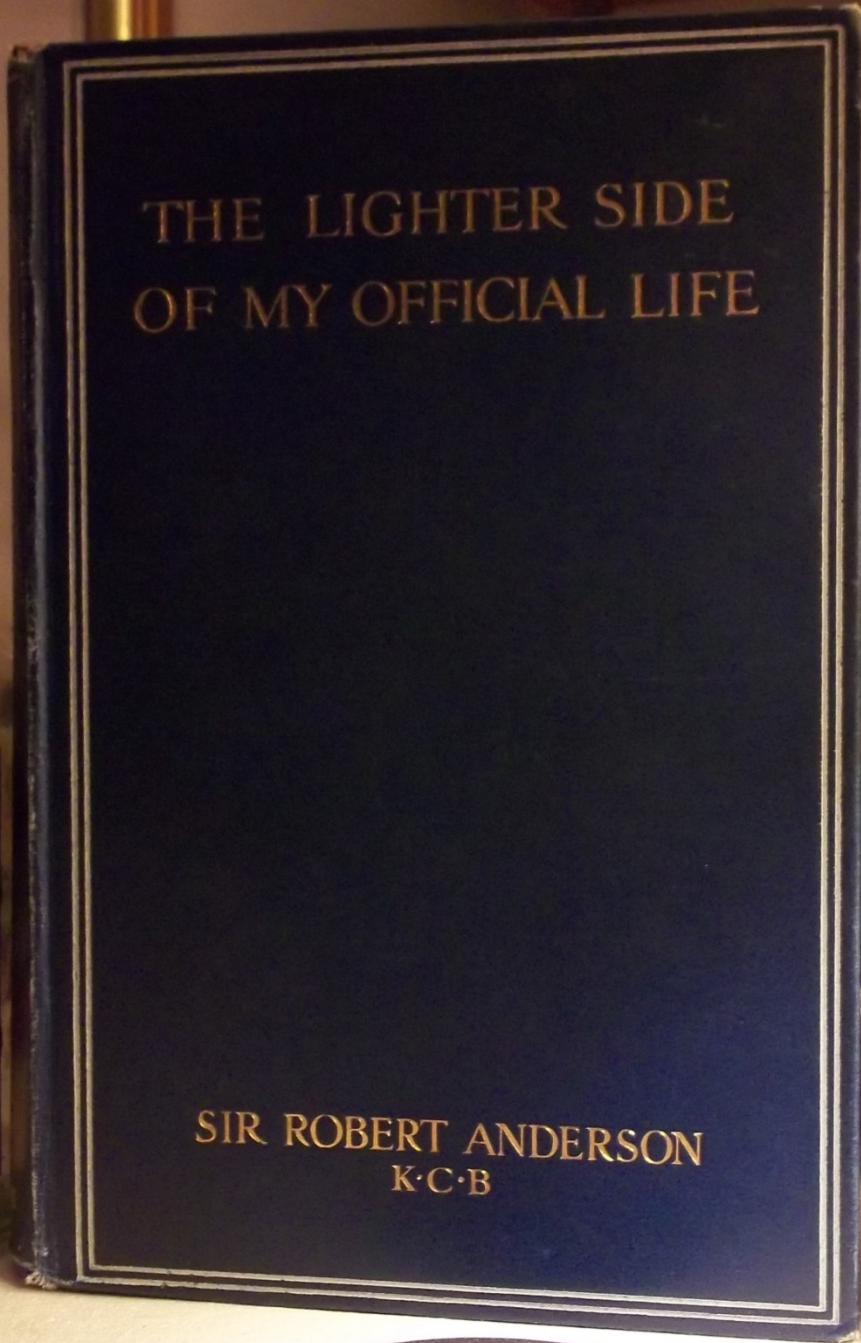


SIR ROBERT'S REVELATION:
A DEFINITELY ASCERTAINED FACT
OR
ANOTHER DEAD END?

18882016

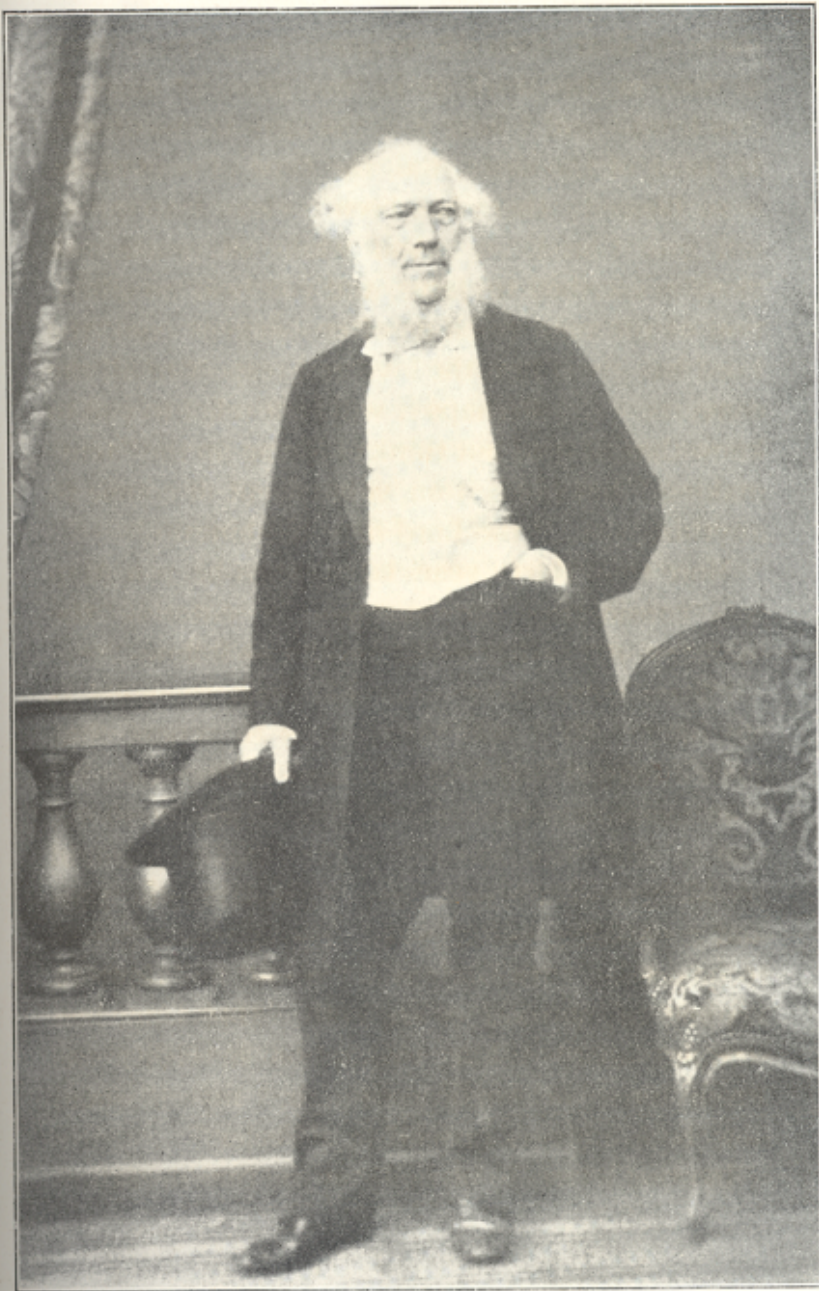




SIR ROBERT ANDERSON AS ASSISTANT-COMMISSIONER OF
METROPOLITAN POLICE



MATTHEW ANDERSON
Sir Robert Anderson's Father



SIR ROBERT ANDERSON'S FATHER.

[To face page 16.]

and to hear him say prayers at night was enough to make a saint out of a sinner.'

My father's elder brother Samuel was at school at Rugby, but he himself was educated privately in Dublin, and for two years in France. The only record of his school-days I have found is of his obtaining 'First Rank Honours' in seven subjects at the Bective House Seminary, at the age of 14.

On leaving school he was given a good opening for a business career in a large brewery; but after eighteen months he turned away from this, and entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated B.A. in 1862 with Moderatorship and medal, receiving the LL.D. of his Alma Mater in 1875.

Of his University life he always cherished pleasant memories, especially associated with the College Historical Society, of which he became Auditor, a position corresponding to that of President of the Union at Oxford or Cambridge. In after years the Librarian, in



ROBERT ANDERSON AS A BOY.

On the silhouette is written: 'This is my portrait as taken at the fair.'

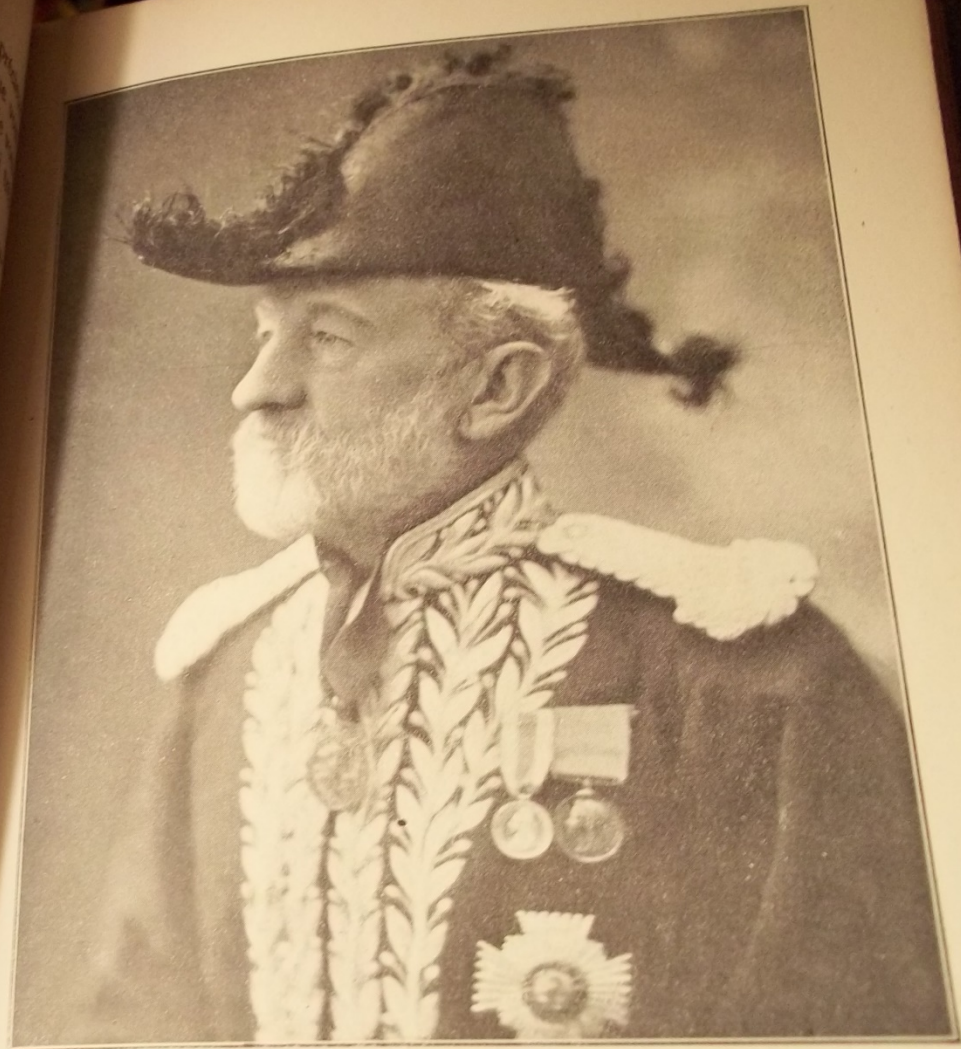
writing to thank him for the gift of books, said, 'The Society wishes to gratification, not only for the immediate honor you have done it, but also for the more permanent distinction which you have conferred upon it as an ex-Auditor and Honorary Member.'

His friend since those college days, Lord Rathmore (then David Plunket), wrote only ten months before Sir Robert's death, 'Your references to the past helped me, like Clarence Mangan's poignant show which the pall of oblivion hides to the gay days when you and Tom Snagge (best and Freeman Wills and Lecky, and many another more or less famous Argonaut, sailed out with you and I now alone remain! And you "on" still with all your remaining canvas. More power to your elbow and to your heart!' And now Lord Rathmore, too, has reached the journey's end.

The story of my father's conversion to Christianity is told recently in the *Life of Faith*. He was brought up in a Christian home and had led a life known as a religious life, with occasional fits of penitence and anxiety; but the conversion of one of his sisters through the services held in Dublin by the Rev. J. Dent

PERSON
 un élément bien
 Exposition de 1900 et
 Je pense que je
 fois. Je pense que
 ne pas oublier que
 vous en faire les honneurs.
 1895 he was made a C.B., receiving the
 announcement in the following autograph
 from the Prime Minister:—
 'Dear Mr. Anderson,—It gives me great
 pleasure to inform you that the
 sure to be authorised to approve that you should
 has been pleased to approve of the value
 created a Companion of the Bath on the occasion
 of the New Year, in recognition of the valuable
 services which you have rendered the communi-
 cation of Police. And it affords me great
 satisfaction to be the instrument of making known
 during your tenure of the office of Assistant Com-
 missioner of Police. On his retirement he was advanced to the rank
 to you Her Majesty's gracious intention.—Believe
 me, yours very truly, Salisbury.'

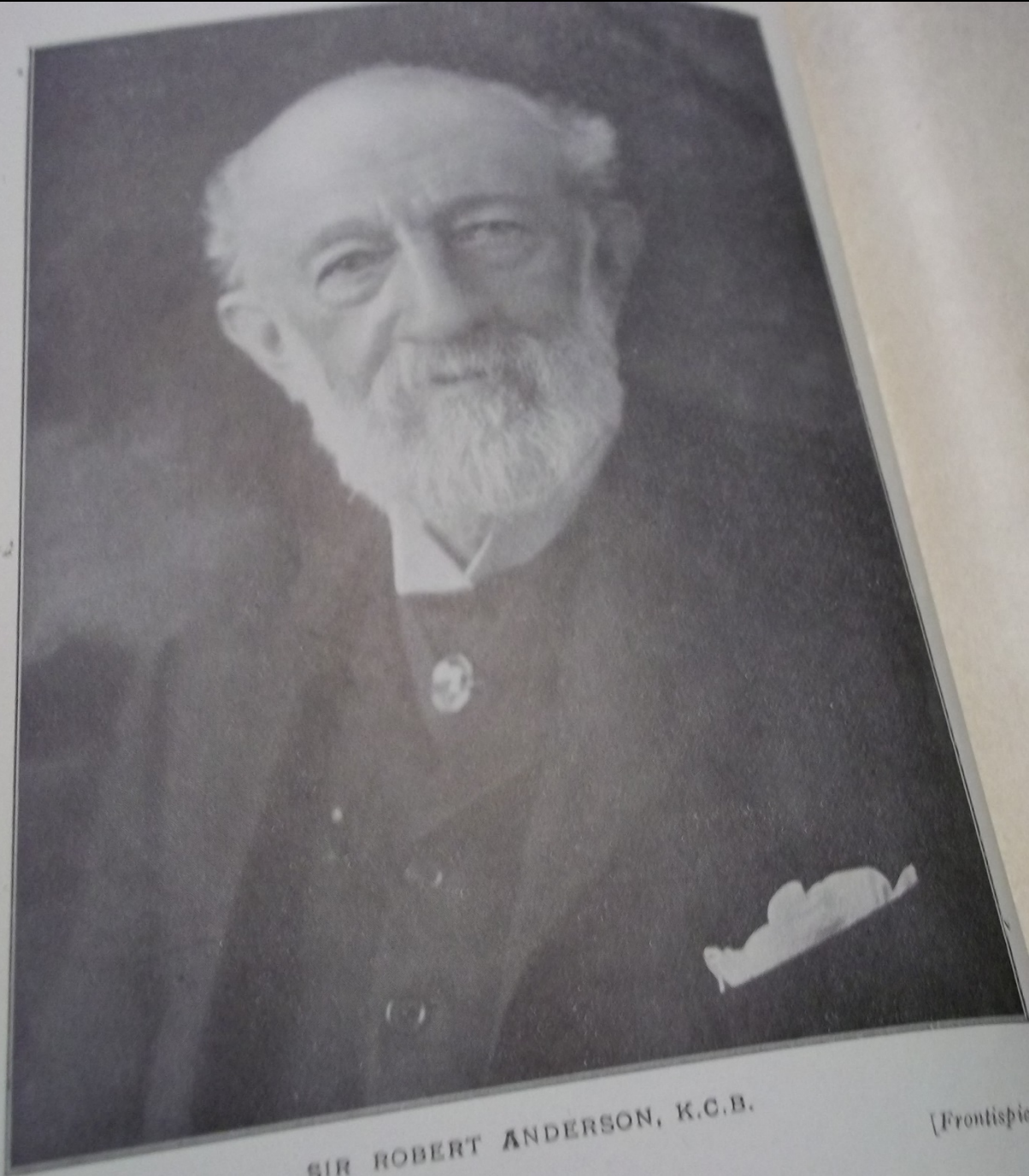
'Oh, but he is a *pioneer*,' said Lord Guthrie,
 the Scottish Judge, when I was introduced to him
 in South Africa as the son of Sir Robert Anderson.
 His reference was of course to my father's
 work on behalf of reform in our methods of deal-
 ing with the various types of criminals, especially
 those whom he styled 'professionals.' In the
19th Century and other reviews and maga-



SIR ROBERT ANDERSON AS ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
 OF METROPOLITAN POLICE.

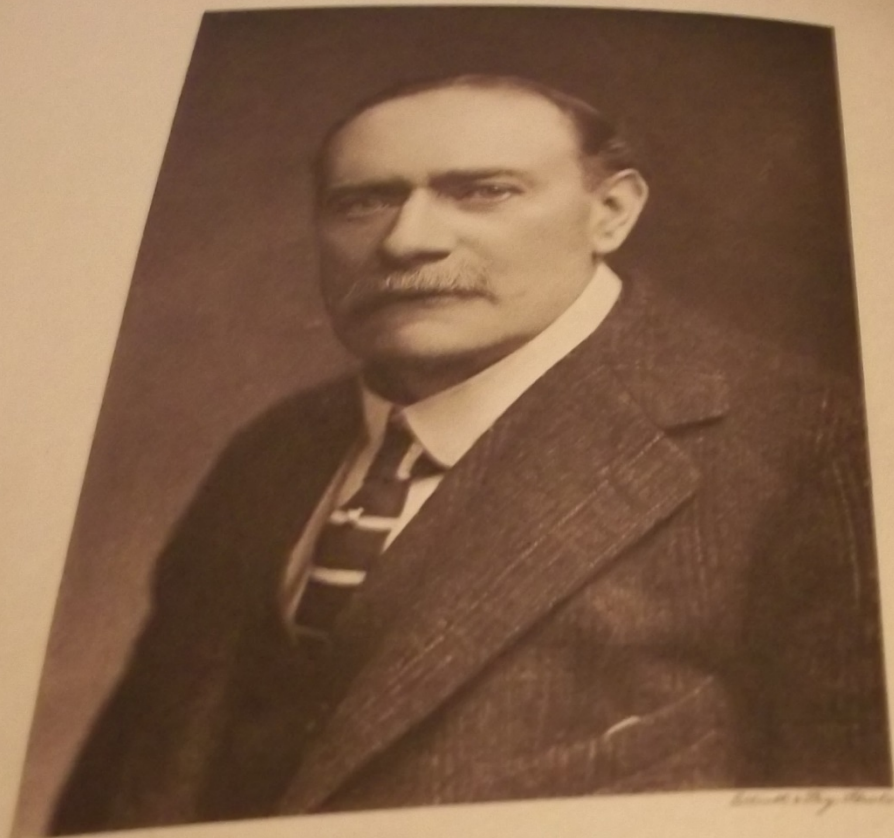
Photo by Adolphus Tear.

[To face page 26.]



SIR ROBERT ANDERSON, K.C.B.

[Frontispiece.]



Portrait by studio

Melville L. Macnaghten.

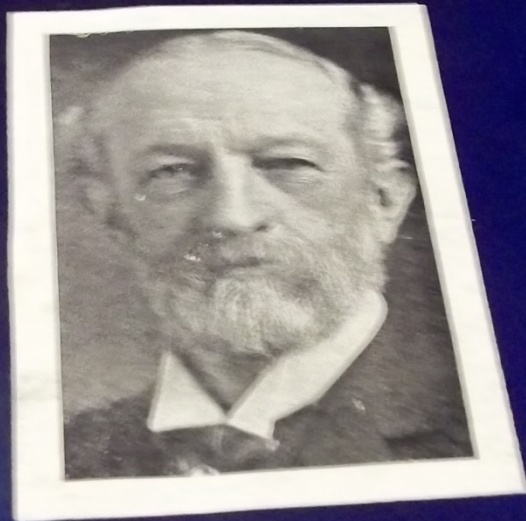
LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD

DAYS OF MY Y

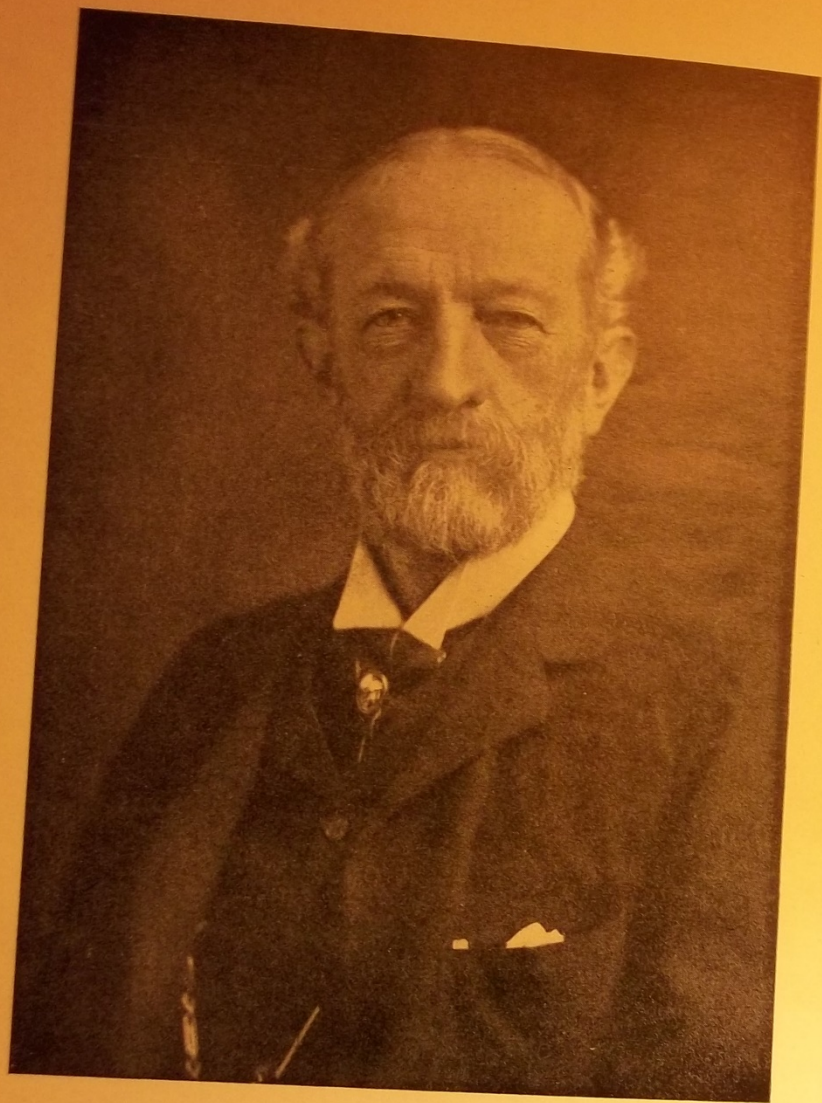
BY
SIR MELVILLE L. MACNAGHTEN

LATE CHIEF OF THE CRIMINAL DIVISION
SCOTLAND YARD

THE LIFE
of
SIR ROBERT ANDERSON



by
A.P. MOORE-ANDERSON M.A., M.D.



SIR ROBERT ANDERSON, K.C.B., LL.D.

SIR ROBERT ANDERSON
K.C.B., LL.D.
and
LADY AGNES ANDERSON

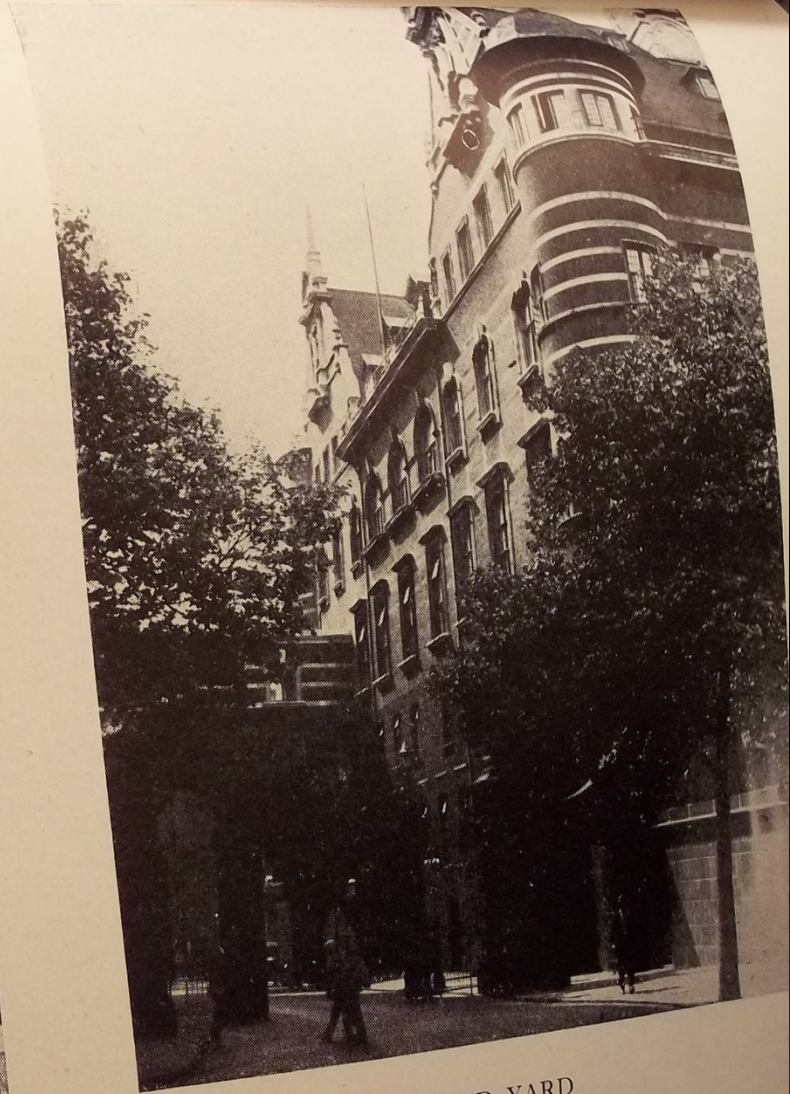
By their Son
A. P. MOORE-ANDERSON
M.A., M.D.(CANTAB.), OF CAPE TOWN

Foreword by
THE RIGHT HON. LORD CALDECOTE
P.C., C.B.E., K.C., M.A.

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LINDEN GARDENS, LONDON, W.
Our house was the second from the left

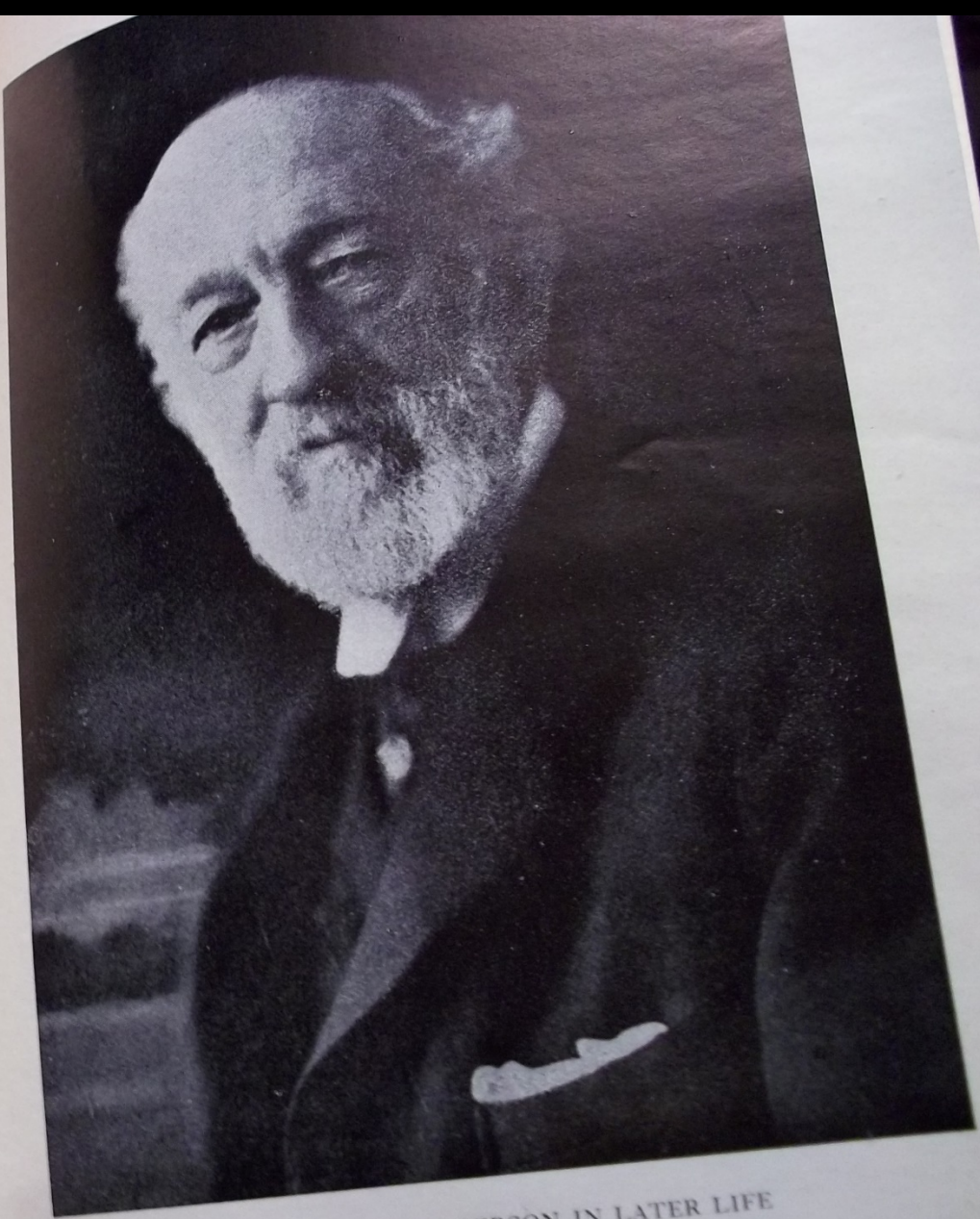


SCOTLAND YARD

... to a scrutiny based
... dabbler in theological questions. And he
... not be supposed however
... the claims of those who would
... platform, the Bible, and substitute for
... of mere professionalism meet with
... And he is not afraid of being
... what he believes to be revived by
... His legal acumen
... against those
... school. His legal acumen
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... a highly inter-
... approximate to
... of the work of the great Reformation; and he dis-
... good stead when he frames his indictment against those
... of the arguments deduced from the patristic writings
... references to the same authorities, many of which he
... standards of truth which closely approximate to
... of an attempt made to induce him to yield to the
... endix on Romish propaganda he gives a highly inter-
... of an attempt made to induce him to yield to the
... erence is to a lengthy correspondence with a
... wrote to my father expressing solicitude for his
... and an earnest desire to see him within the fold
... Church. "Towards the close of our correspon-
... Robert, " he sent me a Catholic treatise to show
... had misjudged his Church. His letter enclosing
... he first definite hint of what I had guessed, that
... rt of a systematic effort to lead selected Pro-
... their submission to Rome. . . . His letter re-
... ; for I am utterly at a loss to know what
... one who ignores or distorts both history and
... tly and earnestly believes in what he calls

platform of the Evangelical Alliance, Sir
movement for the reunion of Christendom
the Church of England with regard to it,
address at a Church Congress which stated
reunion had been implanted by God Him-
self with the wish and prayer of our Divine
Father to challenge every statement in those



SIR ROBERT ANDERSON IN LATER LIFE

CRIMINALS AND
CRIME:

SOME FACTS AND
SUGGESTIONS

BY

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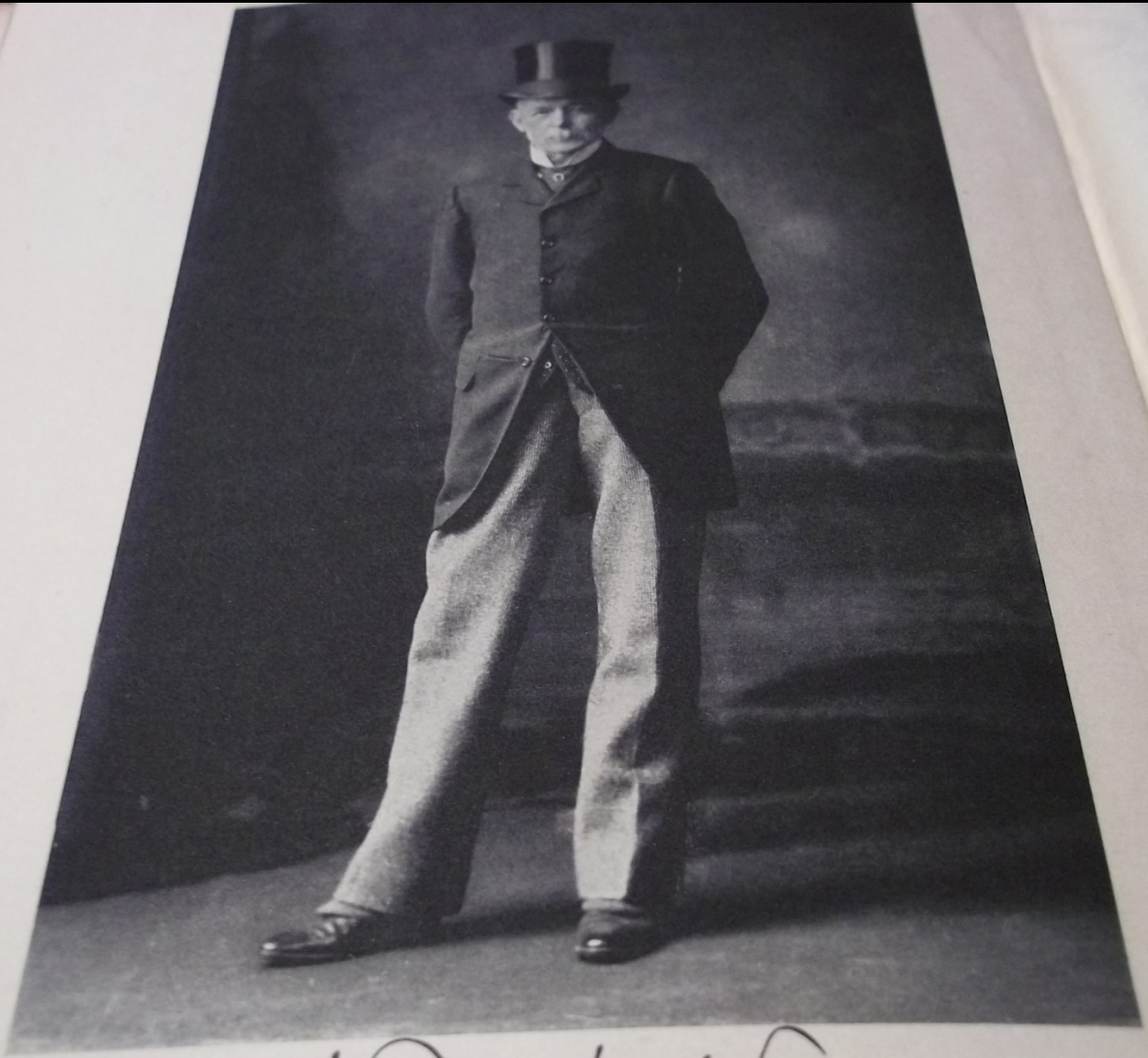
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VICTORIAN LONDON STREET LIFE

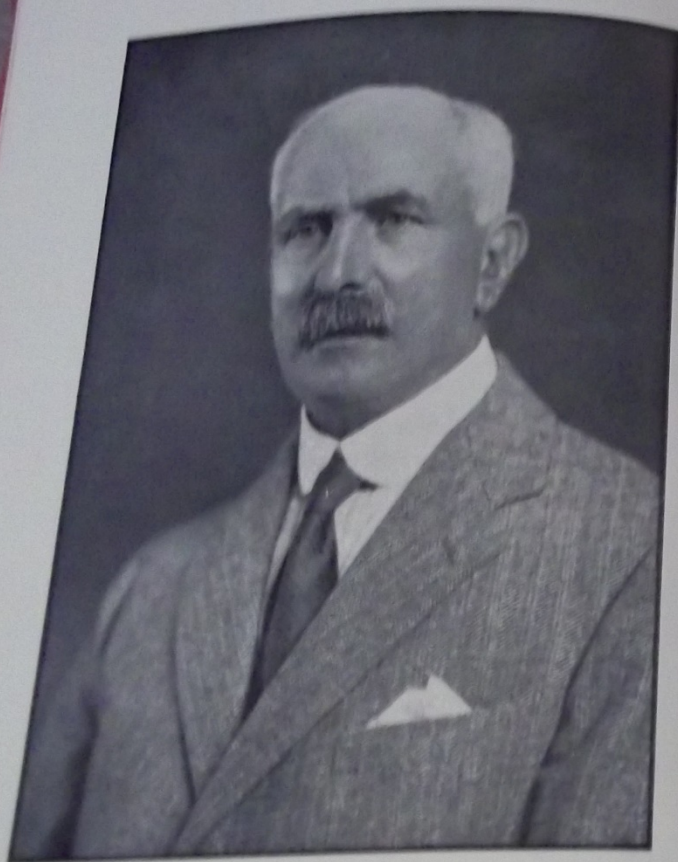
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DAVIES



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Henry Smith.



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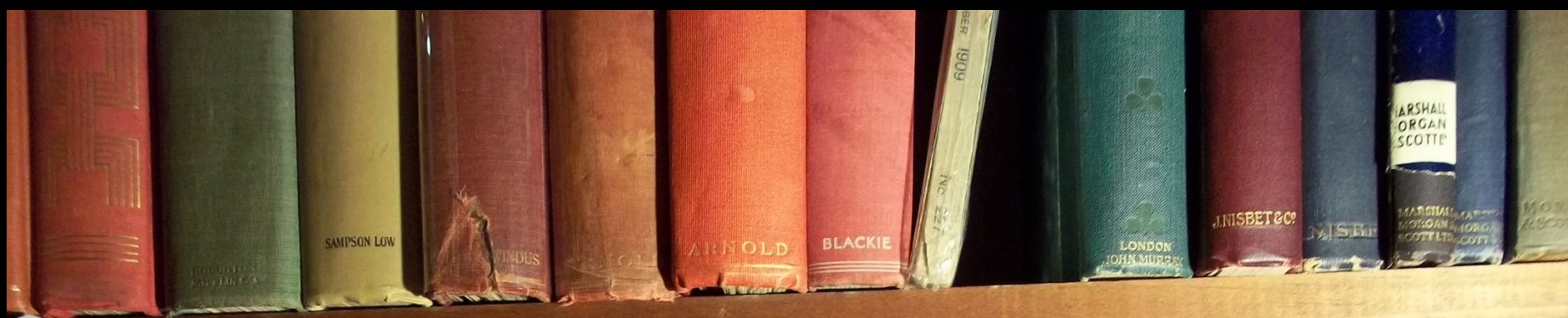
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SIR ROBERT ANDERSON AS ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
OF METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Photo by Adolphus Tear.

[To face page 26.]

"MY REMINISCENCES"

XII

Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B.

Although for many years regarded as a terror to evil-doers and as the chief criminal expert in this country, Sir Robert Anderson, late of Scotland Yard, is by nature a scholar, singularly modest and affable. His theological writings have won him a high place amongst the thinkers of the day. In his books, especially "Crime and Criminals" and "Sidelights on the Home Rule Movement," he narrates more fully his experiences.



WHENEVER my friends press me to write my Reminiscences, I remind them of my resolve first to embark upon salmon-fishing, and then to set about the compilation of a book of Reminiscences, when my mental faculties begin to fail.

I am not vain enough to believe that the particulars of my birth and upbringing are of any interest. I will only say that in the same year which gave the Empire its present ruler I was born in Ireland, of Scottish stock that for several generations had settled in the sister kingdom. And I always imagined I was Irish until the Home Rule movement exhibited to me my error; for, having no "nationalist" aspirations and no tendency to sedition, I could not be "Irish" in the now accepted sense of the word.

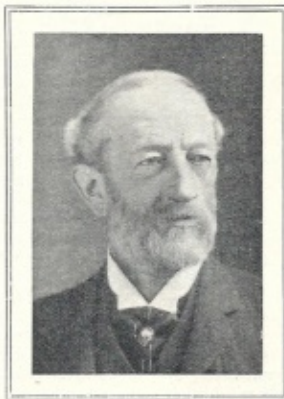
I may add in passing that when I entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a Presbyterian, every member of the governing body and all the fellows and professors belonged to the Established Church, and at that time a spirit of narrowness and bigotry, little known on this side of the Channel, was all too rife outside the walls of Trinity College. It was unknown within them, as my relations both with the "dons" and with my fellow-students abundantly proved. But with neither was the question of my being a Presbyterian

of more account than whether I drank tea or coffee for breakfast.

But Maynooth has changed all that. The pupils there were so separated from life around them that even in the playfields they were generally required to talk in Latin. "Do you mean," I remember asking one of them, "that you have Latin for losing your leg-stump at cricket?" "Yes," he replied, with

a laugh; "but I don't think Cicero would understand it."

My special knowledge of the Fenian movement began with the State Trials of 1865. Not that I was professionally engaged in those prosecutions, for my standing at the Bar was too junior for this. But my father, the Crown Solicitor, was permitted by the law officers to depute the duties of his office to my brother, the late Sir Samuel Lee Anderson, and never was there between brothers a closer friendship than ours. And so it came about that not only were the Crown briefs at my disposal, but also the confidential reports and secret information



SIR ROBERT ANDERSON.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

which had led the Government to bring the leaders of the conspiracy to account.

In those stirring days the Permanent Under Secretary at the Castle was Sir Thomas Larcom. When, after the change of Government in 1866, Lord Mayo (then Lord Naas) was casting about for someone to whom he might entrust a task of an exceptionally confidential kind, the Under Secretary recommended

"My Reminiscences."
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Pertinent Proverbs:
*All's well that
ends well.*

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PURE CONCENTRATED
Cocoa
*"Precious to
the last drop."*

See Page 22.

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NOV.
1909

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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

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me for the work. Though dangerous conspiracies had been rife in Ireland for years, there existed no Secret Service organization or Intelligence Department of any kind at Dublin Castle. America being then the hot-bed of Fenianism, our Minister at Washington and some of our Consuls in the United States procured much valuable information about the progress of the movement, and all their despatches were communicated to the Irish Government. But so secret were they regarded that they were put away without being even "registered" in the Chief Secretary's office. Specially confidential reports from the Irish magistracy and police were treated in the same manner. So it came about that when the new Chief Secretary sought information respecting the history of the conspiracy, the task which confronted him was to master the contents of a cupboard in which all these documents lay heaped up in an undigested mass. And the task which Lord Mayo entrusted to me was that of compiling a *précis* of these secret papers and of the other official archives relating to Fenianism.

Then came the "Fenian rising" of March, 1867. I was paying an after-circuit visit in the country when a summons from the Attorney-General recalled me to Dublin. Some hundreds of the "insurgents" had been marched into the city in custody and, after a very summary magisterial hearing, committed for trial for high treason; and I was charged with the duty of sifting all these cases with a view to selecting those which were worth bringing to trial.

Here again my work was appreciated by Lord Mayo, and I found myself still further drawn into Government employment. That a man of my age should be accorded a position of such responsibility and trust as that which I held in Dublin Castle at this time is explicable in only one way. I was my brother's brother, and therefore credited with the qualities which made him the trusted adviser of the Irish Government in all administrative matters. An exceptional capacity for affairs and imperturbable amiability of temper are rarely combined as they were in his case, and, though not many

years my senior, he was regarded as a Nestor in the councils of "The Castle."

In 1865 an American Fenian named Rickard Burke settled in Birmingham as "arms agent" to the conspiracy. He was a man of such mark in the organization that if the career of the notorious Kelley (the chief organizer) had been cut short by a conviction Burke would have succeeded him as "C.O." This man fell into the hands of the police, and was committed to the House of Detention at Clerkenwell.

We received information of the fullest and most explicit kind that a plot was formed for his rescue, and we sent a warning to London in the following terms: "The rescue of Rickard Burke from prison in London is contemplated. The plan is to blow up the exercise walls by means of gunpowder; the hour between 3 and 4 p.m.; and the signal for 'all right,' a white ball thrown up outside when he is at exercise."

It all occurred exactly as thus described. Change the tenses and it would read as a record of what actually took place. Moreover, an amazing part of the story is that there was a "full-dress rehearsal" of the plot the day before the actual explosion. On the afternoon of December 12th (1867) a barrel of gunpowder was brought to the place on a barrow. The preconcerted signal was given—a white ball was thrown over the wall of the prison yard. Burke "fell out" on the pretence of having a stone in his shoe, and retired to a corner of the yard, which, as was proved next day, was a perfectly safe retreat. For some unaccountable reason, however, the fuse when lighted



AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF SIR ROBERT ANDERSON.
From a Photo. by W. G. Moore.

failed to explode the powder. Consequently the execution of the plot was postponed till the morrow.

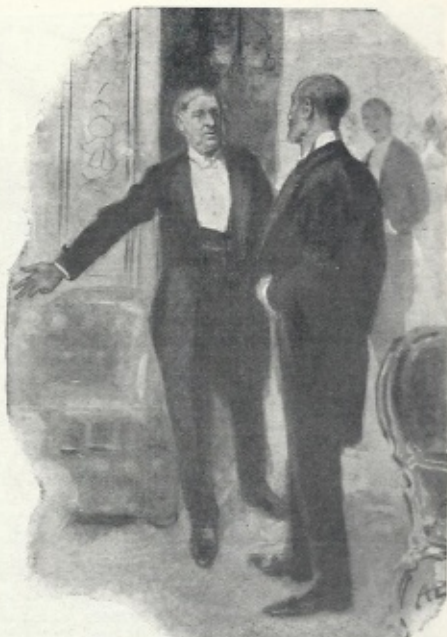
The warning having been unheeded, the conspirators repeated their performance. Once again the cask of powder was rolled to the place agreed upon; the white ball signal was given as before. This time there was no failure—the explosion followed. The prison authorities, however, had taken the precaution of exercising the prisoners in a different yard; and thereby the whole purpose of the plot was thwarted.

A new generation has arisen since then.

Harcourt's guests would bar an opportunity for "talking shop." Vain hope! Sir William tackled me in a characteristic manner the moment I appeared in the drawing-room, without even taking me aside. "Why had I not seized that money?" I pleaded that the law was against me. The "Bah!" with which he turned away from me made me feel that I had fallen grievously in his esteem.

I may mention here another nocturnal experience of a different kind. It was while I was living with Charles Reade, the novelist, long ago in his house at Albert Gate, which he afterwards christened "Naboth's Vineyard." It was this house, by the way, in which Mr. Rolfe received his visitors in "A Terrible Temptation." Late one night, on arriving home, I discovered I had forgotten my latch-key. Unable to rouse the inmates, I decided to enter burglariously. My experiences of criminal courts had given me a theoretical knowledge of the business, and it was with a light heart that I dropped into the area and attacked the kitchen window. Of course, I had no fear of the police. Neither had I any cause to dread a pistol-shot in entering the house. But the kitchen window refused to yield, and such was the effect of spending twenty minutes in that area that the sound of a constable's tread in the garden made me retreat into the coal-cellar. I felt then that my case was desperate. There being no steps to the area, escape was impossible, and a new bolt on the window baffled me. There was nothing for it—I was driven to break the glass. It is extraordinary what a noise it makes to smash a pane of glass when one does it deliberately. To my horror, it was so great that the passers-by were attracted by the sound. Luckily for me, they had no bull's-eye lantern to flash into the area, and as I had again taken refuge in the cellar they could see nothing to account for the noise. As soon as they were gone it was the work of a moment for me to shoot the bolt, open the window, and scramble into the house.

But my adventure doesn't end here. The next morning the police were sent for, and the detectives investigated the crime. The broken glass and the finger-marks gave proof



SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT AND SIR ROBERT ANDERSON.
"The 'Bah!' with which he turned away from me made me feel that I had fallen grievously in his esteem."

of a felonious entry; but nothing was disturbed and nothing was stolen. The case was most mysterious, and it passed into the statistics as an undetected burglary. I need hardly add that when I afterwards told Charles Reade the facts the novelist's delight was unbounded.

As for the moral of my story, it is this. I know the popular idea exists that serious crimes against property are like many serious crimes of violence—*i.e.*, the result of accidental circumstances or sudden passion. It is not so; such crimes are deliberately planned and executed by expert criminals.

When it comes to such special feats as safe-breaking, for example, the men competent for the task are so few that some police-officers could probably write down the names of them all from memory. When a crime of a certain sort occurs, it is not necessary for the police to hold a "Sherlock Holmes" inquiry. The practical problem is to discover what members of certain definitely



"THERE WAS NOTHING FOR IT—I WAS DRIVEN TO BREAK THE GLASS."

known gangs of thieves had a hand, either active or passive, in the crime.

Experience proves that the men competent to plan and execute crimes of a special character are limited in number, and they are definitely known. When such crimes occur, therefore, the list of men who are in that line of business is examined. Some of them are found to be in seclusion—"doing time"; some of them are known to be out of London in the course of their business; others are proved to have been at their registered addresses on the night of the crime. So by elimination the list becomes reduced to working dimensions, and it is not difficult to go on eliminating one name after another till the delinquent is found. But to find the criminal is often easier than to obtain evidence on which to charge him.

On taking charge of the Criminal Investigation Department in 1887, I was no novice in matters relating to criminals and crime.

Besides my experience at the Bar and on the Prison Commission, Secret Service work had kept me in close touch with Scotland Yard for twenty years, and during all that time I had the confidence not only of the chiefs but of the principal detectives. As a consequence, I embarked on my duties with very exceptional advantages. Notwithstanding all this, to my surprise I found myself credited with a vast amount of ignorance by one of my principal subordinates. When any notable crime occurred and I began to investigate it, à la Sherlock Holmes, he used to listen to me in the way many people listen to sermons in church, and at the conclusion he would stolidly announce that the crime was the work of So-and-so, naming one of his stock heroes—"Old Carr," "Wirth," "Sausage," "Shrimps," or "Quiet Joe." And I soon found that my prosaic subordinate was right. Great crimes are the work of great criminals.

There is nothing spontaneous and occasional about the crimes of "professionals." Take the case of a "ladder

larceny," for example. While the family are at dinner the house is entered by means of a ladder placed against a bedroom window, all outer doors and ground-floor windows having been fastened from outside by screws or wire or rope. Wires are stretched across the lawn to baffle pursuit in case the thieves are discovered. A case of the kind occurred some years ago at a country house in Cheshire. The next day brought the chief constable of the county to Scotland Yard. Such a crime, he said, was beyond the capacity of provincial practitioners, and he expected us to find the delinquents among the criminals on our list at Scotland Yard. He gave me a vague description of two strangers who had been seen near the house the day before. An hour or two later I handed him three photographs. Two of these were promptly identified as the men who had come under local observation, and arrest and conviction followed. They were well-known "ladder" thieves.





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 BROTHER, SISTERS, NELLIES AND FRIENDS.

A LOVING WIFE AND MOTHER DEAR
 BELIEVED BY ALL LIES BURIED HERE
 IN LOVE SHE LIVED IN PEACE SHE DIED.
 HER WIFE WAS CRATED BUT GOD DENIED.

May her dear soul rest in peace.

ב' א
 ב' זאב יהודה
 בן אברהם יוסף
 נפטת יום שבת ו' שבט תרע"ד
 ה' נ' ב' ה'

In Loving Memory of
WOLF ABRAHAMS,
 WHO DIED 2ND JANUARY 1944.

AGED 52 YEARS

MOURNED BY HIS
 SONS, DAUGHTERS,
 SONS-IN-LAW, DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,
 GRANDCHILDREN,
 RELATIVES AND FRIENDS.

May his soul rest in peace.

ה' אברהם יוסף
 נפטת יום שבת ו' שבט תרע"ד
 ה' נ' ב' ה'

In Loving Memory of
GOLDA.

WIFE OF
ABRAHAM JOSEPH ABRAHAMS
 WHO DIED 21ST AUGUST 1912
 IN HER 51ST YEAR.

DEEPLY MOURNED
 BY HER CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN,
 RELATIVES AND FRIENDS.

May her dear soul rest in peace.

כ"ט

ב"ה מלכתה י"ח

ב"ה אפריל י"ח

IN LOVING MEMORY

OF

MATILDA

BELOVED WIFE OF THE LATE

MORRIS COHEN.

WHO DIED 19TH MARCH 1939

29TH ADAR 5699

AGED 84.

MOURNED BY HER CHILDREN,

GRANDCHILDREN BROTHER,

RELATIVES AND FRIENDS.

א"ת



פ"ו

כ' זאב יהודא

בן אברהם יוסף

נפטר ל' שבט ה'ש"ד

ת"צ ב"ה

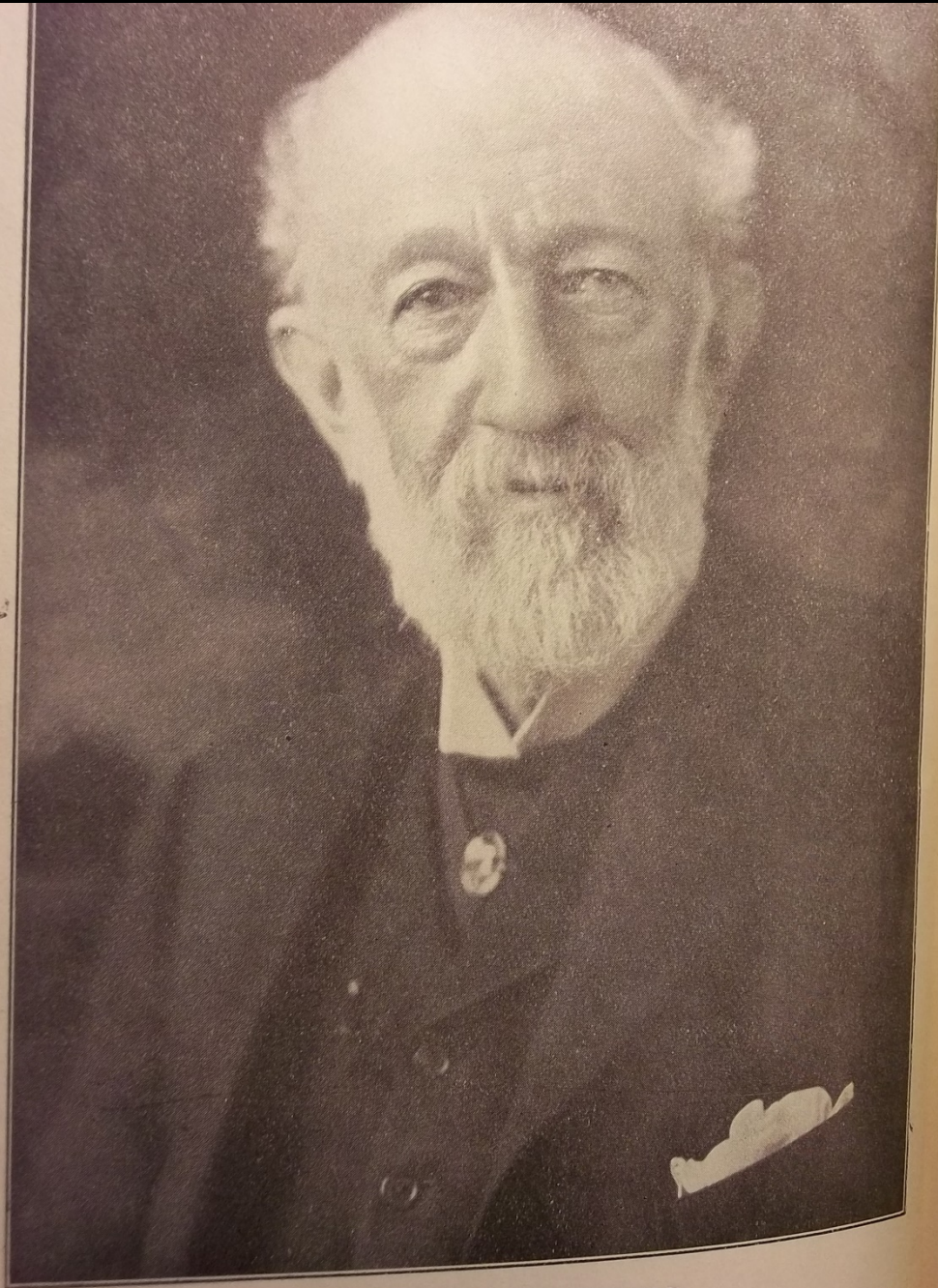
In Loving Memory of
WOOLF ABRAHAMS.

WHO DIED 2ND JANUARY 1944.
ACED 82 YEARS.

MOURNED BY HIS
SONS, DAUGHTERS,
SONS-IN-LAW, DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,
GRANDCHILDREN,
RELATIVES AND FRIENDS.

May his soul rest in peace.





SIR ROBERT ANDERSON, K.C.B.

[Frontispiece.]

SIR ROBERT ANDERSON

K.C.B., LL.D.

A TRIBUTE AND MEMOIR



(Photo: Adolphus Tear.)

By A. P. MOORE-ANDERSON, M.A., M.D.