news item. It may have been your misfortune to have witnessed scenes of bloodshed, accidents of some description, such as a man falling from a height to the ground below, or a child run over by a tram-car. If you have only seen one such scene of its kind, then, on reading of a similar accident, you picture to yourself that which you once saw; if you have seen many such sights, the reproduction is of that one which was probably the most terrible, and, as such, impressed you the most.

It is not always harrowing scenes though, that give the most vivid impression; it is quite possible for the sight of some glittering pageant or unusually brilliant ceremony to produce a similar result. Those who witnessed Queen Victoria's Jubilee, or Diamond Jubilee, procession, doubtless review the scene mentally, or portions of it, when processions are being discussed in their presence. Reviews of smart bodies of troops, the manœuvres of vessels of war, a

“MIND PICTURES.”

rough sea, or a ship in a heavy sea, all are capable of the same result.

To me, it is now all the same, whether it is a matter of trivial or great importance. Practice has enabled me to store and reproduce each fact, mentally and visually; with practice, lengthy and constant, you can do the same.

CHAPTER V.

A SIMPLE SYSTEM.

AT the risk of repetition of various hints as to "memory training" I have set down in the chapters preceding this one, I now intend to outline a "simple system" for the benefit of my readers, one which will help them to more readily understand the method upon which I always work; one I heartily recommend to all who are desirous of cultivating their powers of memory to a degree far above the ordinary.

You will probably have conceived the idea that my system is an easy one, but I warrant you will be scarcely prepared to find it as simple as it is. I am not going to worry you with long lists of examples, countless exercises, and strings of sentences—artificial aids to memory—but I

A SIMPLE SYSTEM.

am just going to give you some general rules, with a few practical illustrations as to how they are to be applied, carefully noting the manner in which they will help you, in the first place to fix your attention and thus gain a strong impression of that you wish to remember, and in the second place to associate your ideas clearly and with a proper degree of consecutiveness, because, as I have stated elsewhere, on the manner in which you carry out these two mental operations depends the entire success of your attempts to achieve fame as a memory expert.

The first rule to put into practice is, to concentrate your thought wholly upon that which you are anxious to remember and to apply such concentration of thought to one thing only at one time. No other subject-matter must intrude, your undivided attention must be given in one direction only. Nor is this alone sufficient. You must apply yourself in the most diligent manner of which you are capable to your subject, so that the knowledge you gain of it is a

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

lasting one and of such strength, that it sets up an impression in your mind which can never be effaced. No time limit can be placed for the study of such and such a sentence, date, or paragraph; no individuals are exactly similar in comprehensive thought action, just as none are exactly alike in any other respect, for Nature abhors imitation, and whilst one man might apply himself to a certain sentence and thoroughly understand it within, say, a period of five minutes, another man would take an hour to achieve a similar result.

The mistake all must take exceeding care to avoid in the application of the above is that of endeavouring to "cram" the mind with facts that have not been thoroughly assimilated. I shall presently relate an easy process of assimilation and reserve an explanation of the term now, but I think you will readily follow me in my argument when I say that "cramming" one's self with mental food not thoroughly assimilated is just as evil in its effect as

A SIMPLE SYSTEM.

“cramming” oneself with indigestible physical food. In the first case the mental self retains little or no benefit, in the second the body derives little or no nourishment, nay, sometimes, as we well know, it receives injury!

As a practical illustration of thought concentration, we will suppose that the sentence “the great fire at the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago occurred on December 31st, 1903,” has to be committed to memory.

It will not avail you in the slightest measure if you endeavour to “learn” this sentence by repeating it to yourself many times aloud or *sotto voce*. Rhyme is the only thing that ever enabled anyone to commit to memory by repetition alone any useful knowledge, though since it is an “artificial” aid, it is not to be relied on. But here it would be hard indeed to fashion any sensible rhyme out of the material to hand, so you must set to work to study the sentence, and not as a sentence, but in its several

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

parts. Ask yourself what is the principal thing you have to remember—comes the answer—a fire. Where did it occur? In Chicago—at the Iroquois Theatre. When? In 1903—December—30th. Having done this, you will read an account of the fire in question, and store your mind with further facts relating to it, and by the time you have finished, you will have created a deep interest within your mental self in connection with the event and secured a mental impression thereof of such force that you will have little difficulty in recalling the date of the fire at any future time, and once the date has flashed with lightning-like rapidity before you, extraneous matter, incidents of the fire, etc., will flood you with recollections of the disaster, till you will be surprised at your own fecundity of thought and picture the scene, and discourse on it, as though it happened but the day before.

And writing of association brings me to the second rule I would impress on your mind, the assimilation and association of ideas. If you carry out to the letter the

A SIMPLE SYSTEM.

rule I have outlined with regard to comprehensiveness of your subject-matter, the proper assimilation of your ideas will have been accomplished, for assimilation is mental digestion, and, just as with physical digestion it is absolutely necessary that each molar should grind and the salival glands moisten the food we are about to consume, so with mental digestion, before each fact is stored away in the brain cells, the mental faculties must be thoroughly awakened, brought into action, and trained on, so to speak, the matter to be "recollected." And of such matter, a knowledge as near perfect as possible must be obtained and a corresponding vivid mental impression produced, which, when required, will act on the mental store and give forth some of its wealth for our benefit.

Now as to association: The law of association is one most helpful to all "memory students"—in fact, one may almost go so far as to say that it is practically the only real "help," regarded as a help, pure and simple. One idea begets another,

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

therefore, when memorizing one idea, kill two birds with one stone, and also memorize the corresponding idea. Nor are you necessarily confined to the two, sometimes you will find that a whole string of ideas cluster around one—a veritable parent idea, and in such cases you must memorize all. It may be that you will not at once discover the associated idea, or ideas, here you will again perceive the necessity for a searching analysis of your subject-matter. You must go over it again and again, and endeavour to obtain every associated idea in connection with each idea it gives you.

For example, suppose you wish to remember the date of the opening of the first railway line in England, there the dominant idea is that of railways. If you have read a great deal about railways, you begin to run through in your mind various facts dealing with them. Incidentally the figure of George Stephenson arises before you, you recall the date of his birth, etc., etc., the year of the great financial railway

A SIMPLE SYSTEM.

bubble, the opening of the Mont Cenis and Simplon Tunnels, the attempts (with eventual success) to tunnel under the Thames, and, of course, Isambard Brunel, the dates of notable collisions, etc., a host of things come to mind, the mine of recollection fired by the magic word "railways." But you may say that you know very little about railways. All well and good, herein lies the force of my argument; when you have a sentence in which the dominant idea is one foreign to you, so to speak, tackle it in a comprehensive manner, learn all you can about it, and you will find an amount of ideas associated therewith which will surprise you.

But you must not stop with association of ideas. Time—dates can be as readily associated. Here is an instance of what I mean. Take the past year—1903. A notable event during that year was Mr. Chamberlain's announcement of his new fiscal policy. We will take it for granted that we remember that. Now in remembering it, just run over other notable events which

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

occurred in the same year—the death of the Pope—the abnormal rainfall—the Dougal and Hickman tragedies—the sale of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" at half-price—etc., etc., associate them and impress them on your mind, taking care to also note the day of the month where given, and at any future time when asked for the year of the record rainfall for the British Isles, you will be able to as readily proffer information on the Papal Encyclical or the great "Times" bargain!

Another excellent manner in which dates may be associated is to take a certain date and reckon so many years before or after it—from one year to six thousand. Say you have the Great Fire of London, 1666. Go back a thousand years—1066—the year William the Conqueror landed at Pevensey and commenced the conquest of England. Now go ahead a hundred years—1766—and you have a year very memorable for the number of babies born during it who afterwards became great men.

This plan admits of great variety, but I

A SIMPLE SYSTEM.

have yet another one—a further illustration of the value of association. Starting with the present year of grace, 1904, take each day and commit to memory all the notable events which happened on that day of the preceding year, and so on, in turn, until you work right through to the Creation! If anything of particular note occurs every day this year, and it will be a curious and exceptional year if each and every day is not thus signalised, obtain a vivid impression of such an event, and, having fixed it in your mind, run over therein all the events which transpired on the same day in all the preceding years. To make your task easier, you can agree on a time limit, say 2,000 years B.C., 1 A.D., or even 1001 A.D., only in the last case you will miss out many important events connected with the history of your own country.

The third and last rule I am going to bring to your notice is, where you have ideas which are, so to speak, unconnected, it is essential that, in order to commit them to memory successfully, you should

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

establish an intermediary idea as a connecting link, an idea which although not directly associated with either one of the two ideas you wish to memorize, is nevertheless indirectly associated with both, so that in remembering either, the link manifests itself which binds the two together. Sir Isaac Newton discovered the law of gravitation by watching an apple fall from a tree to the ground. You wish to remember Newton—gravitation, the link is the word "apple." You will say to yourself an apple falls from the tree to the ground, falling is in itself an act of gravitation. Who watched a similar action and noted the result?—Newton. And, curiously enough, in this case you have an extra "aid" by reason of a certain sort of apple being named the "Newton" pippin, after the great scientist!

There are what one might term "minor" aids, which are useful to one in memorizing and which should therefore be included here. Resemblance often helps one considerably. If you have to commit

A SIMPLE SYSTEM.

to memory the name of a famous man, try and call to mind the name of some familiar object which resembles the name in question. I can think of no illustration more striking than that of Whittington and his cat—what a train of thought the mention of poor pussy's name usually awakens in the mind of a studious person!

Often contrast steps in to one's aid, also. Dante's "Inferno" reminds you of Milton's "Paradise Lost and Regained"; "General Tom Thumb" calls to mind the "Polish Giant" and the ugliness of Wilkes, of "North Briton" fame, gives rise to thoughts of the beauty of the Duchess of Gainsborough.

With this, and a final word, I will bring this chapter to a conclusion. Remember that to attain success in memorizing, you must take one thing at a time, give it your closest attention, and gain the clearest mental impression of it that you can. Assimilate its knowledge, connect its ideas with ideas of a similar character, or link them with ideas nearly similar, note resem-

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

blance with any other ideas, if possible, endeavour to strike a contrast, then store away such knowledge as you have acquired, ready for future use and, above all things, train yourself in the ready use of it. Live a careful life, study when in your most vigorous mood, never overdo things, and you will never lack results.

CHAPTER VI.

SOME OF THE QUESTIONS I HAVE ANSWERED.

MOST of my readers have doubtless visited the "Palace Theatre of Varieties" during my engagement there, and have witnessed, or rather heard, the "show" I give, so that they have a very good idea of the variety of the scores of questions that are put to me during the short time I am on the stage. For the benefit, however, of those who have not yet had an opportunity of hearing me, though I hope they all will have one sooner or later, I now propose to give a short list containing a few of the questions which have been addressed to me, and which I have answered. I do not for a moment suggest that it is a list of the most difficult questions I have been asked; on

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

the contrary, most of them I consider fairly easy ones, but by perusing it, one may obtain a good idea of the diversity of the answers I am called on to give, and thus fervidly imagine the far-reaching extent of the information I have compiled since my early days, and which I now regard as my stock-in-trade, from which I nightly provide amusement for the edification of a novelty-loving public:—

When did Lord Beaconsfield make his maiden speech?

When was Rugby School founded?

When was the Isle of Man purchased?

When was an observatory built on the top of Saint Paul's?

When was the magic lantern invented?

When was Elizabeth Gaunt burnt at Tyburn for treason?

When was the first cannon cast in England?

When was Alexander the Great born?

On what date was Queen Elizabeth crowned?

SOME OF THE QUESTIONS I HAVE ANSWERED.

When did Nero set Rome on fire?

When was Aristotle born?

When was Big Ben set up at Westminster?

When was the first Prince of Wales created?

When did the Married Woman's Property Act come into operation?

When was the first stone of Blackfriars Bridge laid?

When did a steamship first cross the Atlantic?

What was the date of the first Act of Parliament for a railway?

When was Manchester made a city?

What was the date of the first parachute descent in England?

When was the Metropolitan Railway opened?

When did the Glasgow Bank suspend payment?

When was Queen Anne's Bounty established?

When was Toronto University destroyed by fire?

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

When was Chambers's Journal first published?

Who was the first Jew to receive the honour of knighthood, and when?

When was Lincoln's Inn Fields used as a place of execution?

When was Covent Garden Theatre first opened?

When were Aaron and his sons consecrated priests?

When was the People's Palace opened?

What was the date of the first gasometer explosion?

When was the Railway Clearing House established?

When was Kensal Green Cemetery consecrated?

What was the date of the death of Moses?

When did Colonel Blood try to steal the Crown jewels?

When was a duty imposed upon soap?

When was the Freedom of the City of London presented to Garibaldi and Sir H. M. Stanley?

SOME OF THE QUESTIONS I HAVE ANSWERED.

When was H.M.S. Queen Charlotte burnt?

When did Cecil Rhodes visit Holloway Prison?

When were licenses first granted to public houses?

What was the date of the last battle in England?

When was St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, opened?

When was the statue of Richard Cobden unveiled at Bradford?

When was John Bright first elected M.P. for Birmingham?

On what day did the Romans first invade Britain?

When did the American Civil War commence?

When were Corinth and Carthage destroyed by the Romans?

When was New Zealand made a separate colony?

When were top-hats invented?

When was the first theatre built?

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

No one can deny the fact that there is plenty of variety among the questions I have quoted, for it will be noticed that the dates with which they are connected range from four thousand years "before Christ," to events of comparatively recent times.

Therefore it is little help that I derive from the similarity of the questions asked me; indeed, often every question put to me during an evening is of an entirely different character from the preceding one, and it may well be imagined that a question concerning the date of some famous political *coup* is scarcely likely to assist one in framing a reply to "When were top-hats invented?" No! I have to possess the precise information and deliver it instantly, thus I am bound to rely absolutely on my own powers of memory.

I have often been asked whether I do not have a great deal of repetition. Of course, to a certain extent I do, for, notwithstanding the thousands of questions it is open to people to endeavour to puzzle me with, it is practically impossible for them to avoid

SOME OF THE QUESTIONS I HAVE ANSWERED.

repetition. Many probably give thought to the nature of the questions they will put to me for some time before, and then, when they have decided on a "poser," ere they get a chance to "put" it, a person in another part of the theatre has forestalled them, or perhaps they are lucky, and are first, and the look of astonishment which o'erspreads their countenances, when I give the correct answer and a great deal of extraneous matter, would be lessened could they know that at the previous night's performance exactly the same question was asked, enabling me, though I then knew the date, to acquire further information on the subject.

And so it often happens, until sometimes I grow tired of repeating the same old answers, and I wish that somebody would light on something new, because repetition is of very little use to me in the process of "remembering." I stake everything on first impressions of an event. They must be sufficiently vivid to make an indelible impression on my mind, and I always take

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

good care that they do. Therefore it is not more difficult for me to answer a question that I am asked, we will say, only once a year, than it is for me to give the correct reply to a query I am having constantly addressed to me.

CHAPTER VII.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

HAVING studied the serious aspect, let us now turn to the lighter side, and I will endeavour to acquaint you with a working-man's first impressions as a music-hall artist "before the footlights."

There are few men perhaps, especially ordinary labourers, who have gone practically straight from their every-day toil on to the music-hall stage, for this is what I did. The first fortnight or so of my appearance I was "gas-stoker" by day and "the memory marvel" by night, and I used to wear my dirty, old working clothes to the music-hall and appear in them on the stage, introduced by a stylishly-dressed attendant, who announced to the audience what was perfectly plain: that I was an un-educated working man.

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

I am told that men and women who have been trained for the profession generally suffer considerably from "stage-fright" on making their first important appearance in public. Imagine, then, my misery! The first few nights I thought I should collapse, for my teeth chattered, and I seemed to be speaking so indistinctly, and in such a low tone of voice, that I believed people in the first row of stalls could scarcely hear me, and the questions put to me seemed like faint whispers. Nevertheless, I always got through my "show" somehow, and I was considerably astonished on being afterwards told that each time I was a "success." Of course, it was only my extreme nervousness and self-consciousness acting on my brain that made me imagine these things, so I made up my mind to train my powers of self-possession, and after a short time I surprised not only myself, but old stagers, with the easy air of familiarity with both stage and audience that I exhibited during my performances.

It would be unfair on my part, though, to

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

omit to add that in accomplishing this I was considerably assisted by the officials of the "Standard," where, as you are aware, I was "brought out," and to no one more than to the late Mr. F. Law, then manager of that "Hall," do I owe my acknowledgments for kind and thoughtful advice at this period of my career as a public entertainer.

Those who have heard me know the nature of my "turn," and will therefore follow me when I say that it is quite out of the ordinary, and, accordingly, more difficult to become accustomed to than one where the interest created depends entirely on the performer. I depend to a large extent upon the audience for the shaping of my performance, and it varies in interest nightly as the audience varies in persons who are able to, and who do, ask me interesting questions.

Then, again, it is by no means an easy thing to retain that calm frame of mind necessary for the accomplishment of severe mental feats when one is being continually bombarded with shouts from all parts of the

"Hall"—some very loud, others very faint—and, in addition, to single out the most interesting questions and answer them.

I daresay quite a number of people nightly go away disappointed because their question is not answered. To all such persons I would say, "endeavour to put yourself in my place, mentally speaking, and if you succeed in establishing anything like an identity, you will easily perceive how impossible it is for me to answer all the questions put to me." There are occasions when few questions are asked, and these in regular order, but the exception only confirms the rule—hundreds of questions, five or ten in the same breath. Where I can, I invariably give ladies the preference, but my fair enquirers, as a rule, do not possess stentorian voices, and queries are often drowned in a babel of voices, hailing mostly from representatives of the stronger sex.

But I must have a word or two about my audiences, for I owe them, likewise, many thanks for their invariable indulgence.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

From the first, I went before them as an un-educated working man, and as far as education goes, in the ordinary sense of the word, as such I still appear before them. Yet I have never been treated unfairly, and with anything but kindness, though I am conscious of many, many shortcomings, due to lack of education, which, to men of refinement, who have honoured me with their patronage, are doubtless galling, but I have always tried to do my best, and I ask appreciation only of the effort. I write, naturally, of the majority—the great majority, if one may describe them thus. Over those peculiar people who at times have thought fit to have fun—their fun—at my expense, I draw the curtain!

And writing of fun—that is, fun the general public considers as such—I am reminded that this is a most necessary item in the repertoire of a music-hall artist, be he what he may. A funereal method of conducting one's "show" is bound to fail from the onset; you must be smart to catch a good point, to make a brilliant "hit," and

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

at repartee you must be a match for the entire audience, that is, where, as in my case, you stand up to be knocked down, as the Celt would say, by anyone!

These maxims I bear carefully in mind, and though I do not pretend to score off people, yet I will say that long-continued practice has now enabled me to hold my own fairly well. As I have said, I am the butt of a good many jokes in the course of a week, but, generally speaking, the application of the various witticisms (*sic*) clings to their intelligent authors, who often provide the audience, and me, with unrehearsed and therefore distinctly genuine amusement.

To such a question as "When was Krüger vaccinated?" my answer, "on March 15th, 1826—and it took in four places—is that right, sir?" has scarcely ever failed to bring down the house. Of the same order as the foregoing is an occasional query put to me by admirers of the House of Israel, "When did the Jews first enter the old-clothes' trade?" to which my

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

invariable answer is "1491 B.C., the year of the Exodus from Egypt, when they sold Joseph's coat of many colours!"

I am often asked "When was Moses born?" and not infrequently create a laugh with the reply "Moses was not born, sir, he was found in the bulrushes—at least, so Pharaoh's daughter said!" and the date of Noah's entrance into the Ark is sometimes put as a "poser," which I dispose of with: "Noah entered the Ark on November 30th, 2349 B.C., and came out on December 10th, 2349 B.C., at half-past three in the afternoon, IS THAT RIGHT, SIR?" In like manner I give the date of my own birth, when asked for it, "December 20th, 1875, at ten minutes past two in the afternoon," and in this case I can vouch for the date being absolutely and incontrovertibly correct, for I was present on the occasion!

During my two engagements at the "Palace," in London, the first a period of twelve, and the second three months, I appeared before Royalty and a number of

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

less distinguished people, and generally someone amongst the audience, spotting the eminent personages, as "Punch" delights to term them, asked me questions concerning them and their history, nor, to the best of my knowledge, was the information ever to be found incorrect.

One night the Duke of Connaught was present, and I had to give the date of his birth, May 1st, 1850, and also that of his marriage, March 13th, 1879. At a Royal Botanical Society's *conversazione*, at their gardens in Regent's Park, Princess Beatrice heard me, also Sir Thomas Lipton, at the "Queen's Dinner."

Another time the Lord Chief Justice of England was an occupant of the stalls, and put these three questions to me: "When was the 'Utopia' wrecked?" "When were the Corn Laws repealed?" and "When did Mr. Low propose to put a tax on matches?" I did not know until afterwards who was my distinguished questioner. After my "turn," however, whilst in my dressing-room, I was informed that someone outside wished to

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

see me, and the next moment I was engaged in conversation with his Lordship, who mentioned that I had given perfectly correct answers to each of his three queries, and expressed his admiration of my performance.

Sir Edward Clarke was once present during my "turn," and after the performance he requested a conversation with me, which, you may be sure, I was delighted and proud to be able to grant. After the introduction I commenced to astonish him by telling him when he was born, when he received his call to the Bar, and then enumerated the chief cases in which he had been engaged. Sir Edward was amazed by the time I had finished, and wanted to know how I did it. Time was too brief to explain matters then, and I replied to the effect that I didn't know—an answer I confess to having given often in reply to similar queries—but, if Sir Edward should ever chance to read Memory, by "Datas," long before he has arrived at the present chapter, he will easily have understood

what a simple feat it was for me to tell him what little I told!

From the sublime to the ridiculous. A lady once rose from her seat and asked me in rather a tremulous voice if I could tell her how soon after marriage a lady's heart could be broken? Of course, I confessed my ignorance immediately, stating that, since I had never had any experience in such matters, I could scarcely give a definite opinion. My reply did not seem to soothe her feelings, and, whether by way of consolation, or to turn the subject, I am unable to say, she proceeded to ask me whether I could relate the career of Lord Roberts, a request to which I promptly acceded.

It is a lamentable fact, but some people sometimes so far forget themselves as to ask me questions of a blasphemous nature. I often rebuke them more mildly than at first I have a mind to, believing in the efficacy of conscience to afterwards reproach and shame them. Yet, perhaps, the sting of being publicly rebuked by a working man is in itself no mean punish-

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

ment for such persons, who are apparently educated, and certainly smartly dressed, but, in no sense of the word, gentlemen.

Before closing this chapter, I should like to add that I am often helped by friends in committing to memory difficult questions, helped in this way: They write down some puzzling question they have heard under discussion, and sometimes, together with it, the answer. I then have only to look up the subject matter, or commit the answer to memory "right away." I have thus received invaluable help from many persons, and it is by way of acknowledgment of their kindness, that I mention the fact here.

Again, people often come up to me after and during the performance, that is, if they can succeed in passing the "cordon," anxious to tell me of questions they have considered "fair posers," but which I have correctly answered.

It is not all "beer and skittles" "before the footlights," but now that I have grown accustomed to entertaining, instead of

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

being entertained, the glamour of the stage-world has come over matter-of-fact me, and I would not willingly quit the arena of music-hall publicity for the semi-private and common-place environments attached to the limited sphere in which a gas-stoker usually labours!

CHAPTER VIII.

ON TOUR.

BUT of all my experiences thus far, I think "on tour" has been the most pleasant. I am naturally fond of travelling, because the more one travels, the more one learns, and as I am always seeking to learn, hence it follows that I never miss a chance of travelling, if possible.

Until I started out with Mr. Moss on a tour of the British Isles, my travelling had been confined to sundry excursions into Kent and various places within the four-mile radius, so you can imagine how delightful to me were those five months I spent "on tour," visiting the most historical and most picturesque spots in the United Kingdom.

It was quite a revelation to me. I had often read of the sights I saw, but I had never really conceived their beauty. Then

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

again, many of the places appealed to me not only from an optical, but also from a mnemonic point of view. Here was to me, in many cases, virgin soil to set to work on, and I can assure you that time never hung heavily on my hands at any time during the long period I was away from London. On the contrary, there was so much to be seen, and therefore to be learned, that I scarcely knew which way to turn; the other members of the Company used to marvel, I believe, at my mental activity, for it was little they saw of me, I was always busy searching for information.

When "on the road," one generally travels on Sundays. For example, suppose you leave Dublin at eight o'clock on a Sunday morning, en route, we will say, to Bradford, viâ Holyhead. You will arrive there that evening, having passed through Chester, Manchester, and Huddersfield, and at each of these towns you have often to stop. This was my experience, but, not as with some people, I enjoyed this changing, for it generally meant stopping at an

unknown place (I mean unknown to me, in a mnemonic sense), and I always found good material to turn to account in such "stops."

When I had any time to spare in a "new" town, this was my *modus operandi*: I would first visit the police headquarters, where I could generally obtain a great deal of information regarding famous crimes and criminals associated with the place, big accidents, and so forth. Then I proceeded to the Fire Brigade Station, to learn all that I could about important fires that had occurred in the neighbourhood, and the remainder of the time I would fill in by inspecting local cathedrals, churches, museums, etc., from all of which I managed to extract a great deal of valuable information. A few hours spent in the manner described, used to suffice to give me nearly all the history of the place I wished for.

Then again, I used to take every opportunity of interviewing distinguished people—I mean distinguished in either a good or a bad sense. For instance, when I was in

Ireland I had two special interviews with the noted Fitz-Harris, alias "Skin-the-Goat," and he related to me in all its details the terrible story of the Phoenix Park murders on May 6th, 1882, when, it will be remembered, Mr. Burke and Lord Cavendish were murdered in Phoenix Park, Dublin, by the Fenians. Since Fitz-Harris only came out of Maryborough Gaol, in which he had served seventeen years and eight months for complicity in the murder, in August, 1900, at the risk of repetition, it may be worth while giving his version of the crime, as that of an eye-witness: Said he: "It having been decided amongst the Fenians that Mr. Burke was to die, it was arranged that the conspirators on a certain day should take a jaunting-car to one of the approaches to Phoenix Park, in the vicinity of the Vice-Regal Lodge, dismounting there and entering the park, and lying in wait for Mr. Burke, who often took exercise therein.

I was a licensed jaunting-car driver, and a Fenian, therefore I was approached,

and consented to drive the gang on their fateful mission. Arrived at the spot, several people passed, in turn, and the conspirators, not knowing Burke, were unaware whether or not he had passed them. But a man named Carey (who afterwards turned informer, and was murdered), who knew Burke by sight, was hard by, and he, when he saw Burke approach, gave the signal by dropping a white handkerchief. It so happened that with Mr. Burke was Lord Frederick Cavendish, who had only arrived in Dublin that day to take up his duties as Secretary for Ireland, and when the conspirators surrounded Burke, Cavendish was told that he was not wanted. He would not leave Burke, however, and soon both gentlemen were stabbed in the mouth with double-bladed knives, and thus dispatched, and the murderers then drove off post haste."

The sequel is too well known for narration here, but it is curious to learn from Fitz-Harris that, at the time the murder occurred, football was in progress

in the Park, and that Lord Spencer, then the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, looking out on the Park from the windows of the Vice-Regal Lodge, saw in the distance the conspirators surrounding Burke and Cavendish, and mistook the *melée* for a football scrimmage!

Fitz-Harris, who is now at work for the Corporation of the City of Dublin, told me that Burke was hated by the Fenians, because, they held, he poisoned the mind of every incoming Lord-Lieutenant against Home Rule. Against Cavendish they had no grudge—it was his fate, in being in Burke's company! Fitz-Harris bears deeply the imprint of prison life, or rather discipline, although he says he was treated well by the prison authorities. I should say he has fully "worked out" his share in one of the most diabolical plots of recent times.

It was when I was in Birmingham that I met Jem Mace, a man whose name is one of the most familiar to pugilists of the old school, for Mace, when in his prime, was

champion of the world "in the ring." Those were the days before boxing-gloves came into vogue, and terrible indeed were some of the encounters. After our introduction, I astonished Mace by relating to him details of his famous fights with King, Joe Goss, and Sam Hurst. The ready and correct version I gave him of each fight, in turn, fairly warmed the old veteran's blood, and made his pulse beat quicker, whilst, smiling, he rose, and, stepping up to one of the many sporting almanacs handy, searched it, to refresh his memory. He himself had actually forgotten the correct dates of some of his own fights, but he had not caught me napping, and he gave me credit for knowing, in that particular line, more about himself than he knew!

Another time I was appearing in Bradford, when Mr. Wilson Barrett's Company was there, at the Theatre Royal, and the cast included the oldest living actor still "on the boards" in England, Joseph Cave. Unknown to me, one night Cave came to the Hall I was "answering" in, and some-

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

one in the audience, spotting the veteran, promptly asked: "What is the age of Joe Cave?" But I was ready with the answer, stating that Cave was born on October 21st, 1823. Cave himself was so pleased with my correct reply, that he afterwards wrote me a very kindly-worded letter, in which he expressed his admiration of my powers; to use his own language, I had fairly astonished him. I have the letter now, and I shall carefully preserve it, as a mark of esteem from the oldest actor in England.

You know with what a strong "burr" the working folk in the North of England speak. One night, when I was giving a performance in South Shields, a burly yokel kept shouting in a loud, husky voice at intervals of a minute, "When was aah married?" At first I took no notice of him, but this had no effect. He thought he had put me a "poser," so I waited until I had answered all the questions my length of turn would allow, and then, just as I was leaving the stage, throwing my voice in his direction, I called out in my loudest tones,

ON TOUR.

“On the First of April,” and the applause which filled the building as I walked off the stage left no doubt in my mind as to the “hit” having taken—nor were the South Shields Press slow to recognise the fact the next day.

An amusing thing also occurred during a performance in Glasgow. When I was about half-way through, someone asked me, in a most solemn tone of voice, if I could give the date when public-houses were first closed on Sundays in Scotland. I supplied the questioner with the desired information, and then added, in an apologetic tone of voice, “but at the present time it’s quite possible to get a drink in a public-house on Sundays,” and the audience seemed to appreciate the truth of the observation!

I have been non-plussed on more than one occasion, but it has not been due to ignorance on my part of the date asked me. For instance, when touring in Ireland, on the occasion of a performance in quite a provincial place, I was asked the year of Cromwell’s birth. No sooner had the

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

question left the lips of the person who framed it, than the building was filled with hisses and groans, and it seemed as though there was trouble in store for somebody. I knew when Cromwell was born and his personal history, and realised how bitterly he was hated by the Irish people, by reason of his Drogheda and other massacres in Ireland, so, acting on a sudden inspiration, I roared with all my might, "Cromwell, Cromwell, who is he? I never heard of him!" and the sally saved the situation, for the next moment the audience was as orderly and good-humoured as an Irish audience can be, when it likes.

It was whilst in Ireland that I was asked, "Who was St. Patrick?" The query was not put into the proper form, i.e., that of a request for a date, and I was not bound to answer, but I thought I would oblige, seeing that the question was a humorous one, and I had an answer on the tip of my tongue. Before I could deliver it, however, someone amongst the audience

ON TOUR.

shouted out "A Norwegian"—and—I let it go at that!

It might be imagined that when I am "on tour" I have an easier time of it, so far as the degree of difficulty of the questions put to me is concerned, but it is not so. On the contrary, I find it harder to satisfy the intellectual cravings of provincial audiences than those in London. It is not because the questions themselves are actually more difficult to answer, but it is because they are often local, and, at any rate, quite different from the ordinary run of "London" questions. When in the Metropolis, from force of habit, I seem to expect all that is asked of me, but when in the provinces, and Scotland and Ireland, I am continually moving from place to place, and each centre has, so to speak, its own coterie of questions for me, many of them relating wholly to certain historical dates connected with each particular place, and I have to spend a great deal of time in compiling special information in each fresh town I visit.

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

But this I would say, that a town I have once "read up" rarely afterwards presents any difficulty to me, so that, after I have been "on tour" a few more times, I expect I shall find it quite as easy to give the correct answer then, as when I am at home, in London.

CHAPTER IX.

“JACK THE ROVER,” AND OTHER EXPERIENCES.

I SUPPOSE, with powers such as mine, it is only natural, when I get into company where I am not recognised as “Dats,” and pass for quite an ordinary working man, that people are astonished to hear me answer difficult questions correctly, and with such an air of authority—the latter is due to the confidence I have in myself and constant practice.

Not infrequently I have had some very amusing experiences amongst strangers with whom I have been casually thrown into contact, especially in the provinces, for there I am by no means as well-known as I am in the Metropolis. One of the best occurred when I was travelling in Kent. It is my native county—for I am a “Man of Kent,” born on the east side of the Medway, and I am greatly attached to it,

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

often going down there for a little relaxation from the busy hum of Town life. On this particular occasion I was taking a week's holiday, and, having secured my ticket at New Cross for Ashford, on the South-Eastern and Chatham line, being late, I had to get into a carriage which had almost its full complement of passengers, among whom were two clergymen, one an elderly gentleman, and the other quite youthful. Soon after we had started, they, and the other passengers, commenced to while away the time by asking conundrums, and presently, turning to me, one of the reverend gentlemen asked me whether I knew any. At first, thinking they might possibly be card-sharpers in disguise, seeking some suitable introduction for the "three-card trick," I replied in the negative.

As time went on, however, I saw that I had made a mistake in my judgment, and when, later, the elderly gentleman again asked me for a conundrum, I replied: "I presume you are a clergyman?" "Yes,"

“ JACK THE ROVER,” AND OTHER EXPERIENCES.

said he. “ Then, I take it you are well versed in the Bible—of course?” “ Yes—certainly,” came the answer, quickly. “ Now, then,” I continued, “ I am going to ask you something which isn’t exactly a conundrum ; can you tell me how many letters there are in the Bible?” He readily acknowledged that he was unable to do so, and so I gave him the number—3,566,480—and no one in the carriage contradicted me!

I now saw my chance to score, for by this time, interest in conundrums had died out, and all eyes were centred on me, so, eyeing my man gravely, I solemnly inquired whether he could give me the number of words, verses, chapters, and books in the Holy Book? He replied that he could not, and so again I supplied the information. Once more I questioned the clergyman, who was by this time quite nervous with excitement, and so I asked him if he knew how many times the word “ Lord ” occurred. He didn’t!—but I did, and I soon gave the correct number.

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

However, now the clerical gentlemen threw down the gage, and, taking up the questioning, propounded me certain queries on Greek History and other classical subjects, all of which I answered without any difficulty, and if the other passengers had been astounded with my answers before, now they were thunderstruck with amazement. At last, just as we were nearing our destination, my questioners asked my name, and, not wishing to disclose my identity, and so give the game away, I carelessly replied "Oh, I'm 'Jack the Rover,' the travelling stoker," and since by this time we had drawn up alongside the platform of Ashford Station, I added: "Don't ask me any more conundrums!" and hastily quitted the compartment, leaving my late fellow-passengers more in a maze of wonderment as to my identity than ever! I, for my part, have often wondered whether either or both of the reverend gentlemen have ever found out who was "Jack the Rover." If they haven't, they will probably do so now, and

here let me apologise to them for my seeming incivility in refusing to give my name when asked for it; to which I would also add that I hope, if they ever meet me again, they will not hesitate to ask me a few more conundrums—and more difficult ones this time!

Then I was performing at Liverpool, in May, 1903. The Assizes were being held at the time, and I obtained permission to be present at the trial of the mutineers of the ship "Veronica," who were charged with murder on the high seas. The trial lasted three days, and concluded at five minutes past nine on May 15th, the three prisoners being found guilty, and sentenced to death. I was due on the stage at ten o'clock, or in less than an hour from the moment sentence was delivered. No sooner did I appear before the footlights, than someone shouted, "When did the 'Veronica' trial finish?" and my answer, "At five minutes past nine this evening," took the whole audience by surprise. It so happened that the next day I was sitting

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

in the hotel discussing the trial that I and my fellow-artists had witnessed, when, after a time, we began to talk about the method of executing criminals. As I was describing the details of the last dread scene, I noticed that a number of strangers had grouped themselves around us, to listen to our conversation. Presently I was quietly told that they mistook me for Billington, the executioner, so, fearing unexpected and possibly unpleasant developments, I quitted the room as soon as possible! Whereof the moral is, it isn't wise to know too much about some things!

If there is one thing more than another that I am interested in, although the subject is usually voted an extremely dry one, it is "railways." Having been connected with them in a very humble capacity in my youth, I have always retained the interest I developed at that period, and it is now a pet diversion of mine to choose some out-of-the-way station on the Midland, Great Northern, London and South-Western, or any other lines, and repeat the stations in

“ JACK THE ROVER,” AND OTHER EXPERIENCES.

order therefrom to the terminus, in either direction. Often when doing this I unconsciously revert to speaking aloud, and on more than one occasion this has led to some curious and amusing experiences, of which the following is one of the best:—

I had been down into Kent for a change of air, and, missing one of the famous South-Eastern and Chatham express trains, I found that I was doomed to wait for a weary hour on the up platform of Ashford Station. To while away the monotony, I began to run through a list of stations from Ashford, up and down the line, main, and the several branches.

While engaged in this time-killing occupation, I noticed that one of the station officials was eyeing me rather narrowly, and soon the individual in question came straight up to me, and said, in a querulous tone of voice, “ You’ve got a fine eyesight, sir.” I looked up, and, seeing in front of me, but some ten yards distant, a large time-table board, it instantly flashed across my mind that the official actually

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

imagined that I was reading off the stations from it!

Wishing to continue the illusion, I made no reply, but went on repeating the stations in their correct order, and my anxious inquirer, amazed, left me exercising, as he firmly believed, my marvellous powers of vision, and doubtless lost no time in informing his *confrères* of that which he had seen.

Needless to say, it would have been absolutely impossible for anyone to have read the contents of the time-table from the spot where I stood, but then the official had probably never heard of a "human time-table," for that is what I have occasionally been termed, and took it for granted that I possessed "freak" eyesight!

CHAPTER X.

PRESS OPINIONS.

I HOPE I shall not be considered too egotistical in having included a chapter on "Press Opinions," considering the fact that, naturally, those opinions wholly concern myself, or rather my mnemonic powers. My only excuse is, such flattering notices have been bestowed on me in practically all the leading papers, from time to time, that I wish to mark my appreciation thereof by mentioning them here, or, at least, a selection of them.

Before I do so, it will not be irregular on my part to refer to the kindly and considerate treatment which has always been accorded me by the gentlemen of the Press, and in every way. Never having

appeared in print until I started my professional career, at first I had serious misgivings as to what the papers would say of me. I imagined that, because I was rough and uncultured, I should be "slated," told in rather plain language that I ought to learn manners before making an essay on the stage, etc., etc.; but nothing of the sort. From the first, nothing but kindness was shown me, my shortcomings were either considerately kept in the background or referred to as the inevitable sequel to my bringing-up and surroundings, and my mnemonic feats were awarded such loud and consistent praise that I was encouraged beyond measure. I can truly say that the support I have always been granted by the Press has had no small share in spurring me on to accomplish greater things.

I will give precedence to the "Times," the old "Thunderer," who has, in turn, helped to dethrone "quacks," and ever sought to aid genuine workers to establish themselves in the reputation of the public. Here is one of the notices accorded me by

PRESS OPINIONS.

that journal, and one which I am, with justice, proud of:—"Not the least entertaining part of the programme at the Palace Theatre just now is the performance of one 'Datas' . . . a 'man with a marvellous memory.' 'Datas' has dates and facts at his fingers' ends in a profusion which would fill the ordinary candidate for examination with envy and his examiner with confusion. But he 'specializes' in disasters and calamities. Those who like to feel their flesh creep will rejoice to find in 'Datas' a living anthology of long-told tales of woe."

This, from the "Morning Post," certainly gives me a "knock" on the matter of pronunciation, but then, unlike the writer of the criticism, I have never been to school!—" 'Datas,' or 'the Living Encyclopædia' as he is called, afforded great and varied scope for the questionings of those of an inquiring turn of mind. Among the would-be 'posers' put by an Imperial Yeoman, 'fortified' with the correct particulars inscribed on his cuff, was to give the territorial titles of all regiments from No. 25 to

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

No. 50, inclusive. This feat of memory was successfully accomplished. Asked the date of Napoleon's birth, he not only gave it, but added some interesting information concerning 'Jossie-fine' and 'H.M.S. Ballyruffian.' His is an astonishing display."

The "Standard," among other journals, has dubbed me "a Living Encyclopædia," as will be seen from the following notice:—"Among the many other attractions 'Datas' appeared. He is described as a man with a marvellous memory, who can quote thousands of dates and answer any questions relating to important events. He is said to be simply a working-man. He was asked the dates of a great number of public occurrences, and not only gave them at once, but also a short history of the events themselves. He was able, also, to mention the winner of almost any horse race, and the date when it was run. 'Datas' seems, indeed, to be a living Encyclopædia, and promises to be popular at the Palace."

PRESS OPINIONS.

The "Morning Leader" says:—"The man who has an astonishing quickness at mental addition is not new to the Halls. A man absolutely crammed with real historical facts is something of a novelty. He calls himself 'Datas,' and at the Palace gives some specimens of his marvellous powers. They are really marvellous; for they not only include a recollection of the dates of events pitched on anyhow by people in the audience, but they comprise all the interesting particulars connected with the occasion."

The "Sunday Times" has written of me in glowing terms indeed:—"The twentieth century has not yet had time to assert its productiveness, so far as genius is concerned; however, visitors to the Palace Theatre will find there a Living Encyclopædia named 'Datas,' who only belongs to any past age so far as his short life's span is concerned. He is one more example of the fallacy of the education principle so generally supposed to limit advancement. 'Datas' has extricated himself from elec-

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

trical surroundings, and has discovered a new way to a livelihood. Given a few more such memories, fact-hunters might cease to frequent the reading-room at the British Museum. 'Datas' and others and a good telephone service would take the place of our most notable free library. Questions quail him not; answers fail him not. Indeed, he often gives more information than the query requires."

I am indebted to "To-Day" for a new title, to wit, "A Walking Almanac," for that is how that journal refers to me in one of its notices of my performances. "To-Day" has also said of me:—"Among the many other entertaining items included in the excellent programme Mr. Morton always provides for the patrons of the Palace is a remarkable turn given by a gentleman rejoicing in the name of 'Datas.' I say 'rejoicing' advisedly, for he simply revels in dates—that is the arithmetical, not the horticultural variety. This performer is possessed of an extraordinary memory, which does not allow him to forget

PRESS OPINIONS.

anything he has ever heard. He is as full of facts and figures as the back page of the 'Bits' kind, and proves a veritable dictionary of dates."

The "Referee" goes in for some of my answers, needless to say, of the humorous type. It says:—" 'Datas,' the Memory Man, is still a great favourite at the Palace, and shows that in his answers to his questioners he is as shrewd and clever as he is in his mnemonics. 'Datas' claims to be an illiterate man—sometime a worker in the Crystal Palace Gasworks. But he is a born humorist all the same. His question, 'Is that right, sir?' after answering some querist as to the number of the letters in the Bible, and so on, causes shouts of laughter. On the night I heard him he gave, in addition to his answer as to the next winner of the Derby—'The first past the post—if he's not disqualified'—a smart answer as to the age of Marie Lloyd. 'I never give away a lady's age,' said he. He missed one chance, however. He might have said, 'Ask the 'Referee,' for

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

that paper seems to give the lady's age several times per week in its 'Answers to Correspondents.'

"People are beginning to talk about 'Datas,' the man with an extraordinary memory, now appearing at the Palace," relates "M.A.P." " 'Datas' grows upon one. He answers questions on all sorts of subjects with astonishing accuracy and swiftness. I have heard him nearly half-a-dozen times, and he never seems to make a slip. Sticking his hands into his pockets and walking from side to side of the stage, 'Datas' seems ready to give the particulars of any interesting or purely historical events. The last time I saw him the questions ranged from the date of an Egyptian building to the number of Police Courts in London; from the time when a particular Bill was passed in Parliament to the names of horses ridden by a famous jockey. 'Datas' is also gifted with a certain rough and ready humour that stands him in good stead when every man in the

PRESS OPINIONS.

audience seems to be shouting a different question at the same minute."

Short and pithy are the remarks bestowed on me by the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News." "Much interest is caused by the performance of a gentleman who calls himself 'Datas.' Mr. 'Datas,' if you give him one station on a line, rattles off the entire time-table, and if you require the year of one Derby winner, proceeds through the whole subsequent series!"

The last and most lengthy of my Press notices appeared in the "Evening News." The first part of it will be found amusing, relating, as it does, of what the interviewer expected to find, and what he did find!—"The dark, well-knit young man who is appearing under the nom du théâtre of 'Datas' at the Palace is a human Haydn's Dictionary brought up to date. For six weeks he has answered, quick as thought, all sorts and kinds of questioners on subjects of historical or public interest. He predicts

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

nothing, but forgets nothing that he has ever heard or read. An interviewer who went to his dressing room ten minutes before 'Datas's' turn was due last night expected to find him plunged in a feverish rehearsal of dates arranged in chronological order. He was smoking a briar pipe, and there was no other historical record in the room than an evening paper. In the same breath he will tell you, if four questions are fired at him almost simultaneously from different parts of the house, when President Lincoln was shot, when the Westminster School was established, the name of the winner of the St. Leger twenty years ago, and when the first printed book appeared. He seems to specialise in dates of murders and calamities, for he gives gruesome details, but he is just as happy in telling you when Henry VIII. married his fourth wife as in naming the date and hour of Dick Burge's sentence. 'Datas' adopts neither mnemonic nor theatrical means to carry him through. He wears a tweed sac suit, and, with hands thrust in his pockets,

PRESS OPINIONS.

walks along the footlights straining to catch the questions. When queries are frivolous, a caustic reply is given, and the laugh is never against the memory marvel.”

You will probably be of the opinion that up to the present I have done well—“in print”—and I admit the impeachment. By way of conclusion, however, let me state that I have every intention of doing better, and in doing so, I hope I may rely on the continued support of the critics.

CHAPTER XI.

A CLOSING WORD.

I MAY be singularly dense, but still I believe that there are some people who imagine that my mnemonic powers are non-existent—that the whole thing is collusion—or, in other words, a fake. Such an idea is, of course, preposterous, but then was it not the Sage of Chelsea who made a striking statement which goes a long way towards corroboration of this article of belief of mine?

Unfortunately, it is generally people possessed of such silly and ignorant notions, who never take the trouble to determine the value of their opinions, if, indeed, there be any value therein! They calmly demonstrate that such mnemonic or other feats are impossible in the natural order of things, and that, therefore, they are achieved by the aid of deception. This

A CLOSING WORD.

hypothesis they probably arrive at on the assumption that in their own cases deception would need to be but thinly-veiled in order to delude, but they apparently forget the fact that there are others who are by no means so easily gulled.

I hold that it is only necessary for a person to hear me once, to be persuaded of the genuineness of my performance, and it will probably surprise most people to learn that there are persons living in this go-ahead twentieth century who believe that it is possible for a music-hall, or any other artist, to gull large and refined audiences nightly for a period of twelve months without scarcely a stop. Folk are still alive, however, who believe that the earth is flat and the sun revolves round it! I fancy this completes my argument!

Some people may have doubted the fact that I was once a gas-stoker, and that not so very long ago. For their enlightenment, I insert the following letter from the Secretary of the Crystal Palace District Gas Company, dated May 30th, 1902,

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

from the Company's offices at Lower Sydenham:—

"MR. W. J. M. BOTTLE.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have much pleasure, in reply to your request, to state you were in this Company's employ in the capacity of a stoker in the Retort House from November, 1891, to September, 1901, and I heartily congratulate you on your success in the use you are making of your phenomenal gift of memory as 'Datas.'

"Yours faithfully

"CHAS. M. C. OHREN,
"Secretary."

I have little more to add. My endeavour throughout this book has been to tell the public all I know of myself and my powers of memory, my system of training them, and a description of the results I have achieved. In doing so, since I have been the central figure from beginning to end,

A CLOSING WORD.

there has been a frequent use of the pronoun in the first person, one I apologise for, trusting it has not been found too wearisome.

For the rest, I venture to hope that my narrative has been found interesting and instructive—that was my double purpose, and, if achieved, I have been successful.

CHAPTER XII.

IMPRESSIONS OF "DATAS."

By the time this chapter of "Datas" on Memory has been reached, the idea will have been grasped that although "Datas" is a comparatively un-educated man, he, from childhood, has developed a marvellous gift of retentiveness, with the result that to-day he has been not inaptly termed "The Living Encyclopædia."

Born in a very humble sphere of life, his ordinary education almost entirely neglected, it would have been practically impossible for "Datas" to have written the foregoing chapters without literary aid to assist him in shaping his ideas and presenting them in proper sequence.

I was out in the Far East at the time when we may say "Datas" became a public man, and I returned to England only a few weeks before I was asked to assist him in writing this volume. It was then

IMPRESSIONS OF "DATAS."

I had the pleasure of an introduction to "Datas."

At first contact he impressed me as being a man who had evolved far beyond the ordinary individual. Judging from his dress and habits, even his speech (in casual conversation), there was nothing to distinguish him from ordinary men, but he had a bright gleam of intelligence in his large, deeply-set eyes, and his high, almost perpendicular, expanse of forehead, and the searching, penetrative glance he directed towards me as I entered the room, told me, plainer than words, of the innate powers of their possessor. And when, having informed him in which country I had lately resided, he volunteered correct information thereon, the sharp, decisive manner in which he delivered the salient points, dates, etc., confirmed my previous opinion regarding him, and I knew, beyond a doubt, that he was an exceedingly clever man, no freak, but a student, and one none the less learned because self-taught!

To go ahead rather quickly, perhaps I

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

may now state that never during the period of close association I have since had with "Datas," have I had any occasion to alter the opinion I formed of him on "first impressions." On the contrary, the more I have known of him, the more I get to know, the stronger the confirmation of my belief in the power of his marvellously developed intelligence.

It must not be supposed that "Datas" has developed his mnemonic powers at the expense—to use a broad term—of everything else. The truth is, that, having had little inclination and less opportunity as a child for education of the ordinary kind, he endeavoured to improve his mind in one direction only—the cultivation of memory. To this specific end all his energies were directed, and with good results, and there is every indication that, had circumstances and surroundings in early life been different with "Datas," those energies would also have been applied in many directions in the pursuit of useful knowledge.

"Datas," however, as he himself has

IMPRESSIONS OF "DATAS."

related, had to turn out before he was nine years of age and battle with the vicissitudes of life. From that period, until he was "discovered" and translated from the retort-house to the music-hall stage, his was a daily round of toil, with little enough chance for improving any mental faculties, but the tenacity with which, throughout, he clung to his memorizing is in itself sufficient proof of the dormant powers he possesses.

Even with his memorizing, think to what great advantage it might have been used had he, in childhood, been taught the value of reasoning, of analysis, of the profundity of abstract thought. As to the latter, it is a curious fact, and one that will doubtless attract general attention, "Datas" has never read a line of fiction. Creations of the human imagination had never a charm for him; his thoughts have been always directed in concrete form; facts only appeal to him, hence in the realm of thought proper, he is a comparative stranger! He has few ideas, one might

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

almost say none; everything of an abstract nature in his brain cells is crowded out to make room for actualities now stored therein; the contrast between the theosophist, the theologian, the poet, the author, the dramatist, or any other type of intellectual manhood and "Datas," could scarcely be greater, and yet the natural limitations of all have decreased, and the potentialities, in proportion, have increased, but in a strangely different sense.

To members of the theosophical cult, "Datas," by reason of his clear mental vision—I refer to his "mind-pictures"—should prove an interesting study, and students of hypnotism, and, in fact, of any of the teachings which take for their bases will-power and its application, thought-power, transmission, etc., would do well to turn their attention to him, for, to the best of my knowledge, up to the present time he has been the subject of no mental experiment whatsoever!

There may be folk who believe that his answers to questions are inspired in some

IMPRESSIONS OF "DATAS."

mysterious manner. This is absurd. "Datas" can only give replies relating to subject matter he has read or heard of—therefore he is not infallible, but, so wide is the extent of his knowledge of historical facts, that he who can catch him tripping must himself be exceedingly wary. Having lived there, I happen to be *au fait* with the history of Great Britain in relation to the Malay Peninsula, and my readers will doubtless agree with me when I say that the Malay Peninsula is practically unknown to the "man in the street" here. One of the first questions I put to "Datas" in private, of course, was "When was Mr. Birch assassinated in Perak?" and, like a shot, came his reply, absolutely correct, by the way—"On November 2nd, 1875, whilst bathing in the Upper Perak River!" "Datas" never misses an opportunity, and since that time I have had to give him a good deal of information, historical and otherwise, concerning the Straits Settlements, Malay States, and Malaya generally.

"Datas" is not a man whose head has

MEMORY, BY "DATAS."

been turned by his good fortune. His habits to-day are almost as frugal as when he was earning an ordinary workman's wages in Lower Sydenham Gasworks. He is a medium smoker, a light drinker, his favourite stimulant being the humble glass of ale, and rich foods and lengthy courses he sedulously avoids.

There is no doubt that a great deal of "Datas'" success is to be attributed to his general steadiness, if one may use such a term. He is constantly studying, or rather, memorizing, and the process is an exhausting one, which makes no small inroads on his mental system, and to repair the waste, he needs must live a careful life. Exercise enters into his daily curriculum in the shape of "a walk," but he thinks as he walks, and never misses a chance of acquiring information when "roaming abroad, at leisure." Apart from this, however, he has no recreation, and, to quote his own words, he doesn't need any—beyond books, journals, magazines, and any other reading matter he can lay his hands on!

IMPRESSIONS OF "DATAS."

In proof of the manner in which "Datas" husbanded his powers, I do not think I can do better than quote a record he holds, namely, the unique distinction of being the only British music-hall artist who has appeared every night, six days a week, and sometimes several matinées included, for twelve months, without a break! "Datas" accomplished this at the London Palace Theatre of Varieties, where he fulfilled a year's engagement from 11th January, 1902, till 20th December, 1902.

When one remembers the harassing nature of his "turn" and the enormous amount of matter he must have committed to memory in order to have successfully withstood the nightly fusillade of questions during this long period, one cannot but admire the tenacity and vigour of "Datas" and wish him, as I do most heartily, in concluding this chapter, "long-continued success."

EDWARD E. LONG.

DEBRET'S
Genealogical Chart

OF THE

Kings & Queens of England,

CERTIFIED BY THE

COLLEGE OF ARMS.

Published at 1/- paper, 2/6 on linen, by

GALE & POLDEN, LTD.,

2, AMEN CORNER, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS ON
 PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT, ETC., PUB-
 LISHED BY GALE & POLDEN, LTD., 2,
 AMEN CORNER, PATERNOSTER ROW,
 LONDON, E.C.

STRENGTH: And How to Obtain it. s. d.

By SANDOW. With Anatomical Chart showing Exercises for Physical Development of Men, Women, and Children. Mr. SANDOW has thoroughly *Revised* and brought up to date the present edition, and has also added much additional matter, including chapters on "Physical Culture for Women" and "Physical Culture for the Middle Aged" ... 2 6

The Anatomical Chart can be obtained separately from the book, price 1/-, or mounted on linen ... 1 6

Physical Culture and Self-defense.

By ROBERT FITZSIMMONS, Champion Middle-Weight Fighter of the World, Champion Heavy-Weight Fighter of the World, 1897-1899. He treats in a most exhaustive and conclusive manner the following wide range of subjects:—The way to Breathe, School-room Exercising, How to reduce Weight, Exercising of Women, Lessons on rearing Children, First Lessons on Boxing. To prospective Athletes: How to Land Blows, Boxing, the famous fights of Robert Fitzsimmons, etc., etc. 5 0

BOXING: The Modern System of Glove Fighting.

By Capt. W. EDGEWORTH-JOHNSTONE, Heavy-Weight Amateur Champion of England, 1895 and 1896. Profusely illustrated with upwards of 40 full page illustrations from Photographs specially taken, together with Portraits and Records of "Kid" Lavigne, "Pedlar" Palmer, etc. ... 2 6

Running Recollections : and How to Train. *s. d.*

Being an autobiography of A. R. Downer, Champion Sprinter of the World, and short Biographical Sketches of E. C. Bredin (with his ideas on Training), Len Hurst, Fred Bacon, George Blenner-Hasset Tindler, with method of Training in the early part of the last century, and notes on training for boys 2 6

Breathing, the Art of.

As applied to Physical Development, with Respiratory Exercises for Children and Adults. By Surgeon-Capt. HOPER-DIXON, R.A.M.C. 1 0

***The Theory of Physical Education in Elementary Schools.**

By THOMAS CHESTERTON, Organizing Teacher of Physical Education to the School Board for London. Late Chief Instructor at the Aldershot Gymnasium. First-class (Advanced) Certificates for Physiology and Hygiene from the Science Department, South Kensington. Founder of the British College of Physical Education. Illustrated. Revised Edition 3 0

**This work has been adopted by the London School Board for use in their Schools, and is placed on the Board's Requisition List.*

†Manual of Drill and Physical Exercises.

With or without Dumb-bells or Music. By THOMAS CHESTERTON. Carefully Illustrated with upwards of 150 Plates. Revised Edition. With an introduction by CHARLES ROBERTS, F.R.C.S. ... 3 0

For the use of Teachers in Day and Evening Schools, Instructors of Physical Exercises, etc., as taught at the Military Gymnasias at home and abroad, also in the London and other Board Schools, Principal Public Schools, Civil Gymnasias, Polytechnic Institutions, and Evening Classes throughout the Country.

†This work has been adopted by the London School Board for use in their Schools; and also by the Director-General of Military Education, for use in all Army Schools. The Authorities of Battersea, Chelsea, Borough Road, and Hammersmith Training Colleges for Teachers, have also approved and adopted it exclusively for the use of their students.

The Manual of Drill and Wand Exercises s. d.
 (with or without Music)

For use in Elementary and Secondary Schools, Evening Continuation Schools, Gymnastic Classes, Boys' Brigades, etc. By THOMAS CHESTERTON ... 1 0

The book is profusely illustrated from photographs in order to dispense, as far as possible, with lengthy explanations.

The Exercises shown are suitable for the physical training of children or adolescents of either sex, movements for every part of the body being introduced, and the number of variations are almost unlimited.

The *Board Teacher* says : " This book will be welcomed by teachers as containing a series of Exercises of a simple character, which will give an added interest and value to the lessons already given in drill. The book is well illustrated.

How to Keep "Fit :"

Or the Soldier's Guide to Health in Field, Camp and Quarters. Compiled by Surgeon-Captain H. WAITE, Volunteer Medical Staff ... 0 3

Physical Training, The Army Handbook of.

Containing Leg Exercises, Free Gymnastics, Exercises with Dummy Rifles, Physical Drill with Arms, Dumb-bell Exercises, Jumping, Horizontal Bar, and Parallel Bars. Fully Illustrated with 46 Plates ... 1 0

Free Gymnastics and Light Dumb-Bell Drill, as practised at the Gymnasia at Aldershot.

By Sergeant-Major NOAKES, Gymnastic Staff. 2nd Edition. Fully Illustrated with 49 Plates ... 1 6

Physical Training without Arms.

Illustrated with 26 Plates. 3rd Edition.

Paper Covers ... 0 9

Bound in Cloth... 1 0

"Physical Training Without Arms Made Easy,' with its numerous and rich plates, and costing but a shilling, ought to be in the hands not only of military men, but all schoolmasters. . . It is a most useful, handy, and interesting volume. . . Its hints and directions are invaluable."—*Bury Free Press*.

Physical Drill With Arms Made Easy, in accordance with the New Drill. s. d.

Illustrated with 36 Plates, as taught at Aldershot

Paper Covers... 0 9

Bound in Cloth... 1 0

"An invaluable little book, for, thanks to the admirably drawn plates, of which there are thirty-six, it will be of great use to the thousands of desk-workers who can get no such training as that of the soldier, and for whose health it is at least as necessary."—*United Service Gazette.*

Gymnastics. Upwards of 100 Tricks and Exercises on the Horizontal Bar, and how to do them. BY A. DIMMOCK. ... 1 0

British Army, Official Crests of.

In Packets containing four dozen Designs. All beautifully executed in various coloured relief. Nos. 1 to 19 Packets now ready, others in preparation ... Each 0 6

"We have received from Gale & Polden, Ltd., the well-known Military Publishers, Packets of Regimental Crests. They embrace over 600 varieties, each and all exceedingly well done. We suppose the Dies were primarily executed for the stamping of Regimental Stationery, but embossed in various colours on separate circles of paper, as these before us, they form useful and interesting presents to collectors of Armorial Insignia."—*Broad Arrow.*

British Army, Badges and Honours of the.

In Packets containing four dozen Designs. Handsomely Printed in Gold and Colours. Nos. 1 to 10 Packets now ready, others in preparation. Each 0 6

"Gale & Polden, Ltd., have just produced an admirably executed set of Badges and Honours of the British Army. They are printed in gold and colours, and are sold in packets of forty-eight designs each. The idea is a happy one, and well carried out by a firm which seems to be as remarkable for its enterprise as for the excellence of its work."—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

British Army Crest Album.

Containing Honours and Nicknames of the Army, with spaces for all Regimental Crests, Badges, etc. 5 0

"The Album is well got up, and is certain to become popular with our readers. All will take particular

interest in filling up with crests, etc., of the various regiments the blanks left for that purpose, and thus making a most pleasing collection."—*United Service Gazette*. s. d.

Official Crests of the British Army.

Now in daily use. Lithographed in various colours, in one sheet, size 28in. by 18in., comprising 132 designs.

Official Badges of the British Army

Now in daily use. Lithographed in gold and nine colours, in one sheet, size 35in. by 23in., comprising 108 designs. The above two sheets, bound in handsome cover, Post Free 2 6

These can also be supplied flat suitable for framing, and packed in Postal Tube. Post Free 2 6

Mounted on stout boards, with eyelets and cords for hanging up. The Pair 4 6

Per Sheet (unmounted) 2 0

„ „ (mounted to hang up) 3 0

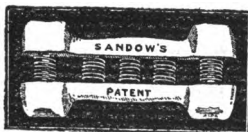
A Concise History of Freemasonry

By ROBERT FREKE-GOULD, Past Senior Grand Deacon of England. Author of "The History of Freemasonry," "The Four Old Lodges," "The Atholl Lodges," "Military Lodges," etc., etc. ... 10 6

Records and Badges of every Regiment and Corps in the British Army.

With Twenty-four Coloured Plates of Colours and Uniforms, and Two Hundred and Thirty Illustrations of the Badges and other Distinctions in the Text. By HENRY MANNERS CHICHESTER, late 85th Regiment, and GEORGE BURGESS-SHORT, late Major, 3rd Battalion The Manchester Regiment. Handsomely bound, Revised Edition 15 0

SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELL.



Perfect for HOME use, for increasing the STRENGTH, Flexibility, and Agility of the Muscular System.

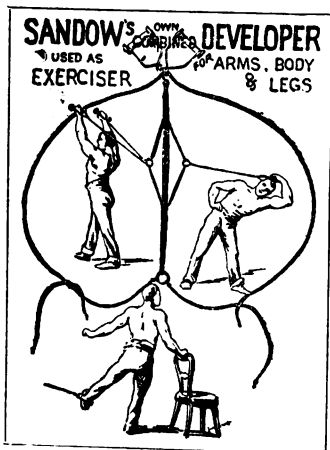
ONE DUMB-BELL LASTS A LIFE-TIME.

For Men, Price 12s. 6d. complete, 3 lbs.

And Enamelled, 7/6.

For YOUTHS, about 2 lbs., 10/6 For BOYS, about 1 lb., 7/6
 „ GIRLS, „ 1 lb., 7/6 „ CHILDREN, „ ½ lb., 5
 „ LADIES, „ 2 lbs., 10/6

Each set consists of a pair of Dumb-bells, Sets of Springs (light, medium, and strong), Chart of Exercises; a Special Initiatory Prescription made out by Mr. Sandow; all packed in a neat Case with Selvyt.



Used in all the Sandow Schools of Physical Culture.

A Combination of
 RUBBER EXERCISER,
 CHEST EXPANDER,
 LIGHT DUMB-BELLS,
 AND
 WEIGHT-LIFTING
 APPARATUS.

The DEVELOPER adapts itself to the Strength of the user, and may be used by a whole family.

LADIES, CHILDREN,
 MEN, ATHLETES.

Packed in strong box with Charts, Foot Attachment, Screw, Hooks, etc.

Price 12s. 6d. with order.

TO BE OBTAINED FROM—

GALE & POLDEN, Ltd.

2, Amen Corner, London, E.C.; and Wellington Works, Aldershot.

University of California Library
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

2 WKS FROM RECEIPT

SEP 28 2001

NON-RENEWABLE

RECEIVED

JUN 16 2004

ARTS LIBRARY

Biomedical Library

MAR 19 2004

2 WEEK

UCLA-ED/PSYCH Library

BF 385 D26m



L 005 590 844 6

Ed. / Psych.
Library

BF
385
D26m

