NUMBER 1.

THE WORLD & HIS WIFE.

A Monthly Journal for the Home

NOVEMBER, 1904. SIXPENCE.

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The Modern Palace of the Savoy

An interview with Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte, the chairman of the Savoy Hotel, throws new light on the fascinating subject of how is it possible to attract the multitude evening after evening who visit the well-known restaurant. It is composed of most critical individuals If the least thing displeases or jars, there is instant desertion. The highest standard of excellence in all things, down to the most trivial detail, is rigorously insisted on. Mr. D'Oyly Carte's father projected the Savoy, and he lived to see it reach that height of fame where its name became synonymous all over the civilized world with comfort and luxury in hotel life.

Whether on Indian hills, in the wilds of Western America, amid the Australian bush, or even in darkest Uganda, whenever a new hotel was built which was to surpass all its rivals, the name bestowed on it was almost certain to be the Savoy. There are hundreds of Savoy hotels in existence, for all of which the palace off the Strand has stood sponsor.

Twelve years ago the Savoy was the only fashionable restaurant in London. To-day it has rivals; but, said Mr. Carte, since the opening of its new foyer this summer the restaurant is more crowded than ever it has been before. The number of meals served there and in the Parisian cafe approaches nearly 2,000 daily. For supper it is as a rule impossible to get a table unless it is booked at least a day in advance.

Numbers of dinner parties are given in the restaurant, and afterwards hosts and guests are content to sit quietly in the great hall and inspect critically the crowd that flock in after the theatre.

This is a new feature in the history of the fashionable restaurant, and is only possible where there is ample space fittingly upholstered in which lovely women may show off to perfection the creations of Dover Street and Bond Street.

The Savoy has always attracted the higher Bohemianism. You will see here of an evening the loveliest women on the stage. A Continental Crown Prince will be supping at one table; at another an English duke will entertain a family party; at a third the pride of the Gaiety chorus will be holding an important levee.

Of M. Thouraud, the chef of the Savoy, it is necessary to speak with due respect. "He draws the salary of a Cabinet Minister," said Mr. Carte. His handiwork is beyond praise. The famous Pilgrims' Club gave their banquet to Lord Roberts at the Savoy this season. Sixty Pilgrims, of Epicurean tastes, afterwards wrote to the honorary secretary that the dinner was Lucullian.

The money which is expended by a modern hotel de luxe on choice wines and viands would have sent a Roman Emperor into an apoplectic fit of envy. Thirty thousand pounds has just been invested in champagne of the 1900 vintage. All the choicest cuvees have been bought; and this wine will not be ready to drink for another four or five years. "The stocks in our cellars are enormous," observed Mr. Carte, "but we must keep the best wines at any cost."

Secret of Success.

"All these things make for success, but we should never have attained it had we not consistently maintained our superiority. The highest praise, in my opinion, which can be bestowed on the Savoy is to be told, as we frequently are told, that our standard never varies. No expense on improvements can be spared. Whatever is the best must be adopted at once. Last year's fashion is dowdy this year; so we move forward and introduce something new. That is our policy. It is the basis of our success.

"Since the highest and wealthiest people gravitate more and more every year to hotels and restaurants, you must provide for them. They will have comfort, they will have luxury; they are prepared to pay for them. They want everything in perfect taste, and they resent boredom.

"Who desires that life shall be one dull drab for all? Colour and brightness and joy—they are the inspirations of good work.

"The most perfect delight in life, to my mind, is a wide view over a broad expanse of fruitful fields and wooded uplands. The ringing laughter of healthy children playing in a sunlit garden of roses is another joy which stimulates both heart and brain. And then give me a perfect dinner perfectly served, with a little group of old friends.

"It is one of life's softest harmonies. The memory of it lingers even after death's messengers have broken up the Company."

THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE

A FEW OF OUR LEADING FEATURES

The above are but a brief selection from the half hundred articles and stories—without mentioning the Children's Supplement—contained in this first number of THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE. *To enumerate more would be impossible in the very limited space at our disposal. When you have read our pages, please tell your friends candidly what you think of this number. You will do both them and us a genuine service.*

We Invite Criticism

What do you think of THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE? We are not so conceited as to suppose that we have produced a perfect magazine. Perfection always lies ahead. Now it is just here that our readers can afford very material help. The man in the street has a better opportunity of judging the proportions and general appearance of a house than an inmate who never goes outside the door. It is not an easy task for the Editors of a magazine to obtain an outside view of it. They are of necessity so absorbed in the thousand and one details of production that they cannot always tell how the thing will strike the purchaser. Now, we want all our readers, from the youngest to the oldest, to understand that their criticisms will be valued and welcomed. If everyone into whose hands this first number of THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE comes will be good enough to write us a few lines—a postcard will do—telling us frankly what he or she thinks of the magazine, pointing out any defects and suggesting any improvements, we shall be genuinely grateful.

Can You Write?

An experience of practical journalism, extending over many years, has taught us that there is an immense amount of literary ability lying latent. From time to time a new writer "arrives," and in many cases the wonder is that he did not arrive sooner. It can hardly be from lack of opportunity that so much literary ability remains unused; perhaps it is through lack of encouragement. There is only one way to become a writer, and that is to put a bold face on it and write. If your first attempts are failures, remember that almost every literary man and woman had to go through the same experience. We invite our readers to contribute to THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE. We need smart, brightly written, interesting stories with plenty of dialogue in them, of the kind that will be found in the pages of this issue. We also want articles upon subjects of general interest, which should in most cases be capable of illustration. You may rely upon it that anything that you may send will be carefully read and considered, and anything that we can use will be promptly paid for. Contributions should be addressed to the Editors, THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE, 2, Carmelite House, London, E.C., and should be accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return in the case of non-acceptance.

An Opening for Artists

The most hurried glance through the pages of THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE will show that we make a strong feature of our artistic work. It may surprise you to know that in preparing this first number over four hundred photographs and drawings were procured, though necessarily not all of them could be inserted. This will give some faint idea of the enormous amount of work that fell to the lot of our Art Editor. Now, just as a great amount of literary ability is lying latent, so we are convinced that a large number of promising young artists have not yet won recognition for their work. THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE offers a field for them, and we shall be glad to see specimens of their drawings, though, of course, it is quite useless to submit poor work. Only the best can find a place in this magazine. All drawings and correspondence relating to artistic matters should be addressed to The Art Editor, THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE 2, Carmelite House, London, E.C.

Prompt Decision and Payment

We do not believe in debts. Our policy is to pay as we go. Nothing is more fatal to the success of a magazine than a reputation for dilatoriness in this matter. Both writers and artists may rely upon it that any work submitted by them will receive immediate consideration, and will be promptly and liberally paid for in the event of acceptance. At the same time it must be clearly understood that, while every care is taken of MSS. and drawings, we can accept no responsibility for accidental delay or loss in our office, or for any mishaps in the post

Remember Friends Abroad

Nothing gives greater pleasure to relatives and friends in distant lands than to receive a newspaper or magazine from the old country. When you have read THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE, by all means send it to your friends abroad. The postage on a single copy is fourpence, or fivepence for a double number. If you would like a copy sent regularly to a friend in a distant land, the Publisher will undertake to do this for you on receipt of the subscription for either three months, six months, or a year. The rates of subscription will be found set out in detail on page 62. We recommend this method, as it means that your friends will receive their copies at the earliest possible moment, carefully packed, and in fresh and clean condition.

AN INTRODUCTION.

"THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE" is bound to become a necessary part of every Home, because it is so essentially a magazine for the home and everybody in it. Home is a wonderful word. It matters little what the language, the word means the same—Comfort, Happiness, Contentment.

Away off in that unique corner of the World, St. Moritz in Switzerland, one night last month, a great musical treat was provided at the Engadiner Kulm. In the middle of the musical programme the director started a song by Melba on the Gramophone.

"That is just like HOME!" an elderly lady exclaimed, and the guests assembled in the immense Egyptian Room, with its powerful columns, quickly agreed with her.

Those few words, and the ready assent to their truth, told a wonderfully true story. It meant neither more nor less than that the Gramophone is a part of that word, which is spoken reverentially as is the sacred name of mother—HOME.

More than a mere part of home, the Gramophone has established itself as a lasting foundation of the home that is happy, successful, healthy, and helpful to those brought up within its walls.

Home is history. So is the Gramophone. We have the voices of Melba, Albani, Caruso, Plancon, etc., etc., which the Gramophone will give to future generations. When Jenny Lind died her voice passed away for ever.

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We could tell you the name of a singer now famous who was never heard of until she studied the phrases and manners of others in the Gramophone in her own home. She writes us: "My success is due to the Gramophone as much as to my voice. I imitated those whose voices I was in this way privileged to listen to by the hour."

Your home will only be complete when there is a Gramophone in it. Send us a postcard, and we will give you the name of our nearest dealer, where you may go and hear Melba. No one will ask you to buy anything, except it will be your own common-sense.

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THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE

NOVEMBER

"Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
The line of yellow light dies fast away
That crown'd the eastern copse: and chill and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day."

—KEBLE.

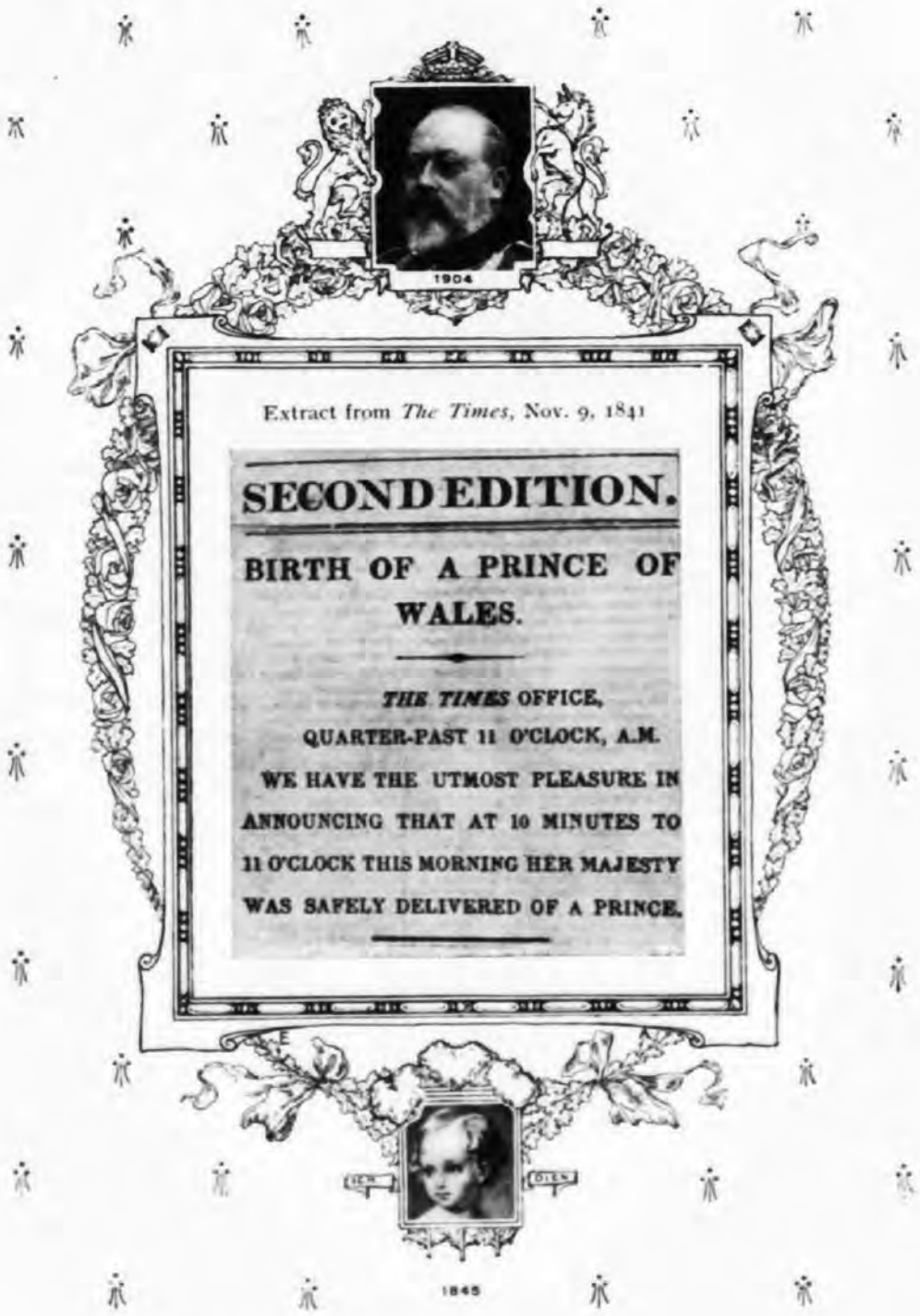
The Prince of Wales

1859

IT may not be generally noted that the ninth day of the month is doubly a Royal birthday anniversary, that of the Prince of Wales as such as well as of the King. Between the accession of his Majesty and the ninth of November, 1901, there was no Prince of Wales. The Heir-Apparent had made his Colonial tour and come back again as Duke of Cornwall and York. It had been expected that the Duke would be created Prince of Wales for the opening of the Commonwealth Parliament; but, no, the King reserved the dignity as his birthday gift, and his son reached home a week before the date upon which it was to be conferred. The Prince had covered, by steamship and train, nearly fifty-one thousand miles; exchanged salutes with one hundred and twenty British, and twenty foreign, men-of-war, had received five hundred and forty-four addresses, inspected over sixty thousand troops, presented between four and five thousand war medals, entertained more than five hundred persons aboard the *Ophir*, and shaken hands with thirty-five thousand. This latter record would make even an American President proud. The whole tour culminated, as we all remember, in the festivities of which the conferring of his princedom was the climax.

"Thank Him who has isled us here,
and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas, and storming
showers."

So the sailor Prince, nigh upon a quarter of a century earlier, home from his voyage on the *Bacchante*, had written in his diary, little dreaming then that some day he would be called upon to rule that same Briton of the blown seas. He has travelled even further than the King—his father—which is saying a great deal. The King, when "Prince of Walesky," as he is entered in the visitors' book at the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, covered as many miles as most men, though he saw less of the sea than the Heir-Apparent has done. He was still only twenty-one when he, in company with Dean Stanley, first made acquaintance with Egypt and the Holy Land. In the East the Arabs, who, like the Russians, could not remember his name, and, like Pius IX., too, who always called him "Prince George" or "Prince Royal," used to speak of King Edward as "The Governor." Perhaps their doing so may have arisen from the fact that he was such an early riser that he would be off on a morning excursion long before the rest were about, and leave the others to hurry after him. On the morning that they "did" the Pyramids, the King was up and off with the earliest peep of day. Not even the wakeful Arabs were there to assist in the slippery ascent. Just a few Bedouin boys were at hand. One of these Stanley managed to secure and place at the disposal of his Royal leader. The latter, however, would take no assistance, but went gallantly up the precipitous, treacherous sides of the Pyramid unassisted. "Where de Governor?" asked Stanley's Bedouin. "What, dat little chap! Why he go up alone?" Nimble and agile as the Arabs themselves, the future King was first to reach the top and to see the sun rising in that radiant Eastern splendour with which we poor Westerners are too unfamiliar.



The Queen of Wurtemberg

Russell
1874

is one of several Royal ladies in Europe who envy the Empress of Russia her son and heir. There is no son of the King and Queen of Wurtemberg to succeed to the throne. As a matter of fact, had the grandfather of the present Duke of Teck married in his own rank, the Prince of Wales's brother-in-law would now be on the throne of Wurtemberg. But the duke, on marrying the Countess Claudine von Rhedey, resigned all pretensions to the succession, and with the present King leaving only a daughter, whom the Salic law debars from succession, the old Protestant line dies out, and the throne passes to the Catholic Ducal branch of the family. But the King and Queen are very happy in their comfortable little kingdom of seven and a half thousand square miles, and a population half the size of inner London. There is little enough cause, one would think, for ill-content among the people. But there, as everywhere, the madman finds employment for his misguided hand. Just before the King ascended the throne, the then Crown Princess was driving with him to the church at Ludwigsburg, when an unemployed sadler—a maniac—fired with a revolver point blank at the prince. The bullet missed its billet, but grazed the forehead of the princess. The carriage was stopped, but only long enough for the occupants to see the would-be assassin arrested. Then, carelessly wiping her forehead with her handkerchief, the Queen drove off to church as if it were the most ordinary occurrence in the world. But since then her life has been in greater peril from a quite different cause. While she was out driving with one of her maids-of-honour in Stuttgart, the horses bolted, and threw coachman and footman from the box. The Queen, with splendid nerve, clambered from the open carriage on to the box, managed to secure the reins, and, with a strength of wrist amazing in a woman, succeeded in bringing the racing horses to a standstill. Turning to look at her companion, she found that the maid-of-honour had fainted, and collapsed in the bottom of the carriage.

The Emperor of Japan

1863

A miracle! The Emperor of Japan, who, on the third day of this month celebrates his fifty-second birthday, is the embodiment of the miracle. He still worships the spirits of his ancestors, but he is the head and front of the most wonderfully metamorphosed nation the world has ever known. He is so much of a divinity to his people that not until a short time ago dare they raise their eyes to view, or their voices to cheer him, as he passed. But the men who feared to look upon his face are they who have shattered Russian fleets and beaten Russian legions. Educated only to the arts of making dainty posies of artificial flowers, and stringing together sonnets without end, he has, since the great revolution, taken his place in the front rank of Sovereigns of the Great Powers.

When he came to the throne, Japan stood where it was when the first of his line ascended the throne—when Egypt, newly released from the bonds of the Ethiopian and rebelling against the yoke of Assyria, was restoring its native dynasty; when the Medes were struggling for their freedom; when Nineveh stood secure upon its foundations and mighty Babylonia was not yet a power; when Manasseh ruled in Jerusalem, and Daniel and Nebuchadnezzar were yet unborn; when Grecian civilisation was in its infancy and that of Rome yet to be—to these remote ages stretches back the civilisation of the Japan which, with all its old traditions unshaken, the Mikado was called to rule. When the Duke of Clarence and the present Prince of Wales visited the Mikado at his Court, they found him still groping towards the light of the Western world, with Court functionaries about him newly garbed in European attire which he himself had not dared to assume, and which attire, in the absence of visitors, they would strip off to try a bout of wrestling with their Emperor. Twenty years later King Edward was sending his last message as Prince of Wales; it was to the Emperor of Japan. Among the first congratulations received was that from the Empress of Japan to Queen Alexandra. The Japanese still regard their beloved Emperor as more than human. A friend of the writer was in Japan at the time of the great flood. One very poor man whom he met had lost home, wife and family, kith and kin, and the Englishman, out of the fulness of his sorrow for the sufferer, commiserated with him. The man turned to him with beaming face. "Ah," he said, "but congratulate me; I have saved from destruction the image of the Emperor." But the Mikado is as human as the rest of us. Only the other day he was protesting to the publishers of a Court almanack against the Sultan's taking precedence of him in the list, and expressing the hope that, inasmuch as the Court of Japan went into mourning for the death of any member of a Western Royal Family, the Courts of Europe would reciprocate the compliment in the case of the Imperial family of Japan's sustaining a similar bereavement.

Lord Tennyson

will not let the nineteenth of the present month pass unobserved, or, if he should do so, his friends will not. Fifty-four years ago, on that date, his father was offered the Poet Laureateship. He took a full day to consider the suggestion, wrote two letters, one declining, the other accepting; then left the matter for the decision of his friends at dinner in the evening. The office had been in abeyance for the months which had intervened between the death of Wordsworth and the date of the letter from Windsor in which the offer was made Tennyson,

Russell
1886

in after years, told his son, the present holder of the title, that he had not any expectation of the Laureateship; as a fact, it had been offered to Samuel Rogers, and was only declined by the banker on the score of age. And yet it is not quite accurate to say that Tennyson was surprised when the Queen's letter reached him. He knew that the Prince Consort had been greatly struck by his "In Memoriam," and on the very night preceding the arrival of the all-important letter, he had had a sort of prophetic dream. In this he pictured the Prince Consort as approaching and kissing him on the cheek, and Tennyson, as he thought, made the remark, "Very kind, but very German." The present Lord Tennyson, as all know, is named, not Alfred, after his father, but Hallam. The historian was his godfather, and, on going over for the christening, remarked to Tennyson, "I don't like surnames for Christian names. Why not call the boy 'Alfred'?" The poet answered in his grave, sententious way, "What if he were to turn out a fool?" The "suspect," since grown to manhood, has had the distinction of being the first Acting-Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia—a post in which his father would have been proud to see him. The Laureate experienced one triumph for his boy; the latter's marriage drew to Westminster Abbey such a gathering as one sees but once in a lifetime. There were Gladstone—then Prime Minister—and his wife; Lord Chancellor Selborne and his wife; Monckton Milnes, Matthew Arnold, Browning, and a host of others—the very aristocracy of intellect—at the ceremony.

Lord Cranbrook,

who has received so many congratulations on attaining his four score years and ten, is a man of records. He is the patriarch of all ex-Cabinet Ministers; he is the only man who ever defeated Gladstone at the polls; he is the one man who knows the secret history of the suppression of the great Fenian rising in the latter half of the last century.

"Only three men," Disraeli once told Lord Ronald Gower—"only three men succeeded in stopping it; those three men were Mayo—the present earl's father; Hardy—as Lord Cranbrook then was—and I." We shall never know the story now, which is to be regretted, as some of the strangest secret political history was made in that period. "But," as Disraeli said, "Mayo is dead, Lord Cranbrook never writes about anything, and I have not kept a single note or even a memorandum of that strange and curious time." The pity of it! Lord Cranbrook could have told us how, with the greatest difficulty, and only by running the gravest perils, informers were employed; how information was brought to London of the Fenian movement; and how he was just in time to have Clueseret, afterwards the Communist General, arrested at the moment that he was setting out to take command of the rebellion in Ireland—a rebellion which would have been as serious as that of 1798. That was not the sole occasion of Lord Cranbrook's coming to close quarters with the Irish. He has this additional record—that he is the only man ever associated with the Home Office who has been "held up" in his department by riotous Irishmen, threatened with vengeance, and denounced by formal resolution, proposed, seconded, and carried in his own office, and with himself for audience. It happened when the Manchester Fenians lay under sentence of execution. A body of their compatriots forced their way into his room at the Home Office, and, having gravely completed their programme, solemnly departed by the way they had come.

Lord Spencer,

too, knows something of the perils of residence in the Ireland of the latter part of the nineteenth century. Indeed, not even Lord Cranbrook's extensive and peculiar knowledge of the country and its people, as both were, quite compares with that which the Red Earl gained during his two terms as Lord Lieutenant. He did not wholly realise at the time how deadly was the peril to which he was exposed; perhaps does not to this day. The "Invincibles" had planned his death—not in a merely general way, but by a specific plan, to take effect at a given hour on a definite date. The jaunting-car, chartered for the would-be assassins, was out in the street, its crew, armed with bombs, were upon it. The plot failed through an accident in the streets, which led to the Invincibles being shut in a *cul de sac*, while the Viceregal cavalcade passed in safety to its goal.

One of the bitterest of Lord Spencer's opponents in the early days in Ireland was Mr. William O'Brien. In the heat of the sanguinary strife which made the period a reign of terror, he wrote, referring to the then Lord Lieutenant: "He stopped at nothing—not at secret torture, not at subsidising red-handed murderers, not at knighting jury-packers, not at police-quarterings, blood-taxes, the bludgeoning of peaceful meetings, the clapping handcuffs and convict jackets on Members of Parliament, mayors, and editors; not at wholesale battues of hangings and transportations by hook or crook; not at burying the proofs of his victims' innocence in their graves." A more savage indictment was never preferred against a man in his lifetime; there followed, years after, an atonement just as striking out of the mouth of the man who had preferred these terribly unjust accusations. On a public platform in England, Mr. O'Brien has since made the declaration: "My memory does remind me and rebuke me for having said harsh and cruel things. But Lord Spencer has taken the noblest revenge that ever fell to the lot of man. I tell you candidly, from what I have seen of Lord Spencer, and from what I have known of Lord Spencer's career since he quitted Ireland, I would black the boots of such a man—and I would think it no dishonour!"

Mr. W. H. M. Christie,

the Astronomer Royal, who has recently entered upon his sixtieth year, is, perhaps, one of the last people to whom the man in the street realises his obligation. He and his telescope and his films of spiders' webs set free hundreds of thousands of workpeople for their mid-day meal. It is the Astronomer Royal who gives us our "one o'clock" each day. At his telescope sits the Astronomer Royal—by proxy—scanning the heavens for the coming of the hour. Across the lens are stretched tiny strands of spider's web, so employed because they constitute the finest straight lines in nature. As soon as the particular orb known as the "clock-star" crosses that line of the lens marked off by a portion of the web, the person observing signals "one o'clock." Down goes the great ball at Greenwich, the message flashes over hundreds and hundreds of miles of telegraph wires to all parts of the Kingdom. The message giving us our time takes precedence of everything else that may be in course of telegraphic transmission. Guns fire, time-balls rise or descend; it is one o'clock, Greenwich time, for Mr. Christie has said so. Artisan England goes home to dinner. He has been sending his messages daily for three-and-twenty years, and assisting in the same work for half as long again. That, of course, is but a minor part of his work, but it would, if generally known, appeal more to the popular imagination than all the astronomical phenomena with essays upon which he delights the crudite.

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THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL

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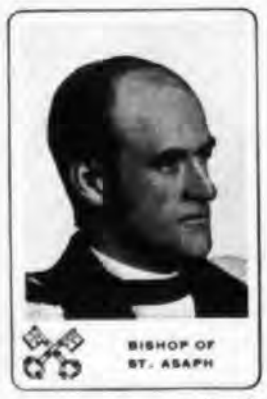


BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH

Russell

LORD TENNYSON

Bassano

The Bishop of St. Asaph

The fifty-sixth birthday of the Right Rev. Dr. Edwards, Bishop of St. Asaph, which falls on the second day of this month, finds him a poorer man than he was—say, a score of years ago. Then he was headmaster and warden of Llandovery College, a position in which he tells you he found it an easy matter to lay by for a rainy day. For the last fifteen years, however, he has been the spiritual head of the See of St. Asaph, and it was but the other day that he made a little confession. "You talk of the fatal opulence of the bishops," he said. "Well, I have had experience of other walks in life besides the responsible position in which I am at present placed. There is this difference between them, which I will state quite frankly. The opportunity for saving money does not belong to my present position. I did know, in years gone by, what it was to put by for a rainy day, but that has long ceased, and I am quite prepared to make anyone in this room a present of my banking balance." The remark might have been an echo of that of the ex-Bishop of Manchester, who, upon withdrawing from his see, told us that if he had not possessed a private fortune, his bishopric would have brought him to the Bankruptcy Court.

The see of Dr. Edwards is one of the biggest in the kingdom. It comprises two whole counties, those of Denby and Flintshire—which latter used to give him the Gladstone family among his flock—and parts of four other counties. He is a through and through Welshman, as you would expect of a man born at Llanymowddwy, but declares for the best men for Welsh sees, be they Welsh born or not. His see is one of the oldest, having been founded thirteen and a half centuries ago. Curiously, it owes its origin to the ubiquitous Scotsman, Kentigern, Bishop of Glasgow, founded the bishopric, and left as his successor a holy man, one St. Asaph, after whom the See takes its name. History is vague as to certain after-events, but from 1143 there is an unbroken record of bishops of St. Asaph, of whom Dr. Edwards is the sixty-eighth since that date.

Mr. Henry Labouchere

For a man who has for so many years been engaged in fighting abuses of one sort and another, and sometimes getting his knuckles rapped in the process, Mr. Henry Labouchere is wonderfully popular. Beneath a veneer of cynicism there is a warm, big heart; and behind the occasional flippancies and inconsequences, a wit as shrewd and a courage as high as any man need desire. He has managed to get as much fun out of life as most people, and to-day entering, as he is, upon his seventy-fourth year, is one of the youngest men in the world. He commenced his funning early—at Eton, as a fact. Tired, one day, of playing the host to his particular cronies, he decided, upon a remittance from home coming to hand, to have a festival solus. So he betook himself to the largest hotel in Eton, ordered a private room, and bade the waiter bring him a bowl of punch. The waiter took the order without a murmur, returned with the liquid, and retired. Young "Labby" felt alarmed when left alone with this steaming potation—the very smell of it made him feel faint. But not all devices were exhausted. In a corner of the room was a huge, old-fashioned cupboard. The door of this the boy opened; then poured the contents of his precious bowl on the floor. This done, he sat down in triumph, rang the bell, and, upon the waiter's reappearing, ordered another bowl of punch! The man's eyes bulged, and he gasped a little, but he was far too well disciplined to make any remark. He backed out, and came back presently with the second libation. The boy paid with an air of easy majesty, waited until the door closed, then emptied the steaming liquor after its predecessor, and fled the house.

Lord Rayleigh

Although Lord Rayleigh completes his sixty-second year this month, he may look forward to a long spell of activity in the pursuit of those branches of science for which already he has done so much. Both his grandfather and father attained to a great age, and longevity is a distinguishing characteristic on the maternal side of his family. He works as one who possesses the secret of old age, and so is immune from the necessity to hurry. He is the most careful, methodical man in the world. The man in the club knows little of him; but learned physicists all over the world venerate his name. Before he succeeded to his barony, as plain John William Strutt, his writings had given him a European reputation. The Americans cannot understand him. "A peer and a strenuous inquirer after scientific truths?" they ask; the two ideas seem to them so utterly incompatible. He is the most careful scientist in the world. The field he covers is one of enormous range; it embraces chemical physics, capillarity and viscosity, theory of gases, flow of liquids, photography, optics, colour vision, wave theory, electrical measurements, elasticity, sound, electricity and magnetism, and hydrodynamics. Where you imagine that the last word upon a subject has been said or written, he pursues his patient investigations, and you find that, after all, you have been upon but the fringe of the subject. A long series of experiments with nitrogen gas, undertaken to determine its atomic weight, led to a startling discovery—argon. With that element his name is for all time associated; but that is the merest fragment of his work. The wonder of it all is that his amazing experiments are conducted with instruments of his own devising—often enough crude-looking apparatus at which the amateur scientist would turn up his nose in disgust. With all his devotion to purely physical science, he has time for consideration of the occult. That may be the outcome of his marrying into the Prime Minister's family. Mr. Balfour, his brother-in-law, was, with another brother-in-law, the late Professor Henry Sidgwick, instrumental in forming the Society for Psychical Research. Lord Rayleigh has long been a member and vice-president of this body, and he and Mrs. Sidgwick and Miss Alice Balfour, the Prime Minister's sisters, with Mr. Balfour himself, can tell you enough of ghosts and goblins to keep a nervous man awake for a month.

General Sir William Butler

is a Nut-Crack-Nighter, as they say in the North—that is to say, he was born on the All Hallows Eve of six-and-sixty years ago. He and Lady Butler keep their birthday together, for hers is but three days after his, though relating to a later year than that in which he first saw the light. Their love story is one of the prettiest in the world. Butler had been out under Wolseley in the Ashanti War of 1873, and had done wonders. When the war was ended, he broke down under the unremitting attacks of malaria. They brought him home in a sore plight, and carried him out as dead from his bunk to the hospital at Netley. His magnificent constitution pulled him through, and when he opened his eyes, they rested on the kindest, tenderest face in the world—that of Queen Victoria, who was at his bedside solicitous as a sister. Meantime, special constables were guarding a great picture on view at the Royal Academy—"The Roll Call" it was called—and, except that the artist was a lady, nothing was known of her. They told Butler all about it as he lay on his sick bed, and one of his first visits, on recovering, was to the Academy to see for himself this wonderful work. One of the Royal princesses introduced the painter and the fighter of battles, and three years after they were man and wife.

MATE

Drawn by C. D. Gibson

THE ROUTE DU ROI

AN ACCOUNT OF THE PROGRESS OF THE NEW PROCESSIONAL WAY THROUGH ST. JAMES'S PARK

THE most important national work ever carried out in London is by common consent the formation of what might not inappropriately be called the Route du Roi, leading, as it will, from Buckingham Palace, through St. James's Park, into Trafalgar Square, when the design which owes its origin to the architectural genius of Mr. Aston Webb, R.A., has been completed.

No one needs to be reminded to-day that this Processional Road—to give it the title by which it will be known, a title which can never be corrupted into Rotten Row, as the Route du Roi in Hyde Park has been—forms part of the scheme for the erection of a great national memorial to Victoria, the well-beloved.

Such an object could not fail to excite the profoundest interest on the part of His Majesty, in whom everything having for its object the aggrandisement and architectural improvement of the chief city of the Empire finds an enthusiastic supporter. There is, in addition, that touch of sentiment in the association of His Majesty's name and influence with the project which never fails to stir the popular mind, for no one can forget that it was in Buckingham Palace that the King was born, and it is, therefore, highly probable that his earliest walks were taken down the road along which his coach of State was the first to travel.

From Buckingham Palace, in front of which will stand the national memorial to Queen Victoria designed by Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., the Processional Road stretches its imposing way for about half a mile to Spring Gardens, where it will open into Trafalgar Square, if the present designs are not modified. Here it is proposed to erect a large building, with the road running through the centre of three large archways, which will take the traffic out into the Strand. At Spring Gardens a certain number of houses will have to be demolished, and here Mr. Aston Webb's original idea was to build a circular place, in the centre of which was to stand a statue of Queen Victoria as a young girl, to balance, as it were, the great memorial of the Queen in her maturity at the other end, the two being linked by groups of statuary representing the various possessions of the Empire, which increased so markedly under her beneficent rule.

The Processional Road is sixty-five feet wide, and is flanked by alleys twenty-five feet wide on each side, ornamented with double rows of plane trees. The decorative value of trees in such a situation was too great to be ignored. Indeed, the loss of foliage to St. James's Park would have been impossible to contemplate. In the rearrangement of the Mall, which the construction of the new road involved, not only have none of the trees been lost, but they have been so disposed that they will add even greater dignity to the site.

It is now two years since the scheme, outlined in drawings and models by Mr. Aston Webb and Mr. Thomas Brock, was exhibited at St. James's Palace, and in the interval the Processional Road in front of the Palace has been completed. The only modification, so far, has been the omission of an encircling road to the enclosure, and the admission of traffic through the central space, which was originally intended to be used as gardens for pedestrians only.

If it is asked why, even to-day, it is impossible to say exactly what the *coup d'œil* will be when the work is finished, the answer is a simple one. The work can only be done in sections, and how far the brilliant decorative design of the architect—for brilliant everyone must admit it is who looks at the reproductions of the sketches which illustrate this article—will be carried out must depend on the amount of money placed at the disposal of the Memorial Committee which has the matter in hand.

To whatever extent the scheme is carried out, one thing is certain beyond all cavil and all possibility of doubt—that the space in front of Buckingham Palace will be transformed into one of the finest approaches to a Royal residence in Europe. The transformation in the surroundings has, indeed, been so great already, that it is difficult to remember what they were even so late as July last year, when the work which has, almost of necessity, been confined to the autumn months of the year, was first taken in hand.

Then St. James's Park sloped gently up to the Palace and the Mall avenue came right up to the Palace gates, and, as few people will need reminding, Constitution Hill formed a crescent. In August last year, however, all this was changed. An army of workmen filled up the sloping part in front of the Palace and built a great retaining wall into the lake, by which a semi-circular plateau, 600 feet wide by 500 feet deep, was formed in front of the Palace. This is enclosed by a stone balustrade. In the centre is a large circle 200 feet in diameter, now occupied by turf and rhododendrons, but later on to be occupied by Mr. Brock's great work, the monument of Queen Victoria.

Around the memorial space itself a roadway 65 feet wide, flanked with wide, paved footways, has been formed. Already there is a constant stream of carriages and foot traffic over them, and it needs no gift of prophecy to see that this will be considerably increased when the Mall is open to traffic through to Charing Cross.

Enclosing this roadway are large, turfed spaces interspersed with flower-beds, which, during the summer, have been ablaze with brilliant white and scarlet blossoms, already justifying the name, the Queen's Garden, which has been given it.

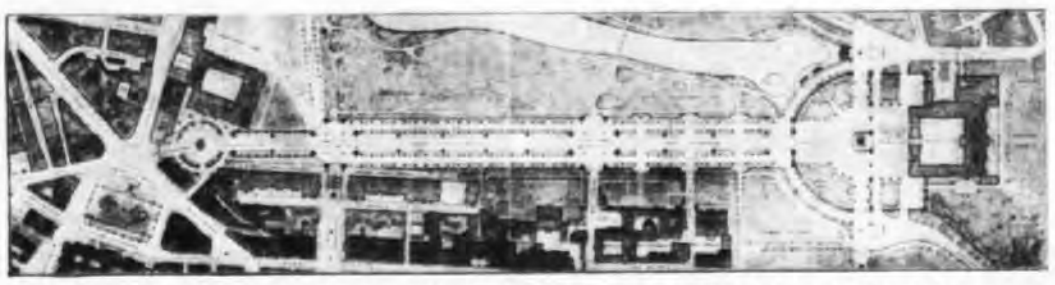
This space will be further embellished by four lamp-posts, which are being designed and made under Mr. Brock's superintendence. They will be executed in bronze and marble, and will form interesting points of sculpture in themselves. Indeed, all the electric lamp-posts in the new road, including those down the Mall, are quite temporary, and will be replaced as soon as those which have been specially designed are ready.

Using the position which the monument of Queen Victoria will occupy as a central axis and at right angles to the Mall, a new road, also sixty-five feet wide, has been constructed into Birdcage Walk. This is carried through the Green Park, as a *tapis vert*, right up to Piccadilly, thus making a splendid vista, for from Piccadilly it will be possible to see the monument at this end of the roadway.

Great piers, with very handsome gates, will mark the entrance to the Park from the enclosure, and similar piers will stand at the entrance from the Processional Road and at the end of Birdcage Walk. On these piers will be sculptured the arms of the Colonies, which have helped to form the Empire's greatness, and have also taken their share in contributing towards this great national work.

Still another great improvement in the roadways in connection with the memorial is the straightening of the bend on Constitutional Hill, by Buckingham Palace, thus enabling anyone standing there to see the Wellington Arch, with the Park beyond, or anyone standing at the Wellington Arch to have a view of the memorial. A similar roadway opens out into Buckingham Gate. Its construction has necessitated the removal of what was always felt to be a very awkward corner, and has restored the symmetry of the site.

These roadways have also brought



A PLAN OF THE NEW PROCESSIONAL WAY, SHOWING BUCKINGHAM PALACE AND THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL ON THE RIGHT, AND THE ENTRANCE INTO TRAFALGAR SQUARE ON THE LEFT

THE CENTRAL STATUARY GROUP OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL IN FRONT OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE

about a rearrangement of the gates, lodge, and piers at Buckingham Gate, by which the vista down Birdcage Walk will be disclosed, and a finer entrance into the Palace enclosure obtained.

There are thus five magnificent roadways in process of building, or, at all events, not finally constructed, each of which leads directly up to the memorial, which will stand in front of the Palace. That memorial is responsible for a complete rearrangement of the present Palace enclosure. The central entrance which now exists is no longer possible, and two entrances are being built to take its place. The existing gate piers are being replaced at one of these entrances, and similar piers are being built for the other. Incidentally, the whole of the railings are being replaced in a straight line, which will square up the Palace Courtyard and greatly improve the architectural treatment of the site, which, it has long been admitted, stood in great need of such an improvement, for the railings have straggled about in an apparently aimless fashion.

Handsome carriage and foot gates will be placed at both the new entrances, whose position is such that any procession leaving the Palace cannot fail to be imposing and dignified in the sweep it makes along the road.

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At various intervals along the road groups of statuary are to be introduced to symbolise the great divisions of the Empire. At the Duke of York's steps the statuary will typify the Eastern dominions of the Empire—Ceylon, Barbados, and the China ports, while the central group will represent the genius of India, statues of the heroes of our Indian dominions being placed in Waterloo Place.

At Marlborough Gate the groups will typify the Western dominions—Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and North America.

Within the Queen's Garden there are to be two fountains adorned with sculpture, to typify Empire and Patriotism, while at the entrance to the Garden the statuary will represent the Cape and Natal.

If it is said that the Victoria Memorial is worthy alike its subject and its sculptor, many words of praise are condensed into a single phrase. To adequately typify the many virtues of Victoria the Great and the Empire over which she ruled during the years which were a record in more than their duration, is to demand much of the work of art. It must, therefore, be a source of pride, even to the greatest sculptor of our time, to feel that, in the estimation of those most competent to form an opinion, his work is not only regarded as his greatest effort, but that it is satisfying the manifold demands which are made upon it.

Too often memorial statues strive to impress by striking the pathetic note. Natural as this may be immediately after the death of one who has been greatly beloved, it is a sentiment which succeeding generations are apt to discount, and Mr. Brock felt that his scheme should rather represent the joy which the Empire of the future should feel in the fact that Queen Victoria had lived than that the inevitable sentiment of regret of the people of her day should be transferred to an age which, knowing her only by name, could feel no sorrow in her death, though it must rejoice in the legacy she had left it. Besides, he felt that a monument in a public thoroughfare, before a Palace, should be joyous in its expression, and not morbid, and on that basis he set to build his design, which combines a sense of massiveness with lightness of impression, and weight with grace.

The central monument is placed on a raised platform to give it dignity and impressiveness, the base being widespread to symbolise the foundations of the throne which rest on the courage and intelligence of the people. Water is, almost for the first time, introduced as an essential feature of the decorative scheme, a happy idea for an Empire which is the greatest maritime power in the world.

The large central platform is 105 feet in diameter, and 5 feet above the ground level. It is approached from the back and front by flights of steps 60 feet wide, and is flanked by a retaining wall. In the centre at each side — on the north and south — are arches from under which water will flow down steps into basins 28 feet wide. Above the arch on the right, looking at the design from the front, are two reclining figures representing the Navy and Army, and on the left are figures typifying Science and Art. At the four corners, too, are shells and dolphins, through which water will be also supplied to the basins, so that altogether there are six waterways, three for each basin.

These are among the smallest of the large figures, of which there will be twenty-two in all, the large ones being 11 feet 6 inches in height.

The figure symbolic of the Navy over the arch is that of a woman holding a model of a ship in her right hand, while the Army is represented by a man with a helmet and sword. Both figures are nude and are connected by means of a design of drapery over a shield. Science is typified by a man with a compass in one hand and a scroll of paper in the other, and Art by a woman holding a palette and resting on a piece of architecture. Behind the figures are portions of machinery and sculpture.

On either side of the arch are reliefs representing the development of the Army and Navy from Saxon times until now. These figures will be 4 feet 6 inches in height, and will be cast in bronze.

At the front and back of the platform, flanking the steps on pedestals, are four lions, with figures in attendance. In front, on the right, is a female figure holding the olive branch of Peace, while on the left is a male figure bearing aloft the torch of Progress. At the back, opposite Peace, is a man representing Labour typified by a smith with his apron on, resting on a hammer; while opposite the figure of Progress is a female figure representing Agriculture.

In detail, the figures representing the Army and Navy Science and Art, are to a scale of 12 feet 6 inches in height.

The central figure of the monument, to a scale of 16 feet, is naturally Queen Victoria herself, habited in her robes of State, with the Crown on her head, the Sceptre in her right hand, and the Orb, surmounted by a figure of St. George, in her left. Her face is directed down the Processional Road, and she sits enthroned higher than the figures at either side or at the back.

On the right of the Queen, still looking from the front, is a group in which the figure of Justice stands protecting the weak, represented by the collapsing figure of a woman, while a boy child on the other side

A VIEW OF THE NEW PROCESSIONAL WAY AS SEEN FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE

carries the scales. Justice is shown as a female figure with outspread wings, the left hand resting on a sword, and with the right offering protection to a kneeling figure. No one can fail to be touched with the distinctly human element thus introduced. It is not Justice unrelenting, the stern advocate of an "eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," but rather Justice whose heart is softened with something more than Mercy, and who seeks to touch a chord to awaken sympathy for the distressed and oppressed.

On the left side of the Queen is a group representing Truth. The central figure holds the mirror which from remote ages has been her accepted symbol, while on one side is the figure of a woman searching a manuscript, and on the other is a boy who bears a palm.

At the back, the design represents Motherhood, and something more than Motherhood—Love, without which maternity loses its divine attribute. The enthroned woman is with her three children, one at her knee encompassed by her arm, one at her breast, and one sitting safe and happy in the protection she affords. Attitude and expression speak as plainly as though the words were spoken, the joy of the woman in her children, the happiness of the children in their mother, the one in her arms, the second leaning confidently against her knee, and the third under her protecting influence. Who, looking at that happy group, can fail to read in its symbolism the Motherhood of Great Britain, whose love and protecting influence are felt by her children even in the remotest corners of the earth?

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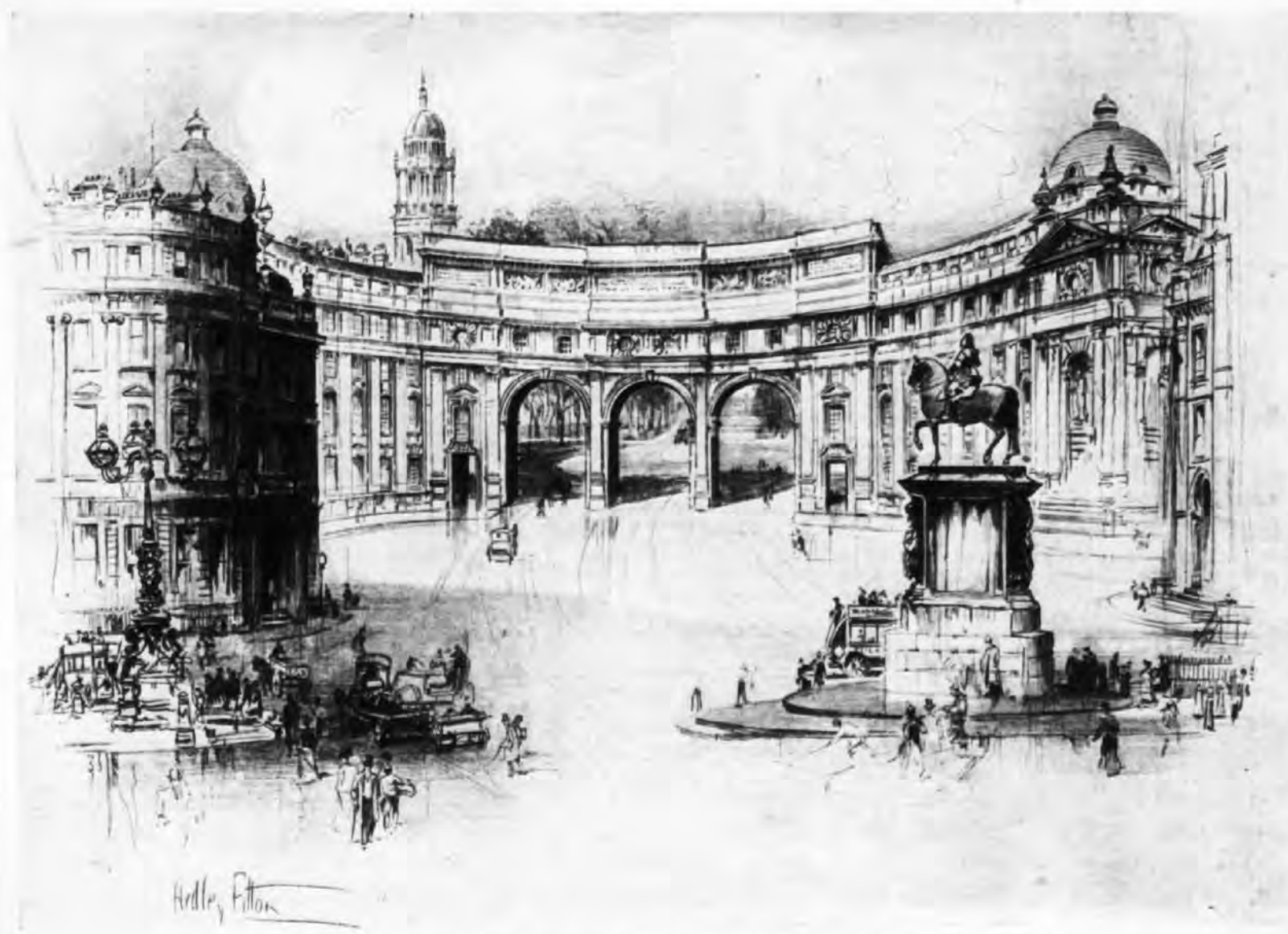
Above these figures, under the cornice, is a frieze enriched by ornaments, in which seaweed, shells, and dolphins, once more suggesting sea power, are introduced.

Above the cornice, at the front and back, are two eagles, whose outspread wings represent dominion, and at the same time reproduce, with the happiest effect, the arch of the throne, and still above the cornice rises a pedestal, set on which are two seated figures, that on the right typifying Courage, that on the left Constancy.

Rising in the centre, above all the rest, with one foot placed lightly on the globe, is a winged Victory, symbolising at once the name and the reign of her who sits enthroned



THE PROCESSIONAL WAY WILL OPEN INTO THE TOP OF WHITEHALL AND TRAFALGAR SQUARE BY A TRIUMPHAL ARCH, FORMING PART OF A SEMI-CIRCULAR SWEEP OF EXCEPTIONAL MAGNIFICENCE

below—the woman and the queen whose greatest epitaph is most eloquently written in the one word, "Victoria," which, it is the sculptor's design, shall alone be engraved on the base of her monument.

There is one exceedingly interesting fact in connection with the design of which few people except those most intimately concerned are aware. When the Memorial Committee unanimously decided that the commission for the Victoria Monument should be given to Mr. Brock, he was given to understand that he might go abroad for a year in order to see and study the great monuments which the sculptors of the past had raised, in order that he might be the better able to prepare his design. Those who are privileged to know Mr. Brock are aware that, great artist though he is, perhaps one of his most dominant characteristics is modesty, coupled with that disbelief or distrust in his own power which is part of the inevitable mental make-up of the great artist.

Mr. Brock thought that, were he to study the masterpieces of Europe, he would return with so many contradictory ideas that if he attempted to embody them all confusion would be inevitable, while that individuality which counts for so much in every artistic inspiration and expression would run a great risk of being lost.

He determined to rely on himself, and resolved that, while retaining in his work the great principles of the art of the Renaissance, it should yet be imbued with the spirit of modernity.

That Buckingham Palace is not imposing or beautiful everyone must admit. Mr. Webb's original scheme showed the centre of the Palace raised. This would add greatly to the dignity of the mass when seen from all points, and as it is an improvement which could be carried out at a comparatively small cost, it is to be hoped that it may be possible to arrange for it.

To make it worthy its situation, however, Buckingham Palace needs a new front, and if the funds for that were forthcoming, the new London, which we of the twentieth century see growing under our eyes, would be graced by another building whose beauty and majestic proportions might fittingly suggest the residence of the Sovereign of Great Britain.

To pictorially illustrate a scene which is still only in course of formation is no easy business, especially when, from the nature of the case, it cannot well be brought within the scope of a single picture. An attempt has, however, been made on this page to show what the general effect will be when the Queen Victoria Memorial is finished and the new Route du Roi has assumed its final shape. To do this on a scale sufficiently large to show the details of the Memorial would have required a page quite three times the length of ours, and it must therefore be understood that, in the above illustration, only about one-third of the processional way is shown. This, however, will be sufficient to give some idea of its magnificent and dignified proportions.

The reader must imagine himself raised in a balloon close to Marlborough House. He then sees before him the broad road flanked by spreading plane trees, and opening out in a grand, semi-circular sweep before the residence of the Sovereign. The symmetrical arrangement of the important thoroughfares which converge upon the Palace is now clearly seen, and one is reminded of the fine open spaces which grace the French capital, and which our own metropolis so sorely lacks.

The eye is at once arrested by the Memorial proper, which, though of necessity somewhat dwarfed in a distant view, yet stands out in impressive magnificence and grandeur. The great colonnade, the fountains, and the flower beds have been wisely kept back from the central group, so as not to interfere with the dignity gained by comparative isolation. The wealth of marble statuary, alternating with the foliage and herbage of the enclosed spaces, will form one of the most magnificent spectacles in Europe when seen in the sunshine of a summer's day. The entrances to the semi-circular enclosures around the Memorial are of such width as to give a sense of freedom and openness without interfering with the suggestion of privacy and protection which the long colonnade is designed to afford.

Perhaps the best idea of the general size and proportions of the enclosure and its surroundings will be obtained by noticing how small Buckingham Palace looks in proportion. Whereas, at the present time, the King's residence stands out as an immense pile of buildings having no special connection with its surroundings, it will, in the future, form part—and by no means the most conspicuous part—of one great, harmonious whole.

If the reader will imagine the processional way continued for nearly three times as far as our upper illustration indicates, he will arrive at its other extremity, which will open upon Trafalgar Square, as shown in the drawing at the foot of the page.

BETWEEN THE OYSTERS AND THE COFFEE

A Complete Story by Ellen Douglas Deland

Author of "Malvern," &c.

"'I SUPPOSE WE MUST SAY SOMETHING!' SHE SAID"

MRS. LEIGH was giving one of her dinners. The guests at these functions were always chosen with a care and precision upon which Mrs. Leigh prided herself, and which she, of all others, was fitted to exercise, for no one in London knew as she did the ramifications of family differences and the aristocratic skeletons that lurked in the closets of her friends. In short, no one could gather so successfully a small party of people who were glad to be together, and who were conscious that their ancestors had dined or supped in the same amiable intercourse since the days of Queen Elizabeth.

But on this occasion Mrs. Leigh—to vary an ancient saying—reckoned without her guest. At six o'clock she was summoned to the telephone. At the other end was Mrs. David Logan. Mrs. Logan and Mrs. Leigh had been intimate since their infancy. Her accents were agitated.

"My dear Harriet, David has come home perfectly miserable. He insists that I shall not stay at home with him. I shouldn't think of coming and making an odd woman at your dinner if I didn't happen to be able to bring a substitute for David. Mr. Rodney (Philip Rodney, you know) came over from Bradford to-day quite unexpectedly and is staying with us. He is a great friend of David's. May I bring him?"

Mrs. Leigh expressed her regret, sympathy and acquiescence, and the matter was arranged.

"It is too bad about David," she said to her husband; "he is such a capital diner-out; but no doubt Mr. Rodney, of Bradford, will do as well. I needn't change people. I will give him to Frances Fearing, whom David was to have taken in. As neither one of them is a Londoner they can compare notes about us and have a very good time doing it. It will suit admirably."

Snow had been falling all the afternoon, and by eight o'clock it lay thick upon the ground. The scraping of the shovels, the shouts of the men upon the snow-ploughs which passed at intervals over the car tracks, the clang of the motormen's bells, the shutting of carriage doors, as one equipage after another drew up at the Leighs'—all of these sounds fell upon the ear with the resonance peculiar to a snow-laden atmosphere. The house was in Church Street, and across the way the trees of Dorchester Square loomed in the storm, the electric lights shining but dimly through the misty glass.

Within the house the scene was in sharp contrast to the wintriness without. There were softly shaded lamps, the delicate perfume of flowers, beautiful women in dinner dress, and the murmur of voices and laughter, for the room was full when Mrs. Logan and Philip Rodney entered. They were the last of the guests to arrive.

"Let me introduce you to the lady you are to take in," said Mrs. Leigh to Rodney.

They crossed the room to a woman in a white gown who was standing with her back turned partly toward them. She was not young, for her hair was grey, and for this Rodney was grateful. He preferred women of his own age. She was tall, almost as tall as he was, and the poise of her head was especially graceful. It gave him an odd sensation to see it, for it reminded him of——

"Frances," said Mrs. Leigh, "this is Mr. Rodney, of Bradford. He is to take you in. Miss Fearing, Mr. Rodney."

They both bowed. A startled look came into her brown eyes and a wave of colour passed over her face and lingered there. It was a face that was still young in spite of her grey hair and her thirty-seven years. Neither one of them spoke, and then he offered her his arm and they walked in to dinner.

She was the first to recover her self-possession.

"I suppose we must say something!" she said. "We haven't met for fifteen years, and in that time one can forget any difference of opinion. In fact, one can forget anything and everything. Now, it had totally escaped my memory that you lived in Bradford."

"I did not when—a—fifteen years ago."

He was peppering his oysters with the deliberation that she remembered so well. He had changed very little. There was not a grey hair among the ruddy gold that grew so thickly on his head, and it always had that little wave to it. He wore no moustache; he did not then. There was an added line or two about the mouth, and the perpendicular furrow between the blue eyes had deepened, but it came from study, not from sorrow. The years had sat lightly upon him, she said to herself with a touch of bitterness that was not natural to her. She would ask presently for Mrs. Rodney, for she had heard years ago that he had married. It was very soon after—after he went away. It was strange that she had known nothing of him since then. Except for this one important item of news, she had lost sight of him completely in the fifteen years that had elapsed since their engagement was broken "by mutual consent." She determined to assume a manner of perfect frankness. She had always found it to be the best disguise when dealing with the other sex.

"Now, tell me all about yourself," said she blithely. "What have you been doing? And since when have you been living in Bradford?"

"Only for a year. I have been abroad most of the time since—a—for the last fifteen years. I have been writing, of course, and have published a lot of stuff. Then, about three months ago, I was offered a position on the staff of a Bradford paper. In fact, I am editor of 'The Post.'"

"So you are James Rodney!" she exclaimed, turning quickly and looking at him with the clear, direct gaze of her honest eyes. "I have always suspected it, though I never could understand why you didn't use your own name. I have read all of your books."

As soon as she had said it she wished that she could recall the impulsive words. Her eyes drooped, and therefore she did not see the gleam that came into his.

"It was a fancy of mine," he said quietly. "James was my father's name, you know. But what made you think it was I?"

She became flippant. "Oh, I suppose I recognised some of your ideas. One does, you know, with the most casual acquaintances."

"And we were not casual acquaintances," he said.

It was at this moment that her attention was claimed by her neighbour on the other side, and it was not until the fish was served that they spoke again.

"And now, tell me about yourself," said he. "Are you still living at Highgate, in the old house?"

"Still at Highgate, but not in the old house. It is Edward's now. My father and mother died twelve years ago, and Edward and his family came there to live."

"And so you have never married. I supposed, of course, that you had."

She laughed as though at an excellent joke. "No, I left that for Grace and Edward to do. I spend my winters with Grace. She married a Londoner, Robert Leigh. He is the brother of our host."

He glanced up and down the long table.

"No, she isn't here to-night," she added.

She did not say that she was grateful for her sister's absence. She could not have carried off the situation with so high a hand if anyone had been present who knew the history of these two whom a device of destiny had brought together once more. When they last met they were lovers. A letter, written by her in one mood and read by him in another, had worked the mischief. He was at a distance and was too proud to go to her, and she could not go to him. Mistaken pride and false delicacy on both sides, but, alas! the way of the world.

"You have changed very little," he said presently.

She laughed again. "Your memory is poor. My hair was not always of this silvery hue, I assure you."

"Your hair is different, but I like it. It seems to suit your face." He watched to see if the rich colour would rise in her cheeks as it did in the old days. "You haven't changed in the least," he added.

"Nor you," she retorted. "These candles are merciful to our crows'-feet, but I can see that you haven't grown old. You have been happy, successful, satisfied!"

She paused, but he said nothing. "I heard that you had married," she continued. "Tell me about Mrs. Rodney. Where is she to-night?"

"There is no Mrs. Rodney."

She grew grave at once. "Oh, I am sorry! I—I had not heard of her death. You see, I have known so little about you."

"And that little is not the truth. There has never been a Mrs. Rodney. I have not married."

She wondered afterward what her face had shown. She glanced up suddenly and saw that Mrs. Leigh was watching her. It gave her courage to be flippant again.

"Is it possible! Dame Gossip carries strange tales. Not that she has told me much about you, for, as I said, I have lost sight of you completely; but I did hear that you were married, and even the name of the lady."

"Who was it?" he asked curiously.

"It was Miss Alice Farwell."

"My cousin's wife. They have been married a dozen years at least. He is Henry Philip Rodney, you know. People are always confusing us, but I should think you would have known that it wasn't I."

"Not at all. It was a most natural mistake for me to make." She wilfully misinterpreted his meaning, which was perfectly clear to her. "I had quite forgotten that your names were so much alike."

She spoke very quietly. She wondered if he guessed that her heart was beating with a violence that frightened her. It seemed as though everyone could have heard it had the din of conversation ceased for an instant.

"So we are both as we were fifteen years ago," he observed.

"Exactly! You crumble your bread as wastefully as you did then, and I—oh, I am just as I was, but a little more precise, a little more set in my ways. As one grows in spinsterhood one grows in precision."

"You never were precise, and you are far from it now."

"How uncomplimentary! I consider it a virtue."

They had reached the salad—or, to be more exact, the salad had reached them. She wondered if this dinner would ever come to an end. She longed for, yet dreaded, the final moment. It would be final in every sense of the word. Of course, they would never meet again. They must not—she could not endure it.

She glanced at the man on her other side. He was elderly and aristocratic, and was absorbed in his dinner. He never talked when he could eat, and it was only between the courses that he vouchsafed a word. He had been invited because of his wife, who was as animated as he was dull, and who entertained a great deal herself. Mrs. Leigh was punctilious about paying her social debts. This man was particularly fond of a good salad, and Frances saw that he would be unavailable for some minutes. Philip really ought to speak to his other neighbour. She leaned forward intending to draw her into their conversation, but the girl was talking to someone else.

"You can't do it," said Rodney. "You must talk to me or be silent, and if you are quiet I shall talk to you. You are completely at my mercy. I have something to say, and I am going to say it."

"I am at your mercy," she said; "but I trust to your generosity."

"A weak reed to lean upon! I have been silent for fifteen years. Now I am going to speak."

"Philip, please don't! This is not the place."

"It is the place! Anywhere is the place for speaking in which I happen to find you. Do you think I shall let the chance go? Or that I shall let you go?"

She looked about her desperately. Her elderly neighbour had finished his salad. Next to his food, old furniture was, she knew, his hobby, and she plunged with startling suddenness into the description of an ancient desk which she had discovered that very day in a shop. He was responsive until he found some reason for believing it to be a reproduction, and the "sweet" coming on just then his interest flagged. Then in her other ear came Rodney's voice, quiet, determined, tender.

"Francie!"

She gave a little gasp, it was his old name for her.

"Francie, you may just as well make up your mind to listen to me. It has got to come sooner or later."

"Later, then! This is not the time. Mrs. Leigh is looking at you. You are too intense for a stranger whom I have met for the first time to-night. Be sensible, Philip! Ah, Miss Merion!"

Again she leaned forward. The girl beyond him was now disengaged. Frances congratulated herself; she had won a small victory.

"Before the coffee comes!" he murmured, and then became perfectly silent.

Miss Merion had already decided that the man from Bradford was either eccentric or stupid, and having important affairs of her own to attend to she did not long bestow her attention upon him or Miss Fearing.

The dessert had gone, the coffee was coming, and he spoke again.

"Francie, I was a fool! A hot-tempered idiot!"

"Don't call yourself names," she laughed; "it isn't polite. I must put on a vivacious manner, Phil! Really, you will attract attention."

"I have loved you all these fifteen years."

"Very unwisely, then. I am not what I was. Has Time stood still?"

"Alas, no! But may we not hope that we have both developed for the wiser and the better under Time's sight? And may we not try now to atone for the folly and the headstrong temper of Youth? We have wasted fifteen good years apart."

"They might not have been a success together."

"Francie! Please, dear, be serious."

"I am very serious—underneath. How does either one of us know what the other may be now? Fifteen years! It has been a century."

"That is precisely what I think myself. Ah, yes, coffee. I remember you always took yours with such an extravagant quantity of sugar."

"You remember that?"

"I remember everything. You always quirked your little finger in that absurd way when you held your cup."

"You ridiculous boy! You don't look forty."

This was irrelevant, but delightful.

The coffee was drunk in a profound silence, and now Mrs. Leigh was rising.

"Francie, is it yes or no?"

"It is—why, Phil, I can't say it here!"

THE END

THE GUILDHALL

THE LADY MAYORESS AT WORK IN HER BOUDOIR

THE MANSION HOUSE

THE FIRST LADY IN LONDON

By Mary Spencer Warren

MANY and varied are the public and social duties which devolve upon the Lady Mayoress of the City of London, and to adequately discharge them numerous qualifications are absolutely indispensable. The official year, of course, commences on November 9th; nevertheless, preparations really begin from the date of the Lord Mayor's election on Michaelmas Day. The Lady Mayoress must select her Maids of Honour—a privilege she shares with Royalty—her tradesmen and her dresses, and make all arrangements for leaving her home with its accustomed associations of private life, and taking up her residence amidst more or less public surroundings of dignified splendour and official routine.

Necessarily, the Mansion House is kept well furnished and in good repair by the Corporation, but the incoming Lady Mayoress is called upon to make choice of rooms for the members of her family, and her advice is asked about any alteration of existing arrangements; she will naturaliy wish to convey to the official residence many familiar objects from her own house, thus rendering certain changes inevitable.

The selection of dresses is a weighty business, requiring much anxious thought and many interviews with the modiste; the expenditure in this direction, too, is nowadays something prodigious. In 1793 a total of £416 2s. was recorded as covering the entire cost of the Lady Mayoress's wardrobe for the year, but more than double that figure is generally disbursed now, so multifarious are the duties of the hostess of the Mansion House compared with what they formerly were, and of necessity calling for a continual change of toilette. Everything must be in readiness by November 8th, for on the next day her ladyship formally takes up her onerous position. Even at the outset she will find herself overwhelmed with invitations of all descriptions, and the Mansion House entertainments—always numberless and lavish—at once commence.

Now, the Lady Mayoress will find that she has many untried situations to meet and cope with, and many real trials to undergo. Some of her duties would be enjoyable were it not for their multiplicity, while others are very perplexing, many, in fact, absolutely worrying; but, fortunately, she receives much assistance in all arrangements from the permanent officials of the Mansion House. It goes without saying that each day must be carefully mapped out beforehand, business callers being received within certain hours, correspondence being gone through methodically and finished up each day, everything, in fact, being dovetailed between the outdoor appointments or indoor receptions. There are many institutions and societies to which the Lord Mayor gives his patronage, the meetings of which are held in the Mansion House, when the Lady Mayoress is generally expected to be present, while the luncheons, dinners, balls, &c., claim a goodly portion of her time.

THE LORD MAYOR'S MACE

The Lady Mayoress is scarcely looked upon as holding an official position, but there are few important functions of the year from which she is absent. When the Lord Mayor and Corporation attend anywhere in state, the Lady Mayoress proceeds thither in a private carriage; but for ordinary occasions, such as visiting institutions, prize-giving at schools, attending receptions, &c., the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress drive together in a semi-State civic coach, accompanied very often by the chaplain, an official chosen annually.

A very wise discrimination is necessary as to acceptance or rejection of the numerous invitations that pour in, precedent and the civic or other position of the person sending the invitation having to stand before personal inclination, and precedence, again, together with the history and worthiness of the object, must be duly weighed and considered in deciding upon what may be termed the public visits. During the bazaar season the petitions for attendance at such functions, if acceded to, might claim her ladyship's presence almost every day.

The life is really arduous, one recent Lady Mayoress saying that she was seldom in bed until one o'clock in the morning, and often very much later, and had to be up again between seven and eight o'clock, in order to cope with the tremendous amount of business awaiting her. It is fortunate, perhaps, that the appointment is only for one year, or an utter breakdown would inevitably ensue; indeed, it has more than once happened that the Lady Mayoress has been compelled to depute many of her duties to a daughter or daughter-in-law.

Each post brings its quantum of letters, the week's aggregate often running into several hundreds. Every one of them has to be dealt with, and the great majority answered. These letters cover a wide range, comprising invitations, petitions—many of which are of a remarkable nature—applications for situations and for assistance in finding lost relatives, and offers to organise charities and missions with the Lady Mayoress at the head. There is also a huge batch whose one object is begging. As a former Lady Mayoress said, "It is very sad to read these piteous appeals, and very difficult to distinguish between cases of real necessity and the professional—one is justified in saying fraudulent—statements of the hardened beggar." With regard to these, however, the Chief Clerk of the Justice Room, with his long, practical experience, renders valuable service, while the Lord Mayor's private secretary performs the same kind office with regard to other requests. When the correspondence is satisfactorily disposed of, the Lady Mayoress may have a series of callers to receive in her boudoir in connection with some object she has promised to assist by a personal visit or in some other direction. In one way and another, there are few spare moments until luncheon-time, and this meal is seldom taken *en famille*, for a day without a luncheon-party, large or small, is almost unknown at the Mansion House. The table is laid in the Long Parlour for 1.30, a portion of the famous Corporation plate always being in use. Several footmen in State liveries are in attendance, under the superintendence of Mr. Winny, the butler of about twenty years' Mansion House experience. This is very often the only meal at which the Mayoral family can be sure of meeting, varied duties claiming the heads for the remainder of the day.

In the afternoon there is always some duty to fulfil, such as a visit to a charitable institution, the opening of a sale of work, or possibly a meeting in the Mansion House on behalf of some charity. If not, her ladyship may find it necessary to visit someone's At Home, or she may herself be holding a reception in the Grand Saloon of the official residence. Here the Lady Mayoress receives alone, taking up her position in one of the gold-and-crimson chairs of State which almost face the top of the grand staircase. Visitors to the reception enter by the Doric portico in Mansion House Place, cross the lower saloon, and proceed up the staircase, their names meanwhile being passed on from one footman to another until the Lady Mayoress is reached. A few pleasant words are exchanged between hostess and guest, the latter then passing on to renew acquaintance with the assembled company. These receptions, by the way, are usually musical, professionals rendering selections at the top of the Grand Saloon. As many as four or five hundred guests, or even more, generally attend, the whole of the State rooms are thrown open, and tea is served informally.

The evening often brings a big dinner at the Mansion House, and this, of course, is rather a stately affair. All banquets take place in the Egyptian Hall, a monster apartment capable of dining about five hundred guests. The Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress, and the most important guests sit at the centre of a table which runs the whole length of the Hall opposite the entrance doors, all other tables being placed across, running from the former. The guests assemble in the Grand Saloon, and all gentlemen are furnished with a card which is at once a plan of the tables—these being numbered and names affixed to allotted places—a menu, and a programme of the music which will presently be performed by the band stationed in the gallery over the entrance.

Possibly, there may be a ball to follow, this function generally taking place in the old ballroom upstairs; the only one given in the Egyptian Hall is that at Easter, known as the Lord Mayor's Ball. The Mansion House balls are, of course, brilliant events, the most picturesque one of the year being the Children's Fancy Dress Ball. On this occasion the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress sit in the chairs of state in the Grand Saloon, and the whole of the children pass in procession before them on their way up to the old ballroom.

Entertaining so largely, a Lady Mayoress needs to be an ideal hostess, gifted with much tact and adaptability. Her exalted office brings her into contact with persons of all degrees; she has, of course, all the worries incidental to any lady who is hostess at a large entertainment, the difficulty of always saying the right thing to the right person, and the fear of neglecting any guest who has a claim on her attention, although she has not the anxiety with regard to the menu. She should also be a fluent linguist, so frequent are now the visitors from foreign countries; in fact, the exigencies of her position are so great, and her duties are so multifarious, that it is hardly possible to think of a present-day society qualification which she need not possess. There are few Lady Mayoresses but are called upon to assist the Lord Mayor in receiving Royalty. This of itself naturally is a great ordeal, although a dearly prized honour. In the aggregate, there are many difficulties to be faced by anyone who is called upon to fill this important civic position, to uphold the dignity of the ancient office, and to maintain its traditions of hospitality.

On the other hand, the Lady Mayoress has many privileges attaching to her position. She is presented at the first Royal Court after her accession to the civic throne, and subsequently her ladyship has the *entree* and the privilege of using the same entrance as the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps, thus avoiding falling into the line of carriages and great waste of time. Should the Lady Mayoress have a child born to her during the year of office, the Corporation of the Free and Ancient City of London will follow its old-time custom and present a silver cradle as a memento of the interesting occasion. Should her Ladyship have a daughter married during the year, the ceremony will take place at St. Paul's Cathedral—a privilege granted only to the few—the reception, of course, being held at the Mansion House. An event of this sort is made memorable in City annals, the wedding presents running into hundreds, and many of them being exceedingly costly.

THE DINING-ROOM AT THE MANSION HOUSE

THE DRAWING-ROOM AT THE MANSION HOUSE

FAMOUS GAME SHOTS

By E. G. Mackenzie

KING EDWARD VII.

THE KING OF PORTUGAL

THE PRINCE OF WALES

King Edward VII., the Prince of Wales, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Portugal, Prince Dhuleep Singh, Earl de Grey, the Marquis of Granby, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Ashburton, Mr. Rimington Wilson, &c.

Some Shooting Incidents

By C. J. Cornish

THE rate at which the taste for shooting has spread during the last twenty years has so increased the number of keen sportsmen that incidents, characteristic or odd, naturally arise in greater numbers than of old.

What makes shooting such a bond of union between classes, and also tends to make it always interesting and occasionally amusing, is the deadly earnest in which everyone sets about it. From the owner to the youngest keeper's youngest boy no one thinks of anything else either before or during the day's sport, and the amount of hard thinking devolving on everyone would scarcely be believed.

Until a very few years ago Lord Leicester, being then nearly eighty, would carefully go round the various beats to be taken in the Holtham partridge driving, note all the fields of turnips, and the crops generally, and scheme out an alternative set of drives in case the wind were unfavourable for that settled upon.

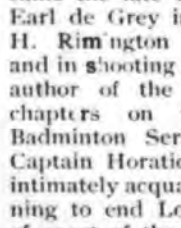
Apropos of this famous Holtham shooting, it was never usual to waste time over luncheon, the object being to get in the maximum number of drives in a day. Every guest was supposed to cut his own luncheon from the sideboard after breakfast. The quantity selected was then fastened up into a packet, and if the amount was found insufficient when luncheon-time came, there was no reserve stock.

At a great Yorkshire shooting a printed notice was put up in the breakfast-room earnestly advising the guests to cut their luncheon *before* they ate their breakfasts, not afterwards, as ideas of what would be required were found to vary in the case of the full man and the fasting, and it was from the latter condition that the luncheon would be regarded.

The pleasure of a day where the sport is thoroughly well organised is doubled or trebled. In Norfolk, for instance, where at least half the county is absolutely first-class game country, from the owners, keepers, beaters or drivers, down to the boys who help as drivers or stops, as the case may be, all know exactly what to do and what should be done. They insist on their rights, too. Mr. Rider Haggard noted that when luncheon was going on, a small boy came up to him with a gloomy and dejected countenance, and said: "Please, sir, us little stops hain't *had no beer!*" and burst into tears.

Apropos of beaters' refreshments, it is just as well that their employer give an eye occasionally to what is sent out for their luncheon, in case it is ordered from an inn. The writer had occasion to order luncheon for a few men who were going to act as "walkers" at partridge shooting. Ample provision was made at a good price. He had occasion, fortunately before any of it was served out, to taste the drink provided. It was abominable, being musty. It had evidently been drawn from a musty cask, in the hope that it could be got rid of in this way, and that the men would not complain.

The big jar was brought back to the hotel after the day's shooting, and complaint made to the landlord. He was, of course, prepared, and vowed that it was the finest beer ever brewed. "Oh, well; I dare say I am wrong," was the rejoinder. "Here is a glass; you try it, and just tell me what you think." At first the man refused. "Oh, just have a taste, you'll find you are right, I expect." Forced into a corner, before the various men in the yard, he took a good gulp, rather like a person swallowing medicine. But it was too nasty; he ejected it from his mouth forthwith and as the keeper remarked with satisfaction. "He had two or three more spits after that!" So it is always as well to let it be known that you mean to have some of the beaters' beer yourself.



Elliott & Fry

MR. H. RIMINGTON WILSON

THE finest all-round shot that the nineteenth century produced was undoubtedly that prince of sportsmen, Captain Horatio Ross. He was probably the best shot with gun, rifle, and pistol the world has seen, in addition to being the finest grouse and partridge shot and the best deer-stalker of his day. Captain Ross himself, modest to a degree, would never have dreamed of preferring any such claim; anyone of a more retiring disposition than his it would be difficult to imagine, particularly anyone entitled to plume himself to half the extent that he could on feats of shooting skill.

If Captain Ross was the most notable marksman of the last century, it seems generally admitted that Earl de Grey, though his shooting gifts may not be quite so many and varied as those of the former, has easily carried off the palm in this.

During the last thirty-six years no other sportsman has bagged nearly the amount of game that has fallen to Earl de Grey's gun and rifle, in the use of which he is equally unrivalled. It has been proved that his personal bag between the years 1867 and 1895 amounted to the enormous total of 316,699 head, including 318 red-deer, 89,401 partridges, and 111,190 pheasants, and there can be no doubt that, if the record were carried on up to the end of last shooting season, it would show more than a proportionate increase, owing to the improvements in sporting weapons as well as methods, in addition to the increase of pheasant preserving on a large scale.

Having described the most noted shot in the past and in the present century, it may be permissible to say a word or two as to the second best marksmen in each. Next to Captain Horatio Ross as an all-round marksman last century, it is believed, came the late Lord Lovat, while next to Earl de Grey in this can be placed Mr. H. Rimington Wilson. In appearance and in shooting powers the late Lord Lovat, author of the interesting and valuable chapters on "Deer-stalking" in the Badminton Series, was very similar to Captain Horatio Ross, with whom he was intimately acquainted. Almost from beginning to end Lord Lovat's life was a life of sport of the best description, of which shooting formed by far the greater part. He owned, while he lived, some of the finest shootings in Scotland, over which he roamed with gun or rifle constantly in his hands almost all the year round.

The popular owner of one of the best grouse-moors, for its size, in Britain, Mr. H. Rimington Wilson, the proprietor of Broomhead, in Yorkshire, is known as the finest grouse-shot ever seen. And those who know the difficulty of bringing down driven grouse, such as are all the grouse shot on the record-making moor of Broomhead, must readily admit that the shooter who excels all others in that branch of gunning must be a supremely fine shot. The only living gunner who nearly approaches Mr. Rimington Wilson's skill in grouse-shooting is Lord Walsingham, also, curiously enough, the holder of a record in that branch of shooting. On the 30th of August, 1893, Mr. Rimington Wilson and his party, nine guns in all, shooting for less than seven hours on the Broomhead Moor, in six drives brought down 2,648 grouse; while Lord Walsingham again, five years before, broke all records by bringing to bag, with his own gun, shooting from dawn to dusk—for fourteen hours—no fewer than 1,036 grouse. Both these records remain unbeaten, and the more they are studied the more wonderful they become, even for Yorkshire, where grouse are most numerous to each acre of heather.

Among other crack game shots who occupy very high places on the list comes the Prince of Wales. He is certainly one of the best half-dozen game-shots in Great Britain, almost as skilled, too, with the rod as with the gun. Pheasant-shooting, perhaps, shows the Prince's shooting powers to the greatest advantage; there are few, indeed, who can equal him in pulling down tall pheasants from the sky at the covert side. Pheasant-shooting, in truth, he is particularly devoted to, and he has taken great pains in acquiring complete mastery of the art of unfailingly crumpling up the most difficult rocketers.

Shooting is, indeed, to-day the favourite sport of a greater number of royalties than at any other period in its history. The records of our King in the killing of big and other game in this and other countries show that His Majesty has taken keen delight in both gun and rifle. In these days his highest enjoyment in shooting is obtained in the English coverts, wherever the tallest rocketers in large numbers, affording the best possible test of marksmanship, are to be brought down. Pheasants are the chief feature of the shooting at Sandringham, which is a model of what a sporting estate should be. For judgment of pace and direction in covert-shooting, the King is remarkable among game-shots.

Other notable game shots of the present, taking position among the best dozen performers in the preserves or on the moors, that may be mentioned, include Mr. Heatley Noble, whose speciality in shooting is a very high pheasant, but whose reputation for all-round game-shooting is brilliant; Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh, who is even a quicker and surer shot than his father was a quarter of a century ago; the Marquis of Granby, who is as good a shot with the gun as he is king of the trout or salmon rod-fishermen; the Honourable H. Stonor, who seldom misses a high pheasant; Lord Falconer, whose shooting some years ago with the late Baron Hirsch fairly astonished the Hungarian keepers; Mr. F. E. R. Fryer, reputed to be the finest partridge shot living, though with him might be bracketed in partridge shooting Lord Ashburton, who holds the record for a partridge bag made at the Grange, in Hampshire. Lord Westbury is a very quick and accurate shot, responsible for some of the largest grouse-bags made; Lord Carnarvon holds the record for the largest bag ever made in a covert.

Shooting skill is, indeed, fairly divided between kings and commoners. There is no royal road to its acquirement, and without it the sport affords little enjoyment to the shooter. Among the most notable Continental shots are the Emperor of Austria and the King of Portugal.

MARQUIS OF GRANBY

PRINCE DHULEEP SINGH

Elliott & Fry

EARL DE GREY

Elliott & Fry

LORD WESTBURY

Shooting Etiquette

By "An Old Hand"

THERE are many rules of etiquette in shooting, a knowledge of which is very desirable in the novice, which could not come to him intuitively. Some of them can only be properly studied in the light of experience; there are others so obviously included in what is the ordinary conduct, bearing, and conversation of what the world calls a gentleman that the statement of them is hardly necessary, though it may be desirable to impress beginners with the conviction that what is sportsmanlike in the shooting-field is on a par with what is gentlemanly elsewhere.

When the shooter is alone in the field, he has only the sport of his neighbours on adjoining grounds to consider, and the rules he has to observe are considerably shortened and simplified. We prefer to assume that our reader has been invited to join a large shooting party at one of the well-known homes of sport with the gun, where all the birds bagged by the shooters are driven in the modern style. As a member of such a party every gunner has to take the rough with the smooth as regards sport. Every gunner's place has been previously fixed for him at the covert-side, and he is not expected to change it in order to better his chances of shots, except under orders from his host or his representative for the day.

His time must come, when etiquette demands that he has a change of position, and his chances then may become very much improved, without any need for firing at birds that are nearer to another shooter, or flying in the direction of such gunner, and likely to afford him the better shot. Always give your neighbouring fellow-shooter the first shot at a bird almost equally distant from both. If he misses, you are free to "wipe his eye" by killing immediately after; but this is not a proceeding that should be often attempted, if one does not wish to become unpopular in the field.

Extremes, either in very long shots or in very near ones, are bad form at a shooting-party. In the first case the game is too often only wounded unnecessarily and in the second the birds are made into mince, unfit for sale or for use at home by your entertainer. Pheasants should be shot between twenty-five and fifty yards from the muzzle of the gun, while rabbits, again, can be shot, if the head only is hit, about fifteen yards away from the shooter. It is better to let game escape than to smash it up so as to unfit it for food. Grouse and partridge can be fired at nearer to the gun than pheasants, because they are smaller and more strongly plumaged.

A shooter should never exhibit either jealousy of a fellow-shooter or boastfulness about his own successes or powers.

In walking up game with dogs, as on the moors, the rules are partially altered according to circumstances, and we may mention a few of them that should be kept in recollection. The line must be kept, even to a yard; there must be no jockeying for more than one's fair share of sport. The gunner on the right takes the right-hand birds nearest to him, and his friend on the left the left-hand ones. Then no shots should be fired near beaters or dogs, or one's reputation as a careful, if not perhaps a good, shot is ruined, and invitations become few. To make excuses of any kind for poor shooting is inadmissible; no one expects or wants them, as every man is presumed to do his best, and everyone is too busy shooting or watching for a shot to be troubled hearing explanations that do not concern him. To claim more birds than you have killed, and especially to claim them before lunch, is the mark of an inexperienced shot.

HOW TO SHOOT AND HOW NOT TO SHOOT

By W. T. ROBERTS

THE RIGHT METHOD OF TAKING AIM

THE WRONG METHOD

WHEN a well-known shooting expert conceived the notion, towards the close of last season, of teaching ladies how to handle a gun and to enjoy the delights of a day's sport over moor, mountain, or covert, he initiated a decidedly happy policy, though the idea, when put into practical working order, seemed to be—like other new departures—after all really a very obvious one.

Many men who are excellent shots have had their initial lessons in the use of a gun at a shooting school, and it certainly was hard on the sporting enthusiast of the gentler sex that she should not be afforded equal opportunities for developing her sporting tendencies and capabilities.

The aspiring sportswoman, however, will now find that at the West London Shooting School her ambitions are treated seriously, and even when she misses a "kill" on the partridge ride she will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that some of the best sportsmen in England, including such a famous shot as Lord Balfour of Burleigh, have failed to kill every bird that rose to their guns on that very partridge ride, where the shooting is of the most difficult and tricky description.

The instructor begins by teaching his pupils how to hold a gun when aiming; curiously enough, women learn rather more readily than do men the correct manner in which to aim, but, unfortunately, directly the gun is loaded a woman will in nine cases out of ten become nervous and fire before she has brought it into proper position at her shoulder. Herein lies one of the great difficulties in teaching the embryo sportswoman, for a nervous shot will never, under any circumstances, be a good one, and, what is really worse, will always be a dangerous one to those in her vicinity.

The teacher, therefore, begins by letting his fair pupils fire as they please until they have got completely used to the operation, and then instructs them in the correct method of holding the weapon; but there is no use in doing this while the fair learner is in any way affected by feelings of timidity or nervousness.

The next step in the progress of her sporting education is to place the pupil near one of the traps, and teach her how to take easy shots at birds on the wing whose flight is straight and not too fast. This is a most important juncture, for it is here that the pupil acquires her style in shooting, which should not on any account be altered later on.

A sportswoman should endeavour her utmost to acquire an easy and graceful style from the first, but it must be one which she feels suited to her, for if she is constrained in any way, she will never become a good markswoman, nor even look, though she may fancy she does, a graceful one.

Having learned, then, how to take simple, straightforward shots readily and gracefully, the pupil may then try her skill on the partridge ride.

Here she will get some really difficult shooting, where hand, eye, and brain must all work together, and if she kills even twenty-five per cent. of the birds that rise to her gun on the partridge ride, she will have made considerable progress towards becoming a very passable markswoman.

Up to this period the pupil has only had straightforward shots, but she must now learn the mysteries of shooting ahead of, or in front of, the birds, and how to select one or two out of a whirring covey.

The pupil, gun in hand, begins her walk down the ride; suddenly the instructor, walking near her, calls out, "Mark bird on the right," and then, within perhaps six feet of the pupil, will rise a brace of birds that go sailing away out of range before she has time to bring the gun to her shoulder.

It is curious to note that in these early lessons a woman as a rule watches the birds going away from her without firing, whilst a man will nearly always fire, though the birds may be quite out of range by the time he does so.

The fair pupil, however, soon learns to bring her gun more rapidly into action, but she yet finds that the clay birds escape unbroken—it is provoking, to be sure, and it looks so easy to hit them. "Do not fire straight at them," says the instructor; "get your gun about a foot in front of them and in a straight line with the birds, then fire." Before the pupil has got to the end of the ride, it is probable that she succeeds in getting a kill at a crossing shot, and great is the joy of herself and the instructor at her achievement.

A good deal has been said and written about aiming in front of birds, and sportsmen differ much upon the subject. The method, however, whatever its merits or demerits may be, appears to be the one best adapted to the gentler sex. If you teach a woman to bring the barrels of the gun first on the bird and then to jerk them in front of it before firing, you give her a set of instructions to remember that appear to be unnecessarily complicated. Firing straight in front of the birds is simpler, and, at all events, seems to be the method most readily learnt by sportswomen.

To shoot in line is one of the most difficult things to teach a woman; if she gets ahead of the line she makes the birds break from cover too soon, and whilst she rarely gets any great personal advantage from doing so, she entirely destroys the sport for others by getting into the line of fire between the birds and the other guns.

Women of course are not the only offenders in this respect; men often err in the same direction, but the gentler sex are sometimes impressed with the notion that it is their privilege to walk ahead of the line, while a man who has once done so will probably judge, from the remarks of those whose sport he has spoilt, that it would be wiser not to do so again.

Walking ahead of a line is, as Mr. Watson, the instructor, explains to his fair pupils, a violation of the etiquette of sport, and must never be done to secure an advantage over the sportsmen in the line, though as a matter of fact the advantage to be gained by doing so is usually more apparent than real.

At the end of the ride good practice can be had at driven partridge. The pupil is stationed a little distance from a high fence over which the mimic birds come flying high and very fast. These shots are particularly hard for a woman, because the gun at the instant of pulling the trigger has to be raised up almost in a straight line with the body, and many sportswomen find that, so great is the fatigue of doing so, they have to relinquish this form of sport altogether.

In the same way, some of the pupils find that shooting rocketing pheasants is a sport beyond their physical strength. The clay birds representing the pheasants come flying down from a tall black stand surrounded by trees, the pupil being stationed within a short distance of the stand, and the gun is brought to the shoulder in an almost perpendicular line. This is always difficult for the novice.

Shooting driven grouse is perhaps the sport which the gentler sex most delight in. It is an art in itself, and requires an infinity of patience to acquire. The pupil is stationed in a grouse butt facing the supposititious drive, and the birds come towards her, flying, as driven grouse usually do, very hard and low.

Directly the shot has been made at the approaching birds, the pupil must wheel clear round, take a second gun from the instructor standing beside her, who represents a loader, and fire again as the birds go away from her.

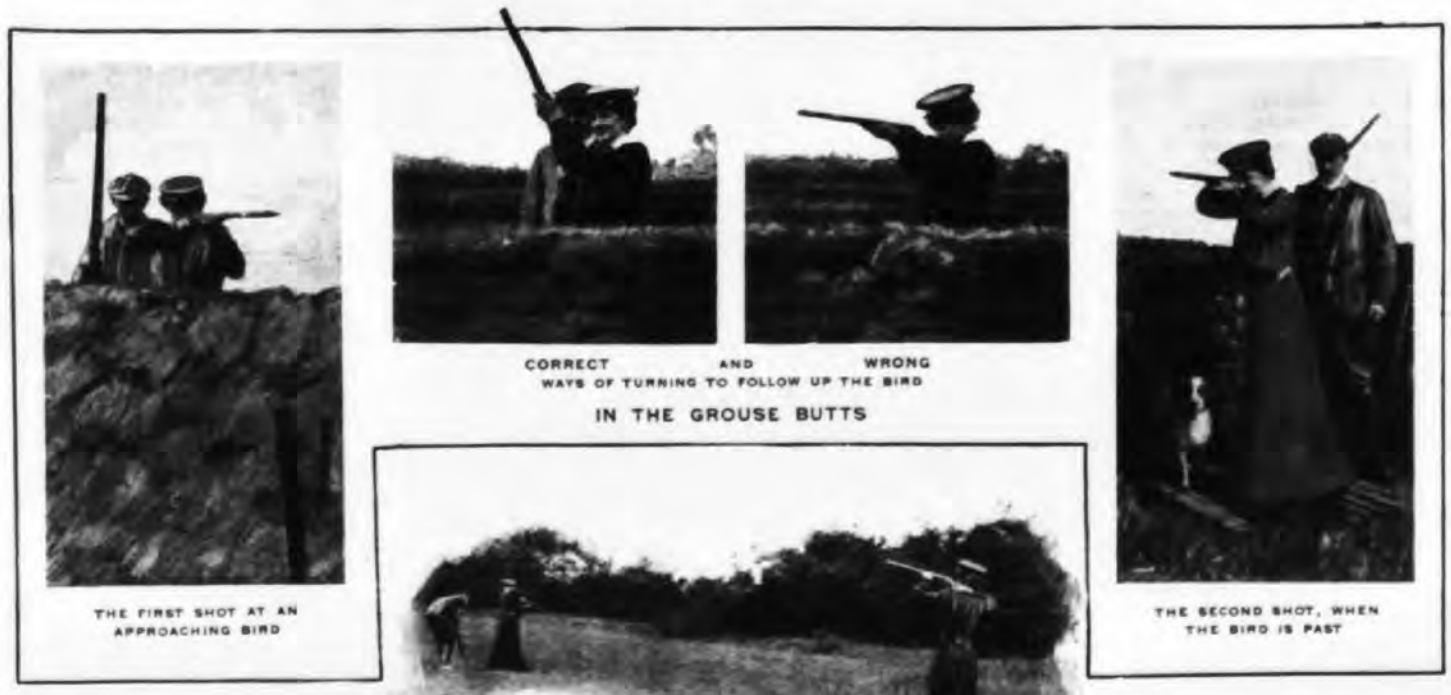
Properly done, it is extremely pretty shooting to watch, and affords excellent opportunities for that display of individualism and style that marks the finished sportswoman. Hand, eye, and brain must all work together, and there must be the greatest rapidity of action, guided by a quick and ready judgment of pace and distance, but there must be no flurrying, no excitement. The wheel round from the approaching birds must be accomplished in a fraction of a second, and the second gun aimed and fired at the departing birds almost at the same time, but this must be done coolly and quietly.

The pupil, however, who can kill even half the mimic birds that come to her gun at the grouse butts may rest assured that in real sport she will make a very passable figure as a clever and capable sportswoman.

DANGEROUS AND CARELESS METHODS OF WALKING UP TO FIRE

THE ONLY SAFE METHOD OF WALKING UP

RIGHT AND WRONG METHODS OF LOADING



CORRECT AND WRONG WAYS OF TURNING TO FOLLOW UP THE BIRD

IN THE GROUSE BUTTS

THE FIRST SHOT AT AN APPROACHING BIRD

THE WRONG WAY OF FOLLOWING UP A BIRD. IT IS DANGEROUS TO OTHER SHOTS

THE SECOND SHOT, WHEN THE BIRD IS PAST

NEVER FIRE AT A RABBIT WHEN PEOPLE ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HEDGE—

—BUT WAIT TILL THE RABBIT IS PAST THEM

THE LAMP WITH THE RED SHADE

A COMPLETE STORY

By Frederick Orin Bartlett, Author of "Joan of the Alley," &c.

DRAWINGS BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THE world had been in a state of comparative peace for three months, which accounted for the fact that he was at the piano, singing Kipling to Her. The well-known picture was reversed; it was he who sat with hands on the keys gazing into that empty space where he lived so much, and it was she who leant over the piano, and, chin on hands, tried to follow there. The open fire, which had been lighted at the close of the raw spring day, gave countless little flashlights of both faces. The yellow and blue flames themselves seemed to be curious and darted out first to look at her golden-brown hair, and then at his straight, black hair; glanced at her even, aristocratic features, almost cold save when a certain glow warmed the eyes; then shot into the darkness to the left of the piano to view his broad, sunburnt forehead, aquiline nose and heavy, bulldog jaw. A sadness tempered each feature—the sadness of a man who has looked upon suffering with a heart large enough to absorb much of it. His eyes were large and deep like a woman's, but they were still a man's eyes. An honest beggar would not hesitate a moment to ask alms of them; a rogue would think twice.

"HE WAS AT THE PIANO, SINGING KIPLING TO HER"

The stern lines of the stiff Puritanic furniture, such as befitted the home of a family who had lived in one house for a century, melted into more comfortable lines in the soft light from the open fire. In heavy shadow, the picture of a bold cavalier by Rembrandt hung before his eyes.

"God ha' mercy on such as we,
Poor black sheep!"

His voice, harsh as that of one who has slept much in the open air, died away to the faint accompaniment in a minor key. He turned his face toward her, leading the plaintive, pleading air on, as down a long corridor, into silence.

She moved a little that he might not look her full in the eyes. She was a proud woman. The flames crackled merrily.

"Oh, why do you sing it—that way?"

Her voice trembled like the tottering steps of a drunken man who tries in vain to control himself; but he did not notice it. He was very dull for a man who, as war correspondent, had seen so much of the world. But he had seen nothing but men, men, and she had seen nothing but women, women. He shook his head slowly, sadly, with an odd, mastiff-like motion, drawing down the corners of his mouth and pressing his lips together until his melancholic expression was exaggerated almost—but not quite—to the point of absurdity.

"It's true," he said, "all true."

"But, Paul"—they were very old friends, of the kind who continue friends though neither seeing nor hearing from one another for months at a time—"you should be happy. You have had the whole wide world to wander over; you have seen things few men have seen; you have made a name at thirty. You should be happy! There is no reason why you should ask God to have mercy on such as you."

He laughed, and in this, too, there was sadness. Somehow this room, so sheltered from this same world he had wandered over; this woman, who for the moment seemed to embody all that he had come to learn the wide world wagged for; this deep heart-feeling just beyond his reach, made him uneasy. In Cuba, with Roosevelt, he had seen the bravest men fight for love of women; in Venezuela he had heard dying men whisper a woman's name; in South Africa he had heard men lying on the hillside talk with their last few allotted words, not of ambition, not of patriotism, not of God, but just of some Kate, some Nell, some Gretchen. If he were to be shot down what name could he summon to help him to die with a smile: the senorita who had brought him tobacco in Cuba? the full-eyed Boer lass with whom he had passed a day within the lines at Johannesburg? Bah! it was not such names that dying men uttered!

"God ha' mercy on such as we!"

He had swung about on the piano-stool and now sat bending forward, elbows on knees, gazing into the fire as he had done so many times in camp. She stole to a hassock in a shadow to the left of the flames where she might watch his face and he might not see the maidenly glow in hers.

"I thought you—you were very happy, Paul."

The pathos in her voice startled him.

"Why, I am not so unhappy, girlie," he answered, rousing himself. "But I should not have sung you 'Gentlemen Rankers.' That song has germs in it and produces a disease like the fever, and then a fellow talks nonsense. That awful feeling isn't homesickness—it's something deeper. Homesickness takes you by the hand and looks into your eyes and makes you want to cry like a kid; but this other takes you by the throat and glares at you till you want to drop down dead. I struck a town once in South Africa and I didn't know a soul. After supper I went out to walk, 'cause there wasn't any one to talk with, and I passed hundreds of people who only stared. I sat down in a *cafe*, but everyone about me was talking a jargon, and I sat on like one of the empty chairs. Then I wandered out into the country a bit. It had grown dark, and through the open window of a little house with a garden in front of it I saw an old burgher and his wife and children sitting about a table. There was a little lamp there with a red shade—a little lamp with a red shade."

He stopped abruptly. Then he laughed the hollow mockery of a laugh.

"It wasn't homesickness that made me sit there by the roadside and watch that lamp until they put it out. It wasn't homesickness, because I have no home."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean that this cursed 'Wanderlust' has stolen my home! I have a house, a mother and sisters—but it isn't a home, may God be good to them! It isn't strong enough to keep me there. Helen! why did you lead me to talk of this?"

It was a strong man's cry.

"We will not talk of it more," she said quietly. "You have not asked me what I have been doing all these long months."

"I know. I heard it. You are to be married and——"

"No, I am not to be married. I do not think I'm to be married," she added.

She saw him lean forward a little—with a quick start.

"It was of Bob you heard?"

"Yes, Bob."

"I like him," she went on with the frankness of a sister to her brother. "He is a good man."

"One of God's own," he broke in. She did not catch the touch of bitterness in his voice, and so it hurt, and she smoothed back the hair from her white forehead.

"He wishes me to marry him in June. I have told him three times that—that I do not wish to marry him. The last time I promised to give him an answer—why, it's to-morrow I am to answer him! Can you tell me, Paul, why I do not love him?"

He had known this man Bob since childhood—this man who now had the reputation of being the most promising young physician in the city—and he knew him to be a strong and upright man.

"THERE WAS A LITTLE LAMP THERE WITH A RED SHADE"

A mischievous flame leaped out far enough to unveil her face and to reveal her leaning forward with eyes as bright as the embers. And he was looking at her!

"I don't know why you do not marry him," he said slowly. "You probably will. Then you will settle in the suburbs, and you will join the golf club, and the mothers' club, and the church, and have a front lawn."

"And a little lamp with a red shade?"

"No."

He tried to pierce the darkness.

"Please, no. Not the little lamp with the red shade."

"And it is for that I would not marry him!"

The sentence rang in his ears as they sat on a minute in dangerous silence. There was a cry for mercy in it, a plea, a wealth of love, but he heard it only faintly as one catches a strain of distant music on a breeze, and so he listened to hear it again. She sat immovable in the shadow, strangely huddled up.

"Helen!" he cried.

He spoke as into a dark room, not sure if she were there.

"Yes, Paul."

It came as softly as the whisper of a rose-leaf to the south wind. He seated himself on the floor near her, Turk fashion.

"Helen, will you let me dream—here—a moment?"

She drew a quick, deep breath spasmodically. Her face burned till it ached. In her effort to keep back the stifled cry in her heart she grew dizzy. He groped for her hand, found it and closed over it. It was a very warm little hand, and it was clenched.

Thus they sat for an eternity, and what each dreamed then became for ever a burning part of their lives. They remembered it as a man born blind, permitted to view one gorgeous sunset before sealing his eyes again and for ever, might remember.

A tap at the door broke the spell and brought them to their feet. It was the butler bearing a telegram.

"The boy said it was very important, sir, and they sent him from your house here, sir."

Then he went out.

Helen drew back to the piano where she might find support and watch him. Tearing it open, he read it, and as he did so his eyes kindled with a mad light that made her tremble.

He straightened as a soldier at command of his officer.

"Listen!" he exclaimed, turning toward her:

"'Can you start to-morrow for the Balkans? Wire at once.'"

It was from his old weekly.

"I must leave to-night! Oh, it's fine! The big Balkans—the fighting—the picturesqueness! I can see those mountains now!"

He talked like a schoolboy rather than a man who had been a dozen times on similar errands. It was this enthusiasm they paid him for, and—it was the "Wanderlust!"

"John! John!" he shouted. "Where is that butler? Never mind; I'll wire from the hotel."

She had said never a word. She was a proud woman. But as he turned toward her with outstretched hand to say good-bye she shrank farther back into the shadows. There he heard a sob—a pitiful little sob that refused to be choked. He looked dazed.

"Helen!" he exclaimed.

He stumbled to her side, put his arm about her, and drew her into the firelight. Her hands covered her face, and he drew them away. Then he looked down into the moist eyes—down—down—deep down, till he became drowned in them.

"Heavens!" he cried.

Her lips quivered, but her eyes were steady. Then he understood, and drew her close to him that she might hide her face in his breast. And she sobbed on, great joyful sobs that took the fever out of her, leaving a sense of tired peace—a peace infinite, and wide as Heaven itself is wide.

Two hours later the editor of the weekly was looking puzzled over a telegram signed "Paul Benson," containing the single word, "No."

THE END.

"THEN HE UNDERSTOOD, AND DREW HER CLOSE TO HIM"

"I am opposed to the undue interference of the United States in foreign disputes"

From a copyright stereograph by Underwood and Underwood

THE FIGHT FOR THE PRESIDENCY

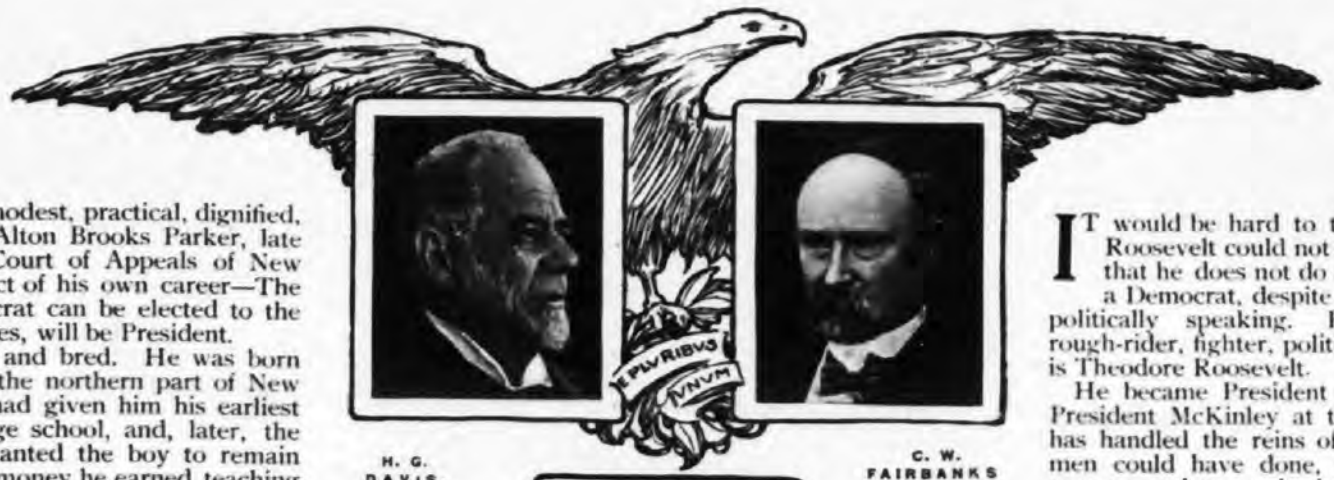
By J. A. Hobson

"The need in public and private life is common sense, honesty, decency, and courage"

From a copyright stereograph by Underwood and Underwood

Alton Brooks Parker

By C. H. Murray



H. G. DAVIS, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENCY

C. W. FAIRBANKS REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENCY

W. R. HEARST, SUGGESTED CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY

OF giant strength, brave, modest, practical, dignified, kind, firm, lovable, is Alton Brooks Parker, late Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of New York State, the architect of his own career—The Silent Man—who, if any Democrat can be elected to the highest office in the United States, will be President.

Judge Parker is country born and bred. He was born on a farm near Cortland, in the northern part of New York, where, after his mother had given him his earliest lessons, he attended the village school, and, later, the Normal School. His father wanted the boy to remain always a farmer, but out of the money he earned teaching a night school at Cortland the young man secured a course of instruction in the Albany Law School.

During the time he was studying law it became necessary for him to earn more money, and to that end he took charge of the Public School at Rochester, for which he received 12s. a day. It was while teaching school at Accord that one of the two village lawyers took a fancy to Parker and he entered into that profession, and by a steady course reached the highest point possible in the Empire State before he had turned forty-seven, being elected chief judge of the Court of Appeals. That was in 1897, and he had already been a member of the Supreme Court since his thirty-fourth year.

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Judge Parker, who is now fifty-three years old, has never lived in a large city and has never been out of the United States. He is the youngest man ever elected to the Court of Appeals, is a reader of all the best magazines, has no other fads than farming and stock raising. He is a member of the Episcopalian Church and his ancestors crossed the Atlantic from England two hundred years ago, settling in New England.

He is at home anywhere; it matters not whether in high boots and wide-brimmed straw hat following a plough on one of his fields or at a reception at the Capitol. He is a profound thinker and an able statesman. His continued silence during the past score of years has been because he has refused to degrade his office by talking of politics. But he is a leader born, and more than one Democratic victory is due to his executive ability, honesty, and the absolute confidence people have in his convictions.

He has always been a farmer, though, and the three farms which he now controls and personally manages are the result of his own profits at farming, for he believes in allowing the money made in each channel to improve and add to its separate sphere. There is no morning that he is not downstairs by half-past six o'clock.

Judge Parker believes in the rule of the majority in all things. He believes in the absolute separation of the legislative, executive, and judicial departments of the government. Of the question of trusts, which is of so much consequence in America, Judge Parker, in both the Supreme Court and Court of Appeals, plainly declared that, as a matter of common law, it was immaterial whether a combination in restraint of trade was reasonable or unreasonable. He was declaring the policy of common law when he said that the mere possession of the power to oppress the people was unlawful.

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Judge and Mrs. Parker both live for their family, and never are they happier than when their grandchildren are with them. The Parkers are not by any means wealthy people, for £10,000 would be an outside figure to credit them with. As chief judge, his salary was less than £3,000 a year, and many a poor family in and around Esopus, where they live, could tell what happiness for other people had been bought with the earnings of Judge Parker.

Some years ago he was trustee of a small savings bank in New York State. One day, while at work on the farm, a neighbour told him something which made him think that all was not right at the bank. He hurried there, found his suspicions were correct, and in less than four hours had two of the trusted employees in the local lock-up. He fought a run on the bank by hastening to court the following morning before the doors of the institution were opened, and secured an injunction restraining the depositors from drawing more than a quarter of their deposits until he had had time to thoroughly examine the books and find a way by which not a cent. should be lost to anyone. This he succeeded in doing. Then he prosecuted the two officials, convicted them, and saw them off to prison, where they both died. He was elected president of the bank, but abolished the salary that went with the office, and to-day the little institution is known to be the safest in the country, and it is making immense profits for its original depositors, who, at the time of the trouble, were made directors.

THE choice of a President of the United States, by the vote of nineteen million citizens, is the greatest electoral event in the world. Every four years the great Republic is inflamed with the excitement of a contest, which, beginning with the nomination of the champions, by the party conventions, in July, grows into frenzy as the election day of November approaches.

The actual power wielded by the American President exceeds that of any other elected head or constitutional governor of a civilised state, and is growing with every increase of Federal power and with the larger part the United States is bent on playing in world politics. He not only enjoys the dignity belonging to the head of a great nation, is commander-in-chief of the army and navy in peace and war, appoints all military and civil officers, including judges of the Supreme Court, but his real control, both over administration and legislation, is immense. Foreign relations are under his special charge, the Constitution assigns him a general oversight over the whole executive service, he can initiate and veto legislation, can set in operation the federal law-courts, and can, of his own free action, use the public forces for the maintenance of domestic order.

These are not mere formal rights, but powers habitually wielded by a strong president. For example, President Roosevelt, during his three years of office, has forced upon a reluctant Senate a reciprocity treaty with Cuba, directed a series of assaults upon trusts in the law-courts; compelled the coal-owners in Pennsylvania to arbitrate their quarrel with their employees on threat of marching federal troops into the coal fields, and secured the making of a Panama Canal by preventing the Columbian Government from repressing a revolt in her own territory. To the people of the United States, the appointment of some eighty thousand federal offices forms the most tangible "spoils" for the victor in a Presidential election.

The two great political parties have chosen their champions; the Republican National Convention, held at Chicago in June, nominated by acclamation Mr. Roosevelt; the Democratic Convention, held at St. Louis in July, gave Judge Alton B. Parkes the requisite two-thirds vote upon the first ballot. In both cases this show of party unanimity concealed a good deal of bitter dissension.

Mr. Roosevelt has never been popular with the machine-politicians of his party: he is at once too independent, too honest, and too reforming to suit their taste. The big republican bosses and the corporations that find millions of dollars for the campaign fund prefer a man who is amenable to party discipline and "keeps his ear to the ground" for the rumblings of public opinion. Indeed, it was widely believed that the recent death of Mr. Marcus Hanna was one more example of "Roosevelt's luck," removing the man marked out to oust him from the presidential nomination. But when the time for nomination drew near, it was quite evident that no other man than Roosevelt could be nominated. No president since Lincoln has aroused so much popular enthusiasm, or imposed his personality more powerfully upon the mind of the nation. In character, intellect, and magnetism, he stands out as a "prize" American, and though party managers would prefer a candidate with more "plasticity," they are prepared to make party capital out of the very reforming qualities they fear and dislike.

(Continued next page.)

Theodore Roosevelt

By F. N. Johnson

IT would be hard to think of anything that President Roosevelt could not do, and he never does anything that he does not do right. Born an aristocrat, he is a Democrat, despite the fact that he is Republican, politically speaking. Hunter, writer, cow-puncher, rough-rider, fighter, politician—the strenuous man; such is Theodore Roosevelt.

He became President only because of the murder of President McKinley at the Buffalo Exposition. But he has handled the reins of government as very few other men could have done, not caring for the opinions of anyone, so long as he knew that he was right. He has accomplished much because he is strenuous. He has compelled his statesmen to pass many bills for the good of the nation only because they knew that if they did not their President would do it over their heads, and so bring down the wrath of the multitude upon them, and very possibly defeat themselves at the election which takes place this month.

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Roosevelt is very sincere. He is a thorough man, a sharp politician, a firm friend, a bitter enemy, a great family man—in fact, when one talks of Roosevelt, it is not only of the man, but of the entire family, every member of which is as much blood and iron as is the head. He has written books that have been accepted as history. He has been a Police Commissioner of New York City at a time when the police department was a disgrace to civilisation. He worked night and day to reform it, and attended to business as no other commissioner has ever attended to it, either before or since. If the New York police department deserves any credit to-day, it is only because of the thoroughness of Theodore Roosevelt. He was on the spot at the most inopportune times—for others—and he did not mince words with anyone. He shows neither fear nor favour to any person living. A thing is right or it is wrong, and if wrong it is not to be countenanced.

Pages, rather than paragraphs, would be needed to record the versatility of Theodore Roosevelt. A city-bred boy, slight, and pale of cheeks, he sought the wonders of nature for his hobbies, and so became the strenuous man. He can tell you as much about the fish, fowl, and game of North America as all the books you can read. He has enjoyed sport himself in every corner, from the quiet streams of Maine to the chase for "Bar" in the Rockies.

He knows more about modern warfare than many a professional soldier. It was he who, as Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, planned the successful warfare with Spain, which cost that country her fleets in Cuba and the Philippines, as well as both those countries, in avenging the destruction of the battleship *Maine*. He resigned office to command the Rough-riders, and it was Theodore Roosevelt who was at the head of the column that mounted San Juan Hill. He was a successful Governor of New York State, and was an invaluable aid to President McKinley when he was but Vice-President. It is a hard matter to get a man to accept the Vice-Presidency, because it is said that the office is a mere title. But it was no sinecure while Roosevelt was the second in the American Government

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As a campaigner he is unequalled in American history up to date. He has met more people face to face than any other man who ever presided at the White House. When running with President McKinley in 1900, Roosevelt made 500 speeches, 200 of these being in New York State alone, the rest as widely separated as well could be throughout the States. It meant travelling more than 17,000 miles, and making, on an average, twenty speeches a day.

Since then, he has refrained from making campaign speeches, but he has visited almost every State in the Union, travelling 14,000 miles in 1903, talking to immense audiences in 263 towns and cities, explaining very clearly to the people why he was doing certain things, and urging that others should be done.

The only thing that has ever been said against him is that he is spectacular. More probably it is his quick and up-and-doing method of accomplishing things which makes him appear spectacular. It may have been his theatrical way of doing things when he wore a red bandana handkerchief at the head of his rough-riders at the battle of San Juan—which was won by the coloured troopers as much as by the men from every walk of life who composed the regiment commanded by Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt—or it may have been his training as a cowboy, when he always wore a similar cloth around his neck, with the loose end flying to keep the dust from choking him on a long ride.

The Democratic candidate seems to start with a heavy handicap. Never conspicuous in public life, and practically unknown outside his profession, he owes his elevation to the exigencies of his party, which demand a safe man and a conservative attitude. The Democratic party in America has been undergoing a dissolving process resembling that which has split up the Liberal party in several European countries. It once stood for a firm, general, consistent opposition to every extension of the power of the Federal Government, and was recognised as the party of State rights and individual liberty. But during recent years new issues have come up and the radical wing of the Democratic party has forced to the front of the political stage the questions of free coinage of silver, and a drastic federal control over railroads and trusts, questions which constitute a virtual abandonment of the older party principles. The last few years have seen a fierce conflict within the democratic party. A year ago it seemed possible that some extreme man, like Mr. Hearst, the well-known journalist, or Tom Jansen, the millionaire land-nationaliser of Ohio, might carry by storm the fortress of democracy and bring the nation to the brink of revolution. But the conservative interests of the moneyed members of the party have prevailed, and the Democratic medium has gone for a "safe" man.

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Judge Parker is a man of solid intelligence, good judgment, and sound personal record, but he represents no great popular cause, and is the champion of no great organic policy. "Booming," however, is so fine an art in America that the judge will soon be decorated with all the virtues of a campaign hero.

The process began on the very day of his nomination. The declaration of the fighting policy or "platform" is the great task of the National Conventions, which appoint the two candidates. Now at St. Louis a fierce conflict arose upon the question whether the Democratic platform should explicitly repudiate the Bryan policy of 1896, favouring "free silver," *i.e.*, the compulsory coinage of all silver offered to the United States treasury at the ratio of 16 silver to one gold. Two elections had been lost by the Democrats on this issue, and the conservative members were most urgent that the platform should make a clear declaration for a gold standard. But while Mr. Bryan's section was not strong enough to keep the silver plant in the platform, it forced on the Convention a compromise, by virtue of which complete silence on the financial issue was observed. Now, Judge Parker, on receiving tidings of his nomination, came to the rescue of the gold Democrats by sending a telegram to the Convention asserting his personal adherence to the gold standard, and leaving it free to cancel his nomination if they chose to resent this criticism of their platform.

W. J. BRYAN,
WHO WAS A CANDIDATE AT THE LAST ELECTION, IS TERMED THE SILVER-TONGUED ORATOR

This honourable and courageous act is worth more to him than English readers can well realise. The mob-mind of an American Convention is fickle and sensitive to a degree, and Judge Parker's telegram might well have cost him his chance of the Presidency. On the other hand, the sentimentalism of the average American is deeply stirred by any display of fine, strong personality; it loves to dramatise current history, and was quick to recognise for Mr. Roosevelt "a foeman worthy of his steel." Party allegiance is so strong that even Mr. Bryan felt himself obliged to declare for Judge Parker, and the formal unanimity of the Convention's vote will be followed by the solid use of the party machinery for the election. In the heat of such a conflict the smallest achievement—and the minutest, even—are magnified to a monstrous size; and the scientific manufacture of enthusiasm is such that Judge Parker, though he may be possessed of nothing more than mediocre qualities, will be the object of intense and genuine adoration before November comes on. We have nothing in this country closely corresponding to the machinery of a Presidential campaign, whereby many millions of dollars are lavished on local campaign clubs, "spell-binders," "still hunts," parades, processions, and the rest of what is called "the Chinese business." Our small survivals of crude bribery cannot compare with the torrent of corruption which sweeps over the large cities of the doubtful or "pivotal" States, such as New York, Illinois, Connecticut, or Indiana. Many informed Americans really believe that an election depends ultimately upon this work of corruption, and that the party which can convert the largest amount of hard cash into electioneering energy will win. This is not true, but it is widely held, and it must be admitted that the elaborate play of party machinery does tend to equalise the chances of the candidates of the two great parties.

So far, I have treated the election merely with reference to personality and party machinery, ignoring principles and concrete issues of policy. In point of fact, unless some unforeseen explosive event thrusts foreign policy or some constitutional question suddenly to the front, differences of essential policy will play an insignificant part in this campaign. To the American citizen it matters extremely little whether Mr. Roosevelt or Judge Parker enters the White House next year. A brief survey of two "platforms" makes this quite evident.

The two issues which contain most fighting material are Trusts and the Tariff. The gigantic corporations which control large sections of the railroads between East and West, and rule the great shipping, mining, steel, oil, sugar, and other industries, are a grave and growing source of fear to the average American. The Bryan-Hearst wing of the Democratic party has been for some time past moving in the direction of a Socialistic solution of the Trust problem which might have rallied to their support the labour unions and the organised Socialist bodies that have been growing into considerable strength in Massachusetts, Illinois, Colorado, and California.

♣

Nationalisation of the railroads would have been the first step in this policy, which would have moved as far and as fast as constitutional barriers permitted in the fulfilment of the Socialist demand: "Let the nation own the trusts." The triumph of conservatism in the party has for the present stopped this revolutionary tide.

Though the language of the Democratic platform is more vehement in denouncing trusts, no one supposes that Judge Parker will go farther than Mr. Roosevelt in antagonising the financial and industrial interests of the great capitalists. Indeed, the Republicans point to the energetic conduct of the present Administration in enforcing old laws against trusts, and in placing in the statute book new acts directed against the abuses of the railroad and manufacturing corporations. The achievements of Mr. Roosevelt are set against the promises of the Democrats.

Closely associated with the trusts issue is that of the tariff. Here again the difference, so far as practical policy is concerned, is much less than appears at first sight. It is a complete error to imagine that the Democrats are a Free Trade party. The small group of out-and-out Free Traders under Mr. Bourke Cochran is a negligible factor. The Democratic platform professes two main objects in its tariff reform, first to cut off the support which import duties render to the trusts, and secondly to reduce the general tariff to the bare requirements of the national revenue. This last proposal sounds like Free Trade, but is not really any such thing, for the proportion of the great and ever growing expenditure of the Government which must be raised by import duties is so large that no possible Democratic tariff for revenue could fail to retain a large protective character. Judge Parker, even if he had a strong Democratic majority in Congress, could not, even if he would, go very far in this direction of free imports. Moreover, while the Republican platform stands firmly by the avowed policy of protecting American industries by a system of duties which "always, at least, equal the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad," Mr. Roosevelt and his friends are too wise to adopt a stubborn *non possumus* attitude. Even inside the Republican ranks there is a good deal of discontent with parts of the present tariff: the Republican politicians admit the desirability of a revision, but it must be done by the friends and not by the enemies of protection.

GROVER CLEVELAND
WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT IN 1888 BY A VERY LARGE MAJORITY

♣

Imperialism, again, is another issue upon which feeling has been high. But while many prominent Democrats have arraigned the annexation of the Philippines, the Panama affair, and the pushful foreign policy upon which the Administration has embarked, the party has not dared to commit itself against expansion. Though the Democratic platform utters pious words in favour of peace and a reduction of expenditure on armaments, it is discreet enough to accept the Monroe doctrine and the preservation of the open door in the Far East. No one supposes that a Democratic Government would either abandon the Isthmian canal or reverse the forward policy of Mr. Roosevelt in South America and the Pacific.

The "Solid South" and the West share to the full the new commercial and political ambitions which the last decade has aroused in the United States, and though the Democratic platform expresses a desire to "get the Philippine people on their feet, free and independent," to work out this one destiny Judge Parker and a Democratic administration would take no practical step towards an abandonment of the Philippines.

From the standpoint of political principles, then, the Presidential election is a sham fight. State rights, Civil Service reform, tariff, the old dividing lines, have well-nigh disappeared, and no new clean issues have taken their place. The struggle is, therefore, one of personality and party management. In both Mr. Roosevelt holds a marked advantage over his opponent. The conspicuous prosperity which the nation has enjoyed during the last few years, and which, though somewhat abated, still persists, will tell strongly for the Republicans. The only cloud in the horizon is the possibility of an extension of the labour troubles which are brewing in several staple industries. A single strong impetuous act of Mr. Roosevelt might, in the delicate relations subsisting between capital and labour, bring against him the fanatical resentment of one or other of the organised industrial forces, so as seriously to endanger his chance of victory. On any reasonable estimate of present forces, Mr. Roosevelt's success is practically certain and can be fairly reckoned upon.

FORTUNES ON FINGER-ENDS

THE costliest thimble in the world is undoubtedly one possessed by the Queen of Siam. It was presented to her by her husband, the King. This thimble is quite an exquisite work of art. It is made of pure gold, in the fashion or shape of a half-opened lotus-flower, the floral emblem of the Royal House of Siam.

It is thickly studded with the most beautiful diamonds and other precious stones, which are so arranged as to form the name of the Queen, together with the date of her marriage. She regards this thimble as one of her most precious possessions.

Not long since a Paris jeweller made a most elaborate thimble to the order of a certain well-known American millionaire. It was somewhat larger than the ordinary size of thimbles, and the agreed price was £5,000. The gold setting was scarcely visible, so completely was it set with diamonds, rubies, and pearls in artistic designs, the rubies showing the initials of the intended recipient.

This thimble was made as a birthday present to the millionaire's daughter, who can now boast the possession of the second most valuable thimble in the world. Her father was so much pleased with the fine workmanship it showed that he ordered another, but much less expensive one, to be made for presentation to the school companion and bosom friend of his fortunate child.

Five or six years ago a jeweller in the West End of London was paid a sum of nearly £3,000 for a thimble which the pampered wife of a South American Croesus insisted on having made for her. This was one mass of precious gems, diamonds and rubies, which as thimble ornaments seem to almost monopolise feminine taste.

That eccentric prince the late Maharajah Duleep Singh never did things by halves, and one of the most beautiful and costly thimbles ever made was that which was supplied to his order as a present for a great lady in Russia. The price of this ran well into four figures, and the gems set in it were all pearls of great value and no less beauty.

So were those in a highly treasured thimble which, on the occasion of one of his visits to Europe, the late Shah of Persia presented to a lady whose guest he was for a few hours. In the words of the delighted recipient, it looked like a cluster of glittering gems, which in reality it was, save for the gold in which they were set. An expert in precious stones valued this thimble at £1,200.

There are thimbles, of no intrinsic value, but which, on account of the famous women to whom they have belonged, would command very high prices if submitted to public auction. In the possession of the wealthy Mrs. Vanderbilt there is a thimble which was formerly used by Queen Alexandra. It is an extremely dainty article, made of gold and enamel.

But, apart from its associations, it is not of much greater value than another thimble owned by the same American lady. This is a very serviceable-looking article, in solid silver, but very small. Its value lies in the fact that it was the property of the late Queen Victoria in the days when she was only a girl of fourteen. From its appearance Queen Victoria knew how to ply her needle in her young days.

The first thimble ever made was the one presented in the year 1684 to Anna van Wedy, the second wife of Killaen van Rensselaer, and the thimble is, therefore, a Dutch invention. In making the presentation the giver, Van Benschoten, begged the lady "to accept this new covering for the protection of her diligent fingers as a token of his great esteem and profound respect."

"... 'I WANT YOU TO MARRY THE PRINCESS ALEXIA,' SAID THE KING."

THE KING'S DESIRE

A Complete Story, by Cyril Emra

Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst

I SHALL not soon forget that summer morning at the King's castle of Otteau, when began the adventure which marks an epoch in my life.

I was on the terrace idling away the half hour of leisure after a late breakfast with my friend Rudolf von Rother, who was then a lieutenant, as I was captain, of the King's Guard, when a page approached and halted before us.

"What is it?" I asked, flicking the ash from my cigarette and glancing at the boy.

"The King desires Prince Paladin to be so good as to wait upon him so soon as his duties will permit," he answered.

I smiled. The message was characteristic of his Majesty. His was the mailed hand within the velvet glove, and I rose at once to obey his summons. Certainly my duties at that moment were not sufficiently arduous to excuse me.

"His Majesty is in his private library," added the boy, turning to retrace his steps towards the castle.

I followed slowly, wondering what might be the meaning of this summons, and had found no answer to the question when I was ushered into the King's presence, and the door closed behind me.

"Be seated, my dear Prince," he said graciously, after acknowledging my salute. "I have on hand a matter of some importance both to myself—that is, to the State—and to you. I have sent for you because I know of none so likely as yourself to be able to serve me."

I bowed.

❁

"Are you prepared," he continued, "to undertake a mission, I might almost say an adventure, of some delicacy, and possibly entailing a personal sacrifice?"

"My only desire is to serve your Majesty," I replied, at a loss to conceive what was coming.

"That has always been evident," said the King; "and, as you may be aware, I have taken some little interest in your career."

This was indeed true, for, as a penniless younger son of a lateral branch of the Royal blood, I owed to the King's favour my position, my prospects—all I had save only my ancient and honourable name.

"But to proceed," continued his Majesty. "You are aware that the province of Thoriga is in a disordered and rebellious state, and that the tranquillity of the whole kingdom is endangered by the hostile attitude towards the Crown which its hereditary rulers have always helped to foster. The present Regent, Prince Peter, has upheld that old policy, but his influence will soon be considerably lessened, since, under the peculiar laws governing the succession, the Princess Alexia, nominally at any rate, takes up the reins of government on her coming of age next year, conditionally upon her being married. The situation is complicated by the fact that she happens to be my ward, and cannot marry without my consent. In fact, I have practically the choosing of a husband for her.

"Moving in the Court as you do, you are, of course, as well acquainted as myself with these facts, but I put them thus clearly before you that you may see my reasons for this opportunity of attempting to end the unfortunate relations which at present exist between the province of Thoriga and the State."

I bowed, wondering the while how this interesting position could affect or be affected by my humble self.

"And so," continued his Majesty very slowly, "I want you ——."

He paused, as if suddenly undecided how to proceed.

"Your Majesty wants me?" I asked.

"To marry the Princess Alexia," he said deliberately, turning and fixing me with his impenetrable grey eyes.

❁

"But your Majesty," I blurted out. "She wouldn't look at me. I can offer her nothing but my sword and a soldier's name."

"Which once rang through Europe," he said with a smile. "Have you forgotten that day at Grindelberg? You are of the blood Royal, my dear cousin, and that and the soldier's name you speak of make you a fit suitor for the hand of Princess Alexia. Stand up, and tell me what you see there!" And he pointed to a tall mirror let into one of the oak panels of the wall.

"I see myself," I said simply.

"And yet," he said, "you doubt yourself where a woman is concerned, Princess though she be! Ah, boy, if I were young again like you ——"

He came a step nearer to me.

"I have never seen her, he said, "but they tell me she is very beautiful."

"But," I demurred, "if the Princess should refuse to marry?"

"I don't think she will," he said, with his inscrutable smile. "Royalty is bound by shackles from which the ordinary individual is free; and your meeting will not be altogether a surprise to her. She has been prepared for it."

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"But sire——" I began.

The King cut short my remonstrance with a sudden parry of that dry humour of his.

"No, no," he said; "I need no thanks. You are doing a service to the State. The Princess will be at Basil Castle for a month. I should like you to meet her there without ceremony. She has been already informed of the proposed union, and I think you will not find her difficult. Tell no one else of this, but take your friend Lieutenant von Rother with you, and start as soon as you can arrange to be relieved of your duties here."

A footman entered and held the door wide for me as I saluted and turned on my heel to stride, with long steps and a heart beating strangely fast, down the marble corridors, and out again on to the sunny terrace where I had left Rudolf a quarter of an hour before.

He was lolling in a most unsoldierly way in a big hammock-chair, languidly blowing rings of cigarette smoke, as if there were no such things in the world as exacting monarchs, rebellious provinces, or beautiful princesses to be married for the asking.

I regarded him with a frown which in no wise ruffled his serenity.

"Get up, you lazy dolt," I said, "and give me your advice!"

"Delighted!" he replied, without stirring. "Concerning what?"

"Concerning my interview with his Majesty," I answered.

"Ah!" said Rudolf, yawning, "has he given you your promotion? You aren't a general yet, I suppose?"

"No," I said; "but I'm likely soon to be a husband. His Majesty has commanded me to get married."

"The deuce he has!" he exclaimed. "Who's the lady?"

"The Princess Alexia," I replied.

Rudolf stared at me in amazement.

"Well, I'm blest!" he said, or words to that effect. "Tell me all about it."

I to'd him, and we were both silent for fully five minutes.

❁

I tried to think the matter over calmly and critically; and slowly it seemed to resolve itself into this—that on the one hand were wealth, riches, a noble bride, and the princedom of Thoriga, and against that my soul's liberty and the right to live out my life as God should give me grace, for love and by the honour of the sword. A great rage seized me at the injustice and the tyranny of this arranged bondage of two young lives, where love and free will were sacrificed to the iron exigencies of statecraft.

I would not marry this Princess with my eyes shut, though the refusal to do so meant the withdrawing of the King's favour, and left me with nothing but horse and sword and my own right arm to carve out the future, and win what meed of fortune it might bring. I looked down at Rudolf and spoke low, but with a reckless heart.

"Rudolf," I said, "will you dare the King's wrath, and come with me on a mad adventure?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"If I am Lieutenant Rudolf von Rother, of the King's Guard," I said, "will you be Prince Paladin for a month, and come with me to see this fair Princess?"

He stared at me wide-eyed for a minute, and then struck his hand into mine

. . . . . .

Three days later we rode at dusk of eve into the ancient feudal castle of Basil, and were welcomed by him who was to be our host, the old Count Linder.

I learned, without much surprise, that ourselves and the Princess, with a girl cousin of hers, were the only guests at present in the castle. They had arrived a

week before with an escort of dragoons, who, having seen them safely within doors, at once returned to Thoriga.

Rudolf was introduced first, as befitted his supposed superior rank, and while the old Countess welcomed him I had time to gain a rapid impression of her whom the King had willed as my intended bride.

Tall, golden-haired, blue-eyed, she was of the blonde Saxon type at its best, and very fair to look on; but, and I felt it with a vague sense of disappointment, fair as she was, her beauty was eclipsed and overshadowed by the extraordinary loveliness of her cousin, the girl who was named to us as the Lady Dolores Luren.

That evening was a prototype of many that followed. A half hour's ramble after dinner through the delightful gardens that surrounded the castle, an hour of music and singing and pleasant converse in the great dining-room, and then early to bed. I went with Rudolf to his room after bidding the rest good-night, and we talked over the doings of the day.

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At last I rose to leave him, and paused with my fingers on the door-handle.

"Rudolf," I said to him slowly, "we are a pair of consummate scoundrels."

He looked up at me with a quiet smile. "That's just what I've been thinking," he said; then added, "but we must play the game out now, old man. Don't blame me. It was your idea!"

I had my retort.

"And not a bad one, eh, my dear Prince Paladin?" I questioned.

"From whose point of view?" he asked.

"From yours," I said; "you seemed to find the Princess an excellent companion to-night!"

Rudolf smiled. The last word was with him.

"I had to," he answered drily; "there was no one left, since you were so engrossed with the Lady Dolores!"

CHAPTER II

How shall I tell of those long summer days?

We fished, we rode, we stalked the tall deer in the wide glades of Basil, or went a-sailing on the hill-girt bay where the blue seas washed the cliffs on which the castle stood, reckless of the future, and defiant of the possible consequences of the strange position in which our careless folly had placed us.

The King's plan seemed likely to end in a fiasco. In all our doings Alexia and my friend somehow happened to pair off together, while Dolores and myself played a similar duet.

After three weeks of this I felt it my duty to approach Rudolf on the question, not, if the truth must be told, that I disapproved of the arrangement, but the situation was becoming somewhat impossible.

Rudolf agreed with me, but failed to see a way out of the difficulty. He discussed, he deplored, he even swore at the lamentable position of affairs—I regret to say that Rudolf's language when we were alone was not always exactly classical—but could suggest nothing. I suspected that he had no great wish to alter existing arrangements.

"Well," I said, "I'm going to take the Princess under my wing for a bit. I've hardly made her acquaintance yet; and however can we clear things up, if we go on as we're doing now. I shall leave Dolores to you for the future, do you see?"

"Yes," assented Rudolf, without much enthusiasm, and I left him to meditate over my intention.

In the passage I met Dolores.

"Ah, Lieutenant von Rother!" she exclaimed, in her gayest and most charming mood, "You're just the person I want. I do so long to explore the caves under the castle, and Alexia won't come. She's nervous, I think. Will you come with me?"

"Rather," I replied, then suddenly remembered, and qualified my eager acceptance.

"But we can't go alone," I added.

"Well," said Dolores, "perhaps I could pursuade Alexia. Will Prince Paladin come, do you think"?

"Of course," I answered. "He's game for anything."

She retreated to the Princess's apartments while I waited.

Presently she reappeared.

"Oh, Alexia's coming," she said carelessly, as if such a sudden change of mind were the most natural thing in the world. "Shall we start at once?"

"Yes," I said, and went in to arouse my friend.

"My dear Prince Paladin," I announced to him "you are requested to make a fourth in an exploration party for the caves of Basil."

✿

"A fourth?" he inquired. "Who is to be my third?"

"Well," I explained, "Dolores asked me to come with her, and Alexia said she'd come—when she heard that you were coming."

"I see," he said, grinning at me most sillily, "but what about that new arrangement of yours?"

"Oh, that must be off for to-day," I answered. "It's a pity, but we can't work these little things too suddenly, of course."

"Of course not!" agreed Rudolph, with an exasperating smile.

. . . . . .

To explore the caves of Basil without a guide was, of course, a foolish thing to do, but to Rudolf and myself must be given the excuse that we did, at any rate, try to find one. The male population of the village, however, were apparently all out in the fishing-boats, and, having returned unsuccessful from our quest, we tried to persuade our fair companions to postpone their visit.

Dolores pleaded, Alexia scoffed and commanded, but we refused to be overruled.

"Very well," said Alexia at last. "If you won't come we'll go by ourselves. Come along, Dolores!"

After that, argument was useless. We compromised, and they promised not to venture further than seemed safe.

So we armed ourselves with candles, and started off in high feather, reaching the entrance to the caves in a few minutes.

"Isn't this glorious?" said Dolores, as we wriggled into the narrow opening. The others had clambered in first.

"Splendid!" I agreed. "So good for one's clothes." I could see in the subdued light a great patch of moist green on the sleeve of my immaculate grey flannels. I have a wholesome objection to spoiling new clothes.

"Oh, none of us have anything on that will hurt," she answered. "That's half the fun of it—getting thoroughly dirty. It reminds me of my childhood! Why don't you light a candle?"

I did so.

We went on without coming to anything in the way of a cave for I suppose three or four hundred yards. The passage sloped gently downward most of the way, and twisted and turned so that we could not often keep our companions in sight, but at last we came out into the straight, and saw their candle glimmering ahead. Suddenly it disappeared.

"Look out for a draught here," came Rudolf's voice echoing down the passage.

"This is getting delightfully adventurous," murmured Dolores, as we hurried after the others.

"Beautiful!" I exclaimed, with a jerk, stumbling abruptly over a rock in the centre of the path, and considerably bruising my shins.

The candle went out.

Dolores was not consoling.

"How clumsy you are," she said.

"I didn't do it on purpose," I retorted.

Here our conversation was interrupted by a shout from Rudolf which evidently announced a discovery of some sort.

We did not trouble to re-light our candle, but cautiously made our way towards the faint gleam which showed where our companions were.

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"Isn't it dark!" said Dolores. "I can't see a bit where we're going."

She slipped as she spoke, and grasped at my arm to save herself.

"You'd better let me hang on to you," she said, sliding her hand into mine.

I thought of what his Majesty, far away at Otteau, would have said if he had seen me groping hand in hand through the darkness of an underground passage with the Princess's beautiful cousin, while that fair lady was waiting for us with Rudolf.

When we came up to them the passage had widened out, and we saw by the faint gleam of Rudolf's candle that we stood in a great open space whose extent we could at first only guess at, since the opposite distance melted away into obscurity.

But our eyes were growing accustomed to the darkness, and after a few minutes the far walls became faintly visible. The cavern was more or less circular, and in some places little shafts of light broke through the gloom of the dome and the overhanging sides, showing that there was access to it by other means than the passage through which we had come.

In the middle was a black pool some fifty yards across, the diameter of the whole cave being roughly about double that distance, and where we stood was a broad floor of hard, damp sand. The air was cold and heavy.

When we had prodigally lighted four candles and could examine the rocky walls, which glistened with quartz of some kind, the effect was quite enchanting, so much so that we wandered along the side of the cave further than was altogether cautious. In fact, we went, as we thought, all the way round, and at last came back to what seemed to be our original starting-point.

Then a startling idea struck me.

I had noticed a dozen different openings within a few yards of each other near where our own particular passage should have been.

"Which of these was ours?" I questioned Rudolf, in an undertone, indicating my meaning by a gesture of the hand.

He understood, and whistled gently.

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"What fools we were not to have marked it!" he said.

To cut a long story short, it seemed that we had got ourselves into a distinctly awkward position. We explored two or three of the most likely-looking passages; but they wound off into utter darkness, while some were intersected by cross-branches, and to proceed far along them seemed to be courting certain disaster.

We stood on a big rock and calmly reviewed our position; but the discussion was interrupted by a remark from Dolores, who, with the Princess, showed splendid composure and made light of the situation.

"Look!" she said slowly. "Isn't the lake getting bigger?"

I looked up quickly.

The water was ten yards nearer to us than it had been half an hour before, and even as we watched, it crept slowly but steadily towards us.

"It's the tide!" said Rudolf, with a startled exclamation. We read the same question in each other's eyes: "What if the water should rise high above the floor-level of the cave? The walls were sheer and precipitous. To climb them was impossible.

I glanced up quickly, and my heart sank.

Ten feet above the sandy floor of the cavern was a regular line marking a visible discoloration of the rock, which told its own tale plainly enough.

"That's where it reaches — sometimes — perhaps always," I said, answering the unspoken question.

The tide rose with terrible rapidity. By the time we had tried half-a-dozen passages, all without avail, we were driven from our position to higher ground, the water effectually blocking retreat by the way we had come, even if we could have found it.

Things were becoming desperate.

"There's only one chance," said Rudolf at last.

He pointed to what had been an inaccessible window, through which the daylight shone, in the opposite wall of the cave.

The water was now almost up to it.

"If we can get to that ——" he said.

Alexia could swim a little, but not far enough for what was needed, Dolores not at all, and after a good deal of precious time wasted in argument, for both girls were stubbornly unselfish, it was decided that Alexia, with Rudolf's help, should make the venture, while Dolores and myself waited for his return, in the desperate hope of being then able to get her across.

So, with little further delay, they started off, and struck out boldly for the distant gleam. We sat up on the highest possible perch of rock and watched their heads bobbing together for what seemed an eternity.

We were both silent, but presently Dolores drew closer to me, with a little shiver.

"I begin to be afraid," she said in a low voice.

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So in truth did I, for the water was by this time up to our feet, and a conviction was dawning on me that by the time Alexia and Rudolf reached the hole they were making for, if they ever did, there would be only just enough room for them to get out through it, while our escape would be effectually cut off. I tried to console Dolores, though God knows it was poor comfort I had to give her, and suddenly she looked up into my face and implored me passionately to leave her.

In this remote and desolate solitude, which might so soon become our tomb, with the fear of death upon us, the fetters of conventionality were shattered. I looked into her eyes, and read there that which filled me with the anguish of a strange and bitter delight, and I knew that not a thousand deaths had power to drag me from her side.

"Did you think that of me?" I asked in a low voice.

She said nothing, but looked at me with her soul's anguish in her eyes, and I slid my arm round her and drew her to me.

And there in the silence and the dim awful light our lips met in the sacred kiss of love.

"Ah, God, to die like this!" she said; and I felt her trembling as she clung to me in a close embrace.

The water was up to our knees and rising fast, and the distant opening through which the others had now passed was contracting to a little circle of light. Even as I watched, it disappeared for a few seconds, then suddenly shone again, and at the same moment a shout, faint through distance, came echoing towards us.

"We shall not die!" I said, with a great hope surging through my heart.

Rudolf was come again, and we heard—oh, sweetest then of all mortal sounds!—the quick beat of oars upon the calm waters of the cave.

I took Dolores up in my arms, and held her out of the reach of the little waves that washed round us. They were up to my waist when Rudolf drove his boat up to the guiding gleam of our last candle stuck high on the dry rock above us.

I handed Dolores into the little boat and scrambled in after her, and there for an hour we had to sit in our wet clothes—Rudolf had scarcely anything on—waiting for the reappearance of the "safety valve," as he jestingly called the opening through which he had safely brought Alexia, which had by this time entirely vanished.

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At last a faint streak of light brought an exclamation of relief from Rudolf's lips. Soon the aperture was large enough for us to pass through, and we glided out into the open sea and the sunshine, like souls who had been dead and come again to life.

I could get no word with Dolores until that night, when we found ourselves alone in the usual after-dinner ramble among the tall trees in the count's garden, and I braved myself to the confession which had to be.

"Dolores," I said at last, breaking the long silence, "I have something to say to you."

"Say on!" she bade me, low-voiced. "And afterwards I, too, have a thing to say."

"We have not known each other long," I continued, "but we have looked together into the eyes of death, and to-day in the valley of the shadow our souls touched, and you gave me love for love. Is not that so?"

"Ah, yes!" she answered gently, with her face turned from me, and waited for what more I had to say.

"Yesterday," I went on, "I might have called myself a favourite of the King. To-night, when I give you my love, I stand here a penniless adventurer. Knowing this, then, can you link your fate with mine and wait with me for that fortune which I must now carve out for myself?"

"Even to the death!" she answered; and as she looked up into my eyes I knew her speech was true.

"There is yet one thing more," I said, sick at soul with shame and hot regret. "I have deceived you, beyond forgiveness and beyond pity. I have won your love under a pretence as selfish as it was false. I am not Rudolf von Rother, but Paladin, who was sent here to woo the King's ward, the Princess Alexia."

"So," she asked, "you changed places?"

"So," I answered, "we changed places. It was the wild idea of two foolish boys—no, of one, for it was all my fault!"

"How strange a world this is," she said. "This is a fairy tale, and we are not here at Basil, but in a dream from the Arabian Nights!"

I looked at her in astonishment.

✿

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

"Because," she said, simply, "I am the Princess Alexia. Dolores and myself also changed places. It was the wild idea of two foolish girls. We did not like the King's plan, and arranged the same little comedy as yourselves."

"Which almost ended in a tragedy," I said, hope and a great joy in life again thrilling through me. "And I am forgiven?" I asked.

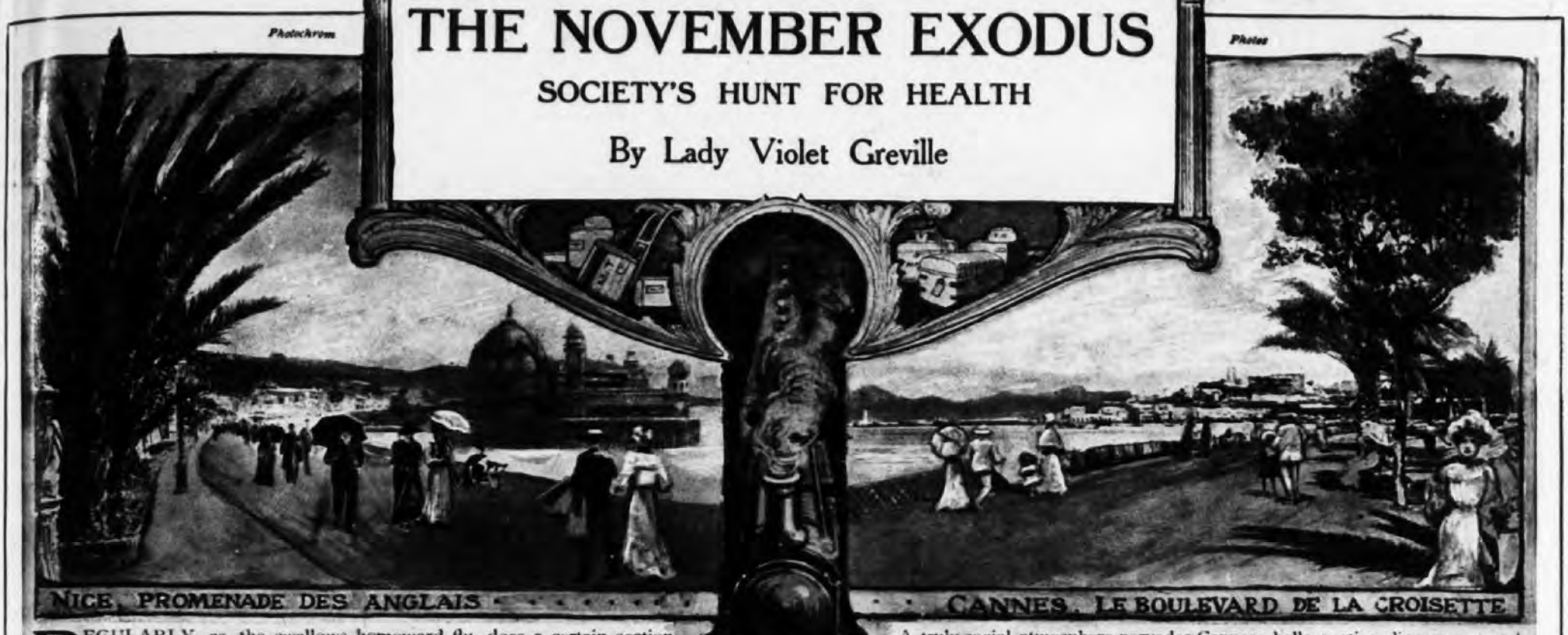
"All's well that ends well!" she said. "It seems that the King's desire is well fulfilled!"

THE END

THE NOVEMBER EXODUS

SOCIETY'S HUNT FOR HEALTH

By Lady Violet Greville



Photochrom

NICE. PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS

Photos

CANNES. LE BOULEVARD DE LA CROISETTE

REGULARLY, as the swallows homeward fly, does a certain section of society, tired of the London fogs and darkness and the gloom of winter days, start for the sunny South, the land of the orange and the myrtle, the palm and the sweetly-flowering rose. To those who have never been abroad, the exodus speaks of cloudless skies, of an even, summer temperature, a still, perfumed air, and a persistent, equable warmth. But such conditions are not found in Europe; to attain them one must go to the East—that East some people hear so loudly calling.

In Europe there are always rainy days, always dust, cold winds, mistrals or what not, and trying changes of temperature. Take, for instance, the Riviera, the nearest and the most fashionable of winter health resorts. Everyone complains that the climate of the Riviera is not what it was. Many days are cold and sunless, a bitter east wind sweeps across the mountains, and the hateful mistral comes over the sea, laden with dust and drought from Africa. The roads are blinding with fine white dust, and after sunset it is dangerous for invalids and delicate people to go abroad without a wrap. Nowhere does one catch such persistent and feverish colds as on the Riviera, nowhere are the services of the physicians so much in request for petty ailments, nowhere does influenza rage more fiercely, and yet the rush to the Riviera increases yearly. The explanation lies in the bright surroundings. People come out to enjoy themselves. They indulge in a delightful *dolce far niente*, which, even in these days of pressure and feverish activity, appeals to most of us. Monte Carlo is the queen of the Riviera resorts. Here may be seen the most alluring of toilettes, the prettiest of women, the wealthiest of men. Life is one long dream of pleasure and idleness. The Casino for the gambler and the music-lover; these foreign impresarios know well how to combine art with folly, exquisite intellectual enjoyment with forcible appeals to man's lower nature. The restaurants are the most appetising and the most expensive to be found anywhere, and the scenery and colouring a perfect delight to the artistic soul. What wonder that hither come the millionaires, the pleasure-seekers, the curious from every nation, anxious to taste the wonderful sensation and see this earthly paradise once in their lives. Monte Carlo is no place for the delicately nurtured and virtuously brought up British maiden or the rigid-minded British clergyman, yet they may be seen there. It is no place to spend a whole winter in, for the perpetual futility and monotony of sensuous enjoyment is apt to pall; but it is a place for the decadent epicure, an excellent replica of the studied luxury and opulence of the later Roman Empire.

Cannes is as respectable as Monte Carlo is frivolous. Most of the residents possess lovely houses with gardens like those of Lords Kendal and Glenesk, full of rare and beautiful plants, for the sun is a spendthrift with his graces, and the soil is fertile enough to produce two crops annually. Turf is sown yearly, cultivated with the greatest care, and watered artificially, thus producing the effect of the English lawn, combined with all the luxuriance of tropical vegetation. I saw one plot which had been transformed in a summer from a bare, rocky wilderness of pines and Mediterranean heather into the smoothest of velvety carpets, with its clumps of winter palms, bushes of fuchsia, and borders of all kinds of flowers.

Life at Cannes is purely English. The charming golf ground, set in its background of willow trees and snow mountains, is one of the prettiest spots imaginable. It appeals irresistibly to the artist, as well as to the white-clothed athlete who plods conscientiously round its links. The pavilion, where luncheons are served, forms a veritable rest house for fatigued loiterers and ladies, and the illusion of England is heightened by the masses of English papers lying on the tables and the ruddy, happy faces of pretty girls in wide-brimmed hats and white motor-caps, who flit around laughing and greeting their friends.

A truly social atmosphere pervades Cannes; balls, parties, dinners, succeed each other nightly; dress is plain and simple in the daytime, but as smart as possible in the evening. The golf tournaments, the flower battles, the carnival, the yacht-racing, the confetti-throwing, form landmarks in the pleasant winter, for wherever English people are to be found, these games flourish abundantly. Cannes is representative of the athletic, healthy outdoor life, but the artistic soul with yearnings goes further afield, and hies him to Florence or Rome. There he loses some of the brilliant sunshine and the floral products of the Riviera, but, *per contra*, finds architectural beauties and the choicest collections of priceless pictures. The dweller in Florence seems transported to the Renaissance times. He walks before the palace of the Medici, he gazes on the *chef d'œuvres* of Benvenuto Cellini, he is lost in admiration of the churches, the finely-designed bronze doors, the marble statues, the lofty buildings, all old and curious, that surround him. Here is no modern civilisation, but the flower of mediæval power and artistic achievement. A little colony of English reside in Florence. Lady Paget, Lady Crawford, and other well-known people possess luxurious villas, while high up in the choicest groves of the hills above Florence, Mademoiselle Eames, the great singer, resides during the hot summer months in her beautiful retreat, far from the noise and turmoil of the city. Florence, though sunny, is not particularly warm in the winter; cold winds sweep across the plains, and the piercing blasts scurry round the corners, as indeed they do in Rome occasionally. The Italian rarely stirs abroad without his cloak, which he winds and folds about him in true melodramatic fashion. The palaces of the great nobles, both in Florence and Rome, are kept cold during the winter in a fashion peculiarly obnoxious to English people. Fires are rarely to be seen in the rooms; Italians consider them unhealthy, and use only charcoal pans to warm their feet. Some few, however, are beginning to adopt English fashions, following the example of the Queen of Italy and to leave the large, chilly, marble-floored apartments for a small and cosy boudoir.

Rome is very gay during the winter season, balls, dinners, and concerts being given at the embassies, by the Americans, and in some of the Italian houses; but Italians are not very hospitable as a rule—they cannot afford our lavish entertainments, and the refreshments given at the true Italian parties are as meagre as they are simple. Sandwiches perhaps, ices, tea, coffee, cakes, and lemonade represent all that is required or expected. The Italian lady is at home in the evening, and it is then her friends cluster round her for conversation, music, or cards. At the drive round the Pincio hills in the afternoon all the beauty and fashion of Rome may be seen—the fine, flashing eyes of the handsome women, their carriages and well-appointed horses. Riding out in the Campagna and hunting are the favourite amusements. A gallop across those plains in the bright, invigorating sunshine is an experience especially dear to English ladies, many of whom have married into the Italian aristocracy.

Sicily is another Italian resort much frequented by the English. Taormina, a lovely little spot, used to be the favourite rendezvous of artists, and was then unspoilt and very primitive; now, however, fashion has touched it with octopus fingers, many new villas have been built, and the place is growing, though nothing can ever spoil the beauty of mountain and sea.

At Palermo, excellent hotels are to be found; also the best society, an opera house, a divine climate, beauty all round, and last, but not least, the constant excitement of brigands, for it is still dangerous to stray far away into the interior. A notorious Italian brigand, who was finally caught after a successful career of many years, posed as a veritable Robin Hood, robbing the rich, generous to the poor, and priding himself on a

DAVOS. THE LAKE

PALERMO. PANORAMA DA MONTE S. CIRO.

certain chivalry and courteousness of demeanour which enhanced his popularity among the peasants. He left a journal which should prove interesting reading. The romantic surroundings, the heroism and hardships cheerfully borne, the hairbreadth escapes, and the picturesque appearance of these brigands, appeal to the imagination, and cause all manner of exciting legends and stories

MENTONE

people, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Lady Galway, Sir Ernest Cassel, Lady Howard of Glossop, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, and others, were present at the great Durbar, a wonderful and unforgetable spectacle.

Some adventurous spirits wander even further. Tiger shooting has a wonderful

CAIRO. SHEPHEARDS HOTEL

MONTE CARLO. THE CASINO

to grow up around their names, while they baffle the vigilant efforts of the police to exterminate them.

From Naples it is easy to take ship to Egypt, and here, accordingly, a colony of English are always to be found. Life is pleasant under the shadow of the Pyramids, in the land of the desert, encompassed by that marvellous air that seems to carry vigour and vitality with it. The picturesqueness of the East, with the brilliant colouring, the deep shadows, the gorgeous sunsets, and the quaint costumes, affords complete variety, even though Cairo itself is being rapidly Europeanised with its *cafes*, its hotels, its restaurants. Though lawn-tennis claims its white-clad votaries and English is heard everywhere, yet the Pyramids still stand in all their solitary grandeur; the women in their graceful, flowing drapery carry their pitchers on their heads and draw water at the well as in the days of the Bible; the Nile still flows sullenly along as when Moses lay in the bulrushes, and the ruins of Karnak glimmer in the moonlight as majestically and calmly as of old. The atmosphere of Egypt is still that of antiquity and quiet. No troops of noisy tourists can change the stony face of the Sphinx, or destroy the beauty of the sunset seen across the desert.

Riding in the desert is an exquisite sensation. The air is as exhilarating as champagne, and the little donkey carries one almost as quickly as a pony. The English occupation of Egypt has resulted in a mixture of cosmopolitan civilisation which is at once piquant and amusing. The bazaars, with their tedious solemnity of chaffering, their eternal cups of coffee over every purchase, the scent of incense and sandalwood and Oriental essences with which the atmosphere is heavily charged, the purple and orange, the gold and silver tissues, the soft stuffs, the dark-brown carved woodwork, the heaped-up rugs and mellow-hued carpets, offer an endless variety of objects of interest and as curious a contrast to the well-arranged, stately plate-glass windows of Regent Street as can be imagined. Little wonder that Egypt appeals to the poetical and romantic instincts.

But to some people even Cairo is not Eastern enough. There are those who cannot rest nearer afield than India, with its dusky Hindoo population, where mystery pervades the dim temples and spreading peepul trees border the roads, where in the great jungles dwell tigers and elephants. Rudyard Kipling's and Mrs. Flora Annie Steele's stories roused universal interest in the vast countries we govern, and the numbers of travellers in India during the cold weather increase every year. At Bombay, and at Calcutta and Madras the governors entertain largely. Streams of society people have visited the wonders of the East. The late Duchess of Cleveland, when a stately dame of eighty, possessed the courage and activity to travel all over India, accompanied only by her maid. Lord and Lady Jersey have accomplished two trips already, and scores of well-known

fascination even for ladies, the element of danger lending an additional flavour to the sport. Lady Delamere has accompanied her husband on several trips to Africa in pursuit of big game, and a few daring sportsmen choose to brave the lion, the king of the forest, in his home, and stand on foot to face his blood-curdling roar and terrific spring with a calm courage that far surpasses the deeds of the hunter who sits in a tree to shoot a tiger.

The annual exodus of society, however, does not usually include in its programme these arduous and dangerous performances, a trip up the Nile, or the railway journey to Khartoum satisfying the ordinary traveller, who returns with mind filled with new ideas, and satiated with a kaleidoscopic vista of beauty. Fortunate, indeed is he if he cares for ancient monuments, for history, for archæology, and does not rather spend all his time on the golf course, on the polo ground, or merely in the pursuit of tea-drinking and scandal.

Pau and Biarritz, whence a trip may be made into Spain, are other pleasant resorts. Pau is essentially the haunt of American visitors and the devotees of foxhunting. The climate somewhat resembles that of England, and the scenery is beautiful. Biarritz has its own English colony, who live in villas and hotels, and go there year after year to play golf and enjoy the sight of the big Atlantic waves breaking on the shore and bringing with them ineffable freshness and health. Here H.R.H. Princess Frederika of Hanover and the ex-Queen of Servia found a peaceful home and became the centre of an agreeable and lively coterie.

In short, there is scarcely a part of Europe and the East which does not serve as a winter holiday for those who have the means and leisure to leave these isles. There is amusement for all, for the mere pleasure-seeker, the smart woman of fashion, the sportsman, the jaded worker, or the collector and lover of objects of art and antiquity. Above them glows the clear blue sky, at their feet lies the rolling ocean or the golden sand, quaint architecture attracts their eye, or luxuriant vegetation offers samples of mysterious beauty. Cruelly limited, indeed, must he be, who cannot find something to admire or to approve, while the constant contrast of nationality, of customs and belief, which arrests him on all sides, affords material for the sociologist and the politician. Travel is now comparatively easy, ubiquitous agents, cognisant of every route and every difficulty, surround us with their omniscient call, having almost abolished the old rapacious courier and reduced expenses to a minimum. Motors, railway trains and steamers endeavour to annihilate space, and it has become as easy to go to Cairo as to cross Fleet Street, which to the mind of the great Dr. Johnson, once presented some difficulty. It is not surprising, therefore, that every autumn sees the long flight of travellers in search of novelty and health leaving these shores to scatter a golden harvest among foreigners.

The pity of it all is that in the constant pursuit of new sensations people are apt to overlook and forget the charm that lies around them in their native land.

S. MORITZ

TAORMINA

BORDIGHERA

The Pyramids

CHAMPION "FELTON PRINCE," A TYPICAL BULLDOG

"HOMFRAY"—WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP

ANOTHER ASPECT OF CHAMPION "FELTON PRINCE"

FORM

IN WHICH ARE DESCRIBED THE CHAMPIONSHIP "POINTS" OF SOME OF THE MOST POPULAR PETS

THERE are no two specimens of any breed of animals exactly alike.

The average man looks at a group of horses in the paddock or in the show ring, or at a number of dogs of the same variety on the show benches, and he finds it impossible to distinguish the good from the faulty ones. Or if he does so distinguish them to his own satisfaction, the probability is that his opinion would not be borne out by the real judges. Similarly, a flock of sheep look all exactly alike to the ordinary observer; but to the shepherd who looks after them each has its own individuality. He knows every one when apart from the rest, for his eye is trained to see such slight differences in colour and expression as only an expert would detect.

A thorough knowledge of "form"—in other words, a knowledge of the special points and excellences—as applied to horses, dogs, cats, or birds is invaluable to the owner, the breeder, and the exhibitor. It enables him to form his own opinions without the aid of so-called expert assistance, and what greater pleasure is there than to buy a horse or dog solely on your own judgment, and know that you are securing exactly what you want?

The Racehorse

The points of the thoroughbred racehorse are by no means easy to judge, for they run in all shapes. If you are a yearling buyer, it is aggravating to have passed over a certain colt because he seemed undersized, and next season to see him come out and win good races. The lanky, angular colt you also do not buy because he is too much on the leg, yet later on you find that those long limbs take him over the ground with amazing speed. All these things, however, have to be risked in buying young racehorses, and a strict adherence to the orthodox type probably pays best in the long run.

If you are merely the ordinary racegoer, without the opportunity of seeing your own colours carried on the Turf, then it is always a pleasure to stroll round the paddock just before a big race and examine the "form" of the various runners. I am not referring here to the form of the horses as reflected by their past racing performances, but to the "form" of their make and shape. One feels proud—and justifiably so—of having picked out the winner of a classic or important two-year-old race solely because he has seemed the best-looking in the paddock, no attention being paid one way or the other to the state of the betting.

The ideal racehorse should have a bloodlike, intelligent head, gracefully set on a neck which should be long and comparatively thin. The neck should run into shoulders which are long, oblique, and light. Some heavy-shouldered horses will win sprint races, but they rarely stay over a distance. The forelegs should be shapely and perfectly placed—a twisted foreleg, or toes turned in or turned out are fatal defects. The pasterns must be sloping, for a horse with upright pasterns can never have perfect action, nor is he capable of standing a severe course of training on hard ground. The arms should be muscular, the cannon-bone short, and the knees broad and large, with a flat surface.

W. A. Rouch

"PRETTY POLLY," A FINE SPECIMEN OF RACEHORSE

Racehorses become unsound on their fore-pins more often than in any other particular, so that the student of "form" connot devote too great attention to the perfection of the limbs. There should be good depth of chest, but the less daylight between the forelegs the better it is for the speed of the horse. High withers that run far back must be present in the ideal racehorse, whose average height is a little over 16 hands; the upper lines of the back and loins should rise slightly to the croup, and the back itself should be short and broad, the thighs powerful, the gaskins fairly wide, the hind leg lengthy and what is termed "straight-dropped," and the hocks large and flexible.

These are some of the chief details of the form of the racehorse, whose evolution has extended over very many decades, who is probably more perfect now than at any previous stage of his career, notwithstanding anything said to the contrary by those who are never tired of extolling the past at the expense of the present. And yet the points of excellence which I have just enumerated are very rarely found perfectly blended. However good an animal may be, there is generally some feature which you think could be improved upon. Probably as fine a specimen of the thoroughbred as could be named is Pretty Polly, whose racing career so far has been less sensational than Sceptre's, because she has never once seemed in danger of suffering defeat.

The Hunter

I have devoted so much attention to the racehorse because the form of the hunter, the hack, and the harness horse has many things in common with the form of the thoroughbred. But we cannot hope to find the exquisite quality of the racehorse reproduced in the coarser breeds.

Some of the finest hunters we see in the first flight over the grasslands of Leicestershire are thoroughbred; yet, despite their brilliancy, they have neither the bone nor the substance, nor the capacity for real hard work possessed by the half-bred horse. It has been said that the best hunter procurable is the thoroughbred, providing you do not ask him to carry more than 13st. But the average hunter—that is to say, the good performer in any country—capable of carrying the 15st. man prominently with hounds, must necessarily be struck in a more substantial mould than the finely-drawn racehorse.

He must have plenty of bone beneath the hocks and knees, and the forearms cannot be too strong and muscular to withstand the shock when landing after a big jump, and to assist him in rising at his fences. No horse showing any weakness in the back and loins is ever likely to give satisfaction in a six-mile point across a stiff hunting country, where every ounce of propelling power has to be expended in carrying him over plough as well as grass, over timber, water, all sorts of fences, and the other obstacles encountered in the hunting-field. Bad shoulders and legginess are, perhaps, the most common defects in the ordinary hunter.

The Hack

In judging the hack, good looks, liberty of movement, elegant carriage of head and neck, and a general appearance of stylishness have to be looked for, while good mouth and manners are alike indispensable to the true Park hack. With regard to the harness horse, style and action must be considered his most important excellences, coupled with cleanness of limbs and a tolerably symmetrical

E. Lander

LADY DECIES' FAMOUS TABBY, "XENOPHON"

"DONNA FORTUNA," CHAMPION WIRE-HAIRED FOX-TERRIER

appearance. The carriage horse need not be condemned if a little longer in the back than high-class saddle horses so long as his action is good and his head carried high.

Forest King may be said to represent the best "form" among horses that go in harness if his innumerable victories in the show ring count for anything. Combined with beauty of conformation, Forest King moves his four legs with the precision of an automaton. He uses his knees and hocks to the utmost advantage, and, for a horse of such high action, covers a great amount of ground in his stride.

The Bulldog

The bulldog, as we see him to-day, differs in many material points from the bulldog of what may be termed the fighting era. In the good old days little attention was paid to the finer points of the dog so long as he possessed the courage, tenacity, and strength traditional of the breed. But in the twentieth century we are a great deal more fastidious. Now that he is bred mainly for the show ring, the bulldog has become shorter on the leg, and has lost much of his former activity. When the law stepped in to forbid bull-baiting and dog-fighting, this breed of dog found his occupation gone, and gradually he has been transformed into the type we are familiar with now.

His "form" is full of points calculated to baffle the neophyte, but as a general rule it may be laid down that if you want to make your own selection in a class of bulldogs, you must look out for the one who approaches nearest to the standard type, in other words, the one who is low-fronted, deep-chested, broad and powerful, with a short face and massive head, compact body and straight, muscular, good-boned limbs, which should be, in proportion, larger behind than in front; then you must be careful to have a short and strong back, the tail set on low with a downward carriage, the lower jaw projecting well in advance of the upper, and the ears small, thin, and rose-shaped, set high in the head. These are a combination of virtues representing the "form" of the best bulldog, and it should be remembered that show judges attach paramount importance to the skull.

The Bulldog Club has laid it down that the skull should be large—the larger the better—and in circumference should measure (round in front of the ears) at least the height of the dog at the shoulders, Viewed from the front, it should appear very high from the corner of the lower jaw to the apex of the skull, and also very broad and square. The cheeks should be well rounded, and extend sideways beyond the eyes.

No greater mistake could be made than to show a dog with bandy legs; the defect would be irretrievably damaging unless the dog was extraordinarily perfect in other directions. Perfection of ears—as regards their position, shape, size, and thinness—is another point on which the bulldog fancier is particularly careful, and it is a point where many otherwise good dogs are found wanting. Added to all this, there are niceties of style, gait, and temper, which have all to be taken into account when passing judgment on the bulldog.

The Greyhound

Homfray, winner of the Waterloo Cup, is, by his victory in coursing's greatest race, entitled to rank as the foremost greyhound of the year. Without, perhaps, being the best that could be found, Homfray is a very fair example of the modern greyhound, whose "form" essentially embraces tremendous speed coupled with great suppleness, to enable him to follow every move of a twisting hare. The greyhound has been aptly termed the most elegant of all canines, and to those who admire beauty of form, the delightful symmetry of the dog must ever make a strong appeal.

The history of the greyhound traces back to the days of the Egyptians, four thousand years ago, so it may reasonably be claimed that he represents the oldest type in existence. In the fifteenth century they greatly appreciated the value of the greyhound as a sporting dog, and the following familar words of the sporting poet of that period show that they were no bad judges of form in those days :—

> A Grehound shold be heeded lyke a snake,
> And neckyd lyke a drake.
> Footed lyke a catte,
> Tayllyd lyke a ratte

Coursing is the only true test of the greyhound's value and merits, but some live for the show bench alone, and these are naturally not eyed with favour by your keen sportsman, who finds in them a slackness of quarters, a lack of heart room, and an absence of muscle which would render them of small account in the coursing arena. One judge of greyhounds will award a plurality of points for the head and neck and for the legs and feet, whereas another will plump for excellence of chest, barrel, and shoulders. It is, however, pretty generally agreed that the back must be broad and square, well arched and muscular, with the loins not only wide and strong, but deep.

Mr. James W. Bourne, the well-known authority, has written in his description of the ideal greyhound that the great essential is to have a good forequarter, because, however well they may be developed behind, dogs never seem to have speed unless the forequarters are perfect. He adds that the forelegs should be straight and powerful, and the feet strong, but the toes should be close together, and the joints well up, a flat or sprawling foot being very objectionable.

A notable example of the show greyhound is the famous and beautiful black bitch Champion Bit of Courage, the property of Mr. S. Radcliffe. She has carried all before her at most of the principal shows, and is a handsome specimen of the brood bitch. She covers an immensity of ground, is exceptionally roomy and well ribbed up, perfectly balanced on the best of legs and feet, and unusually deep through the body.

"FOREST KING" *W. A. Rouch*

THE BEST-STEPPING HORSE OF HIS YEAR

The Fox-Terrier

Although there are more than sixty breeds of dogs in this country, each variety possessing its own ideals of "form," it is only possible, in an article of this description, to touch upon a few of the best-known. But a place must be found for the fox-terrier, if for no other reason than his universal popularity. Perkiest of canines, gamest of sporting dogs, and cheeriest of companions, the fox-terrier wins favour wherever he goes, and no other variety of the terrier is so well represented on the show benches. In criticising the breed, experts disagree as to the right size of the fox-terrier, and, in the absence of any hard-and-fast rule on this point, the happy medium must be recommended. Too small, they descend to the level of the toy dog; too big, they would be useless for the purpose for which they were originally bred, and from which they derive their name—namely, to follow a fox into his underground refuge, and to worry him out of his hole.

If you have a fancy to show your fox-terrier in the ring, be sure that his nose is black, for a white, cherry, or spotted nose will count very heavily against him. Look, too, carefully at his ears, which must be V-shaped and rather small, moderately thick, and dropping forward close to the cheek. An ear which is not shaped in this way scores as a disqualifying point against the fox-terrier. Another important feature which you must not overlook is the mouth. This must be perfectly true, neither undershot nor overshot, and the teeth must be as nearly as possible level. These are seemingly small points which count for much in the "form" of the fox-terrier.

Dark, small, and rather deep-set eyes are preferable, possessing that expression of demonry and mischief which is one of the charms of the breed. Soft expression in a fox-terrier is certainly a defect. Straight, good-boned, and short legs, with smallish, round, and compact feet, are a strong point with judges, and so are shoulders and chest.

The hindquarters ought to be strong and muscular, and it is to be feared that show judges do not condemn weakness in this respect so severely as they should do. So long as a dog has a good head, ears, legs, and feet, they appear to trouble little about his strength behind, though, as a sporting dog, the fox-terrier ought surely to be built to gallop and stay. White, of course, must be the predominating colour, and in the smooth-haired variety the coat should be flat, dense, and abundant.

The wire-haired fox-terrier has advanced greatly in popularity of late years, and, in judging him, the same points must be noted as in his sleeker brother. His coat is of paramount importance. A wire-haired dog whose coat is silky or woolly to the hand would never receive an award at the show. Without being exactly shaggy, the hair must be very dense, and the harder and more wiry it is the better for the dog's chance of winning prizes. As being the best representative of the "form" of the fox-terrier, Champion Dom Fortuna may be named. She has been described as the best fox-terrier of all time. For just on seven years she was shown in all parts of the country without suffering defeat.

The Cat

Cats, like dogs, have their many breeds and special qualities, but for the purpose of this article some remarks on the familiar tabby will suffice. The chief points of excellence which must be looked for in this variety of cat will be found mentioned in the following interesting notes by Lady Decies, who has favoured us with a description of her short-haired sable tabby, Xenophon, who died about a year ago.

"Xenny," writes Lady Decies, "had many points of excellence. In fact, so good were his points that he was always considered to be the most perfect tabby cat ever exhibited. His "form" was well-nigh perfect. He was a large animal, with great bone, and cobby in shape, with immense depth of body. His wonderful markings were unique, so clearly defined, and so level all through. He had perfect face markings, seven clear chain marks or bars round the throat and chest, sound lip colour (where nearly all tabbies fail), a nice round head, small ears, beautiful saddle marks and stripes down the spine, and broad horseshoe markings on his sides. His tail had seven clear tabby rings on it, and was slightly truncated, which always gave me the impression that he had the wild Scotch cat blood in his veins. Xenophon has left no worthy representative of his family behind him, and the colour—sable tabby—has practically become extinct in short-haired cats since his death. These sable tabby short-haired cats cannot be purchased, because apparently there are none of them left. The few one sees have always the same failing—viz., white colour on the lips and side of the nostrils, which, of course, will absolutely prevent them making a great name at the shows."

The Canary

Finally, a brief examination may be made of the "form" of the canary, as being perhaps the most popular of all cage birds. If the fancier has any favourite variety of canary it is certainly the Norwich Plain-head. He has many features to recommend him, more particularly his delightful colouring and beautifully moulded form, best known as chubbiness, to the bird fancier.

An example of the best form in the canary is seen in Mr. F. W. Heaton's Champion Unflighted Yellow, which has won the title of "the bird of the year," standing out by itself at all shows during the season. The "form" of the canary presents a good many complexities to those outside the fancy, but the Norwich Plain-head club standard affords the average man an excellent idea of what to search for in judging the bird. In colour it must be deep, bright, rich, and level throughout. The head should be round, full, and neat, the neck short and thick, the body chubby, with wide back, and broad, full chest. The feather must be soft and silky, with brilliancy and compactness, the wings and tail short, and of good carriage. As to size, the bird must be well-proportioned, its back short and stout, its legs well set back, and the feet must show no imperfection. These attributes combine to produce the best "form" by which the canary enthusiast distinguishes the champion bird from others not so exquisitely fashioned.

There is no limit to the fascination afforded by a close study of "form" as applied to such animals and birds as have been mentioned, and the foregoing remarks on "What to Look For" may possibly be of assistance to the amateur in his search for knowledge.

CHOOSING A SONG

THE average amateur hears a song at an evening concert, or at a theatre in what is known as a musical comedy, and forthwith goes to the nearest music seller's shop and purchases a copy of it for his or her own use. In order that it may "suit all voices," a song is usually obtainable in three or four different keys. Here the amateur is likely to drift into error, for if the song, in the composer's original key, is not within the compass of the voice, it is far better to leave it alone altogether. Transpositions are rarely satisfactory.

"Keep well within your compass" is a golden rule that should be observed by all singers who choose songs with a view to affording others pleasure by their vocal efforts. The lower notes of untrained or partially trained voices are always weak, and the high ones sharp and shrill.

Choose a song that tells a tale, if possible. The vocal qualifications of most amateurs are so equal that the song whose words have some tangible meaning in them, though set to a simple melody, is far more likely to be appreciated than the "moonlit river" type of love ballad.

Songs with complicated roulades, or long, holding notes, are best avoided in the majority of cases.

Remember that very popular songs are being sung by more gifted vocalists than yourself on every hand, and you will suffer by comparison. There are plenty of good songs that are but little known, and one of these, even if indifferently rendered, is far more pleasing than the latest thing from some popular opera, which everybody has heard.

Do not, as a rule, choose a song with a difficult accompaniment. The amateur vocalist is, to a very great extent at the mercy of the amateur accompanist, and the latter is often weak in execution, and may be the means of spoiling one of your most ambitious efforts.

THE INTERPRETER

A complete Story
by Thomas Cobb

Illustrations by
Penrhyn Stanlaws

MR. FREDERICK WISHART RHODES came to breakfast on the last morning in May in the most excellent spirits and certainly without the slightest premonition of evil; nor had Alicia ever looked fairer, fresher, or more charming than when she entered the dining-room in Grosvenor Gardens a few minutes later and found her husband gazing down at her plate.

"A letter for me!" she exclaimed, coming to his side.

"Well," he answered, "you're not '*Miss*' Alicia Wishart Rhodes, anyhow!"

"Don't you think," she suggested, examining the envelope, "it is a badly written '*Mrs.*'?"

"Better open it," said Fred, and watching while she broke the seal, he observed Alicia's mantling colour.

She read the short letter from the beginning to the end, then raising her eyes, slowly shook her head.

"I don't know a Mr. Eustace Mildmay!" she cried.

"What has he got to say for himself?" asked Fred.

"You may as well read it," she answered, passing the letter after a momentary hesitation. "But," she added, "it cannot be intended for me!"

"SHE READ THE SHORT LETTER FROM BEGINNING TO END, THEN RAISING HER EYES, SLOWLY SHOOK HER HEAD."

Standing with his broad back to the empty fireplace, Fred fixed his pince-nez, beginning in his turn to read the letter, and with every line the wrinkles grew more numerous on his forehead.

Number — Jermyn Street.

My Dear Miss Rhodes,

After those delightful meetings in Paris last week, I hope you will be neither surprised nor displeased to hear from me. In spite of the distressful circumstances, I had never spent such an excellent day. Immediately on my return to London, I set about the discovery of your address, adopting the simple expedient of consulting a directory, where I saw your father's name. May I have the pleasure of following this letter by an early visit? Fully intending to assume that silence gives consent,

I remain, my dear Miss Rhodes,
Very sincerely yours,
EUSTACE MILDMAY.

"Someone you met in Paris last week, then?" exclaimed Fred, endeavouring to speak in his calmest tones although he could not prevent his lips from becoming thinner. "'Delightful meetings,' the fellow says!"

"I am sure," answered Alicia, "I cannot imagine what he means."

"Of course," suggested her husband, pushing the cat out of the way with his foot, "you spent all your time with your cousin Phillis."

Phillis Needham, a girl of twenty-one, had suggested a flying visit to Paris, and after some demur Fred had consented. Alicia insisted that her four years' seniority and her married state eminently qualified her as her cousin's chaperon, and being required to pay the expenses of the journey out of her pin-money, she determined not to take her maid.

So Phillis was invited to sleep at Grosvenor Gardens on Monday night, and on the following morning she set forth with Mrs. Wishart Rhodes *via* Newhaven and Dieppe.

"Oh well," answered Alicia, "naturally we didn't go about like the Siamese twins."

"Look here, Alicia," said Fred, with a valiant effort to keep his temper, "I'm hanged if I like this kind of thing!"

"Of course, there is some absurd mistake," she returned.

Walking to his chair, Fred sat down with protesting heaviness, but after plying his knife and fork for a few moments, he suddenly laid them down.

"I wish to goodness you would tell me exactly what happened in Paris!" he exclaimed. "What on earth does the fellow mean by 'distressful circumstances'?"

"It is simply a case of mistaken identity——"

"Do you expect me to believe that Mildmay would write in this intimate way to a woman who hadn't encouraged him?" demanded Fred.

"Well," she said, "he *has* written, and obviously I gave him no encouragement at all."

"He must be some bounder you met at the hotel!"

"You forget that I have said I did not meet him anywhere."

"I suppose," persisted Fred, "there were some men to whom you spoke?"

"I talked to my neighbour at the *table d'hôte*—I fancy he was a gunner."

"What was his name?"

"How should I know?"

"There's not much doubt it was Mildmay," answered Fred. "You let yourself go too far, and he has taken advantage of you. Anyhow," he added, "you may safely leave him to me. I shall go to Jermyn Street on my way to chambers."

A few yards from his door he hailed a hansom and directed the driver to Jermyn Street, where he inquired for Mr. Mildmay.

"Captain Mildmay, sir," said the man who opened the door, and, after some hesitation, he invited Fred to walk upstairs. "What name shall I say?" he asked on reaching the first floor.

"Mr. Wishart Rhodes."

The next instant the servant announced him as he entered the room, where Mildmay was in the act of raising a cup of coffee to his lips, a tall, good-looking, fair-haired man of twenty-eight, wearing a brown shooting suit. Rising, he smiled at Fred in the most conciliatory manner as he twisted the ends of his moustache.

"You can probably guess the purpose of my visit," exclaimed Fred.

"I'm immensely pleased, anyhow——"

"You addressed a letter to my house——"

"Won't you sit down?" cried Eustace, shifting a chair.

"I shall be glad to hear what the devil you mean by it!" thundered Fred.

"Well, you see," was the answer, "I happened to be at the Gare Saint Lazare rather early one morning last week—it was Wednesday—when a young lady was trying to make herself understood by one of the officials. Recognising a compatriot in distress, I ventured to offer my services——"

"Were those the—the distressful circumstances to which you referred?" demanded Fred.

"Her luggage," Eustace continued, "had been left behind at Dieppe the previous day, and she was naturally rather upset about it. I explained things to the official, and suggested the telephone, but, the wire being out of order, he sent a telegram, with the result that after hanging about for some time, I was able to ask Miss Rhodes to fetch her trunks at two o'clock."

"Well?" said Fred.

"When two o'clock struck, it chanced that I was at the Gare Saint Lazare again, you understand. But unfortunately the luggage hadn't turned up, and the railway man was afraid it wouldn't arrive until seven o'clock the same evening."

"When, I presume," suggested Fred, with what was intended to be the most withering sarcasm, "you chanced to be there a third time?"

"Why, yes," answered Eustace, with a genial laugh, "and also the trunks."

"Did the lady who was so deeply indebted to you mention her name?" asked Fred.

"Not at all."

"Then how the deuce did you discover it?"

"Before she was allowed to take away her luggage, she was asked to sign a book," Eustace explained. "I confess that I had sufficient curiosity to look over her shoulder. She wore a pair of light grey gloves, you know, and I fancy she found it rather awkward. Anyhow she signed herself Alicia Wishart Rhodes. May I ask," he added, looking smilingly into Fred's morose face, "whether I have the pleasure of speaking to her brother?"

"No, sir," answered Fred, with all the dignity he could assume, "you are speaking to her husband." Eustace's expression of profound disappointment by no means diminished his vexation.

"Upon my word," was the answer, "I had no idea she was married. She—she didn't give me that impression, you understand." Fred's forehead became more deeply wrinkled than ever. "I am sorry," Eustace continued, "that I ventured on what must now appear the impudence of addressing your—your wife."

Assuming that at least he had taken efficient means to hinder him from addressing her again, Fred left the room without another word. Having no inclination to continue his way to the Temple until he had cleared the matter up with his wife, he took another hansom to Grosvenor Gardens, where he found Phillis Needham seated very close to Alicia's side on the drawing-room sofa.

Phillis was shorter than her cousin, and she possessed a pair of mischievous-looking eyes and a great quantity of dark brown hair. She wore a light-coloured frock with a short, drab cape, and a straw hat with an enormous brim, on which was a profuse display of flowers.

"Now!" exclaimed Alicia, "to bring peace to the mind of a disturbed husband! All your troubles are ended, Fred! Please enlighten him, Phil," she added, and rising from the sofa, Phillis leaned slightly forward, with one hand resting on her hip, while she thrust the fingers of the other in between the buttons of her dress.

"May it please you, m'lud and gentlemen of the jury,"

she began, whereupon Fred blew out his cheeks and flung himself violently into the nearest chair.

"I have heard about your luggage if that's what you're going to tell me," he interrupted.

"Why, of course," said Alicia, raising her eyebrows, "I wrote to you about it at the time."

"Omitting the fact that you availed yourself of the services of an interpreter!" cried Fred.

"But how ridiculous you are!" answered Alicia. "Don't you understand it was Phillis——"

"Phillis!" he muttered with obvious scepticism.

"Yes, m'lud," said Phillis.

"Very well, then," exclaimed Fred, unconsciously dropping into the forensic manner which she was burlesquing, "let me put one question."

"Certainly, m'lud. As many as your ludship pleases."

"If it was you who went to the station three times on Wednesday," he demanded, "how was it that you signed Alicia's name?"

"A few simple words of explanation will convince you, m'lud——"

"For heaven's sake drop this tomfoolery," cried Fred, half beside himself with wrath. "It's no joke to me, I can assure you!"

Phillis promptly returned to her seat beside Alicia on the sofa.

"You remember," she explained, "that I slept here on the Monday night. Alicia suggested it would save bother if both trunks were labelled in her name, so that, when I went to inquire after them at the Gare Saint Lazare, naturally I said they belonged to Mrs. Wishart Rhodes. You know how stupidly particular those people always are," Phillis continued, "so when I was asked to sign the book I thought it would be best to put Alicia's name. Now, do you understand?" she demanded.

"Now, perhaps," said Fred, "you will tell me what Captain Mildmay is like!"

"I shall certainly do nothing of the kind," answered Phillis, holding back her head as she rose from the sofa.

"And I will ask you," he persisted, turning to his wife, "why you allowed Phillis to go to the station alone instead of looking after the luggage yourself?"

"My head was dreadful on Wednesday," said Alicia.

"You don't usually have the headache!"

"I don't usually cross that horrid Channel," she retorted, while Phillis walked towards the door.

"I shall expect the most abject apology as soon as you recover your senses, Fred," she exclaimed as she quitted the room, afraid that she was leaving a rather miserable couple behind her.

It happened that, on the following Tuesday, Phillis went to a dance at Lady Grant's in Park Lane, and she had not been many minutes in the room when she saw Captain Mildmay in the act of shaking hands with the hostess. Perceiving that he recognised her, with an expression of embarrassment, she marvelled (until she realised the mistake under which of course he laboured) that he made no attempt to approach, and presently, meeting his eyes, she flashed a message which brought him to her side.

"I suppose," he said, standing in front of her chair, "I need not ask Lady Grant for a formal introduction."

"Oh dear!" she retorted, "you have made the most terrible muddle."

"I can only hope," he muttered, "that I have not been the cause of any very serious—serious inconvenience."

"Not to me, of course," said Phillis, "though you made things a little unpleasant for Alicia."

"But," Eustace demanded, "aren't —aren't you Alicia?"

"Certainly not," said Phillis, and he lost no time in taking the empty seat by her side.

"Then may I ask who you are?"

"My name," she answered, glancing down at her fan, "is Phillis Needham."

"You don't live at Grosvenor Gardens?" he persisted.

"At Number — Montagu Square," she said, and Eustace seemed to be making a mental note of the address.

"Still," he suggested, "you signed yourself 'Alicia Wishart Rhodes'!"

"You may have noticed how I fumbled over it,' she explained. "I am not used to committing forgery. But you remember what a fuss that man made about giving up the trunks, and if I had put my own name, whilst Alicia's was on the labels, I don't suppose I should have got them at all."

"Well," said Eustace, "it's the most excellent news I have heard for a long time."

"Excellent!" cried Phillis, facing him reproachfully.

"Nothing could conceivably be better!"

"Than that this wretched thing should come between Alicia and her husband?"

"That nothing should come between you and me," said Eustace, bending towards Phillis.

A warm colour tinged her cheeks, and she opened and shut her fan several times.

"I feel really very unhappy about it," she murmured.

"Still, the fact remains that you are not a married woman," urged Eustace. She looked up with a brilliant smile.

"It does seem a matter for rejoicing in the face of my recent object lesson," she cried.

"But all husbands are not jealous."

"I wish you could tell me how to convince this one," she said, with a sigh.

"You understand," Eustace explained, "that until half an hour ago I believed that you were Mrs. Rhodes ——"

"A very absurd idea!"

"But now I have the blessed information that you are not, I can go to Rhodes and assure him that I have never even seen his wife."

"It will be better to go to his chambers," said Phillis. "Number ——"

"Please don't tell me the address," he exclaimed.

"Of course," she retorted, "you are clever at consulting the directory."

"I thought of consulting you to-morrow," he said. "To tell you the truth, I have the most wretched memory. Besides, there's a time for everything, and this is pre-eminently the time for dancing."

She laughed with perfect contentment as she placed a hand on his arm, and assuredly the ball was not the least enjoyable of that season. It really seemed useless to remind herself that the present was only the second day she had met Eustace, who made his way to Montagu Square the following afternoon, when he was presented to Mrs. Needham. On saying good-bye, he hinted at his impending visit to Fred at Dryden Court, so that, in her ignorance of the tragic circumstances at Grosvenor Gardens, Mrs. Needham may have believed that Mildmay was a friend of the Rhodes' family.

Certainly Fred did not receive him in a very friendly manner at half-past eleven the following morning, when Eustace found him in his wig and gown on the point of going into court.

"I feel that I ought to tell you," said Eustace, "that there has been a curious mistake from first to last. As a matter of fact, I have never yet had the pleasure even of seeing Mrs. Wishart Rhodes."

"I presume that you have seen Miss Needham," suggested Fred in a significant and disagreeable tone.

"Why, yes ——"

"Since your return from Paris no doubt?"

"Both yesterday and the day before."

"Ha!" cried Fred, and with that he opened the door as a hint for Eustace to depart. The latter walked along the Strand in a reflective mood to his club, where he lunched and killed time until he thought he might turn his steps towards Montagu Square, where he rejoiced to learn that Mrs. Needham was not at home.

"Miss Phillis Needham?" he suggested, and a few minutes later he was giving her an account of his recent visit to Dryden Court.

"Then Fred refused to accept your explanation!" she answered indignantly.

"No doubt," said Eustace, "he imagines we are all acting in collusion."

"Alicia was here this morning," returned Phillis, "and she looked quite miserable. Oh! what a pity you wrote that letter."

"A pity I sent it to the wrong address."

"Surely," she cried, "there must be some way of convincing this obstinate man. Though, if he were my husband, I should never forgive him!"

"Will his wife——"

"Oh, of course Alicia is really absurdly fond of him," said Phillis. "She cried about it this morning. I wish you could suggest something!"

"If you promise absolution beforehand."

"I really think I would promise almost anything for the sake of peace," she answered rather recklessly.

"I warn you that my scheme may appear—well, you may think it a little out of the way."

"Oh well," she said, "exceptional cases require exceptional remedies."

"Just my idea," answered Eustace, and rising, he stood beside her chair, his right hand resting on the back. "Now," he continued, "the point is, that Rhodes entertains the ridiculous delusion that I have fallen in love with his wife."

Phillis leaned back, glancing into his face; her hair brushing his hand.

"Love—should you call it?" she murmured.

"Yes," he said, bending slightly, "I should certainly call it love."

"Love at first sight then?"

"You don't believe in that kind of thing?"

"Do you?" she asked.

"I didn't until I learnt by experience," said Eustace, bending lower. "But anyhow," he added, "Rhodes has the delusion that I am in love with his wife ——"

"It would be immensely difficult to convince him you are not."

"Suppose that I were in a position to prove I loved someone else!" he suggested.

"But how?" demanded Phillis, raising her eyebrows with an expression of perplexity.

"By asking her to marry me."

"I am afraid," she returned, "that the flame would be scarcely worth the candle!"

"It might savour of sentimentality if I said it was the light of my life," exclaimed Eustace.

"You see it has been burning such a very little while!" she faltered.

"Still it is a kind of radium," he urged. "And, upon my soul, I don't believe it will ever go out."

Phillis slowly shook her head.

"You wouldn't easily convince—convince Fred of that," she said.

"At the present moment my only object is to convince you."

"And you have seen me precisely four times!"

"More than that," he insisted.

"Once in Paris ——"

"That day counts for three," said Eustace.

"Only six times," murmured Phillis, with the faintest of sighs.

"It seems more," he suggested.

"I suppose that is because so many things have happened."

"I admit," said Eustace, "that in the ordinary course of things I ought to have held my tongue for another month or so. Not that it would make an atom of difference. My mind was made up that day at the Gare Saint Lazare, and if you really wish to convince Rhodes——"

"Do you think—do you think it would convince him?" she asked.

"Why, of course the evidence would be as irresistible as yourself."

Phillis rose abruptly from her chair.

"If," she cried with a glowing face, "you were to take me to Grosvenor Gardens now, we should be almost certain to find them both at home."

But it was quite half an hour later when they left Montagu Square together.

THE END

"IT HAPPENED THAT, ON THE FOLLOWING TUESDAY, PHILLIS WENT TO A DANCE AT LADY GRANT'S IN PARK LANE."

SNOWFLAKES

WHENEVER a snowflake leaves the sky,
It turns and turns to say "Good-Bye!
Good-bye, dear clouds, so cool and grey!"
Then lightly travels on its way.

And when a snowflake finds a tree,
"Good-day!" it says; "good-day to thee!
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
I'll rest and call my comrades here."

But when a snowflake, brave and meek,
Lights on a rosy maiden's cheek,
It starts—"How warm and soft the day!
'Tis summer!"—and it melts away.

MARY MAPES DODGE, in *Along the Way*

STOKE POGIS CHURCH

Treasury Chambers,
March 22, 1904.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has appointed _____ to be Steward and Bailiff of the Chiltern Hundreds.

MEDMENHAM ABBEY

THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS

A POSITION FILLED BY EVERY MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT WHO RESIGNS HIS SEAT

By J. H. Yoxall, M.P.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR WILSON

I WOULD rather write about the Chiltern Hundreds than accept them, and must politely decline to consider the Editor's request for this article a hint to resign my seat. Indeed, the British Constitution forbids it; at your peril you pass the guarded gate of Westminster; a member cannot resign. By the unwritten law of the Constitution it is once a member always a member, until death or a general election supervenes.

But there are devices, and I shall be glad if this article should make clear to some of my fellow-members a method by which they may incontinently disappear. The rash man who wins an election, pays for it, and going to Westminster pays for it again by finding himself a fish out of water, need not wait till the last gasp. He cannot resign, it is true; but there are expedients. He may go up in a balloon and vanish for ever—as a member once did; he may absent himself from the House in a prolonged and scandalous manner, as not a few have done; or, worse still, he may accept a place of profit under the Crown, which is the mad ambition of many. But some such device he must adopt; the act of Parliamentary suicide which he may *not* perform, upon any pretext or consideration whatever, is freely and openly to resign.

It is this which lends to the Chiltern Hundreds their romantic Parliamentary charm. To the weary M.P. they seem an oasis in the sands, a green haunt of rest. The thoughts of the tired or badgered legislator turn gratefully upon certain hamlets and meads among the pleasant hills of Bucks. Bucks! The very name suggests the sylvan chase.

"I do not die," thinks the member; "I can't resign and the Government won't; but, thank heaven, there's a door of escape!" Forthwith he accepts the Chiltern Hundreds and goes out from Westminster in peace.

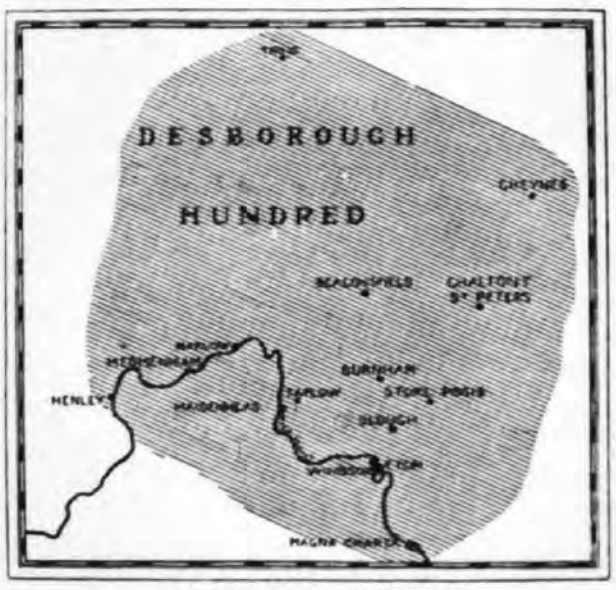
That is, he accepts the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds themselves; the distinction accounts for the comparative rarity of the transaction. Could the Hundreds themselves be given and taken, some hundreds of us in the House would beg the gift. For, as I shall presently show in more detail, the Chiltern Hundreds comprise some of the fairest and most delectable parcels of English soil. The river that laves them is the Thames; fine old market towns, bowery villages, splendid "seats of the mighty," and romantic memories cluster there; the Chiltern Hundreds are a type and microcosm of Old England herself; even to such a Western millionaire as the one who dwells among them, the Chiltern Hundreds in fee would seem an inestimably precious gift.

But the Crown cannot grant them nor money purchase them; what the retiring member of the House of Commons gets in them is the brief tenancy of a phantom office, and an office which, however unreal, is incompatible with a seat in the Commons House of Parliament; for by a legal fiction—one of the many fossils which the strata of the Constitution embed—the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds is still "a place of profit under the Crown."

There are several disqualifications in law for membership of the House of Commons, and among them "Rogers on Elections" thinks well to mention "mental imbecility" as one. That, of course, is a matter for the judgment of electors. But among the disqualifications is also the acceptance of "a place of profit under the Crown." I need not say that this particular method of ejectment is a relic of one of the devices by which our forefathers made us free. The theory is still that a monarch must not be enabled to bribe a "Parliament man" by appointment to a lucrative post; if the Parliament man accepts such a post, he cannot continue a member unless he obtains afresh the suffrages of his constituent electors. His seat must be declared vacant, a new writ of election must be sent out, and every precaution, in short, must be taken to secure that he shall not have been bribed into undue subserviency to the Crown.

CHALFONT ST. GILES

The tug of war between Crown and Commons is as dead as Queen Anne, the last monarch who put hand to it, but the precaution survives. Because it survives, Mr. Lyttelton, for example, had to submit himself anew to the opinion of the electors of Warwick and Lymington, upon accepting that "place of profit under the Crown," the Colonial Secretaryship. Now the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds is also a "place of profit" in the eyes of the Constitution, though it has long ceased to involve any duties or to warrant any pay. Nominally, it is still in the gift of the Crown acting through the Chancellor of the Exchequer. When a member desires to take the opinion of his constituents anew by means of a bye-election, the above notice appears in the *London Gazette*.



THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS

This being brought to the cognisance of the House of Commons, a writ of election is issued, and in the Votes and Proceedings of the House the following record appears:

"New Writ for the County of , *in the room of* (Chiltern Hundreds)."

The retiring member has put into operation once more a Parliamentary practice that is a hundred and fifty-five years old.

Should an ex-member who thus ceases to be a slave of the division-bell occupy some of his new leisure in visiting the *locus* of his stewardship, he will find it a very delightful district indeed.

The Chiltern Hills are a range of chalk downs that gently undulate from Henley-on-Thames, in Oxon, through Buckinghamshire, to Tring, in the county of Herts. Though the Chiltern Hundreds are three in number, they occupy only a part of this area, for a "Hundred,"—a division of a county mentioned in Domesday Book—is supposed to have indicated the land occupied by a hundred families in eleventh century days. The three Chiltern Hundreds are Burnham, Desborough, and Stoke. Anciently, Burnham was Bonenham; Stoke, Stoches; and Desborough, Duftenburgh.

Camden records that the Chiltern Hills used to be clad in forests which were infested by imitators of bold Robin Hood, until an Abbot of St. Albans arose in his wrath and cleared away both beeches and banditti. But a part at least of what we call Burnham Beeches is coeval with lawless times, when it was needful that the King should send some stout steward, "a good man of his hands," to harry the knaves and foster the true men of the region. Such was the origin of the figmentary Stewardship which ailing men of peace accept in our day.

Not one modern steward and bailiff in a score, I may safely warrant, was ever aware that his brief and phantom suzerainty extended over Eton and "Datchet meads," Magna Charta island and Stoke Pogis, Chalfont St. Giles and Chenies, Slough and Hughenden, Medmenham and Beaconsfield, Taplow and Burnham Beeches. The three Hundreds enclose a region of haunting memories and rural charm. Within the Stoke Hundred Charles I. lay prisoner to the army, and near by, as one of the revenges of time, that terrible Loyalist, Lord Jeffreys of the "Bloody Assize" was to come to dwell. A Judge more nobly famous, Chief Justice Coke—the "Coke-upon-Littleton," had in this Hundred his seat. At Stoke the poet of the "Elegy" passed his youth, and to Stoke returned for burial—by all report it was in the churchyard here that Gray heard "the curfew toll the knell of parting day."

Hard by lies the Hundred of Burnham. In a letter to Horace Walpole, Gray wrote: "I have, at a distance of half-a-mile, through a green lane, a forest all my own—at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover Cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were dangerous." This was one of the earliest references to Burnham Beeches in our literature.

Tradition reports that these beech-trees—"those reverend vegetables," as Gray called them—were first pollarded by Cromwellian soldiers in search of gunstocks. Cromwell's Secretary for Foreign Correspondence, John Milton himself, was once housed not far away, and at Beaconsfield lived Waller, a poet of a different order. Milton left London in the time of the Plague to live at Chalfont St. Giles, in the Desborough Hundred, and there complete the manuscript of "Paradise Lost." A Milton of the tongue, Edmund Burke, to wit, was member for Wendover in 1768, and dwelt at Beaconsfield, a place which was to give a title to another famous Commoner, who lived at Hughenden. Famous and infamous in its day was Medmenham Abbey, by Thames' side, in Desborough Hundred, where John Wilkes, Bubb Doddington, and Charles Churchill practised, with shameless licence, the "Fais ce que tu voudras" which they wrote up over the door. By contrast, Chenies lies not far away, enshrining honourable memories of the great Russell family.

Let me mention another striking contrast. The name of one titled lady of the Hundreds survives in chronicle because she was made to do penance in a sheet as an unfaithful wife. To another lady of the region, however, the splendid tribute of an epitaph quite unique was inscribed. In the church at Parmoor a monument to Sir Cope Doyley (1633) records that they "lived together in inviolate bands of wedlock twenty-two years, and multiplied themselves into five sons and five daughters." Quarles, the poet of the "Emblems," was brother to Lady Cope, and wrote her epitaph thus:

Wouldst thou, Reader, draw to life
The perfect copy of a wife?
This dust was once in spirit a Jael,
Rebecca in grace, in heart an Abigail,
In works a Dorcas, to the Church a Hannah,
And to her spouse, Susannah;
Prudently simple, providently wary,
To the world a Martha, and to Heaven a Mary.

No doubt the other Stewardries which void, or used to void, a Parliamentary seat would yield the investigator features of similar interest were they traced out; for the "Chiltern Hundreds," in this respect, do not stand alone. Empty "places of profit under the Crown" were once numerous. The Stewardships of Old Sarum and of the Manor of Poynings have fallen into Parliamentary desuetude; the Escheatorships of Munster and of Ulster were formally abolished in 1838. The phantom offices of the kind which still remain in use are the Chiltern Hundreds, the Manors of East Hendred in Berkshire, and of Northstead and Hempholme in Yorks. The last three come into play when there are more than one or two applicants for freedom from Parliamentary duty at the same time. The Manor of Northstead has become so archaic that even antiquaries and gazetteers of the eighteenth century do not catalogue it; but I believe it is now a suburb of Scarborough, and affords a site for the barracks there.

So late as 1861 Lord Palmerston voided his seat by accepting the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports. The legal and constitutional point in all these traditionary offices seems to be that, although they now carry no emolument, the warrants of appointment speak of "fees, rewards, considerations, and profit," as though these perquisites were to be real. The customs of the High Court of Parliament are full of picturesque anomalies and anachronisms like this.

BURNHAM BEECHES

WHEN LOVE LEADS THE WAY

A COMPLETE STORY

By Laura Augusta Wood Illustrated by James Durden

LOUIS GUIDON, the renowned French artist, and the rage of Paris for the hour, was holding one of his famous studio receptions. All the fashionable world came to these receptions, and laughed and gossiped, and talked a ramble of art and politics and philosophy, a second Hotel de Rambouillet. And Guidon was an inimitable host. He knew how to combine people effectively—a subtle process of putting harmonious elements together and keeping jarring elements apart.

On this particular afternoon Guidon's skill was displayed to the utmost, for his guests were more numerous than usual and included many foreigners of title. Among the latter were the Marchioness of Cranfield, Lady Cavendish and her daughter, Lady Mary Stanhope Cavendish. The Marchioness had helped Guidon far back in the early days of his fight to establish a new, distinctive school of painting, and a strong personal friendship existed between the two. This was the first time the Marchioness had been in Paris for several years, and Guidon was in raptures. He was talking to her now with his usual rapid utterance and odd, expressive gestures. Lady Mary was watching him, a subdued amusement in her violet eyes.

"Yes, I think I may say that this has been a very successful winter," the artist was saying in answer to a question. "I have had an unusual number of brilliant pupils. There is one in particular: Sheldon, an American—really a most promising young fellow. His forte is portrait-painting. I expect him here this afternoon, and I want you to meet him. Ah! there he is now. I will bring him up at once," and he hurried off with his queer, shambling gait.

Lady Mary rearranged the folds of the light-blue silk gown she was wearing and tilted her large hat with its nodding plumes at a slightly sharper angle. There was no painful self-consciousness in either act, only—when one is about to meet a young man it is pleasant to feel assured that one is looking one's best.

"But I am sure he is pale and ugly, and has long, lanky hair, and unpleasant blue veins in his hands," Lady Mary reflected with an inward sigh. Evidently, she had not, as yet, met any prepossessing specimens of the artist species.

The Marchioness disliked Americans very much, but she had to confess that Guidon's protégé was—well, nice. He looked at you frankly, he talked sensibly, and he was not effusive. In fact she rather suspected him of being a little too proud and a little too critical. But Lady Mary made no such analysis of the young artist. He was tall, had fine shoulders and a handsome face, and she was sure, from the sudden gleam she saw in his eyes now and then, that he, too, saw the funny things that she did.

As other people came up to speak to the Marchioness Sheldon moved aside a little, and his eyes encountered Lady Mary's. She was looking at him with a friendly smile. He went and sat down beside her. Sheldon was rather bashful as a rule, but somehow he found it quite easy to talk to Lady Mary. He was thinking he had never seen anyone so beautiful, nor ever heard a voice so musical. The sunlight streaming through the windows behind her was not brighter than her hair, and she had the most wonderful eyes. He tried to decide whether she was more beautiful when she looked directly at you, or when she lowered her eyes so that the long, dark lashes cast faint shadows on her cheeks.

"Monsieur Guidon has been telling us that you are very clever," she said to him demurely, "but, do you know, I don't believe him."

Sheldon laughed gaily. "You think that I look more like a stone-cutter than an artist, I suppose. That is what everyone tells me."

He tried to keep the exultation he felt at Guidon's compliment out of his voice, but Lady Mary detected it.

"I presume Monsieur Guidon does not say anything like that very often," she said. "However, I am disappointed in you. You know you ought to have long hair, and wear glasses, and rave about all the ugly pictures in this room, and look at me with deep compassion because I cannot tell a Rubens from a Van Dyck."

Sheldon recognised the description at once.

"You have met Birolteau," he said quickly, and they both laughed.

The Marchioness turned to her daughter. "I am going now, Mary," she said.

Sheldon rose with a keen sense of regret that he would probably never see Lady Mary again. She gave him her hand in parting, and said something, he did not know what, because she smiled when she spoke.

He sat up very late that night in his small apartment in the Latin Quarter. Although it was May the air was quite cold, and he had a fire in his fireplace, and sat before it smoking his pipe and painting innumerable pictures of Lady Mary.

Two days later he received an invitation written on heavy, blue, silver-crested paper. The Marchioness of Cranfield had invited Monsieur Guidon to dinner on Thursday next, and would be pleased to have Mr. Sheldon's company also.

Sheldon counted the days before Thursday and found them intolerably many. He dared not hope that Lady Mary had suggested the invitation.

That was the beginning. The Marchioness was occupying a large house just outside Paris, and she entertained lavishly. Young men were rather scarce, Sheldon was unobjectionable and fitted in conveniently, so the blue invitations were numerous. Then came the

"'DICK—YOU LOVE ME, AND I—LOVE YOU'"

request that he should paint Lady Mary's portrait. It was really Lady Mary's idea, but her mother approved. She knew it would please Guidon beyond measure.

Sheldon accepted, of course, but his heart was heavy with foreboding. He knew that he ought to avoid Lady Mary's society—that is, if he had any regard for his own future happiness and peace of mind. From the first he had realised that there was a very great danger for him in her presence, and from the first he had seen the absurdity of the situation. On the one side Lady Mary, rich, beautiful, of high rank, and courted by all the world. On the other side himself, a poor American just beginning the long, hard struggle for fame and gold. And then, even if she could ever care for him, which, of course, she couldn't, it would be worse than useless. The haughty Marchioness would never tolerate such a marriage. He had a troubled feeling that it would be better if he went away somewhere until Lady Mary should have left Paris. But, then, would he not be throwing away a splendid chance of achieving a reputation by this, his first big order? And would not Guidon be greatly displeased? So the sittings were arranged for and they began at once.

Sheldon was sincerely glad whenever the Marchioness was present at those sittings. She was to him the visible sign of the impassable barrier between Lady Mary and himself which he must not forget. For it was so easy to forget when they were alone and could chatter with the unrestrained abandon of their youth and high spirits.

But already the end had come. It was the last sitting. Lady Mary would leave for London to-morrow, and the picture, all done save for the final touches, was to be sent after her.

She laughed and dimpled and chattered as usual, but Sheldon had no words with which to answer her. His self-control had deserted him, leaving him at the mercy of the wild rebellion raging within him. The hand that held the brushes trembled. He dreaded lest she should remark it. With all his strength he tried to shut out the vision of the long, dreary blank days that were coming after to-day, but they whirled in a mocking reel before his eyes. He scarcely heeded her words until, at last, a phrase here and there caught his attention and he came back to the present with a keen shock. She was describing some amusing incidents that had occurred at a recent house-party in England.

Lady Mary was an excellent raconteur, and ordinarily Sheldon would have laughed with her. But a man who is seeing the flaming sword that bars him out of the Garden of Eden is not in a mood to laugh. Her words only showed to him the more vividly how wide was the gulf that separated them.

A great bitterness suddenly welled up in his heart against the girl. She could sit there and talk gaily and laugh while he was sick at heart. She knew, too, that he loved her. Of course she knew it. When did a woman ever fail to know that a man loved her? And knowing that, she knew that he must be suffering: that when she went away all the glory of the world went with her. Probably she had intended that he should fall in love with her. He could recall a thousand little coquetries of manner that he had failed to notice at the time, save that they made her more adorable; but now, in this hour of his misery, he saw clearly they were so many allurements to lead him on. Well, at least, she should not have the satisfaction of seeing any signs of the irreparable hurt she had given him.

He laid down his brushes.

"It is finished," he said quietly; but he meant more than the picture.

Lady Mary came to look at the picture. It had been a whim of hers not to see it until it was done. She frowned in order to look critical. Sheldon did not look at her, but he could see the oval of her cheek, and the sweep of her lashes, and the glint of her hair in the sunshine as she stood beside him. He felt a terrible temptation to seize her and crush her in his arms.

"You have flattered me, I fear," Lady Mary said at last, shaking her fluffy head with a charming air of disapproval. "The expression is too exalted, so 'spiritual' for me." There was a faint shade of wistfulness in her voice.

Yes, he had given her a soul, and she had none.

"It is a painter's duty to flatter," he answered grave

If Lady Mary had expected a different answer she gave no sign. Only, when she turned to him, the laughing comradeship had gone out of her face. Her eyes were cold and hard, and there was a grand air of hauteur in the poise of her slender, graceful figure. It was a very great lady who stood there in the sunlight.

"You have done your duty admirably well, Mr. Sheldon," she said, and her voice was high and cold. Then she held out her hand. "It is time for my driv so I shall say good-bye to you now. You have my best wishes for your career, and if there is ever anything the mother or I can do for you be sure that we shall both be very glad to do it."

She could have said nothing more cutting. Sheldon looked at her steadily. There was an unnatural light in his eyes. He took the proffered hand for a moment.

"Thank you," he said very quietly

And that was their parting.

A year later Lady Mary and her mother were in Paris again at one of Guidon's receptions. The Marchioness naturally inquired for Mr. Sheldon. Lady Mary was standing behind her mother. She turned abruptly to the window and stood there gazing out into the street.

Guidon spread out his hands in a gesture of despair and glared fiercely at Lady Mary's back. He spoke unnecessarily loud

"I cannot bear to speak of him," he said, and there were genuine tears in the gruff artist's eyes. A magnificent career lay open to him, but it is all spoiled! And why? Because he must needs break his heart over a doll with a pretty face and a sawdust heart. He paints—oh, yes, he paints innumerable pictures, night and day, but it is no use. He will never amount to anything, for the soul of the man is dead." Guidon ended quite softly, but he still glared at Lady Mary's back.

The Marchioness was much concerned about Mr. Sheldon. He was a fine young fellow. She was very sorry, indeed. But perhaps it was not so bad as Guidon thought. Young men recovered from those things in time. But Guidon shook his head.

Lady Mary turned from the window.

"I have a headache, mother," she said, "and I am going home. I will send the carriage back for you."

Before her mother could protest she had swept swiftly out of the room and down the stairs. She held herself proudly erect, and there was a strained, tense look in her eyes. She did not tell the coachman to drive her home. Instead she gave him a very strange address, a small side street in the Latin Quarter. The man looked puzzled but said nothing. And all the way there she sat very straight and still, her hands clasped tightly together.

"If I should be mistaken—oh, if I should!" she murmured every few moments in an agony of doubt. For she had resolved to do a very strange and a very hard thing.

The carriage stopped. Lady Mary got out. There were three flights of stairs to climb before she came to the door of Sheldon's rooms. For a moment she paused on the landing and leaned against the wall. She was gathering her courage together. She had come thus far and she would not fail now. The line of her lips had straightened as she turned the door-handle softly and went in.

Sheldon was sitting at a table with his head bowed in his hands. It was a moment of profound discouragement to him. All his work was a failure: a mere expressionless daub. It would never be any different. He saw it in Guidon's face every day. There was nothing left but to give it all up and return to America and go into business of some sort. The very dregs of the cup were at his lips that day.

It was not until she stood opposite him in the very centre of the room that he looked up and saw her. He sprang to his feet, then stood very still, clutching the back of his chair, staring at her wildly.

"You!" he said, and at the tone of his voice all those fears which had been torturing her left Lady Mary.

"Yes," she said quite simply, and smiled. "You did not answer my note. I knew you would never come to me, so I have come to you." The rich red flamed suddenly in her face. She put her hand on the table to steady herself, but she looked at him bravely, with clear, shining eyes. "Dick—you love me, and I—love you. Nothing else matters, does it?"

He could not believe this incredible thing. He was sure that he had suddenly gone mad, but the madness was Heaven. There was a mist in his eyes and a surging in his ears. He saw her coming towards him. She touched his arm, and suddenly he had seized her and was holding her close to his heart, as he had done in his dreams.

After a while he began to realise that it was all true; began also to see, with terrible distinctness, that this could never be. He gently put her from him.

"Mary," he said, and his voice broke, "you have made me the happiest man on earth to-day, but I would be a brute to let you make such a sacrifice."

But she interrupted him. "There is no sacrifice," she cried. "I have the courage to meet all obstacles. I tell you nothing matters—since we love each other."

It was no great lady that stood there in the sunlight, but a woman, with the lovelight shining in her beautiful eyes. And Sheldon, looking at her, was convinced.

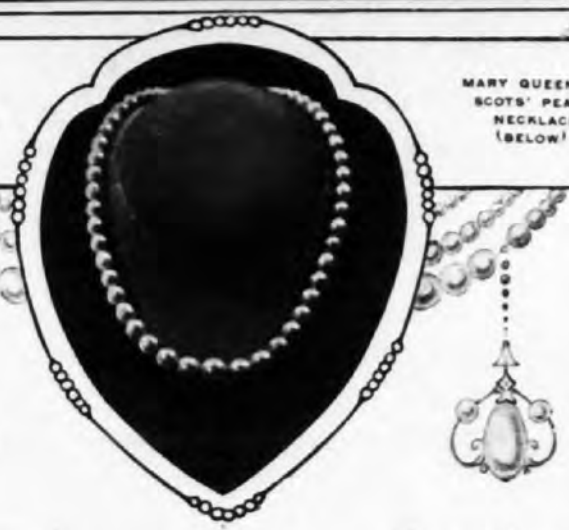
THE END

THE PEARL—FROM COLOMBO TO BOND STREET

By C. J. L. Clarke

THE PRINCESS OF WALES IS A GREAT LOVER OF PEARLS

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S PEARL NECKLACE (ABOVE)



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' PEARL NECKLACE (BELOW)

THE CZARINA OF RUSSIA POSSESSES VALUABLE HISTORIC PEARLS

THE PEARL OYSTER IS QUITE UNLIKE THE EDIBLE KIND.

MANKIND has, from the earliest records, confessed to a fondness for objects of personal adornment; and universal throughout the earth, whether the wearers be savages steeped in the most profound ignorance, or members of our much-vaunted latter-day civilisation, this craving for gems and other objects to enhance the beauty or to signify the wealth and station of the possessor is as much a vanity of one as of the other.

By reason of their beauty and the rarity which has made them costly, pearls and precious stones have become the recognised mediums for display wherever rank and beauty collect. But in comparison with any other gem the pearl must take a pre-eminent place. Not only among Western nations, but ever present at the splendid courts of Eastern monarchs, the pearl is the gem of gems.

History abounds with many instances of enormous sums having been paid for fine specimens. The highest price paid for a single gem was given by the Shah of Persia, that monarch parting with the not inconsiderable sum of £180,000 for a pearl of great beauty. This enormous sum is little more than was given by a commoner, for a 250-grain pearl from a South American bed was bought by a wealthy king of industry for £150,000. Perhaps more mythical as regards their intrinsic value, but better known on account of the prominent part they play in the writings of ancient historians, are the pearls of Cleopatra. For one gem alone she is credited to have given £80,000. Worthy of being known amongst the famous pearls of the world was one which was the property of the Khedive of Egypt, and although £10,000 was given for it, that sum was far below its real value. Unfortunately, this gem was destroyed in the great fire at Alexandria, and now only a blackened shell remains in the collection of an enthusiast to bear witness to the tribulation of the great gem.

Thus the popularity of the pearl is neither a recent whim of the great people of the earth nor is it a passing fancy, for whatever the fluctuations of diamonds, rubies, or emeralds in the public estimation, the pearl suffers no such vicissitudes, and a perfect specimen is even more sought after to-day than ever, while the amounts which are now and have in the past been paid for fine pearls seem fabulous in the extreme.

Simple, indeed, are they in their ingredient parts, being little more than pure lime, and although the finest are matured in the mysterious depths of the ocean, they are produced by such prosaic creatures as the oyster and the fresh-water mussel.

The pearl oyster is by no means the usual edible oyster with which we are familiar. A good specimen of the gem-bearing variety will measure from twelve to fifteen inches across.

Experience has taught the traders who deal in pearl oysters that the more indented and rugged the exterior of the shell the greater is the chance of the inhabitant having produced a goodly gem. Practically the whole of the shell of this variety of oyster is formed of the nacre of which pearls consist, and the shells bear a certain commercial value; this coarser deposit being known as mother-of-pearl and generally used for the manufacture of toilet boxes, card counters, &c.

The river pearls which are found in many countries in the Northern Hemisphere may almost be ignored as gems, for although a good trade is still done in these, they seldom realise more than a few pounds, and ten pounds may be taken as a big price for one of them. They lack the colour and sheen which are essential, although many are found which are perfectly shaped. Scotland at one time possessed a flourishing industry in river pearls, but, whether from over-fishing or disease, the supply from this source is at present comparatively small. The chief centre of production is now in Saxony, where the fishing is controlled by the Government, and a space of time is allowed between each allotted "draw" from any bed to prevent the supply becoming exhausted by the taking of tiny and immature pearls.

To the glittering seas of the Southern Hemisphere we must look for the prized gems. The Persian Gulf, the Bay of Bengal, and the Indian Ocean possess the oldest fishing grounds. But now pearls are found at places around the coast of South America, while rapidly developing beds in Western Australia have, within the last few years, produced some of the finest specimens on record. It was from these beds that a 40-grain pearl was taken a few years ago, which the judgment of experts declared to be the finest pearl the world had ever seen, being superior in shape and colour to the famous 28-carat specimen known as "La Pellegrina," which is in the Zosima Museum in Moscow, and which was, until then, generally conceded to be the finest pearl in existence.

FIVE PERFECT PEARLS, WORTH £35,000

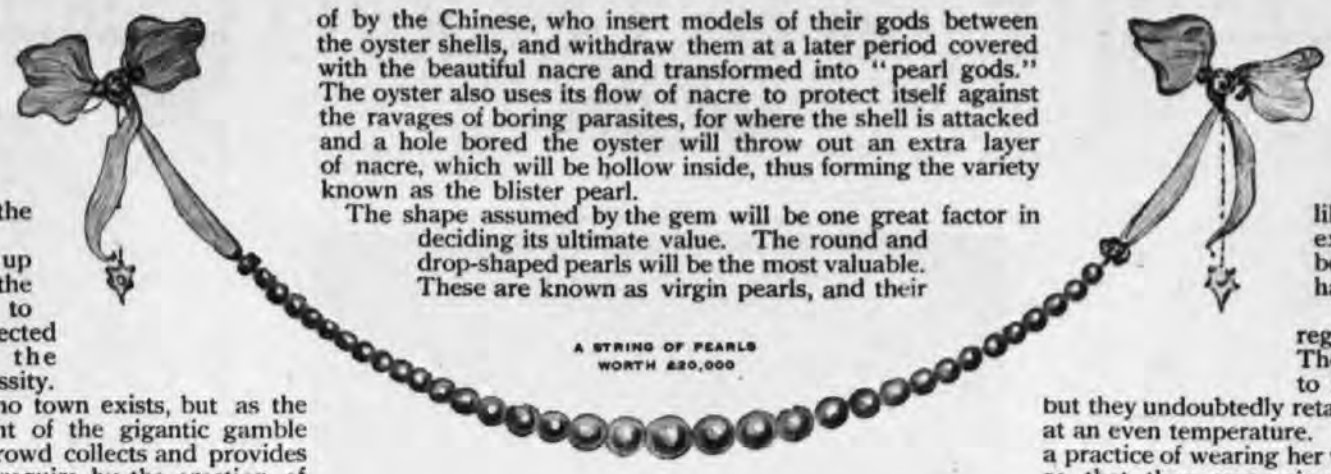
The march of civilisation has altered the method of bringing the oysters to the surface in a few places, but if we watch the fishing as carried on in Ceylon, we shall become

THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY PREFERS PEARLS TO ANY OTHER GEMS

QUANTITY IS NOT QUALITY. THE SMALL PEARL IS WORTH £200, AND THE LARGER, WHICH IS IMPERFECTLY SHAPED, IS WORTH £300. IT WOULD COST £3,000 IF PERFECT

DROP, BUTTON, BAROQUE AND VIRGIN PEARLS. THE LAST, WHICH ARE PERFECTLY SHAPED, ARE OF THE HIGHEST VALUE

THE COUNTESS OF ANNESLEY POSSESSES AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE COLLECTION OF PEARLS



A STRING OF PEARLS WORTH £20,000

acquainted with the ancient and most largely practised method of raising the gem-bearing bivalves to the surface, while the scenes amongst the fleet and on the burning sands of the shore are identical with those on the majority of the other beds.

The town which springs up with unequalled rapidity on the shimmering sands nearest to the bed that has been selected by the Government for the fishing is a creation of necessity. Before the appointed time no town exists, but as the hour for the commencement of the gigantic gamble with Nature draws near, a crowd collects and provides for such living as they will require by the erection of thatched huts, canvas shelters, and staked enclosures.

The long-looked-for morning breaks at last, and dozens of brown sails are hauled up on the masts by excited fishermen as they make a rapid start for the beds, which are probably ten miles from the shore. Each boat contains about twenty divers, and each diver has two mandaks, or assistants. Although the Indian and Ceylon divers are to some extent drawn from coast villages, the Arabs are recognised as the finest workmen, and their physical condition is in sharp contrast to that of most other races. Tall, powerful fellows they are, often scorning the regulation stone which is used to assist their *confrères* in reaching the bottom; but their quarrelsome and none too honest nature has led to the more tractable natives being employed in great numbers.

The beds or banks are defined by stake flags, and none may fish outside the allotted ground, for the Ceylon fisheries are a Government monopoly. Arrived over the beds, the boats draw away from each other and take up stations where they can work without interfering with one another. Boom! goes the gun from the Government tug which prepares to patrol amongst the fleet; and the surface of the glittering ocean is broken by hundreds of black-skinned toilers as they dive below to fill the baskets at their waists with the molluscs. Down to the bank through the clear sea and up again to the boat's side the divers scurry, and as the black heads reappear the waiting mandak's relieve their owners of the load they bring to the surface. Two minutes is an average time for the divers to stay below, but some experts can stay under much longer, and the record is said to have been made by an Arab who succeeded in remaining under the water for the almost incredible period of six minutes.

The strain of diving is, of course, considerable, and as one diver gets exhausted his place is taken by another, so as to utilise to the best advantage the time allowed, for the result of any one dive may mean a fortune.

Generally, the divers toil for about six hours each day before the gun from the official tug warns everyone to cease work. Then in the noon-day sun the sails flutter and flap again as they rapidly fill before the breeze, and each boat makes the best of its way to land.

Interesting though the fishing has been, life in "Pearl Town" is almost beyond description. Waiting in the streets and on the shore one views an Eastern crowd such as can be seen nowhere else in the world. Jews, Persians, Indians, Arabs, and a dozen other nationalities, jostle and push each other about in the sweltering streets, while policemen and officials keep such order amongst the crowds as they can.

Each boat on arrival is unloaded by natives, the oysters being carried up to the Government enclosures, where they are divided by the divers into three heaps. The bulk of each heap is exactly equal, for the officials will come round later and choose two of them, leaving one for the "fishers."

When the official shares have been collected, the divers will barter their oysters, perhaps ten at a time, perhaps a hundred in one parcel, and hundreds of speculators will be buying just so many oysters as they can afford. Later, the Government shares will be sold by auction in lots, generally of one thousand each, although wealthy Indian potentates will speculate in as many as a million in a single parcel. The record purchase in a single lot is one of over one million eight hundred thousand of the gem-bearing bivalves.

The purchasers of the oysters are thorough gamblers, The most daring operations on the Stock Exchange fade into insignificance when compared with oyster-buying. The speculator who has acquired ten oysters may become possessed of a pearl for which some wealthy merchant will pay a fortune, while a thousand oysters may not produce a gem worth the price paid for them. The average, however, is reckoned at one gem to every thousand oysters.

The man of science calls a pearl "a calcareous concretion of peculiar lustre produced by certain molluscs"; the poet calls it "the angel's tear." There can be little doubt as to the correctness of the generally accepted theory that pearls are formed by the molluscs in the endeavour to protect themselves from some irritating agent by covering the objectionable matter with a layer of nacre. After the primary irritation, which may be caused by a grain of sand, a minute slip of seaweed, or some other material, the pearl itself becomes the cause of trouble to the oyster, so that the mollusc is induced to place layer upon layer of nacre and thus build up the size of the gem. The operation of this process can be abundantly proved by specimens which exist showing tiny crustaceans which have strayed into the shell and have been set in nacre by the enraged oyster, until only a claw protruding from the mass indicates the real interior of the pearl formation. This fact is taken advantage of by the Chinese, who insert models of their gods between the oyster shells, and withdraw them at a later period covered with the beautiful nacre and transformed into "pearl gods." The oyster also uses its flow of nacre to protect itself against the ravages of boring parasites, for where the shell is attacked and a hole bored the oyster will throw out an extra layer of nacre, which will be hollow inside, thus forming the variety known as the blister pearl.

The shape assumed by the gem will be one great factor in deciding its ultimate value. The round and drop-shaped pearls will be the most valuable. These are known as virgin pearls, and their smooth and symmetrical surface is caused by the irritating matter being regular in form, such as a grain of sand, and settling in the soft part or body of the mollusc, so that the flow of nacre is even at all parts, and the pearl is not touched by the shell in any way.

Should the irritant be irregular in shape, it will probably cause the bivalve to produce what is known as a "baroque" pearl; that is, a gem with a more or less rugged exterior. In this class is included the largest pearl ever found, the specimen being known as the "Beresford-Hope Pearl." This truly wonderful gem weighed 1,800 grains, and was an Oriental pearl of irregular pear shape; it was two inches in length and four and a half inches in circumference at its broadest end. It comprised many shades and tints, part being fine, bright orient, while the lower parts were bronze to dark green shaded with copper. Part of the shell is still left adhering to this gem. Some idea of its enormous size can be gleaned from the fact that it weighed over six times as much as the oyster that produced it.

Colour will be another important consideration in determining the value of any specimen, the shades produced embracing white, black, pink, bronze, green, and copper.

Even as the shape of the pearl is governed by a trifle, so the colour is just a matter of the health of the bivalve. In health the most valuable gems are produced. These are white and splendid with that iridescence, which was proved by Sir D. Brewster to be an optical phenomenon due to the rays of light reflected from microscopic corrugations of the surface. An oyster suffering from biliousness will be responsible for pink pearls, while one with fever will produce black pearls.

The final consideration which determines the value of any specimen is the skin or texture. A fine pearl possesses a perfect skin, free from flaws or specks, and of a fine orient, delicate in texture, and of clear, almost translucent, white colour, with the subdued, iridescent sheen so dear to judges of these gems.

Notwithstanding the prices mentioned for world-famed specimens, no doubt many of our readers would be quite satisfied with the five pearls depicted in one of our illustrations, as their average worth is £7,000 each, the five being valued at the not inconsiderable sum of £35,000. These, together with the two necklaces, which were worn respectively by the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots and Marie Antoinette, formed part of a small exhibit of pearls recently shown at the Albert Hall. The gems in this exhibit were valued at over a million pounds sterling.

The first judgment on a pearl, even by an expert, may be at fault until the gem is closely examined under a powerful glass. The outer skin, which is relatively coarse, may cover a deeper layer of the finest texture, and in this case the pearl is peeled and the outer skin taken off, leaving the finer surface exposed to view.

Many lucky deals have been made by enterprising traders, who have speculated small sums and peeled the pearls bought in the hope of finding a better surface. In an instance which came under notice recently a pearl for which only £50 was given was sold again after being peeled and reduced in size, for £500.

In arranging the gems for display their value is again affected, for a great price may be paid for a special gem which will match another in the possession of the intended purchaser. Such is the trouble in finding good fellows, that Mr. E. W. Streeter, the famous expert, has waited as long as ten years to match an individual gem.

In the boring of these priceless gems the most extreme care is necessary, and every one is drilled by hand with a peculiarly crude little drill. The stringing and grading of necklaces is another item which calls for expert care, and this is undertaken solely by women. The whole of the business of a great centre like London is done by so few experts that they could almost be counted on the fingers of the hand.

There is little to be said as regards the care of these gems. They are not readily susceptible to injury except by rough usage, but they undoubtedly retain their splendour best if kept at an even temperature. More than one owner makes a practice of wearing her valuable pearls while sleeping, so that they may enjoy an even temperature at all times. Pearls love light and air, and if they have been shut away in the dark for a period, a difference is apparent in their lustre, but they will regain their beauty by exposure to the air and light again.

There are strange superstitions concerning pearls. It is said by the fatalistic believers in luck and ill-luck in gems that the pearl is the herald of tears. In spite of this tradition it has grown in favour, a fact which means a corresponding increase in price.

The Empress Eugenie wore a string of pearls on her wedding-day, in spite of the weeping entreaties of an old Spanish servant. "The more pearls a woman wears on her wedding morn, the more tears she sheds in her after life" runs the old Spanish adage, and the sorrows which the unhappy Empress suffered in after life fulfilled every word of the mystic belief.

The Empress had also a necklace of pearls which were found in the Fiji Islands and valued at several thousand pounds. But the most famous necklace belonging to her consisted of matchless black pearls. When this was sold, after the removal of the central pearl forming the snap, which was bought for 1,000 guineas, the remainder changed hands for £4,000.

Among royal lovers of the gem we find Philip II. of Spain, who had a large pearl which came from Panama, valued at £10,000. Louis XIV. gave a pearl to Madame de Maintenon which weighed 111 grains. The Shah of Persia, as may be imagined, possesses wonderful gems. In his collection is one pearl which in 1633 was valued at £64,000.

The Czarina of Russia has some magnificent ropes of pearls, and the Empress of Germany owns some rare pearls of fine size and lustre. The Crown Princess of Roumania is renowned for a magnificent collection of black pearls which are of great richness and of unusual setting. The Princess of Wales is also fond of pearls, of which she has a splendid array.

Many of the wealthier members of the British aristocracy possess notable examples of this gem. Two magnificent pearls belonging to the Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild were exhibited at the Paris Exhibition in 1878. They weigh about 115 grains each, and are perfectly round.

The pearls of the Countess of Dudley are famous, and the beautiful Lady de Grey has some matchless ropes of pearls, while the lovely Lady Annesley is often seen wearing a pearl necklace which forms one of the most exquisite pieces of jewellery. Baroness de Forrest's pearls are said to be worth £50,000, while Lady Denman possesses a rope of pearls, 400 in number, worth £60,000, each pearl being worth £150.

American ladies seem especially fond of single pearl earrings of great price. Consuelo Duchess of Manchester, Mrs. George Cornwallis West, and Miss Van Wart, all have fine solitaire earrings of white pearls. Mrs. J. W. Mackay has black pearl earrings that are of world-renowned value and beauty.

It was fashionable in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to mount curious shaped pearls, or "perles baroques," as they are termed, in gold and enamel, to form grotesque designs for pendants. A valuable collection of these is kept in the Green Vaults at Dresden. Dolphins, mermaids, and many other nautical devices appear in many of them, and there is one which represents a Spanish Court dwarf, made out of a pearl the size of a hen's egg. The pearl known as the "Southern Cross" is a "baroque" pearl. It consists of nine pearls formed together naturally in the form of a cross.

Turning to ancient history we find that the pearls of Britain were mentioned by Pliny, while a breast-plate studded with British pearls was dedicated by Julius Cæsar to Venus Genetrix. Pompey found, in the palace of Mithridates, a priceless collection of pearls which was the foundation of the collection in Rome. In his triumph in Asia, 61 B.C., he took thirty-three crowns from princes whom he overthrew. After this, pearls became a craze in Rome, Roman ladies wearing necklaces costing many thousand pounds. It was in vain that Seneca the philosopher poured his vials of wrath on the fashionable luxury. Julius Cæsar presented to Servilia, mother of Marcus Brutus, a magnificent pearl, a prize of war from Egypt, valued at £39,600.

Coloured pearls are somewhat rare and often realise high prices from collectors. Pink ones are found in the fountain shell or great conch in the West Indies, but their tint is apt to fade. Purple, pink, or salmon-coloured pearls are found around the West Indies, in the Mississippi, and in the Gulf of Mexico. Yellowish brown pearls are also found, but are not of much value owing to their lack of ornamental qualities. Black pearls, however, which are chiefly obtained from the pearl oyster in the Gulf of Mexico, are highly prized.

CARRYING PEARL OYSTERS FROM THE FISHING BOATS TO THE MARKET PLACE

THE LIFE STORY OF A PHEASANT

A ROMANCE OF A YEAR AND A DAY

By P. C. Burton

"HATCHED OUT BY A BARN-DOOR HEN"

"TAKEN WITH FIFTEEN OTHERS TO A FIELD COOP"

TO be born of respectable parents and hatched out by a barn-door hen is the lot nowadays of the average pheasant. The real wild pheasant is becoming rarer every year, and the great game estates are producing more hand-reared pheasants to-day than ever before. Our pheasant—the pheasant whose life-story we have here written down—was no exception to the rule; and on a bright morning in May he found himself, with twelve other hardy little brown and yellow chicks, nestling cosily under the outspread wings of a foster-mother in the shape of a white leghorn hen.

The pheasant of our story was a healthy youngster, and soon, with a number of others, he found himself with a new mother and in a new home. He was taken with fifteen other chicks, all as healthy as himself, to a field-coop, where he was allowed to roam about and return at will to the coop, where he found an anxious mother watching for her brood through the wooden bars of her isolated home.

Through the long June days the fifteen youthful pheasants grew and prospered. Tiny insects, moths, and midges were to be had in plenty, and with sandwiches of tasty pheasant food, which is now so perfectly manufactured, the fifteen chicks showed wonderful progress, and began to grow independent. In the coops near by were hundreds of brown and yellow little fellows, all more or less healthy; but now and then the keeper appeared and sorrowfully carried off four or five little corpses. "Gapes!" he would exclaim, and forthwith he would remove bodily half a dozen or more coops to fresh ground.

Towards the end of June things began to be busy again in the rearing field. In the distance sounds of hammering could be heard, and it was evident that preparations for a removal of the young birds were taking place. One night our little pheasant, who was more independent than his brothers and sisters, refused to be shut up in his coop, and with four equally independent youngsters wandered off to search for new life and adventure.

Making his way through scrubby undergrowth, creeping through sun-burned grass and running quickly under a hedge of close-cut blackthorn, he found himself suddenly stopped by a high fence of wire netting. It was impossible to escape, for his wings were not yet sufficiently fledged to enable him to fly over the obstruction. So he rested until morning, and at the first break of dawn he set forth to look for food. Luscious caterpillars, ants, and insects provided him with a dainty breakfast, and, feeling refreshed after his morning experience, he set forth again; but suddenly his progress was arrested by the advent of two anxious keepers. Crouching in the undergrowth, our erring chick endeavoured to evade their search.

"Here's one of 'em, Tom," he heard a bearded keeper exclaim, and before he could escape a large net was placed over his head, and the prodigal pheasant was borne safely back to the island of pens, where he found hundreds of other pheasants of the same size peacefully eating their afternoon meal.

His new home consisted of a strong framework covered with small-meshed wire netting, and boarded up at two sides to the height of a foot. On the top was fixed a strong net to prevent the youngster getting out. The keeper wisely made this of string, as, when frightened, the growing birds fly wildly against the top of the pen, and if a wire net is used they bark their heads and tear out their feathers by beating against the hard substance.

When the pheasant of our story was big enough to be removed from the pens to the rearing ground, he one morning found one of his wings pinioned so that flight was impossible. The head keeper, however, was a humane man, and in the night so pinioned the wing that no pain was caused to the bird. The wing was placed in repose and tied securely in that position.

Throughout the harvest season the young birds flourished exceedingly, and, while the corn was being mowed, the ordinary fare of manufactured pheasant food was varied with fresh corn gathered from the fields. A handful of corn just cut made a dainty dinner, which the youngsters looked forward to, as by August they had all been removed from their travelling-pens, and were safely cooped inside a large wired enclosure, where hundreds of birds were now daily growing fatter and larger, waiting for the day when an order would come from a big estate for full-winged birds. During the last days of September an order came for one hundred full-winged cock and hen birds, and, together with ninety-nine others, our hero was caught one night, and safely packed away in a basket, with a dozen others, and labelled to an estate in Hampshire. When the pinion was taken off his wings, he was very stiff for some time; but this soon wore off, and, in sheer delight, he gaily fluttered his wings to see how much strength was left to him.

Thus was our pheasant, which but a few weeks previous had seen the light of day for the first time, taken to his home, which, for all he knew, might be his last home of all. A rumbling cart, driven by a pair of keepers in corduroy coats, soon did the journey to the lower covert, and here, on the 10th of September, our pheasant was first permitted to have his liberty and to breathe the air of freedom.

"ANOTHER NIGHT A FOX CREPT STEALTHILY ALONG THE EDGE OF THE COVERT, WHEN 'SNAP' WENT A GIN-TRAP, AND REYNARD FOUND HIMSELF HELD BY THE LEG"

For a few moments after the lid of the basket in which he had travelled had been raised, his thoughts were of a mixed character. At first he could hardly believe that freedom had at last come to him, and he refused to be hustled out of his basket. But the keeper tenderly lifted him, and placed him on the ground.

"IN THE DAYTIME HE WOULD WANDER OFF IN SEARCH OF BARLEY"

To our pheasant, all seemed strange. In the southern country of spruce and larch coverts, all looked different from what he had left. Great high banks of spruce-trees with lanes cut through them, and here and there a larch to make the effect more beautiful; coverts of evergreen, fir, and silver birch, with a few clumps of red-barked dogwood, added a charm to his new home.

Here was an estate on which many thousands of pounds had been expended, and on which the owner obviously spared neither time nor money, labour nor trouble. Perfectly trained and beautifully planted and tended, this covert afforded an ideal home for our hero and his brothers and sisters. At night he would roost in the branches of fir, to which he took a great fancy, and in the daytime he would wander off in search of barley or corn which, in the cutting, had been left on the field to make food for the growing pheasants.

One night, as our pheasant was quietly roosting in the branches of his favourite fir, a man passed beneath wearing a cap well pulled over his eyes, and carrying a heavy stick under his arm.

He looked up into the fir-tree, but passed on, and stopped under another tree a little further on.

As our pheasant watched him, he carefully crept towards the tree, and, with a well-aimed blow, he knocked a sleeping pheasant off a branch, and, quickly putting him in his coat-pocket, made off through the covert. He was a poacher.

Another night a fox crept stealthily along the edge of the covert, glancing cautiously from side to side; but suddenly "snap" went a gin-trap which lay in his path, and poor Reynard found himself securely held by the leg. All his efforts to free himself proved unavailing, and when morning broke he lay panting on the ground, worn out with his struggles. It was a cruel sight; but, if game has to be preserved, the destruction of foxes in a game-covert is an unfortunate necessity. In the morning the keeper appeared, and despatched the fox very quickly and without any cruelty.

Towards the end of September the keepers seemed unusually busy in the coverts. The lanes through the woods were cleared of undergrowth and branches; in places the branches of overhanging trees were lopped, foot-bridges over streams and across ditches were tested and repaired, and everything seemed to point to some great event which was to take place in a few days.

The old cock pheasants seemed to know that something unusual, or rather usual, with them was taking place, for, instead of flying gaily from covert to covert, they mostly ran, hiding themselves in the undergrowth when opportunity offered.

Then the great day came. A snap of frost was in the air, and the birds all seemed to wake that morning fresh and lively from the first frost of the year.

A peculiar sound of snapping, as of sticks being beaten together, was the first intimation our pheasant had of the approach of the beaters. In his ignorance he could not tell what this peculiar noise meant; but he knew that it meant something from which he would have to escape quickly, or else the long line of men with waving flags and sticks would soon be upon him.

So he beat a retreat to the covert, which was the most foolish thing he could do, that being exactly what the beaters required. But a pheasant cannot argue—except he be an old cock bird who has had much experience—so our friend thought he was safest where the trees were thickest and the pheasants were in greatest numbers. Inside the covert all was bustle and excitement. Frightened birds all had their story to tell of long lines of boys and men advancing on them, and chasing them with sticks and flags. The older birds advised running as the best means of escape, and some of the knowing old cocks quietly made their way to the other side of the covert and along the bottom of a drain, quite close to where the guns were placed, to another covert beyond the end to where the last gun of the line reached. Thus many of the older birds escaped; but the younger and more frightened birds rose high in the air over the tree-tops, and away from the noise of beating, towards the other side of the covert. Suddenly "crack!" went one of the end guns, and a "long-tail" came crashing to the ground. Crack! Crack!" Two more pheasants went to their last account. Terrified, our pheasant rose high over the guns.

"Bang! Bang!" went the centre gun.

"Missed clean, and a lovely rocketer!" remarked the man who fired.

"We'll get him at the next covert, sir," answered the loader, who stood behind ready with another gun, and the shooter went on with his deadly work.

One hundred and fifty brace made up a nice bag from the first covert beaten, and then commenced the beat to number two covert. With his former good luck, the pheasant of our story managed to escape with a wounded foot, and nothing more than a few feathers shot from his tail, of which he was so very proud.

For two months after the first shoot the coverts were undisturbed by the destroyers. All was peace and happiness, and once more the pheasants settled down to a life of ease and pleasure, eating and crowing, sunning themselves on the fine days, and otherwise enjoying the pleasures of an undisturbed home. But at Christmas-time the second shoot of the year proved a disastrous day for the remaining cock birds. Heavier shot was used, and the shooting seemed much better than on the previous occasion.

But our hero had learned a lesson, and, with his usual cunning, he managed to creep away and hide himself in the undergrowth until the beaters had passed.

Thus did he live till the spring, to become the lover of a charming hen bird whose life had been spared at the Christmas shoot. He made love to her and courted her, as pheasants do, by ruffling up his feathers and crowing loudly; and, to prove his love, he gamely fought and beat no less than four suitors for his *fiancee's* "hand." But there were more wives than husbands, so our hero was compelled to take to himself no less than four other wives, all very beautiful in their spring costumes, and with these five wives he settled down to a life of responsibility and matrimonial duties. Now and then a wife would disappear, and, on searching for his love amongst the undergrowth, our hero would sometimes find her carefully hatching out fourteen or fifteen pretty brown eggs. That was in May, and throughout that month the five faithful wives hatched out over fifty little chicks, all counterparts of their proud father and prouder mothers.

"THE YOUNGER BIRDS ROSE HIGH IN THE AIR OVER THE TREE-TOPS"

"HE MADE LOVE TO HER AND COURTED HER, AS PHEASANTS DO"

AFTER LONG YEARS

A COMPLETE STORY BY MRS. H. H. PENROSE ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. SUTCLIFFE

RUTH CHERRITON was one of those rare women who never look at a mirror except to see that they are tidy; and even on this day, when her heart was singing, she did not give a thought—as yet—to her personal appearance. If she had done so her happiness might, perhaps, have been a little dashed; for she was no longer young, and the face that Fred Winchcombe had last seen fresh, round, and blooming was thin and white now, pinched, and marked with the pain of a long and weary separation.

She had said good-bye to him when she was twenty, and fifteen years had passed since then. He had spent those years—the best of his life—struggling in India against climate and other matters hard to be endured, and at last he had written to say that he was coming home for her. That was why her heart was singing.

All the relations he had had in England had died during his exile, and, desolation being heavy upon him, he had asked Ruth to come and meet him at Southampton. So she left the lonely Northern home where she had lived alone since her mother's death, and came to spend a few weeks with a married sister in Winchester. She was to bring Fred Winchcombe to this sister's house on his arrival, and leave it as his wife a few days later.

She refused the escort of her brother-in-law, who offered to accompany her to Southampton, because she felt that the occasion was too great to be exposed to the witnessing of an outsider.

"If I cannot do an unconventional thing at my age, what is the use of being thirty-five?" she asked him.

But she did not think of her age in any way except as a safeguard of her independence. Simply because she had never had any vanity, it did not occur to her that she was greatly changed. She felt the same as ever, and the possible effect of a change of looks did not enter into her calculations. She indulged in the mild extravagance of travelling first-class to Southampton because she found it easy in this way to get a carriage all to herself, and she wanted to be alone.

She took from her pocket the little worn leather case in which she had carried Fred Winchcombe's photograph for fifteen years, and opened it. A handsome, bright face, with the stamp of youth and health on it, looked out at her. She raised it to her lips, as she had done hundreds of times before, remembering poignantly the good-bye that was fifteen years old.

Neither he nor she had had a new photograph taken in all those years; she, because she had not thought of it; he, because he had not been much in the way of such things. But their letters had glowed all through with the old fire, and neither of them had for a moment lost the keenness of desire for the long-deferred meeting which had been theirs in the first year of separation. And now, at last, the past was past, and he was coming to her. How gloriously the sun shone!

. . . . . .

The dock was nearly cleared of all except official figures. Of those who had arrived, and those who had come to meet them, there remained but two—a man and a woman. The man was muffled up, although the day was warm, in a fur-lined overcoat, notwithstanding which he shivered. His hair was grey, lightening to pure white above his temples, and his face was haggard, drawn, and sallow.

The woman, who was Ruth, was standing, looking about her helplessly; and presently her hand went into her pocket and brought out a little handkerchief, which was carried to her eyes with a guilty air of secrecy.

The man approached her with some hesitation.

"Can I be of any service?" he asked, raising his travelling-cap. "You are possibly in a difficulty?"

"Thank you," she answered, with every indication of the nervous excitement which she fancied that she was hiding. "I have missed the friend I came to meet. Perhaps——"

She was about to ask him if Mr. Winchcombe had been among the passengers; but, even at thirty-five, she was restrained by shyness from making mention of her lover's name to a stranger.

"And I," said the man, "was expecting a friend to meet me who hasn't come. We are equally unfortunate."

A wave of faintness came over Ruth, and she sat down on somebody's trunk that was near at hand.

"You are not feeling well," he said. "You must let me be of use. If you have to catch any particular train, will you allow me to escort you and save you trouble?"

"You are very kind," she murmured. "I don't feel as if I could think of anything just now. It has been—rather a shock."

"Where do you want to go to? Just name the place, and I'll find out about trains."

"Winchester."

"Ah! Fortunately for me, I am going there myself; and it is a very short journey. Let me get a cab."

She scarcely looked at him on the way to the station, partly because she was too much occupied with her own emotions, and partly because, as her senses fully returned, she felt the awkwardness of the situation as keenly as a girl of seventeen could have felt it. It was not until they were in the train that she felt constrained to thank him for his unobtrusive kindness.

They had missed the first train after the arrival of the boat, and this one was not crowded. They had undisturbed possession of the first-class carriage to which Ruth's return ticket entitled her.

"There is really nothing to thank me for," said the grey-haired man. "But I hope you have made no mistake. It is possible that your friend may have arrived."

Suddenly she leant back in her corner, white to the lips, and her eyes closed She heard him say something about a flask, and knew that he was bending over her.

"I am quite well now," she said, putting aside the restorative.

"Perhaps I could give you some information," he volunteered. "Do you mind telling me your friend's name?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she said, suddenly crimsoning.

"I think it does," he said slowly. "I should like to tell you about a man I know who was coming home after a long absence. He was engaged to be married and he loved the girl who was to be his wife so dearly that nothing in the world could change his love; but towards the end he had misgivings, because he was personally so altered that he felt sure she would not know him, and he began to wonder whether these outward changes in him would make any difference to her love."

"Not to hers," she said. "It is only men who mind such things."

"But not men who know how to love in the best way."

Two brown, fleshless, claw-like hands closed over hers; the grey head bent until the sunken, parchment cheek touched her forehead.

"Ruth!" he said. "My darling, don't you know me yet?"

"You didn't know me," she cried—"you didn't know *me*, and I never thought of that. I knew I was old, but I forgot what it really meant."

"It means nothing," he said.

He put his arms round her and kissed her; and she clung to him sobbing. Her flimsy defence had been broken down.

"Then you *did* know me?" he asked. And she wondered how it was that she had not recognised his voice at the first word.

"Only for the last quarter of an hour," she acknowledged. "But when I realised that it must be you, I realised at the same moment how ugly I must have grown, as you did not know me, and—I was afraid."

"You could not trust me better, after those fifteen long years?"

"Don't look at me like that! If you had not said that it could make no difference, I could never have let you know."

"SHE TOOK FROM HER POCKET THE LITTLE WORN LEATHER CASE IN WHICH SHE HAD CARRIED FRED WINCHCOMBE'S PHOTOGRAPH FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, AND OPENED IT"

"Difference! Good heavens! Aren't you *you*? What more do I want?"

"I don't think I ever had until this hour; but now I should like to look as I did fifteen years ago."

They looked into one another's eyes then, and saw remembered gleams of youth; but they knew how little youth mattered, for their souls were unchanged, and they were together—after long years.

THE END

THE STORY OF DAVID & GOLIATH

Illustrated by J. J. Fyson

SUPPOSE you woke one morning and found a great army encamped not far away. And then suppose another army came, with banners flying and drums beating. What excitement there would be!

Hundreds of years ago, two great armies were facing each other near Elah, in Judæa, in just that way: on one side the Philistines, on the other the Israelites. The Philistines had come to kill the Israelites and take all their money and houses and land. They felt quite sure they could do it, because their army was so much bigger than the Israelites' army. On their side, too, was a great giant, immensely tall and big and strong, the Giant Goliath. And Goliath came out from the Philistines' army to make a proposal to the Israelites. Instead of the two armies fighting, he said, let them send *one man* to fight with him, and let that fight decide the battle. If Goliath won, it should be as if the army of the Philistines had won, and the houses and money and lands of the Israelites would belong to them. If Goliath were beaten, it would be as if the army of the Philistines had been beaten.

Goliath expected that the Israelites would send their biggest, strongest warrior to fight him. When he saw only little David he was furious

David had a stone ready in the sling, and he hurled it at Goliath with all his might

The Israelites, and Saul, their king, were very frightened. Who could have a chance against Goliath?

But one person wasn't frightened—the shepherd boy, David. He heard what Goliath said, and went at once to King Saul, asking that he might be allowed to go and fight the giant.

King Saul at first said "No."

But David said to the king, "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion and took a lamb out of the flock, and I went after him and delivered it out of his mouth. The Lord God will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

Not boasting at all, you see, of what he had done, but quite sure that God would help him.

Then Saul said that David might go. So David went down to the river, and from the river bed chose five smooth stones, and put them in a bag. And in his hand he carried a sling. No sword, no spear, no helmet or breastplate; only five smooth stones and a staff and a sling.

Goliath expected, of course, that the Israelites would choose their biggest and strongest warrior to send against him. When he saw only little David with his staff and sling he was furious, and tried to frighten David by threatening to do all sorts of terrible things to him. But David was not frightened. "Thou comest to me," he said to Goliath, "with a sword and with a spear and with a shield, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts. At that, Goliath came swooping down towards David, with his great sword raised to strike. But David had a stone ready in the sling, and he hurled it at Goliath with all his might. The stone went whizzing through the air and struck Goliath on the forehead. And down Goliath fell upon the ground, quite dead. When the Philistine army saw what had happened, they fled away as fast as they could go, leaving all their tents and armour and money and provisions to the Israelites. All the danger was over now. You can imagine how delighted everybody was, and how David thanked God for helping him to win the fight.

Where the great fight took place

NEXT MONTH—"THE FIRST CHRISTMAS MORN

THE MONTHLY PLAYBOX

MY DEAR CHICKS,

Here's a new paper, specially for you. I do hope you'll like it.

It's sad to have to tell you in the very first number about the animals at Mrs. Hippo's Kindergarten getting into cold water. But I'm afraid there is far worse to come. I can see, by the look on Tiger Tim's face, that he will lead them into all kinds of mischief later on. And that means getting into ***hot*** water, you know!

Of course, I may be wrong. Everybody may behave quite properly (as I'm sure they always do at your school); but, anyway, there's no harm in keeping an eye on the Kindergarten, and if anything fresh ***should*** happen by the 1st of December, we'll be sure to let you know.

Your loving
AUNT MOLLY.

A Monthly "Playbox," in colours, is given with every copy of THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE

THE TALE OF A HEN

1

Mrs. Bantam was busy hatching a brood of chicks—

A NOVEMBER TREAT

The Story of a Telegram

I say, Fraulein, we must start early for the Fireworks to-morrow!"

"Fireworks?" Fraulein turned puzzled eyes upon a family of five. "I know not vat you mean, Hilda."

"Why, Fifth of November fireworks in the Winter Gardens! We go every year!"

"Nein!" said Fraulein, "Neizzer ze Herr Papa nor ze Frau Mamma leave instructions about fierworks. It cannot be!"

"Of course they didn't!" cried Hilda with a dawning fear at heart. "They know we'd go. We *always* do!"

"You write an' ask Mummie," echoed Joan. "Oh, bother, it takes too long for a letter to get to France! But——"

"If zey had vished it zey vould have said. Sh-sh-sh!"—as excited protests rose afresh—"Humphrey, it is school-time. You ozzers prepare for ze walk."

"Aunt Judy went away yesterday or I'd write to her!" said Humphrey ten minutes later. Aunt Judy lived six miles away, and often helped them out of difficulties in mother's absence. "Only there wouldn't have been time to get an answer, unless she tellergraphed."

"Tellergraphed?" Hilda's eyes shone suddenly. "Look here, why couldn't we go to Oakshot and send Fraulein a tellergram pretending to come from Aunt Judy——"

"She's not there," interrupted Ethel.

"Fraulein doesn't know that. *I* wouldn't have known, if she hadn't stopped the carriage and told me yesterday morning. It's something sudden. And Bob Hanley's going to Oakshot early to-morrow to see about his rabbits—*he'd* send one for us if we wrote it! Have we sixpence, though?"

Humphrey turned out his pockets doubtfully, and produced two pennies and one halfpenny.

"I've a penny!" said Hilda promptly. "So's Joan—that's fourpence halfpenny. Dennis darling"—hastily, to the youngest of the family—"wouldn't you like to take the three halfpennies out of your money-box to see lovely fireworks?"

"Ye-es," said Dennis uncertainly.

"Then, that's it exactly," said Hilda joyfully. "Give us a sheet out of your exercise-book, Humphrey—quick!"

"Put, 'Silly idiot, certainly take the children!'" suggested Humphrey, supplying it.

"Stupid! As if Aunt Judy'd say that! 'By all means let the children go to-night to fireworks'—how's that?"

"Ripping! Stick 'Maxwell' at the end, and I'll give it to Bob this afternoon," said Humphrey.

II.

Five faces peered eagerly over the banisters as Sarah answered a peal from the front door bell and bore an orange-coloured envelope to the dining-room.

"*Fraulein Klein, Manor House, Bexford. By all means let children go to-night.*"

"I do not understand," Fraulein said, frowning perplexedly. "No name—and from Oakshot. Ach—it vill be ze sister of ze Frau Mamma! Of course, I did tell her of ze lecture at ze Town Hall to-night on ze 'Geography of Great Britain,' and ask if ze shildren should not go. I remember she vas call avay before ve finish to speak. So! I take zem, zen. Nein—no answer." She nodded her head decisively as she followed Sarah into the hall. "Shildren! Kom qvickly to lunch! I have a treat for zose who do vell ze afternoon's lessons!"

"Hooray! Good biz! What on *earth* can it be?"

"Nein!" said Fraulein archly; "I cannot say! It is your good Aunt who spoils you!"

Hilda clapped her hand over Humphrey's mouth in time to suppress a war-whoop.

"Aunt Judy!" she said, loudly and clearly. "Wouldn't it be splendid if she'd thought of the fireworks! But I don't s'pose she's even remembered there are any!"

III.

"Humphrey, you could upon my knee sit to give ze sisters more room!" Humphrey grimaced in the semi-darkness of the rapidly-travelling cab.

"They're all right, Fraulein. Listen! I'm sure I heard a squib! 'Remember, remember the fifth of No——'"

"Sh-sh-sh!" Fraulein gesticulated vainly as the little girls took up the chorus. "Vill you fiervorks never forget?"

"Hallo!" Humphrey bent suddenly forward. "What's the duffer stopping here for? This isn't the Winter Gardens!"

Fraulein was on the pavement before the astonished party could remonstrate. They had pulled up before the Bexford Town Hall, and the children trooped after her in bewilderment.

"She's never going to make us watch from a window!" gasped Hilda.

"Couldn't! There's not one that way! Fraulein! Frau-*lein*!" whispered Ethel despairingly. But Fraulein was cheerfully waving six blue tickets.

"Kom!" she said. "Room he says is zere plenty!"

"But you can't have fireworks in a *room*!" shouted Humphrey.

"Zis way!" cried Fraulein, forging excitedly ahead.

The children stared blankly at each other. They were marshalled into a hall in which benches were arranged in rows, past a platform with a table and a glass of water, and—oh, depressing sight!—a large suspended map of Great Britain divided into highly coloured districts with many-syllabled names. Fraulein ushered them into an empty row and sat down at its end. And then the truth dawned.

"It's a disgusting lecture!" gasped Hilda. "Not the fireworks or anything to do with them!"

"Fraulein's found out and done it to score off us. Or you've made some blithering mistake with that tellergram!"

"Haven't, then! You saw it yourself! Much more likely Bob Hanley's muddled it!"

"D'you mean to say"—Humphrey's voice rose in agitation—"that we've got to sit here and listen to a chap gassing about geography when we might be at the fireworks?"

"*Humphrey!*" Fraulein leant forward. "Quiet zis moment! I ask ze good aunt last veek if I shall not bring you, and ven she find she have forgotten to tell me she send a so kind telegram. So! He arrives!"

There was a gasp of consternation and rage from the fourth row as a local clergyman rose to introduce the lecturer. Then silence—miserable, furious, bewildered—fell upon it as he proceeded to explain in detail the geographical formation of the British Isles. He did it for an hour and a half, at the end of which, four depressed, resentful spirits followed Fraulein to the door. As they reached the vestibule, Humphrey's angry little face lightened.

"Hilda! There's Bob Hanley! Bob!"

"Hallo! Seen my mater?" said a bigger boy on catching sight of them. "I promised to fetch her from this show. What on earth are *you* doing at it? Oh, Humphrey"—in sudden recollection—"you didn't give me enough money yesterday for that telegram. You can only send twelve words for sixpence, you know, and you'd put fifteen. I found it out at the post office, so I had to leave out the last three and stop at 'let children go to-night.' I thought you'd rather I did that than bring it back. Hadn't a halfpenny left on me or I'd have paid the extra myself. Eh? What the dickens is the matter?"

THE END

2

When a horrid boy came one day and stole all her eggs

Well, up got the Lord Chamberlain, and read the decree in a loud, clear voice, and the people shivered and shook.

"You will now ask each inhabitant of the palace, in order of rank, whether he has brought a blue rose with him!" said the King.

Now this happened to be exactly what the Lord Chamberlain wanted. He bowed obediently, and turned to the King.

"Has your Majesty a blue rose?" he said politely.

"*I?*" shouted the King. "No! What do you mean?"

The people saw all in a minute what the Chamberlain meant, and they'd have cheered if they dared.

"The decree," said the Chamberlain, consulting a paper in his hand, "says that 'everyone in the palace' must produce a blue rose by to-day. Your Majesty is certainly in the palace. No exception is mentioned."

"Absurd!" cried the King angrily. "It's wrongly worded. The—the idiot who drew it up!"

He broke off suddenly, because he remembered that he'd written out the decree himself. The Chamberlain was busily inscribing "The King of Wingaloo," with a large "No" opposite to it, on a sheet of blue-lined paper.

"Shall I proceed, your Majesty?" he said.

"Do what you like!" said the King, in a regular temper. And very soon the paper was filled with the names of everybody present, and "No" against every one of them, whilst he grew sulkier every minute.

"It is my painful duty, your Majesty——" began the Chamberlain.

"Let the Court dentist proceed at once," interrupted the King hurriedly, "beginning with the Lord Chamberlain!"

"Pardon me, your Majesty," said the Chamberlain sweetly, "you forget that, according to Wingaleen law, no subject can take precedence of your Majesty in any ceremony. May I conduct your Majesty to the chair?"

The King gasped! And just then there was a tremendous knocking at the door of the hall. The Lord Chamberlain flew to open it, and there stood the Queen, rather out of breath, with her hair standing in wisps, and her bonnet all on one side.

"Bless me!" she cried. "What are you all doing here? I've been to twenty-seven places, and it was raining at every one of them, and the motor-car burst up this morning, and gave me *such* a fright, so I just walked home again. What's the matter with *you*, Thomas?" she added, turning to the king.

"*Matter?*" he roared. "They say I've got to have a tooth out! It's all your silly fault! It's——"

"Explain!" said the Queen to the Lord Chamberlain. And the Lord Chamberlain explained.

"Dear me!" said the Queen thoughtfully. "This makes it *very* awkward! Let me read the decree again!" And she took the paper from his hand and studied it closely. Then she stared at him severely over the tops of her glasses. "A mere slip of the pen," she said. "His Majesty must have meant 'pink rose—not blue'"

"Y-yes!" stammered the King sulkily. "Of course I meant pink!"

"A most natural mistake," said the Chamberlain politely, taking up his pen. "I'll correct it at once."

"Most natural!" echoed the people in relieved chorus. And they all rushed out into the garden, and picked pink roses, and the King, who was rather subdued, went and got one for himself, and, of course, in that way the decree was obeyed to the letter.

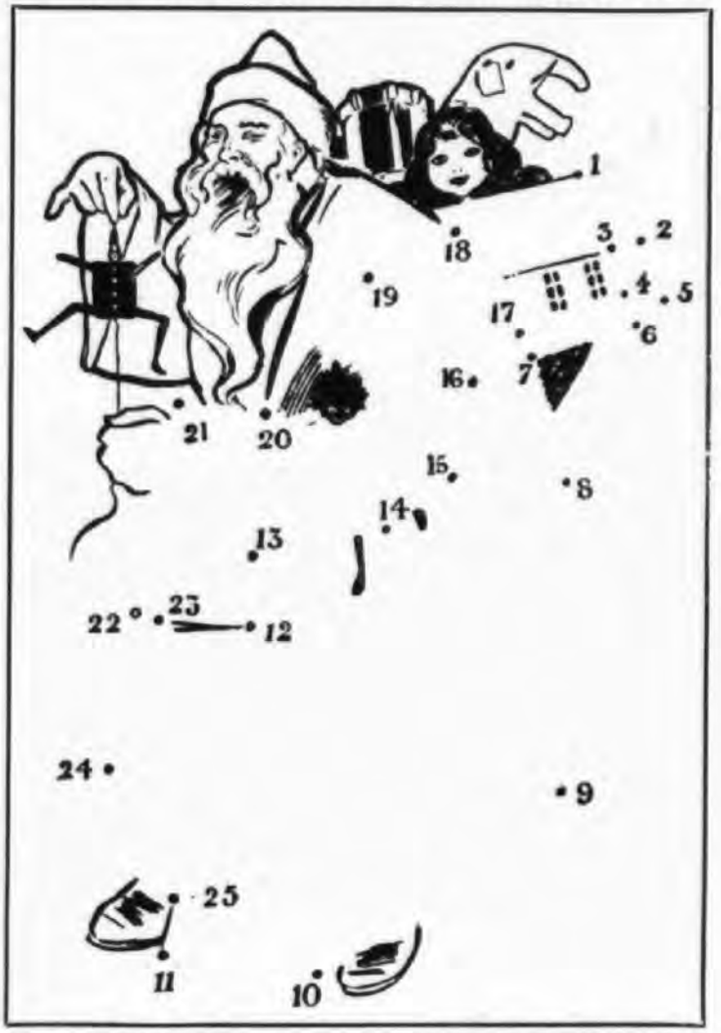
But that evening, when his Majesty of Wingaloo had gone to bed, the people chaired the Lord Chamberlain every bit round the palace.

There wasn't another word from the King about his illness. You see, he'd learnt the lesson that even kings can't have *everything* they want; though they may get something they didn't exactly bargain for if they're silly enough to sit down and cry for blue roses!

THE END

Five Hundred Prizes!

A Competition that is as easy as A B C, and in which children who CAN draw and children who CAN'T draw will have just the same chance of winning prizes.



A HALF-FINISHED PICTURE! Would you like to finish it? Then cut it out and paste it on a piece of card. Put it aside to dry, and don't be impatient if it takes two or three hours. It must be *quite* dry, remember. Then take a pencil, and, starting at the little black dot close to figure 1, make a straight line to figure 2, then another to figure 3, another to figure 4, and so on until you reach the last—25. Then colour the picture (using chalks or paints, whichever you prefer), write your name, age, and address at the back of the cardboard, put it in an envelope, and address it to

PRIZE EDITOR,
"THE MONTHLY PLAYBOX,"
36, Fetter Lane,
London, E.C.

There will be all sorts of prizes—big prizes and little prizes. The big prize of all will be a beautiful gun-metal watch—boy's or girl's, according to whether a boy or girl wins it. There will be the most splendid knives and pencil-cases, and a great many packets of foreign stamps, each containing one hundred different varieties—just the very thing for a boy or girl who is starting a stamp collection.

The prizes will be awarded to the five hundred competitors who send in the most neatly finished, prettily coloured pictures, though, of course, we shall take age into consideration. For instance, a child of seven can't be expected to do so well as one of eleven. The prizes will go to the chicks who have done best considering their age.

Anyone not more than twelve years old may compete.

The competition will close on the 14th of November.

DON'T BE LATE!

So Mrs. Bantam got her family back again after all. Aren't you glad?

THE BLUE ROSE

By Evelyn Glover

A Story About a King Who Couldn't Get His Own Way

I.

VERY likely you've got a little garden, and know how jolly it is to have flowers of your very own to give away. But you never, in all your life, managed to grow a bright blue rose in it, did you? And I'm quite sure you didn't sit down and cry about it, like the King of Wingaloo. Why he wanted a blue rose in his Court garden when he had as many lovely red and white and yellow ones as his heart could wish for I don't know; I expect it was just because he couldn't get one.

At any rate, he worried and fretted and fussed about it till he really made himself ill, and the Court physician went to the Queen and said he was terribly sorry to have to say so, but that he didn't think anything but a blue rose would cure her husband.

"Send for one instantly, then!" said the Queen.

"Where, your Majesty?" asked the physician.

"Anywhere you like," said the Queen. "It doesn't matter to me."

"But—but there are no such things, your Majesty!" faltered the physician.

"That's foolish!" said the Queen, looking at him reprovingly over her spectacles. "If his Majesty wants a blue rose, of course a blue rose must be produced. Make a decree, Thomas darling," she said, turning to the King who sat in a corner with his fists screwed into his eyes, "that everybody in the palace must have a blue rose ready within a month from to-day, or have a tooth pulled out by the Court dentist!"

"My love," the King said, "what a wonderful brain you have! I never should have thought of anything so simple. Why, I feel better already. I'll make it at once.

And he wrote the decree out there and then in his very best hand, and sent the Court physician to pin it up on the front door of the palace.

The king gasped. He looked at the hateful red velvet chair and the dentist waiting beside it with his forceps

Well, as you may imagine, the decree caused terrible consternation. You see, there were about one hundred people in the palace, counting the Court physician and lawmaker, and tailor and hairdresser, and various other officials and all the servants, and here they were, all obliged to sit down and have a tooth pulled out unless they could each produce a blue rose—which they knew perfectly well they couldn't—within a month. They went in a body to beg the Queen to intercede for them, but she only said that she hadn't time to bother about it, as she was going off in seven and a half minutes in the new Court motor-car to try to find a place where it didn't rain, and she hadn't begun her packing.

Oh, it was a dreadful month. The people planted rose-trees upside down; they boiled roots of rose-trees; they chopped them up and mixed sugar and pepper and salt with them; they bought gallons of blue paint and splashed themselves every bit over in their efforts to make it stick on to the roses they had; but it wasn't the least bit of good. And all the time the King went on getting rapidly better, because there hadn't been the least thing in the world the matter with him but temper, and now he was looking forward to getting about a hundred blue roses in a very short time.

When the last day of the month came, the poor Court officials were simply wretched. They'd tired themselves out with digging and pruning and painting, and they all sat down in despair in the palace garden. Not a single one of them had a suspicion of toothache, either, which might have made things a bit better, because you can screw up your courage to a bad moment or two if there's necessity for it; but nobody in their senses would go to a dentist if there wasn't.

"Do you think they'll let us have gas?" said the Court hairdresser.

The physician didn't answer, because just then there was such a shout from the Lord Chamberlain.

"Hurrah! I've solved it! We needn't have any teeth out at all. Hurrah!"

"*What?*" cried everybody, tearing across to him. They quite expected to see a bright blue rose, but he was merely dancing excitedly round a bush of white ones.

"You leave it to me! Don't worry any more. The dentist sha'n't touch one of you!" he panted, grasping first one official's hand and then another's till he looked exactly as if he was doing the ladies' chain in the quadrilles.

II.

The people were only too delighted to leave the matter of the blue roses to *anybody*. But they felt very anxious next day again when they assembled, by the King's command, in the large banqueting-hall of the palace, and saw a big dentist's chair set up at one end of it, and the Court dentist standing by it with his forceps.

And, like Mrs. Hubbard, he opened the basket and found it was bare

THE BIRDS GOING HOME

By Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S.

WHAT becomes of the swallows in the autumn?

They all fly away to Northern Africa to escape the frost and the snow. And the swifts, and the martins, and the nightingales, and the flycatchers, and ever so many other birds go with them.

But how do they find their way?

Ah! That is not an easy question to answer. Most likely the old birds teach the young ones; and then, next year, the young ones remember. And when *they* have little ones of their own, they teach them in their turn just as they were taught themselves.

But the odd thing is, that they never seem to fly straight to the country which they want to reach. If a flock of swallows which have spent the summer in Norfolk, for example, want to go to Egypt, they do not fly south-east, and then go on and on till they get there. First they fly east, through Holland and right across Germany. Then they turn south, through Austria and Turkey and Greece, and cross the Mediterranean Sea by Crete. And then they turn east again till they reach Egypt. So that if you take a map of Egypt, and draw a line to mark the course of their flight, it will be very much like the letter Z.

Sometimes swallows are caught in a heavy snowstorm on the way home, and die by thousands

Birds which have been living in Sussex or in Hampshire, however, go quite a different way. First they cross the Channel. Then they turn south-west, and fly through France and Spain till they come to the Straits of Gibraltar. And then, after crossing, they turn east again, and pass right along the northern coast of Africa. But wouldn't it be ever so much shorter for them if they were to go straight?

Of course it would. But then they would have to travel for very long distances over the sea, with nowhere to rest, and no chance of getting any food. So they always cross the sea at the narrowest places, and do not at all mind flying a few hundred miles farther over the land in order to reach them.

The dotted lines shows how the birds fly "zig-zag" from Norfolk to Egypt, and the more direct way from Sussex.

But sometimes, even at these narrow crossings, they get dreadfully tired, and have to sit and rest for a while on the rigging of ships. And when the woodcock come to visit us about the end of October, they are often so exhausted when they reach the shore that for quite twenty-four hours after they cannot fly at all, and you can actually pick them up with your hands!

"Sometimes they get dreadfully tired, and have to sit and rest for a while on the rigging of ships."

Often birds are attracted by the powerful lights on lighthouses and lightships; many of them in stormy weather fly against the glass and are killed instantly. Many, too, are found dead on the seashore the morning after a storm; it is only the strongest that survive. No wonder they will go a long way round in order to travel across the land instead of over the sea.

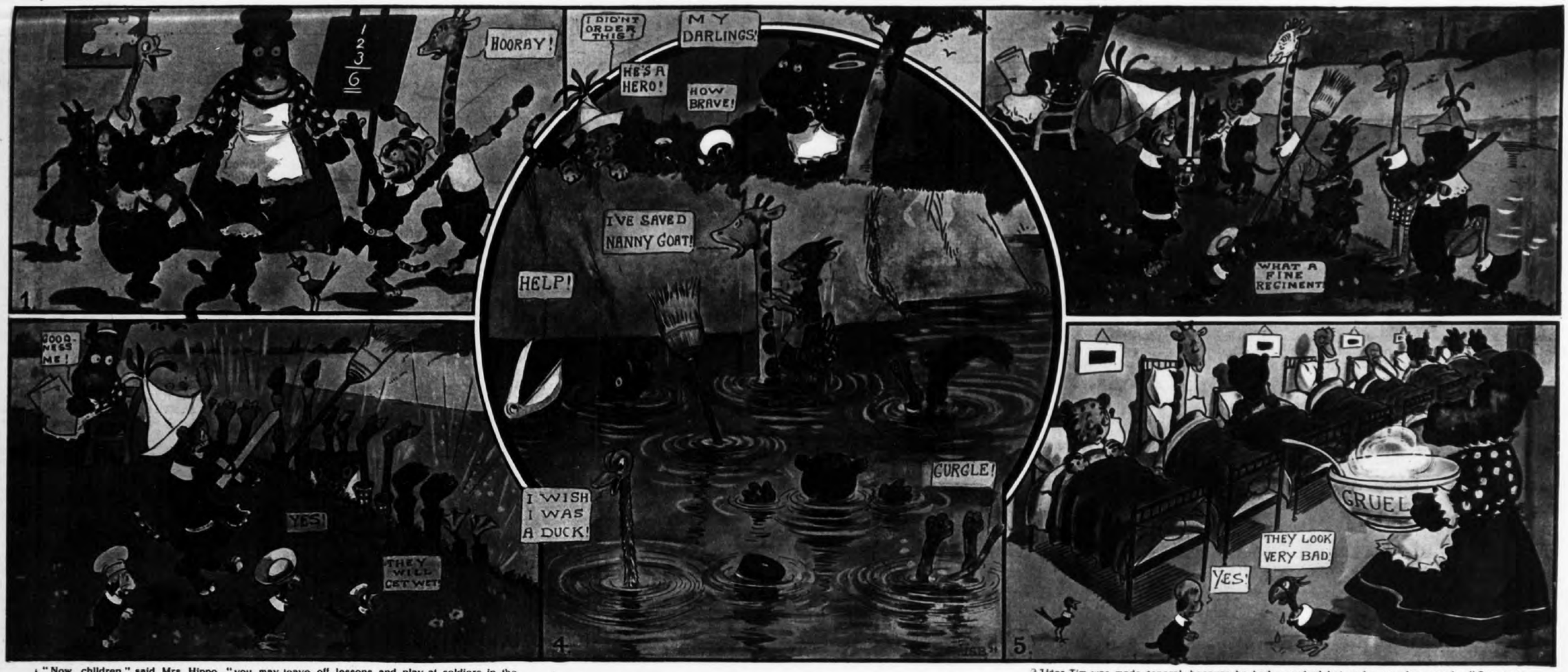
When spring comes round, all the birds which are leaving us now will come back again, travelling in exactly the same odd, zig-zag way. Let us hope that they will not have such a bad time as they had last year. Do you know what happened then? Why, it was a very late spring indeed, and, about the middle of April, Austria was visited by a most severe snowstorm, which lasted for several days. Now just at that time vast flocks of swallows were flying north; and when they came to Austria they flew into this dreadful snowstorm, and perished in hundreds of thousands.

Didn't you notice how very few swallows we had with us last summer? Well, that was the reason. The poor birds were nearly all killed by the cold on the way. Scarcely one in twenty lived to reach this country. And, if the same thing were to happen next year, we might never see another swallow in England again!

PLAYBOX JINGLES

There was an old man who said "How
"Shall I flee from this terrible cow?"
"I shall sit on this style
"And continue to smile
"Till I soften the heart of this cow!"

Mrs. Bantam wept and screamed, but the boy would not give them back



1 "Now, children," said Mrs. Hippo, "you may leave off lessons and play at soldiers in the garden"

2 Tiger Tim was made general, because he had a cocked hat and a wooden sword. "One pace to the rear! Quick, march!" he shouted

3 "Oh, dear! How unfortunate! I quite forgot they were so near the river!" gasped Tim

4 Mrs. Hippo, too, was most upset when she saw all her pupils leaving her without giving the usual three months' notice. "I'll save them all!" cried the gallant giraffe. "The water is only up to my neck!"

5 Willie Giraffe behaved like a hero that day, and, thanks to his aid, Mrs. Hippo will not have to shut up school yet. How are they all getting on? Oh, very nicely indeed—and thank you for asking. A slight cold, you know, but nothing serious

DOLLY DIMPLE DISOBEYS HER MAMMA

1 "Get up at once, Dolly; you are late again for school!" cried her mamma

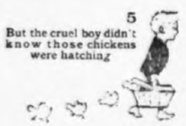
2 But disobedient Dolly had made up her mind to go for a ride instead

3 Fido had also made up ***his*** mind to go for a cat hunt

4 And the consequence was, Dolly found herself at school, after all

5 Alas!

4. And the robber went homewards rejoicing



5 But the cruel boy didn't know those chickens were hatching

Is the Motor Bicycle Perfect?

Mr. R. J. Mecredy says "No"

Lafayette

MR. R. J. MECREDY

IF the scope of this article really embraced only what might, strictly speaking, be included under the above heading, the subject could be dealt with in the briefest possible manner—in fact, could be dismissed with a little word of two letters, "No!"

Why is the motor-bicycle so far from perfect is the next consideration. It is mainly due, in my opinion, to the fact that the trade have devoted themselves too much to catering for one particular class—to wit, the speed merchants—and their energies have, consequently, been directed towards designing and producing speed monsters which, although they may be beautifully built, durable, and reliable, are so heavy and unwieldy that to start them requires a great effort, under all circumstances; whilst, if the engine proves refractory, the struggle leaves the owner like a wet rag, and shaking with what I have heard aptly described as the "muscular jigs." To pedal them, even with the belt off, except for a short distance, is out of the question; and to push them is almost as bad.

Of course, I know that there are comparatively light machines on the market, but the public is not educated into demanding machines of moderate weight rather than big horse-power, and the trade does not seem to realise the importance of making the machines lighter, easier to start, and handier generally.

The vibration, danger of side-slip, and risk of being upset by dogs, have also handicapped the spread of this branch of the pastime, and I purpose dealing with these points later on.

Now, it must not be taken from the above that I have any misgivings for the future of the motor-bicycle. Far from it. I believe that there is a great future before it, and my object is to point out the way in which the desired end can be soonest attained.

The first question to be considered is, What does the general public want? And it is here that the manufacturers have, as a rule, gone astray. For the purpose of considering this question in all its bearings, I would divide the general public into three classes: (1) Those who want a motor-assisted bicycle; (2) those who want a bicycle which there will be no need to pedal except on exceedingly steep hills, such as are rarely met with; and (3) those who simply require a very fast machine, regardless of weight, difficulty of starting, and other inconveniences.

The Motor-assisted Bicycle

In my opinion, a large proportion of motor cyclists will eventually be drawn from those who are enthusiastic "push" cyclists, if I may use the term, and have no wish or desire to give up the healthful and invigorating exercise of pedalling. From want of practice, increasing years, bad health, or physical weakness, they find the exertion excessive, except under favourable conditions. They are quite prepared to put in a certain amount of work, but would like to be able to climb hills without being overheated, and to face a gale of wind without suffering from exhaustion afterwards. They have no desire to develop into engineers or to be unreasonably delayed on the road. They want a machine on which they can easily reach their destination by pedalling in the case of serious derangement of the motor, which under normal conditions will produce the impression of flying before a strong wind, and which will be easy to handle.

I shall deal with the essentials of such a machine under different heads.

Lightness

This is essential, or the machine would entail too heavy work to pedal to one's destination in case of temporary derangement. Frames of all motor-bicycles could be lightened by a careful and scientific distribution of the weight, but in the case of a machine fitted with a small motor of light weight and intended for pedal propulsion in combination with the motor, the force of the impulse and extra vibration would be so slight that an ordinary heavy roadster machine with a slight increase of weight in the forks, lower tube of frame, back wheel and tyres, would be amply strong, and should not weigh more than 35lb., with guards and brakes complete. The engine and fittings should not exceed from 25lb. to 30lb., making a total of from 60lb. to 65lb. for the complete machine.

Engine

A high-speed engine should be fitted, of 1 or 1¼ h.p. with, of course, the weight cut down to the lowest, and the workmanship and material of the best. It should have an outside fly-wheel, about 7in. in diameter and constructed like a suspension wheel, with nearly all the weight in the rim. By this means a great saving in weight could be effected as compared with the standard engine. If a combined perfected two-speed gear and free engine arrangement can be produced without a material increase in weight, it ought to be fitted, so as to facilitate hill-climbing, free-wheeling, starting, and pedalling the bicycle without the aid of the engine in case of derangement. A very light fan, driven by a belt, would be absolutely essential, with free engine and two-speed gear to prevent overheating, and in any case it would be advisable, in order to get the maximum power out of the engine when required. Professor Callendar has recently been carrying out experiments in this direction, and finds that such a fan produces the most marked improvement, even in the smallest motors, and absorbs a mere fraction of a horse-power, which would be amply repaid by the increased efficiency up hill.

The question of weight, however, is final in deciding the advisability of adopting two-speed gear, free engine, and fan. If proved to be considerable, it would be better to do without these specialities, though for the motorists of Class No. 2 they are certainly essential.

What the perfect Motor-Bicycle should have

The J. B. Dunlop Carburetter weighs only 7oz., and in this item alone over 1lb. can be saved. The petrol-tank should be of aluminium, and only sufficient to carry one and a half pints, for as the machine would, as a rule, be run well throttled down with the rider pedalling, the consumption would be small, and petrol can be procured nowadays from every cycle agent. The oil-tank, too, should be small and light, and placed as near as possible to the engine to save piping. A special battery and coil would have to be designed, and the wiring made as short as possible. The silencer would have to be light, but at the same time quite effective, for nothing is more annoying, both to rider and public, than a noisy machine.

Most of the points I have dealt with refer directly to the reduction of weight, but, apart from this consideration, special attention will have to be directed towards improvements in detail. For example, the ignition will require careful attention. Nine-tenths of the roadside stoppages occur from defects therein. The wiring must be of the very best possible quality and be thoroughly insulated, and the battery and coil, while kept small and light, must be protected as far as possible from the effects of vibration. A special effort, too, will have to be made to prevent the constant annoyance caused through terminals breaking.

A hub two-speed gear on the back wheel will be necessary for pedalling purposes, so as to render the work as light as possible should the rider have to pedal the machine home, in consequence of temporary derangement, or up a hill of exceptional steepness, and at the same time that he may have a high gear of from "eighty to ninety" to use under normal conditions in combination with the motor. A valve regulator, similar to that used on some of the De Dion-Beuton motor-bicycles, would prove invaluable. It consists of a simple contrivance by which the exhaust valve can, at the will of the rider, be prevented from lifting to its fullest extent. Consequently, part of the products of combustion remain in the cylinder, and at the next aspiration the full charge of mixture is not drawn in. The presence of a portion of the exploded charge ensures the compression being perfect, and, consequently, the expansion of the charge which is drawn into the cylinder is very effective, so that the contrivance tends towards economy. Needless to say, when in use it reduces the noise of the engine, the vibration due to its impulses, and gives a very perfect method of control. With such a contrivance fitted, in conjunction with a free engine and two-speed gear, it would be hardly necessary to fit the usual valve-lifter.

A spring seat pillar is advisable, but here again the weight question enters in, for if the weight were considerable, it would be better to do without it, as it must be borne in mind that in a motor-assisted bicycle the vibration would be very little greater than in the case of an ordinary machine—a remark which does not apply to the higher horse-powered machines.

Side-Slips

The side-slipping danger is a genuine difficulty. It is not that there is a greater tendency to side-slip than on the ordinary machine; in fact, it is admitted that the tendency is less, but owing to the weight of the motor-bicycle, and the great speed at which it is driven, the effect of a fall from this cause is generally more serious than in the case of the pedal-propelled machine. The danger can certainly be minimised to a very great extent by the production of more effective non-slipping tyres than are at present on the market, or by the use of special non-slipping bands. The side-slipping danger is not nearly so great in the case of the motor-assisted bicycle as in the heavier varieties. The former, being practically a pedal-propelled machine assisted by an engine, is more under control, the pace is not likely to be excessive, and the weight being moderate, the result will not be serious even should the machine fall on the rider.

The dog difficulty constitutes even a greater danger. At present most dogs fly directly at motor-bicycles, and many are the falls thus occasioned. I really fear that time is the only perfect remedy. In the earlier cycling days, dogs used to fly at pedal-propelled machines in the same manner. When they get used to motor-bicycles they will pay no attention to them. Needless to say, the greater the pace of the rider, and the less control he has the machine under, the more danger is incurred from dogs, and therefore, with the motor-assisted machine, the danger is minimised. The universal use of a whip carried in a clip on the handle-bar would have a great effect in completing the dogs' education.

The Motor-Bicycle Pure and Simple

In this class I would include those who favour a motor-bicycle which will propel them at a good speed on a give and take road, without the necessity of pedalling. I consider that for such a purpose a 2 h.p. engine should be ample, and my remarks in connection with the motor-assisted machine will apply to a very large extent. For example, as regards lightness, it will be only necessary to strengthen throughout the same bicycle which carries the smaller engine, when the manufacturers have learnt how to distribute the weight scientifically. The engine should be as light as possible, with an outside flywheel such as I have already described. A two-speed gear should be fitted for hill-climbing, and by its aid an average pace could be maintained on any road quite sufficient for all but those who are desirous of far exceeding the legal maximum. With this two-speed gear, a fan will be essential, while a free engine would prove very useful for starting purposes.

The Dunlop carburetter should prove quite as suitable on this machine as on the other, while the petrol and oil tanks should be as light as possible, the former carrying at the outside a gallon of spirit. Similarly the battery, coil, and electric fittings should be of the same design as in Class 1, but more substantial. The ignition system should receive special attention to enable it to stand the increased vibration, and the De Dion type of governor would be found very satisfactory.

The hub two-speed gear for pedalling purposes is not essential, but would be a useful addition. Spring arrangements for absorbing vibration are very essential. A seat pillar like the N.A.B. and a large and comfortable saddle are advisable, while some arrangement of spring forks should be introduced to absorb the vibration which reaches the rider through the handle-bar, and which is largely accountable for the fatigue many motor cyclists feel.

An improvement as regards non-slipping tyres or devices is of great importance, for this machine should be able to exceed 30 miles an hour on level roads, while the weight would be sufficient to cause unpleasant results if it fell on the rider.

Finally, the total weight might easily be brought down to something between 70 and 75lb. for what may be described as light work, while for rough roads, distance work, and touring generally the weight might be increased with advantage by from 5 to 10lb.

The Scorcher's Machine

The third class is composed of those who place speed before everything. They are at present well catered for; but although their machines must always be exceedingly heavy and cumbersome, owing to the immense strains to which they are exposed, still I believe they could be considerably reduced in weight by, to some extent, following out the general principles already enunciated. They are a class of motorists, however, for whom I have no sympathy, as they constitute a distinct menace to the pastime in general, and excite bitter hostility amongst the public and the authorities.

I have not dealt specially in this article with those who favour a fore-carriage attachment. They will require an engine of about 3 h.p., somewhat on the lines of the 2 h.p. variety, but with everything about the bicycle and motor very much stronger and more substantial. For such a combination to be effective, the two-speed gear and the fan are most essential.

Finally, to show that I am not alone in attaching so much importance to the necessity for lightness, two-speed gears, and fan cooling, I quote the following paragraph from an exceedingly interesting lecture, recently delivered by that great expert, Professor Callendar:

"The most important point for the motor cyclist is to secure the maximum of power and flexibility with the minimum of weight and other inconveniences. With this object, the first essentials are a variable speed gear of wide range, and some efficient method of cooling to prevent overheating at low gears. It is no use to fit a mechanical inlet valve in order to get more power, when the automatic valve already overheats the motor. It is unscientific to double the weight and power of the machine in order to climb a few hills, when the same result, with far greater flexibility of control, can be secured by a variable gear. It is unnecessary to resort to the weight and complication of water-cooling when a light fan will do all that is required."

THE ENTRANCE TO WALMER CASTLE, WITH BRIDGE OVER THE MOAT . .

London Stereo.

LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON

THE DI

WALMER

The official residence of the

Walmer Castle, which stands about a mile south of Deal, was one of the fortresses erec on the coast by King Henry the Eighth. It is said by some authorities to stand on t spot where Julius Cæsar landed in Britain. It consists mainly of a large central ro tower, surrounded by ramparts of immense strength, on the upper walls of which are few heavy guns.

It has for many years been used as the official residence of the Lord Warden of the Cin Ports, whose office is now little more than a sinecure. Pitt, who held the office, frequen resided at Walmer in the summer, and there the Duke of Wellington, during his Wardensh

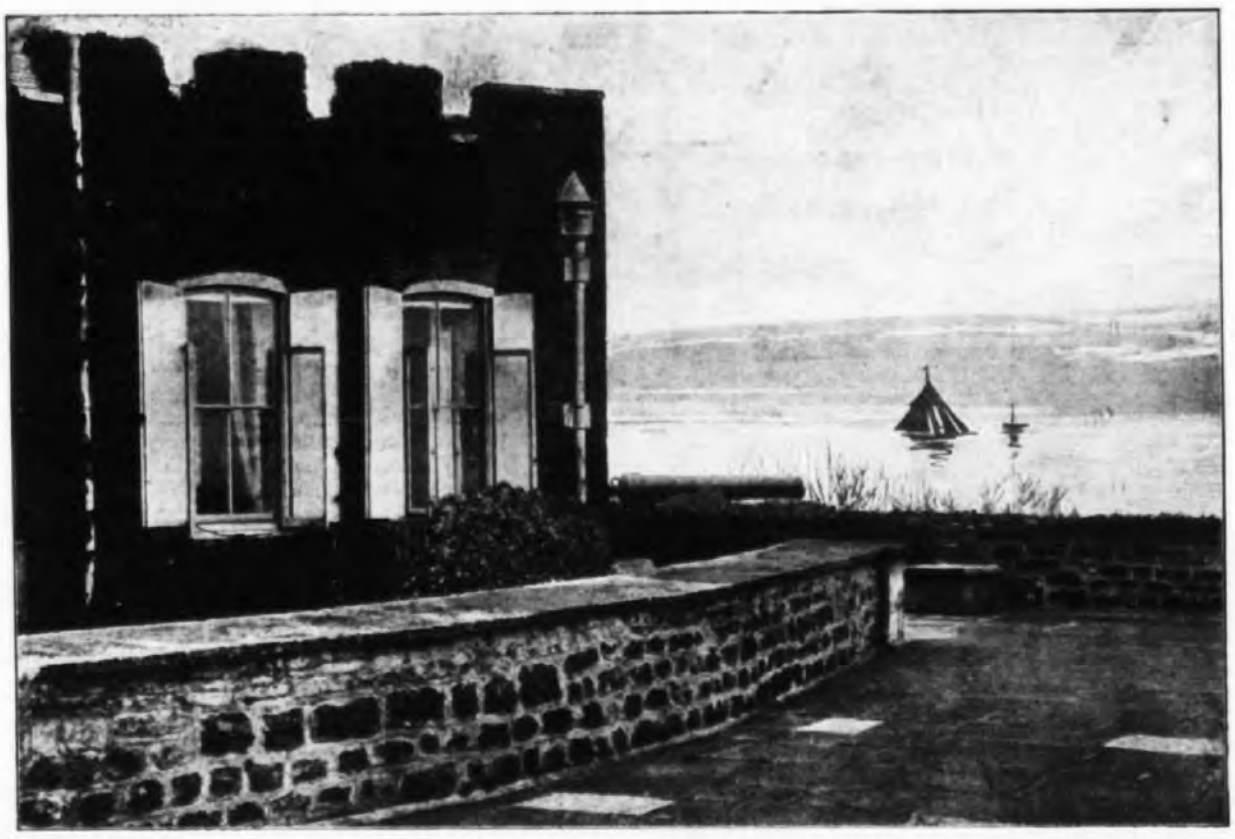
CARICATURE OF NAPOLEON, DRAWN BY A MIDSHIPMAN ON BOARD SHIP

From the original in Walmer Castle

THE CORNER OF THE DRAWING-ROOM IN WHICH PITT AND NELSON DISCUSSED THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR . . . . . .

THE DR

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FA OF T



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S FAVOURITE WALK ON THE RAMPARTS OF WALMER CASTLE. IT WAS HERE THAT HE WAS IN THE HABIT OF READING HIS DISPATCHES

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S BEDR THE CAMP BED, DECK-CHAIR AND HIM. HE DIED IN

OOM

CASTLE

Warden of the Cinque Ports

LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON

A CORNER IN THE GARDEN AT WALMER CASTLE, IN ITS SUMMER GLORY . . .

on September 14th, 1852. The room that he occupied is still shown to visitors, with the e furniture that he chose for his personal use. This room served the purposes of library, and bedroom. One of the doors opens upon the ramparts, where the Duke—until his ness—was always to be found walking at six o'clock in the morning.

Queen Victoria visited Walmer Castle in 1842, and was so pleased with it that she erably extended the length of her stay. The interior is fitted up with remarkable city, as will be apparent from our illustrations; but the collection of rare furniture that ains is of great value and importance.

PITT'S BEDROOM AT WALMER CASTLE, AFTERWARDS USED BY QUEEN VICTORIA DURING HER VISIT . . . . . .

WILLIAM PITT AS COLONEL-COMMANDANT OF THE CINQUE PORT VOLUNTEERS

From an engraving in Walmer Castle

ROOM

AIR IS ON THE LEFT

ACE

SHED EXACTLY AS IN HIS LIFETIME. TABLE WERE IN CONSTANT USE BY AIR BESIDE THE BED

THE RAMPARTS OF WALMER CASTLE FROM THE SOUTH, SHOWING THE IMMENSE THICKNESS OF THE WALLS. THE UPPER WINDOW ON THE LEFT IS THAT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S BEDROOM

The Man Who Cannot Afford to Marry

By Annesley Kenealy

MANY men think they cannot afford to marry, others know they cannot.

A fair percentage of the ever increasing non-marryers are cautious souls who count all the cost, the risks, and possible tragedies. They do not counterbalance these by possible profits, increased comfort, and happiness.

Then there are the men who, being but lukewarm lovers, explain their bachelorhood to themselves and their friends by tne phrase, "I cannot afford to marry."

Perhaps ten per cent. of the "can't afford it" are *bona fide*, and many of these are holders of salaried positions incapable of much expansion. Maybe some of them are of a timid type, fearing to incur responsibilities, who feel unable to cope with the trials and risks concerned in rearing and starting a family.

Of many who plead that they have not the means wherewith to marry, the question is, Do they really want to?

There is no doubt that the taste for comfort and luxury is growing apace like an ill-weed, and choking, both in young men and maidens, that natural instinct to acquire a home—be it ever so humble—and a family.

The man has tasted of the meretricious splendour of the restaurant, its music, its many courses, and deft waiters.

The comforts of his club are on a scale such as are beyond the home dreams of the man of moderate means. Girls nowadays have attained a standard of dress and pleasure-making totally beyond that station in life to which the majority have been called. To marry on a small income represents to both a severe struggle between the natural and self-indulgent side of their temperaments. The man asks himself, Shall I barter my fairly comfortable present with the more or less surplus spending money of bachelorhood in my pocket for the humdrum existence of a £40 a year house in Suburbia, a second-class season ticket, cheap smokes, and chronic self-denial?

❀

We have so piled up the superfluities of life, and multiplied and increased so unduly our category of necessaries, that the young man of modest earnings may well pause before taking the luxurious leap. The cost of living, at any rate in London, has almost doubled within the past ten years and shows no signs of becoming cheaper.

Moderate rented neighbourhoods have been voted "impossible." We must have our luxuriously equipped mansions in a good locality, with a lift and liveried porters to do our behests. The man of club and restaurant revolts against a general servant—a glorified but inefficient Marchioness—who will scrub, dust, and cook for the family. Perhaps the young wife revolts most from the "general slavey" genus, because she realises that the many sins, ignorances, and omissions of the type will fall most heavily upon herself.

The modern bride's dream is of a flat, possessing a restaurant, and where service is provided throughout, so that she may have none of the notorious troubles of twentieth century housekeeping.

The Cost of the Flat

Now the lowest rent of a flat where all domestic service is provided is £150 per annum, and the cheapest average of weekly board provided in such flats ranges from 7s. to 10s. 6d. a day per head. True, there are no servants to feed, and the up-keep of the kitchen department, with its wasteful consumption of coal, gas, and crockery, is saved. But it needs a fairly good income to allow from £2 10s. to £3 15s. a week each for meals alone, and not very sumptuous meals at that. The markedly universal increase in the cost of living throughout this country is not owing so much to the added cost of necessaries, although one notes from year to year that sundry halfpennies and pennies are added to the price of each pound or pint of everything, causing a gradually rising increase which makes a big addition to the annual sum total of butchers' and bakers' bills, but, incidentally, we have put up the standard of everything, our ideals of elegance and comfort, our requirements in dress, furniture, and holiday-making.

Paraffin lamps are replaced by electric light, which, howsoever economical one may be in its use, costs more than fivefold as much, to say nothing of the multiplication of silk shades to be renewed on the many additional lights we now demand. Servants' wages have risen one-third higher during the last seven or eight years.

Laundry bills are 50 per cent. more than they were seven years ago, not so much because the laundry rates have risen, but that our standard of purple and clean linen is so infinitely higher. Where our parents spent 10s. in flowers for table and other decorations we lay out £10. In each and every branch of domestic expenditure there is a proportionate and marked increase. And our national and modern wastefulness is shown nowhere so much as in the extravagant "week-end habit," which must cause our thrifty grandparents some bad quarters of an hour in their graves.

Young men of moderate income should most assuredly avoid the perpetual drains on an ill-lined purse of a "week-end" loving wife.

What of the Girls?

Here and there one meets a treasure of a girl willing to begin in a small way, longing to show her love for Herbert by economy, self-denial, and unwearying daily toil.

She has a talent of making sixpence go as far as another's florin, she is an excellent housewife, and a standing treasure store of the domestic and womanly arts. But this type of girl frequently goes through life with but meagre matrimonial chances.

It is almost notoriously the case, that the smaller a man's income the more likely is he to select a wife in whom thrift and household management are absolutely unknown virtues. Should his salary need a system so skilful as would distinguish any Chancellor of the Exchequer who applied it to the National accounts, so surely will the luckless young man marry a girl-teacher untaught and untried in domestic matters, or the daughter of a Micawber household who has never learnt the value of money nor the virtue of thrift.

❀

Where the girl of the past generation conscientiously plodded to become a good housekeeper, and spent long mornings in the kitchen compounding cheap puddings and good soup from scraps and nothings, her modern sister "hockeys" or plays from scratch on the local links. Argue as you may in favour of the athletic girl, insist as you will that it improves her health and causes her to grow in stature out of all proportion to man's cubits, you cannot affirm that this sort of life is a good preparation for the helpmeet of men who cannot afford to marry. It has become the British custom for women whom Nature palpably intended mainly for indoor occupations to be brought up as "outdoor girls," and very little else.

"She will soon settle down when she marries" is a popular phrase. But, as a matter of fact, she does not. If she married at eighteen she might. But the marriage age in women has become so flexible in this country that she may not mate till she is twenty-seven, thirty, or even older. By that time all her best and most impressionable years have been devoted to open-air pursuits—that is, to occupations utterly opposed to those of wife and mother.

Here we have a ready answer as to why so many men cannot afford to marry.

None of these "accomplishments" serve the home in good stead. The stockpot, the eternal cuttings and contrivings and mending of baby clothes, which are the paradise of the natural woman, are the bugbears of the athlete.

Troubles with servants, eternal household friction, and extravagant housekeeping result from training our girls in a totally opposite direction to that in which woman's natural tastes and talents lie. In many moderate incomed middle-class families containing three or four grown-up daughters the mending and darning is handed over to the parlour-maid, the very flowers are arranged by hired hands. The "girls" are playing cricket or off on a cycle tour.

Girls of the most moderate incomed class nowadays buy ready made their trousseaux, their house-linen, and —tell the terrible fact in a whisper only—even their first baby's layettes. Not only is all the lovely education to a woman through the romance and beauty which she used to stitch in her bridal clothes, and the tender mystery with which she shaped her coming son's little garments entirely lost, but a grave extravagance is committed through the wholesale purchase of cheap "ready-mades."

Shoddy material, nasty workmanship and a great deal of cheap lace and trimmings are put into much of the bargain ready-made household requisites.

And the young man of moderate means who takes unto himself a bride of the "ready-made" cult which constitutes some eighty-five per cent. of the sum total of women, finds, at the end of a couple of years, that much of the linen bought at the time of the wedding needs renewal.

With a man's conservative clinging to old traditions, he had imagined the sheets and tablecloths his bride so carefully chose would be handed down as heirlooms to his children as in the good old days of home weaving.

But his illusions are dispelled by the handing out of a £5 or £10 note to so early a replenishment of the household linen chest.

House and Home Upkeep

Nowadays the smallest feminine denizen of genteel suburbia expects the various local tradesmen to call for orders, which is a most expensive habit. For, of course, the tradesman is quite justified in charging a percentage on his wares for the upkeep of horses, carts, and the men who book orders. And it is not the business of the bookers to remind the mistresses of the series of semi-detached villas at which they call that certain articles of food are cheap to-day. I should like to see the old fashion of morning marketing revived. The housewife who goes round the shops gets not only the very best value for her money through being able to select those articles of food which happen to be cheap and plentiful in the market, but she is enabled to achieve a wide variety in the domestic dietary which is not only pleasing and healthful, but tends to the comfort and content of her family.

Why does not some humane and philanthropic duchess set the fashion of going to market of a morning with a basket on her arm? She would be one of the greatest benefactors to the family of moderate incomed young men that our generation has known.

Such a duchess would be a striking offset to that greatest enemy of her time—the unknown woman who invented the word "smart." She has turned the heads of so many of her sex, and has set them longing for silk linings to their skirts and double frou-frou flounces on their petticoats, which in reality do not add one whit to any woman's real happiness. Because *miladi* with £3,000 a year has decreed that white kid gloves must be worn, all the little wives of £300 a year husbands feel called upon to imitate this extravagant fashion, quite forgetting that she of £3,000 a year, who drives in her carriage, does not really spend so much on her white gloves as her humbler sister, who travels by 'bus or District Railway—the latter a cheap form of locomotion quite fatal to the cult of the white glove.

The Cost of the Modern Baby

No item of household expenditure has increased so greatly and rapidly as has the cost of the modern baby. Indeed, we have so piled up the price of the nursery that this is now beginning to be classed among the luxuries of life.

It may be "news" to some, but nevertheless it is a solid fact, that the costly *régime* of the so-called "scientific," though artificial, feeding of an infant, if carried out to the letter, costs from 6s. 6d. to 10s. per week for his foods alone.

Now, how can the man of moderate income face such an expenditure? And we have long since decided that a mother who carries her own baby out for an airing is *déclassé*.

The decision is not only a costly one for the young husband and father, who promptly has to engage some sort of nurse for the new baby—thus making two rather than one extra mouth to feed—but it robs mother and child of a delightful and sweet companionship and devotion. Again, some multi-millionairess decided, a few years ago, that it was "smart" for babies and children to dress in white. Forthwith the infants and small folk of the modest incomed man were put into spotless white—a custom so extravagant, so unnecessary, and so out of keeping for a comparatively poor man's family, that it really becomes a serious factor in the problem, "Can I afford to marry?"

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I remember, not so many years ago, when the young wife of good class and small income thought it no shame to dress her baby in a sweet little pink sprigged cotton garment made by herself at a total outlay of 1s. 2d.—a garment which could be trusted endlessly to the mercies of an inefficient laundress, and warranted to wear, though not to tear. Nowadays the baby of the same social class must be clad in garments of soft white washing silk. It is called washing silk, but not one in twenty laundresses can be trusted with the delicate fabric. It must go to the cleaners at a cost of some 2s. for each visit. These are the things which rightly make a man pause and hesitate so long on the brink of matrimony that he often gives up heart, and at last loses his best and manliest instinct—the instinct to marry and found a family.

But we forget the father of that pink sprigged cotton clad baby. He, too, was much happier than the parent of the silk attired infant. He was a moderate incomed man, though rising in his profession. He could well afford to marry, and to save, too, because his wife was a thrifty, well brought up young woman, who appreciated her husband's early struggles with fortune, and she clothed her child in a one-and-twopenny frock—and was not ashamed.

Bad Preparations

Even though a girl be brought up on fairly prudential and thrifty lines, the years, few or many, as the case may be, which intervene between her "coming out" and her marriage, have come to be years of infinitely bad training—suppose her to mate with a poor man of good social standing. Whatsoever may be the worldly circumstances of families with girls to "marry off," they invariably spend more than they can afford in the process of finding husbands for their daughters. Dresses and hats and costumes are bought far too lavishly—as father thinks and expresses somewhat freely at times—the marriageable girls are taken here and there from party to bazaar, to seaside, and to Scottish hotels where golfers and sportsmen most do congregate. They join house parties in the country, houseboats on the river, go to race meets and balls.

Now all these things doubtless are of material use in finding mates, but three to five years of this sort of living beyond her means is very bad training for the girl, who, in ninety per cent. of such cases, ends by marrying a man who cannot keep up a similar social pace.

All these problems come before the man who doubts if he can afford to marry, but he must not forget to his comfort that wonderful law of compensation, of whose workings we know little. That beautiful law which leads a woman brought up in luxury, purple and fine linen, to desert all and forthwith cleave to, and be happy ever after with, the man of her heart.

The main point for the young man who can't afford to marry to solve is this: Am I the man of her heart? If the answer is Yes, marry her forthwith and take all risks. It is worth it.

THE SMITHS OF SURBITON

The Simple Story of a Suburban Couple: Their Home-Coming, Mother-in-Law, First Tiff, Rent Day, the First Baby, etc.

By Keble Howard

Author of "Love and a Cottage," "The God in the Garden," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

CHAPTER I

THE HOME-COMING

I DON'T see no signs of 'em," said the housemaid, drawing aside the thick curtains, and peering out into the rain-soaked little garden that lay between The Pleasance and Eton Road.

Cook, standing just inside the door of the snug dining-room, her face a trifle flushed and her arms akimbo, frowned as she glanced at the clock.

"That's the worst o' these here young married couples," she grumbled. "There's no dependin' on 'em, not one way nor the other. 'My 'usband and I will arrive at seven-thirty,' she says in her letter, 'and we shall be ready for dinner at eight sharp.' It's eight-thirty now, and not a sign of the beauties. Well, it won't be my fault if everything's cooked to death."

Ellis dropped the curtain and crossed over to the fire.

"Of course it won't," she agreed consolingly. "Don't you worry about that, cook. The missus is bound to make allowances."

"I'm not so sure of that. You never know what to expect with these young ones. It's all sugar one minute, and high stilts the next. I've bin with some of 'em before."

The housemaid laughed.

"To 'ear you talk," she observed, "anyone would think you'd never been young yerself. It's my opinion as she'll turn out a good sort, give 'er a fair chance. Hallo! Hether they are!"

She twitched at her apron, straightened her cap, and hurried to open the front-door. Cook, swallowing a particularly effective retort, disappeared into the kitchen.

Thanks to the skill of the cabman and his experience in dealing with tiny gates and toy "sweeps," the cab drew up before the very door of The Pleasance. As Ellis threw open the front-door, therefore, she was met by a savage gust of wind that brought with it, in addition to a shower of rain, Mrs. Smith and her husband. The cabman, for his part, was removing from the roof of his cab a portmanteau and a dress-basket. Bumping them down in the narrow hall, he winked at the housemaid.

"Bit new, ain't it?" he whispered hoarsely.

"You mind your own business!" retorted the faithful Ellis. "What's your fare?"

The fellow grinned, once again examining the luggage with the eye of a connoisseur.

"Just 'ome from the 'oneymoon," he commented. "I think I'll leave it to them, miss."

The housemaid ran upstairs, presently returning with half-a-crown.

"There you are," she panted. "Eighteenpence for the fare, sixpence for the luggage, and sixpence for yourself."

The cabman pocketed the coin with a growl of dissatisfaction. "Let's 'ope they're not beginnin' as they mean ter go on," he muttered.

"Good-night," said Ellis, and she shut the door with an indignant slam.

Ten minutes later Mr. and Mrs. Smith sat down to the first meal in their own home. Both of them looked brown and well after their month in Scotland. What was more important, from cook's point of view, both of them were very hungry. They pronounced the soup good, the fish better, and the cutlets excellent.

"You must tell cook," said Mrs. Smith ingratiatingly, "how much we've enjoyed our dinner."

"Yes'm," said Ellis, closing the door softly

Cook, however, received the compliment with a suspicious sniff.

"What did I tell yer?" she observed. "That's either soft soap or sarcasm. The soup wasn't so bad; but the fish was tough, and the cutlets dried up to nothing."

"Anyway," said the patient housemaid, "they seemed to enjoy their dinner. Shall I draw you a glass of beer?"

"What's the matter with a jug?" suggested cook.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith, in the meantime, were settling themselves before the dining-room fire, and trying to imagine that they had been married about a year. In order to aid this illusion, Enid allowed her husband to light his own pipe. She was a little dismayed to find that he quite approved of the innovation.

Presently they fell to discussing the servants. The topic, at this stage, was an interesting one.

"I think," Mrs. Smith began, "we are very fortunate in our cook, Ralph."

"Very," said Ralph.

"Mother will be agreeably surprised," Enid continued. "If you remember, she wanted me to have that thin woman from Bayswater. I don't believe in a thin woman for a cook, do you, dear?"

Mr. Smith, who was busy blowing smoke-rings, shook his head. The action, though disastrous to the smoke-rings, was pleasing to Mrs. Smith.

"I'm so glad," she said smilingly. "I hoped we should agree about that, because we've agreed about everything so far. I think that's the real test in married life, whether the husband and wife can agree on all those small matters. We have agreed about everything so far, haven't we?"

"Everything," said Ralph. "By the way, are we going to have any coffee?"

Enid drew her brows together. "Do you want some very much?" she inquired anxiously.

"I should have liked some, certainly. Is there any difficulty?"

"Not exactly; only, you see, dear, the servants are having their supper, and I don't want to disturb them."

"Oh, right you are."

"Sure you don't mind, dear?"

"Not a bit, little woman."

"You dear old thing! You shall have some to-morrow night."

She rose, kissed him lightly on the forehead, and returned to her chair. Mr. Smith nodded his acknowledgments and went on smoking.

His was not a demonstrative nature. In the first place, he was thirty-two years of age. In the second place, he weighed quite as much as it is good for a man to weigh who habitually describes himself as being rather above the average height. In the third place, he was an Englishman.

Mrs. Smith, to turn to the other side of the hearth, was twenty-four. Whether she was really "in love" with Mr. Smith the present historian is not prepared to state. At any rate, she certainly thought she was, and that conviction, in this cynical, quick-living age, is worthy of our respectful consideration. For the rest, she was taller than her husband by some three or four inches, carried herself well, knew both how to buy and how to wear clothes, had studied the piano at the Royal College of Music, sang a little, and regarded her mother with a dutiful toleration.

And their income? The question, odious as it is, must yet be considered. Mr. Smith, then, was earning £350 per annum as a clerk in an insurance office. The salary, as Enid's father had been careful to point out, was by no means large, but, as Ralph had been careful to point out to Enid's father, he was bound to receive an increase within the next six months.

"Or so?" Enid's father had asked, grinning the while.

"Or so," Mr. Smith had replied, very gravely.

The young couple, however, were not entirely dependent on the insurance office. Thus Ralph derived one hundred and fifty pounds per annum from certain inherited funds invested in gilt-edged securities, whilst Enid, to her great satisfaction (and surprise), was in receipt of one hundred pounds per annum from her affectionate father.

Altogether, then, the young couple had felt fully justified in renting, on a five years' lease, that desirable residence known as The Pleasance. The name of the house, idyllic though it might be, was only one of the numerous attractions. There were the little garden in the front, for example, and the rather larger garden at the back. There was the pretty little drawing-room, with the little French windows opening on to the tiny balcony. There were the airy kitchen, the five bedrooms, and the dainty little bathroom. Finally, there was the admirable situation, two minutes from river and seven from station. The house, by the way, boasted a number, but the Smiths had decided to dispense with it. Their note-paper bore the simple address, The Pleasance, Eton Road, Surbiton.

At eleven o'clock precisely Mr. Smith knocked out his pipe, finished off his glass of weak whisky-and-soda, and yawned.

"MRS. BICKENHALL WAS A WELL-PRESERVED LADY, WITH A WORD OF COMMAND THAT LEFT NO EXCUSE FOR HESITATION"

"Time for bed," he murmured indistinctly, rubbing his eyes to the accompaniment of creaking joints.

"Don't forget to lock up, dear," said Enid.

"Of course not. Now you slip off, little woman."

"You'll see that the fire in the kitchen's all right?"

"Yes."

"I suppose this one in here will be quite safe?"

"I should think so."

"Perhaps it would be as well to take off that large lump."

"Very well."

There was a sound of light feet on the carpeted stairs, the rustling of a silk petticoat, the click of a latch as Mrs. Smith closed the door of her room. Then the testing of the doors, front and back; the fastening of a window-catch. The gas in the dining-room went down; the gas in Ralph's dressing-room went up.

The Smiths, for weal or woe, had come home.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST SUNDAY

"I DO hope we sha'n't be late," said Enid, buttoning her gloves in feverish haste. "I always think it looks so bad for people who have just settled in a place to come into church late. What's the time now, dear?"

"Ten to. Heaps of time.

"My dear Ralph, it's all very well to say there's heaps of time. You seem to forget that we don't know where our places are. We may have to push past any number of people."

"Almost as bad as the theatre," observed Mr. Smith, carefully drawing the sleeve of his coat round the sides of his hat. "Ready?"

"Quite, dear." Do I look all right?"

"You look charming. I wonder whether I need take an umbrella?"

"I don't think so. What do you think?"

"This is my new hat, you know."

"Oh, I'd forgotten that. Ellis!"

"Yes'm?"

"Just run upstairs into your master's dressing-room and get his umbrella. It's the one with the silver top. You'll see it in the corner near the chest of drawers. Be as quick as you can."

The housemaid, fully alive to the importance of the occasion, dashed upstairs, flew downstairs, and delivered the silver-topped umbrella into the hands of Mr. Smith. Then, throwing open the front door, she ushered her master and mistress into the glaring publicity of Eton Road.

After all, they arrived at the church in excellent time,

"THE FAIR HAND THAT WAS MANIPULATING THE HAIRPINS BEGAN TO TREMBLE A LITTLE"

and their entrance scarcely aroused the amount of excitement that Enid had anticipated. Not, let it be understood, that she was disappointed. It was much nicer, of course, to escape being stared at. At the same time, it was rather odd that, in a smart place like Surbiton, the women should be so indifferent to a first-class tailor-made costume.

The service over, they took a brisk walk in the direction of Kingston. The trees were leafless, and the river looked cold and choppy. Ralph, strutting along in the new top-hat by the side of his tall bride, was thinking of a cosy armchair and a certain box of rather special cigars.

"Do you remember," said Enid suddenly, "the exact time the train gets in that mother and Phyllis are coming by?"

"Two forty-three," said Ralph. He made a point of never forgetting the times of trains.

"We ought to turn back, then. There won't be any too much time for lunch if we're going to meet them at the station."

"Won't they take a cab?"

"I don't think so. Mother is rather economical about things of that sort."

Mr. Smith, dismissing from his mind the thought of the cosy armchair, turned the new top-hat in the direction of The Pleasance.

At two o'clock it began to drizzle, and it was still drizzling when Ralph turned out to meet the two-forty-three. Both Enid and the new top-hat remained indoors.

Mr. Smith had no difficulty in finding his visitors, for, as the long train swept into the station, he saw Master Leonard Bickenhall, his wife's fourteen-year-old brother, leaning from the window of a second-class carriage, and waving exuberantly a somewhat grimy handkerchief. Leonard, it should be stated, had not been included in the invitation, but his mother was so convinced of her son's popularity that she never hesitated to take the boy with her on any such expedition as the present.

Hardly had the train come to a standstill before Master Bickenhall sprang out of the carriage, rushed up the platform, and saluted his brother-in-law with a friendly punch in the waistcoat.

"Hallo, old chap!" he shouted genially.

"Don't do that!" gasped Ralph. Then, raising his hat, he moved forward to welcome Mrs. Bickenhall and Phyllis.

Mrs. Bickenhall was a stout, well-preserved lady, with a word of command that left no excuse for hesitation on the part of the individual whom she happened to be addressing. Phyllis was a tall girl of seventeen. Her skirts, since the proud day when she had acted as chief bridesmaid to her sister, had been extended as far as her ankles, and her hair, looped up in the popular American fashion, was tied with a large black bow.

"How do you do?" said Mr. Smith. "I hope you had a comfortable journey down?"

"Pretty fair," replied Mrs. Bickenhall. "Where's Enid?"

"Oh, she's decided to stay in on account of the rain. How are you, Phyllis?"

"Very well, thanks." The girl glanced nervously at her small brother.

"There you are!" sneered Leonard. "I said he wouldn't, and he hasn't!"

"Wouldn't what?" asked Ralph.

"Nothing," said Phyllis hastily. "Hadn't we better be moving on, mother?"

"She said you'd be sure to kiss her," Master Bickenhall explained, "like you did in the vestry after the wedding. I bet her a tanner you wouldn't, and I've won."

Mr. Smith flushed. He hated kissing, but still more, it is to be feared, did he hate Master Leonard. Throughout the two years when he was paying homage to Enid this wretched schoolboy had levied on him the most ruthless blackmail. The days of courtship over, however, he was determined that the youngster should at least be made to keep his place. Here, then, was a capital opportunity of asserting his seniority.

"Don't be too sure!" he retorted. Then, despite his prejudice, he leaned forward and kissed his sister-in-law on the cheek.

"Anyway," said Leonard with a chuckle, "she's blushing like a lobster."

Mrs. Bickenhall, who was pushing her way towards the exit, rewarded her son's witticisms with a laugh. "You're a very cheeky boy," she observed complacently.

As Enid had predicted, her mother at once put aside the suggestion of a cab.

"Drive!" she cried; "certainly not. It's only a few minutes' walk, and these few drops of rain wouldn't hurt a duchess. Besides, it's a great mistake for young married people to cultivate expensive habits. (Run on in front, Leonard, and you, too, Phyllis). Tell me, Ralph, how is dear Enid?"

"All right, thanks."

"Not homesick, I hope?"

"I don't think so. And, in any case, she's at home, you know."

The gentle snub was altogether lost on Mrs. Bickenhall. "A new home," she said convincingly, "is very different from an old one. Girls often discover that when they get married. I am not pretending, of course, that Enid ever showed any violent affection for her old home, but she is just the sort of girl that would learn to value her parents and relations when she found herself separated from them.

It occurred to Mr. Smith that the separation was not by any means complete. Like a wise man and a dutiful son-in-law, however, he kept his thoughts to himself.

Mrs. Smith greeted her mother with every sign of enthusiasm. Even Leonard received a kiss on either cheek. He returned the first with a scowl, the second with a vigorously-worded protest.

"That's enough of that," he grumbled. "Got any toffee, Ralph?"

"No," said Mr. Smith coldly.

"You are a rotter! You always used to have some when you came round to spoon Enid. That's why I backed you up with the mater."

"There are some nice apples," Mrs. Smith suggested hurriedly. "Wouldn't you like one of those, Len?"

"Suppose I must if there isn't any toffee."

Mrs. Bickenhall beamed approval. "That's a good boy! Now you can stay and talk to Ralph while Phyllis and I go upstairs and take our hats off."

The cross-examination of Mr. Smith was a mere nothing compared to that which his wife had to undergo. Was Ralph kind? Had he shown any ill-temper? Did he seem satisfied with the state of matrimony? Was there any hint of his joining the local club? Had anyone called yet? And a thousand and one other questions that need not be set out in detail.

Enid went through the ordeal splendidly. She was anxious, naturally enough, to avoid anything in the shape of a family tiff; she was determined, also, that in the extremely improbable event of any little difference arising between her husband and herself the dispute should be settled without the benefit of advice from the relations on either side.

After tea, the drizzle having ceased for a while, the whole party went for a short walk. To the great disappointment of Ralph, they returned to The Pleasance in time to get ready for church. For all his spoiling, though, the young wretch was careful to raise no protest. The typical English schoolboy excels in cunning all the higher animals—not excepting the fox.

Supper was a hurried meal, for the Bickenhall party were compelled to catch a train about half-past nine. Mr. Smith, who walked up to the station by the side of the gentle Phyllis, extended a whispered invitation to the girl to come and stay at The Pleasance for a week or so.

"I should like to, awfully," said Phyllis.

"What's that?" asked Master Leonard, pricking up his ears.

"Nothing to do with you," replied the gentle Phyllis.

"All right, selfish! I know what it was, all the same. Ralph asked you to come and stay—didn't you, Ralph?"

"No," said Mr. Smith, desperate to the point of untruthfulness.

"Yes, you did, because I heard you. Aren't you going to ask me?"

"No," said Mr. Smith recklessly.

Leonard chuckled. "I shall get the mater to write to Enid about it," he observed.

The train glided out of the station, the red tail-lights disappeared round the bend, and the Smiths were once more alone.

"It's drizzling again," Ralph remarked.

"Not very much," said Enid.

"Quite enough to be unpleasant. Jump into this cab."

"Ralph! We could walk it in seven minutes."

"That's what your mother said. You're not your mother. Jump in!"

Enid, with a little laugh, obeyed. As they drove off she slipped her hand through her husband's arm.

"Darling!" she murmured.

Mr. Smith made no reply. He was wondering what would happen if Master Leonard came to stay at The Pleasance.

CHAPTER III

CONCERNING A TOOTH-BRUSH

A TACTFUL and affectionate mother, such as Mrs. Bickenhall knew herself to be, can help in many little ways to smooth the somewhat difficult path of the young married daughter. Of her experience, she can offer valuable advice; of her affection, she can sympathise; of her tact, she can, if necessity arises, make herself useful as a go-between.

From the very first moment of Enid's engagement to Mr. Smith, Mrs. Bickenhall had not hesitated to warn her daughter that a man of thirty-two would be far less amenable to discipline than a youth of, say, twenty-five. He would have contracted certain bachelor habits, for example, which would require much patience and determination to overcome. That they must be overcome, and that as soon as possible, Mrs. Bickenhall never for one instant doubted.

Mrs. Smith soon discovered that her mother had spoken quite correctly. Her husband—there was no doubt of it—had remained a little too long in a state of barbarity. It never seemed to occur to him, to take a simple instance, that a serviette should be neatly folded after use and placed in the ring provided for that purpose. Mrs. Bickenhall, on the occasion of her Sunday visit, had noticed this very thing, and had mentioned it to her daughter before leaving.

Another of Ralph's bad habits—and this distressed his wife far more than the serviette trouble—was that of leaving his tooth-brush in the bathroom. In the first place, Enid could discover no good and sufficient reason why he should not clean his teeth in his dressing-room. When, very carefully, she alluded to the subject, he merely replied that he preferred the bathroom. At the time she decided not to protest further. At the end of the third week of their sojourn at The Pleasance, however, she ventured to remove the tooth-brush from the bathroom to Ralph's dressing-room.

At six o'clock that same evening a tiny cloud appeared—the very first that had as yet marred the fair sky of the Smiths' married life. Ralph, as Fate would have it, had returned from town rather jaded. He had spent a busy day in the office; the train had been even more crowded than usual, so that, although a first-class season ticket holder, he had been compelled to travel second; finally, he wanted his dinner.

Enid, at the moment when the little cloud began to gather, was doing her hair. She had not forgotten about the tooth-brush, but she realised that, at all costs, her husband must be broken of his bachelor ways without delay.

Suddenly she heard him calling her. The voice came from the bathroom.

"Yes, dear!" she replied, still arranging her hair. The fair hand that was manipulating the hairpins, however, began to tremble a little.

"Here! I want you!"

"What is it? I'm just doing my hair."

There was a pause, and then Mr. Smith entered the room. She noticed, in the glass, that he was frowning.

"What is it dear? I couldn't very well come when I was in the middle of doing my hair."

"Where's my tooth-brush?"

"In your dressing-room, dearest."

"I left it in the bathroom."

"I know, dear."

"Did you move it?"

"Yes. I hate to see it lying about in the bathroom. It makes the place look so slovenly."

"Would you mind putting it back where you found it? I told you, only the other day, that I preferred to keep it in the bathroom."

"My dear Ralph, how can you be so unreasonable? The dressing-room is the right place for your tooth-brush, and, in any case, you can't expect me to go running about when I'm doing my hair."

"Will you get the thing? Yes or no?"

"N-o, dear."

He went out, slamming the door behind him. Ralph had never intentionally slammed a door in The Pleasance before. Enid's lower lip began to tremble.

Dinner, of course, was a gloomy meal that evening. The few remarks that were uttered came from Mrs. Smith. The master of the house preferred to glare at the tablecloth, fidget with his serviette-ring, and sigh deeply. Poor Ellis felt quite unhappy.

"There's something up," she told cook. "The master and mistress ain't speaking."

Cook, busy with the gravy, smiled cynically. "What did I tell yer?" she retorted. "They're all alike, take my word for it."

"Anyway, it's the first bit of a tiff they've 'ad," the faithful Ellis protested.

"Very likely," sniffed cook; "but it won't be the last—not by a long way."

The housemaid, remembering that cook's domestic happiness had been somewhat marred by the drunken habits of her husband and a tendency, on cook's own part, to throw dishes at him, said nothing more.

"Where shall I serve the coffee, 'm?" she inquired presently.

"In the drawing-room, of course."

"I'll have mine in here," said Mr. Smith.

"Serve mine in the drawing-room, and your master's in here."

"Yes'm," said Ellis, and withdrew, saddened.

"I don't quite see the necessity," observed Enid coldly, "of quarrelling in front of the servants."

"I wasn't quarrelling. I simply said I'd have my coffee in here. Perhaps you would rather I had it in the kitchen."

"Don't be absurd! You know I don't mind where you have it. All I meant was——"

"But you appear to mind where I keep my tooth-brush."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Smith desperately, "bother the wretched tooth-brush." And she, in her turn, slammed the door.

"They always begin like that," mumbled cook, busily plying her knife and fork. "I shouldn't wonder if they're throwin' the fire-irons at each other in six months."

Ellis sighed. After all, perhaps she had been unwise to give the baker's young man quite so much encouragement.

At 9.30 Ralph arose from his chair, put on his overcoat and cap, and went out for a walk. Enid, hearing the front-door close, rushed across to the piano and began to play, with the loud pedal down, the gayest piece she knew. Ralph, although fully recognising the futility of the proceeding, bit savagely on the stem of his pipe. There was no door to slam, unfortunately, but he did the best he could with the front-gate.

It was late when he returned, and the house, save for a light in the hall, was in darkness. The fire in the dining-room had gone out. A further punishment, he told himself.

On his way upstairs, he suddenly remembered that in the excitement of the moment he had forgotten to remove his tooth-brush from the dressing-room to the bathroom. That was a pity; it would look as though he were beaten. The matter must be put right at once.

He went into the dressing-room and looked round for the cause of all the trouble. The tooth-brush was nowhere to be seen. Then an idea struck him. Could it be possible that ——?

Very softly he tiptoed into the bathroom. Yes! There was the tooth-brush, standing in the corner at the back of the little marble basin where he always left it.

Mr. Smith hesitated. He had won the battle, but the victory, somehow or other, brought him no satisfaction. Twice he took up the tooth-brush and put it down again. The third time, however, he carried it into the dressing-room and placed it on the washand-stand.

Enid was fast asleep. Leaning over her, Ralph noticed on her cheeks the traces of tears.

His kiss awoke her. She put a soft, sleepy arm round his neck, and drew him down.

"Darling," she whispered, "I——."

"Yes, baby?"

"I put it back."

"So did I," said Ralph.

(*A further instalment will appear next month.*)

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF A SMALL GARDEN

Nothing is more deplorably monotonous than the arrangement of the small suburban garden
A few suggestions, easy to effect, are given below

By W. S. Rogers, Author of "Villa Gardens," &c.

NO apology is needed for this article, the subject of which has been suggested by a critical review of gardening as commonly practised in suburban villadom. The author frankly confesses that he has taken advantage of his corner seat in a compartment of a sluggish City train to peer down into the gardens of his unknown fellow-enthusiasts, and the result of his observations is to disclose certain shortcomings, which will be specified hereunder, with, it is hoped, a studied regard for the feelings of the large army of industrious gardeners whose efforts he intends to pass in review.

To proceed at once to the indictment, it may be said that the methods of modern amateur gardeners disclose three obvious defects:

1. A general failing to make the most of the available space.
2. The absence of a well-considered plan.
3. Neglect of artistic principles in the general arrangement.

The last two defects are closely related, as will appear from what follows, and it may be observed that they are by no means to be condoned by success in mere flower display. Profusion of blossom, like profusion of paint, does not make a picture, and our gardens, to yield us a maximum of pleasure, should have all the elements of a pleasing picture.

The common fault of gardeners is to be content with the garden plan as they find it, which in most cases has been dictated by the builder's man, and modelled on a well-established type of settled antiquity.

The suggestions which follow are primarily designed to help those about to lay out a new garden, but they will prove not less useful to the owners of ready-made gardens.

The remodelling of a garden is by no means so onerous a task as might be imagined, and the improvement effected is generally ample compensation for the trouble.

Let us first glance at the garden type at present most in favour. This will be recognised in the first plan below.

There the principal borders are placed against the garden boundaries, and are of inadequate width. A circuit path cuts them off from the grass. A few beds are pierced in the latter, and the plan is considered complete. No considerations of aspect have influenced the designer of this primitive type of garden, nor has he been swayed by the question of economy of space. Rather has he sought a meaningless symmetry, as if success in horticulture depended upon both sides of the garden matching to a nicety. His grass plot is the dominating feature. It monopolises the best flower-growing space, and glaringly proclaims its squareness.

The go-and-return path suggests that the flower display may only be enjoyed by the visitor when his feet are confined to the gravel walk. It is modelled on the "up" and "down" lines of a railway, and it would appear that the author of this stereotyped form of circuit never contemplated the possibility of a single path serving every purpose. The gardener who is bent on making the most of his garden will be economical of gravel.

No amount of skill in planting can redeem this type of garden; its symmetry alone condemns it.

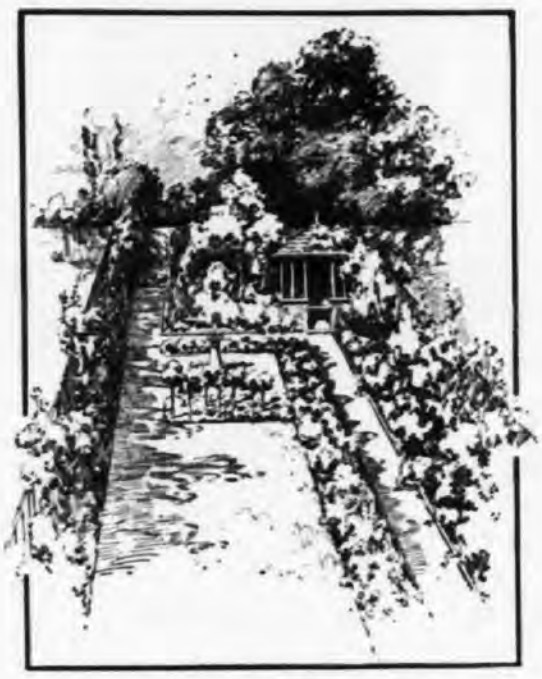
How can all this be altered?

First of all, it is essential to recognise the significance of aspect. It is the golden key to successful gardening.

Get your paper, pencil and rule, and make a plan to scale of your garden boundaries (say half an inch to the foot), and mark upon it an arrow indicating the north. You will then see at a glance where the maximum amount of sunshine will fall. That portion of your garden should become its focus—the site of your best horticultural efforts. There should the principal beds and borders be situated, and a little thought and ingenuity will help you to arrange them conveniently. Exclude from your mind all ideas of symmetry; it is not found in Nature, which never makes even the two sides of a leaf exactly alike. On the other hand, seek rather to attain a studied one-sidedness, the quality sought by artists in picture-making, and known as "composition."

Now let us take the same garden plot and apply these principles. The sun is assumed to shine on it from the direction indicated by the arrow, which is oblique to the length of the garden. It is clear, then, that the best favoured space is remote from the house and on the right-hand side. The case may therefore be met by some such arrangement of beds and borders as is shown in Figure 4.

Here the sunny border is made a wide one. A single path goes straight to the small summer-house, then by a double right angle turn passes to the rock garden. The use of straight lines and right angles is justified by the



A SMALL VILLA GARDEN, MADE PICTURESQUE BY APPROPRIATE TREATMENT

squareness of the garden boundaries. They offer less suggestion of formality than would result from such curvings and meanderings as the gardener might be tempted to devise. The deviation at the summer-house has a definite purpose. It provides a pleasant surprise when its second angle is turned, where we first realise what lies beyond. It does not do to be too frank in these matters. Something by way of reticence is desirable. It enhances the interest of the stranger who may survey your garden for the first time.

The narrow border on the left is less valuable because it receives the shadow of the wall or fence; but it has its usefulness, and may be planted with shade-loving plants, of which a good selection is available.

The transverse bed, which intrudes upon the grass plot, is well placed for a group of rose bushes or standards.

The summer-house should be a structure of unassuming character, preferably covered with cleft oak "weather-boarding."

It is not essential to the plan, but its value in the scheme is undeniable, and, besides affording a shady nook from which the gardener may look out upon his handiwork, it may be made to support one or more of the rambling climbers, such as jasmine, clematis, and the cluster roses. Having proceeded so far, we may consider what the general effect will be when the planting is completed. This may be gathered from our next illustration, and it must be admitted that it embodies the elements of a picturesque garden.

It should be understood that the example here discussed is but a suggestion. There is scope for considerable variation in detail according to the fancy of the gardener and the shape and size of his garden.

Let us consider another example. In Fig. 3 the garden runs approximately east and west. The problem, therefore, is quite different from the one just dealt with. The house shadow is negligible, as it only intrudes on the garden in the early morning. The north side of the garden receives most sunlight, and there should the principal border be placed.

The grass area is almost unavoidably divided into two separate plots. Access is given to the larger one by curtailing the border to the left of the path at both its ends. This question of proper and convenient access should never be overlooked, as otherwise it will be found that inconsiderate visitors will make short cuts across your beds. The remaining details of this plan explain themselves.

The shade of the trees indicated on the south side of the garden will be welcome, and it will not fall upon any part of the flower-growing area till late in the day, and then only to a small extent. This question of sunlight and shadow is so important that it cannot be too strongly urged upon the attention of would-be garden designers. They should bear in mind that in this country the sun passes from east to west by a sweep to the south, and that the shadows in consequence perform the inverse journey.

We may now pass on to the consideration of another example in which the conditions, as determined by aspect, differ from those assumed in the first two examples. (See Fig. 2). In this case the garden lies almost due south of the house, and again the house-shadow very conveniently disappears as a factor in our problem. In most respects this is a desirable state of things, for it enables us to bring our flowers close to the house.

There are generally reasons why some kind of thoroughfare should be preserved around the back offices of the house and such consideration has determined the treatment of that part of the garden in this example.

It is assumed that the garden is entered from a conservatory. Here a small formal garden, with box-edged beds and borders, may be constructed, and it may include a sundial, which is quite appropriate in such surroundings.

The trellis screen to the left is designed to conceal the kitchen entrance. The small grass plot at the end of the garden will make a delightfully shady retreat when the trees have attained sufficient size, and in the spring may be made gay with bulbs planted in the grass.

In Fig. 5, we have a garden of very limited dimensions, but still amenable to treatment in accordance with our treatment.

The aspect assumed and indicated on the plan is not the most favourable, since it determines that much of the space near the house is involved in shadow. Still there is room for a wide border on the west and north sides of the garden.

The small rock-garden will add considerable interest to the arrangement. In so limited an area it is not possible to achieve very much, for there is the danger of over-elaborating a fault which at once would proclaim itself.

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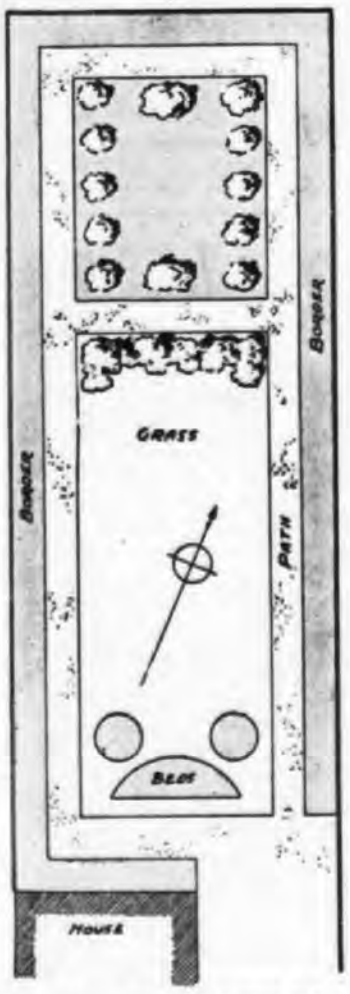
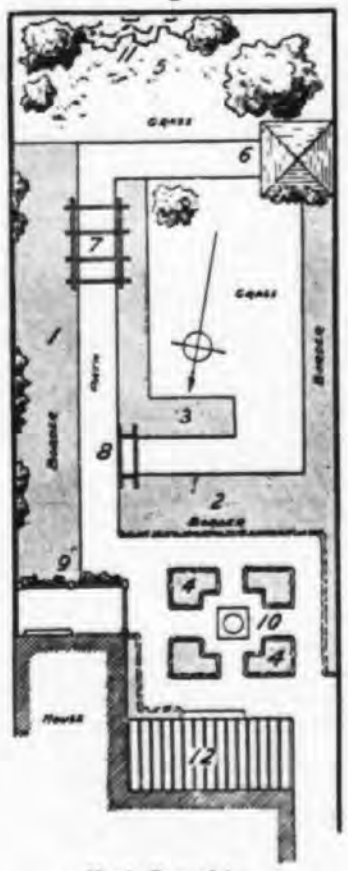


THE USUAL METHOD OF LAYING OUT A SMALL GARDEN, THE EFFECT BEING FORMAL AND UNINTERESTING

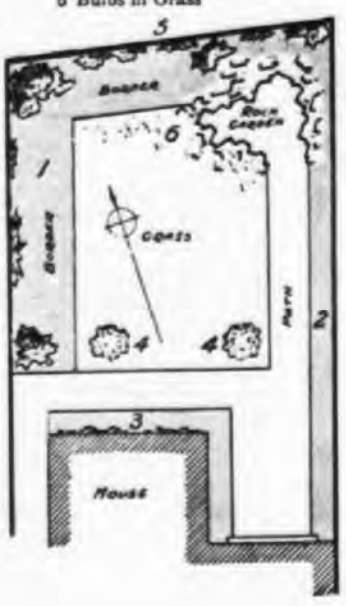
2



1 Hardy Perennials
2 Roses and Annuals
3 Perennials
4 Formal Garden
5 Bulbs in Grass
6 Summer House
7 Pergola
8 Arch
9 Trellis with Creeper
10 Sundial

THE ROCK GARDEN.

1 Roses and Perennials
2 Shady Border
3 Honeysuckle on Wall
4 Flowers in Tub
5 Creeper on Fence
6 Bulbs in Grass



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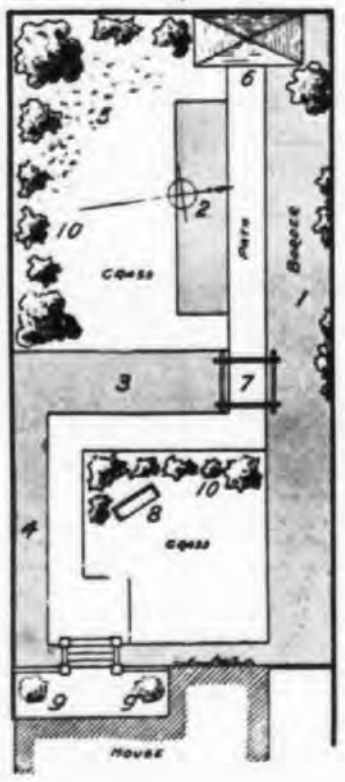
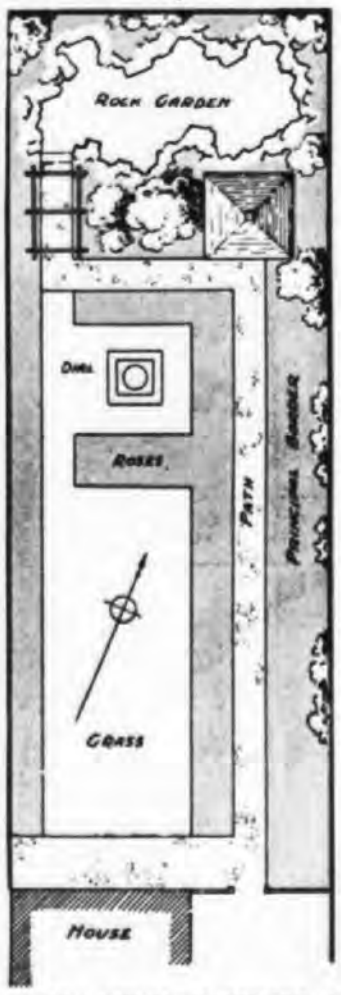


1 Rose Border
2 Standard Roses
3 Hardy Perennials
4 Shady Border, Ferns, &c.
5 Bulbs in Grass
6 Summer House
7 Arch
8 Seat
9 Flowers in Tubs
10 Shrubs

4



AN IDEAL METHOD OF TREATING A SMALL GARDEN, THE EFFECT OF WHICH IS SEEN IN THE PICTURE ABOVE

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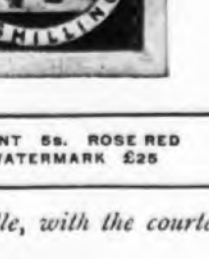

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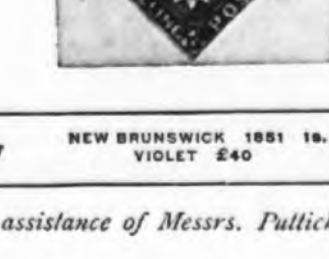
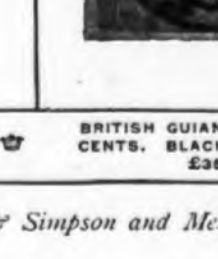
A PRICELESS STAMP BRITISH GUIANA 1856 1 CENT. ONLY COPY KNOWN



SWITZERLAND "DOUBLE GENEVA" 5 CENTIMES AND 5 CENTIMES £30

BAVARIA 1849 6 KREUZER CIRCLE BROKEN £20



NEW SOUTH WALES 1853 LAUREATED HEAD 6D. ORANGE £27 10s.

NEW SOUTH WALES SYDNEY VIEWS 1D. RED PLATE 1 A BLOCK OF FIVE OF THESE VERY RARE STAMPS WAS SOLD BY AUCTION IN LONDON A FEW MONTHS AGO FOR £235

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CEYLON 1859 IMPERFORATE 8D. £23

TRANSVAAL SPELT TRANSVRAL (ERROR) £150

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BUENOS AYRES 5 PESOS ORANGE £33

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NEW BRUNSWICK 1851 1s. VIOLET £40

BRITISH GUIANA 1850 12 CENTS. BLACK ON INDIGO £35

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Compiled by Fred J. Melville, with the courteous assistance of Messrs. Puttick & Simpson and Messrs. Ventom, Bull & Cooper

BERMUDA'S "HAMILTON" STAMP WORTH £150

NEWFOUNDLAND 1857 NO WATERMARK 1s. SCARLET VERMILION £62 10s.

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BRITISH GUIANA 1850 2 CENTS. THE PAIR SOLD FOR £1,000

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MAURITIUS POST PAID 2D. PENCE (ERROR) £51

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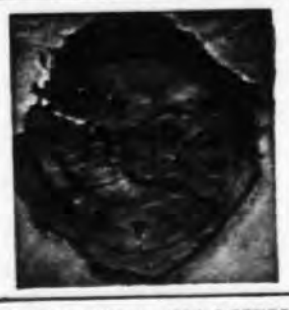
GREAT BRITAIN 1882 £1 ANCHOR WATERMARK £98

TURKS ISLANDS 1s. PERFORATED 11½ TO 15 £30

GREAT BRITAIN, 1855-7 WATERMARKED SMALL GARTER 4D. £23



BRITISH GUIANA 1850 4 CENTS. BLACK ON YELLOW £40

MAURITIUS POST PAID 2D. BLUE £82

SPAIN 1851 2 REALS RED £33 10s.

GREAT BRITAIN. 10s. ANCHOR WATERMARK £48

BUSINESS ON THE BRAIN

By Arabella Kenealy, L.R.C.P.

BY business on the brain is not necessarily meant the business of bread-winning. This, of course, because of the responsibilities, necessities, and anxieties involved in it, is the business beyond all others most liable to get upon the brain.

But with women, housekeeping and the troubles of servants, and with both men and women a mere interest or hobby, from fancy needlework to Alpine climbing, may, if not properly checked, become a business on the brain—harassing, narrowing, and exhausting.

The normal, healthy brain is an all-round organ, receptive and perceptive at all points. The intellectual, the moral, and the physical faculties are evenly balanced. They work harmoniously, no one set of faculties getting the better of the others.

But civilisation, with its complexities and the difficulties of the struggle for existence, does all that is possible to destroy this normal healthy balance. For civilisation specialises. By raising an ever higher and higher standard of talent and achievement it is all the while exacting more and more from the purely intellectual portion of the brain. The result of this is that the other factors necessarily suffer. The wits develop, the morals deteriorate. Also, the health suffers, because the great centres in the brain which control digestion, circulation, nutrition, and other important physical functions, are robbed of their power and activity by the more mental qualities.

Balance! balance! balance! is what is most of all required, for health, for wisdom, and for happiness.

But balance! balance! balance! is at this time, when the struggle for bread becomes every day more hard, the most difficult of all conditions to attain.

Keener Competition and Higher Standards

The increasing strenuousness of life, with its keen competition and higher standards, makes ever increasing demands. Not only is the struggle fiercer; the hours of work (for those who are making headway) are longer. The faculties necessarily lose their all-round balance. If we could trace the mental workings on the surface of the brain, instead of a great network of broad and branching channels, we should find a few deep, narrow ruts, which habits of thought and action have grooved into the mind. The lawyer loses more and more of his human qualities and becomes more and more a lawyer. The doctor becomes nothing but a doctor. The tradesman becomes more and more a shopkeeper. The politician ceases to take interest in anything but party questions. The nurse sees all things from the standpoint of hygiene. The house-mother regards life from the purely domestic standpoint.

All this, of course, is wrong. Life is meant to be educational—broadly educational, not merely technically instructive. Moreover, from such extremes of specialisation as exist to-day, we do not get the best work. It has long been admitted that the specialist in medicine, for example, is a person of a biassed mind. He traces all ills to that particular organ of which he has made a special study, heart, lungs, nerves, or what not.

The lawyer who is only a lawyer misses many a point which a fresher, less dry-as-dust mind would perceive. The musician, who is a master of technique, loses emotion and sympathy. Even for specialisation all-round powers are all-important. Into those ruts wherewith bent and occupation have grooved the mind, there must, for perfect achievement, be brought powers and impulses from the broader branching channels.

Now, having made this diagnosis of a besetting modern disease—business on the brain—let me proceed to set forth the remedy.

More than to remedy cannot be done. To eradicate the disease would mean to alter the whole system which civilisation has imposed upon us. Some day, no doubt, we shall realise that a civilisation which is not all conducive to man's best development, physical, mental and moral, is a system artificial and injurious—a system which must go.

At present we are still suffering from it, not having fully realised its harmfulness, nor, indeed, having discovered a better.

Fatigue to Cure Fatigue

For the present, therefore, we must content ourselves with palliatives. And with regard to those in vogue, I have not the slightest hesitation in describing them as irrational and injurious, rather than as remedial. They aggravate instead of obviating the disease.

The business or professional man, whose nervous system is exhausted by the strain of his business or profession, is exhorted to take up athletics, to play golf, to bicycle, to climb mountains, to row, or to run. The overtaxed house-mother is advised to play hockey, to golf, or to bicycle. They are invited, that is, to cure nerve exhaustion by further nerve expenditure. Were you to tell a man verging upon financial bankruptcy that he might stave it off by increasing his expenditure, he would laugh at you. Reason would show him, without waiting to think, that this would merely hasten the crisis. Yet not one man in a thousand realises that fatigue can never cure fatigue.

The body has been aptly compared to a two-handled knife, one handle representing the brain, the other the physical powers. Now, by whichsoever handle this knife is employed, *the blade wears*. So, when to the strenuous life of the wits whereby men earn their bread you add strenuous muscular efforts, in both cases *the body wears*.

True Relaxation

"Rest is a change of work," some simpleton once said, and for decades has misled his fellows. The difference between work and rest is that, in working, the faculties are focussed to a particular end; in rest they are not focussed, but are relaxed. It is absurd, therefore, to describe as rest any change of work which demands concentration of the powers. You might equally well say, "I unbend my bow by tightening it up from the other end!" The only way to unbend the bow is to loosen it altogether.

Quiet exercise (not athletics) is Nature's method of unbending the bow. By its means the blood is withdrawn from the overtaxed brain and flows equably and naturally throughout the body, becoming oxygenated in the lungs, carrying life and vitality in a wholesome tide to every limb and organ. The brain, so relieved, becomes quiescent and calm. It ceases from activities and anxieties. The whole system is recuperated and refreshed. The blood-channel, from flowing swiftly and fiercely in the accustomed narrow grooves, is diverted to flow leisurely and pleasurably over the broad surface of the brain. "Business," whatsover it be, is temporarily banished. When bedtime comes quiet sleep comes with it.

The Craze for Athletics

But if, instead of taking quiet exercise, the finest form of which, and one falling grievously into disuse, is walking, we have caught the modern craze for athletics, we merely substitute one form of effort for another.

No man in the habit of concentrating his mental powers is able to play any game in which aim and excellence are required without concentrating his mental powers.

What effort can there be, one might ask, in pursuing a small ball over a golf green, or in batting one to and from a net?

That there is a vast amount of effort and nerve expenditure in these things is shown by the physical condition of the habitual golfer, as seen at golfing resorts. He is gaunt, stoop-shouldered, prematurely grey, anxious-faced, and frequently irritable. If he would golf in moderation, the fresh air and exercise would do him good, of course. But only one man in a hundred will take the *media res* where his hobby is concerned. And so it grooves instead of soothing his brain.

Doctors know that a number of their patients—men more especially—require medical treatment on their return from their summer vacation. This is because, instead of lounging easily through it, restoring spent powers and tissues and storing nerve force, they have merely substituted for the nerve concentration of work the nerve concentration of play. Instead of lounging on a beach or mountain side, they have climbed, toured, golfed, or otherwise exerted themselves, under better conditions but to an equal, perhaps to a greater, extent than they would have done had they been engaged in their usual avocations.

The Holiday that is no Holiday

So it is with women. More and more each year the summer holiday is ceasing to be a holiday. Neither mind nor body is allowed to lounge. The fashionable resort which demands a frequent change of toilettes, the public meals, social exactions and late hours of hotel life; the Swiss hotel, where, instead of profiting by the repose and refreshment of Nature, the holiday-makers indulge in perpetual, fatiguing excursions, in dances, and in other functions; the steamer or yachting cruise which exact smart dressing, smart talking, and perpetual activities, these supply none of the repose and leisure which are indispensable to the restoration of bodies tired out by the year's fatigues.

THE PRINCE

THE PRINCE AND THE PAINTER

A Complete Story by Temple Bailey

DRAWINGS BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS

THE PAINTER

THE Prince sat in the dim coolness of his apartment and looked out over the green, terraced gardens. He was next in succession to the Crown and men envied him.

The Painter swung high in the air and touched up the cornices of the great building. He was opposed to Royalty and called himself one of the downtrodden.

And yet the Prince had a deep line across his forehead, while the Painter whistled a merry tune.

The sun beat down on the Painter's head as the Prince watched him put on the even strokes.

"Poor fellow," murmured the Prince.

The Painter, glancing up, stopped whistling as he caught sight of the lazy figure in the big chair. "Lucky dog," he said, and felt the sun for the first time.

But the noon hour came, and the Painter again whistled as he swung himself into a window and took out his little packet of bread and meat. For drink he had a bottle of cold tea.

The Prince saw that the bread was in hunks and the meat in chunks, and he shuddered; but the Painter ate and drank with a zest that the Prince had not known for months, and then he went back to his work. The Prince ordered a luncheon, for the man's healthy hunger had whetted his appetite—but when it came he gave it to the dog that lounged at his side.

During the long, hot afternoon the Prince alternately watched the Painter and wrote letters. When the shadows were stretched across the terraces the Painter looked down into the garden. It was a dizzy height, but he waved his cap and kissed his hand. Then he swung himself up into the window and disappeared.

The Prince leaned far out and looked. Behind one of the great trees of the garden he caught the flutter of a Girl's white gown, and as the Painter came out from the doorway and the two walked away together the Prince saw a blur of pink, as if there might be ribbons in the Girl's cap.

"'I WOULD RATHER HAVE YOU THAN BE EMPEROR OF THE WORLD'"

For a long time the Prince sat idly looking at a portrait that stood framed in brilliants in an inner corner of his desk, and the lines cut deeper and deeper into his forehead.

"Dear," he said at last, and kissed the wistful eyes that looked out at him.

Then he took from a drawer a bundle of old letters, tied in clumsy man fashion with a bit of violet ribbon. There was a faded bunch of violets, too, and a glove. He put the little things together, and sealed them carefully; then he wrote a note.

"I send you these," it said. "I shall keep the picture because I cannot let it go. It will always be the one real thing to me in my little world of unrealities—the love in your eyes. And yet, I, who will some day be King, have no right to it.

"As you know, my marriage is arranged. I have told you, and it is you who have made me brave enough to submit to a fate which tradition and my royal blood demand.

"But—all my life—the breath of every violet will bring thoughts of you—who wore them——

"That is all I can write—I am alone in the shadows, dear——"

In the evening when the Prince rode abroad he saw again the Painter and the Girl. They were picking cherries by the roadside, and the Girl stood under a tree and held her apron while the Painter dropped the glowing fruit into it. The Girl's lips were redder than the cherries, and her eyes were adoring.

The Prince's horse stepped lightly on the road, so that the lovers did not hear.

The Painter threw down two perfect twin clusters.

"Hang them in your ears," he said, and the Girl blushed and caught the stems over her little, pink-tipped ears, and laughed up at him.

The Painter threw her a kiss. "If I were the Prince," he said, "I would give you rubies instead."

"Oh, rubies!" said the Girl. "Think of being a Princess and having rubies!"

"Think of being a Girl whose lover can hang cherries in her ears," ran the Prince's thoughts.

He drew his horse back into the shadow of a hedge.

"And I would give you a gown of silk," said the Painter as he swung himself down from the tree.

"Think of a gown of silk," laughed the Girl, and she swept her short skirts aside and made him a stately bow, to show him that she could wear silk as well as dimity.

But the Painter did not laugh. "I am not a Prince," he sighed, "but a poor labouring man. It is the Prince who has all the luck."

The Girl pouted. "I like that," she said, and shrugged her round shoulders under her little white kerchief.

Then she came up close to him, and gave him a glance from under her thick lashes. "Would you be the Prince without me?"

The Painter caught her in his arms. "I wouldn't be the Emperor of the World without you," he cried.

They started as the Prince spurred his horse and galloped away.

He rode wildly until, at last, he came to an old house half hidden by trees.

There was no one on the porch, so he stepped through the window into a room where, on a little table, was a bunch of fresh violets in front of a picture of himself. As he entered, a Lady appeared in an inner doorway.

"Oh!" she cried, and ran towards him.

Half-way she stopped and drooped her head. "It would have been easier if you had stayed away," she said, and her face was very pale.

But the Prince held out both hands and laughed recklessly. "Come," he said, "to-night we will forget that we must part. Let us go into the garden and pick cherries like any simple lovers."

For the moment she was carried away by his mood, and hand in hand they went to the end of the garden; and the Prince climbed the tree, and she held up her white gown for the crimson fruit; and, like the Girl, her lips were redder than the cherries, and her eyes adored.

'Hang them in your ears," said the Prince, just as the Painter had said, and the Lady slipped them over her shell-like ears and laughed up at him.

The laugh died away as she met the Prince's despairing eyes.

"If I were only a labourer," he said bitterly, "that I might always hang cherries in my sweetheart's ears!" And they looked at each other with white faces.

The Lady's hands fell to her sides, and the cherries dripped to the ground, one by one, like great drops of blood.

"It is the last time!" she wailed.

He came down from the tree and took her to his heart.

"If you were poor——" she murmured.

The Prince bent over her and caught his breath quickly.

"I would rather have you in my life than be Emperor of the World," he whispered hoarsely, and forgot that he plagiarised the Painter.

"It cannot be——"

"Every beggar in the streets can love as he pleases and marry whom he will."

"But, alas! you are the Prince!"

After a time he tore himself away, and she lay prone under the cherry-tree until the morning.

In the moonlight the Prince passed the Painter and the Girl like a whirlwind.

"Lucky dog!" growled the Painter as a matter of principle—for a man of spirit must protest against the rights of monarchs—"Lucky dog!"

The Girl tucked her hand into his. "But he isn't to marry me this day week," she said, and opened her blue eyes wide and smiled at him.

All at once a great light shone in upon the Painter's dense soul.

"That he's not!" he cried, and laughed with her. "That he's not, poor fellow!"

THE END

"'IF I WERE THE PRINCE I WOULD GIVE YOU RUBIES INSTEAD'"

THE LADY

THE GIRL

INSIDE A HUNDRED HOMES

A further instalment of these photographs will appear in our next month's issue

There are some fine specimens of old furniture in this music-room. Notice especially the large table of Louis XIV. period, and the Sheraton chairs that "go" so well with that style

A peep into an old Yorkshire castle, showing a dining-room that has taken generations to "grow"

An exceedingly attractive room furnished with reproductions of old furniture. The windows are delightful; curtained with material of gauzy texture in order not to obstruct the light

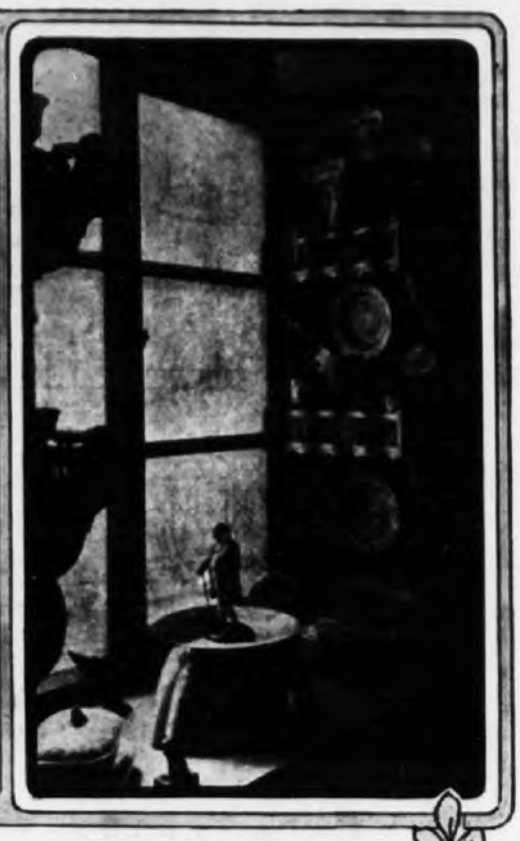
The walls of this quaint smoking-room are of rich deep red, the ceiling palest cream. The fireplace exactly matching the walls, is built into a corner

A delightful kitchen in an old farmhouse. The ceiling is oak-raftered; the floor is of brick. Notice the fine old gate-leg table, the Delft ware, and the warming-pan—all in keeping

A quaintly furnished bedroom with fitted bookcase and settle. The feature of the room is the cushioned window-recess though the furniture, notably the old Dutch bureau, deserves notice

Part of a girl's bed-sitting-room, full of her own particular treasures. A phulkari drapes the wall above the bookcase

Not everyone who owns old china can afford antique cabinets of Sheraton or satin-wood in which to store it. These cabinets, painted to match the woodwork of the room, cost very little and answer the purpose perfectly



Here pencil drawings on ground glass block out an undesirable view. The arrangement of china is interesting

Many will covet these chairs. What the photograph is specially intended to show, however, is the "cosy corner" window arrangement—possible only in an exceptionally well lighted room

The entrance-hall of an old manor-house. Very restful, with no superfluity of furniture. The fine carving of the table shows clearly in the photograph

A type of room seldom seen in England, but comparatively common in America. In such a country-house the millionaire can play at "roughing it" in the costliest possible way

The special feature of this room is the richly carved mantelpiece, doubly interesting because it is entirely the work of members of the family

A corner full of "treasures"—old china, prints, antique furniture, and pictures in silk embroidery

A cheerful, "homey" dining-room, furnished in plain oak to match the woodwork. The walls are tinted pale green. No blinds. The inner curtains are of net; the outer ones of printed linen

Ellis & Walery

BOUDOIR CHAT

BEAUTY CULTURE FOR THE BUSY GIRL

By Dora Chapman

AS the Busy Girl regarded herself in the mirror she heaved a sigh of disapprobation. Then she got out a thick sheaf of newspaper cuttings, culled from monthlies, weeklies, and dailies, and labelled in business-like fashion, "Hints for Health and Beauty."

She glanced at them one by one. Massage; steaming; recipes for creams and lotions; special brushes; special soaps; special sachets; hair restorers; manicure apparatus — the list was endless. Then there were breathing exercises, and twirlings to make the waist small, and twistings to make the neck plump. Each contortion differed from the other contortion, but they were all alike in that they had to be faithfully performed innumerable times a day.

"It can't be done," murmured the Busy Girl despondently. "If I could devote six hours a day to my toilet—or even three—I might possibly keep pace with them. As it is"—she flung them back into the drawer again—"as it is, if beauty needs more than half an hour a day for successful cultivation I must resign myself to getting *passee!*" She shook her head fiercely at her image in the mirror, then walked over to the telephone and rang up 7878 Bond Street with the air of one whose fate is sealed.

"Are you there? I want Madame Venus, please . . . . . Oh, it *is* you! Good morning! I've come to you for your best professional-beauty-specialist advice . . . . . Will you please send it to me by post? . . Mind you don't forget . . . . . Thanks awfully . . . . . Good-bye!"

The Busy Girl hung up the receiver of the telephone, and as she sat down at her American roll-top desk and prepared to wrestle with an article, "Why I Lounge Through Life, by a Social Butterfly," her countenance bore the triumphant expression of one who knows the meaning of success.

That evening the postman brought several letters for the Busy Girl. There was one from an enemy, one from an editor, and one from her favourite cousin, which felt like theatre tickets; but she laid them all aside to open a large envelope with a tiny, laurel-circled V in the corner of the flap.

A little almond oil applied with a tiny camel's hair brush to the eyebrows will improve their appearance and help to increase the growth.

"There is no royal road to beauty, still less to keep it," wrote Madame Venus—otherwise the most successful complexion expert of the day—"although every woman expects me to work a spell that shall make her beautiful for ever in a single application of a 10s. 6d. lotion.

"A contented mind and an amiable disposition are the only things I know of that will enable one's face to defy time; and patience and perseverance undo the ravages of London air and water. But the prime factor is brain; brain to discover what suits your special case and what does not.

"Given all this, half an hour a day is ample to cleanse the face, brush the hair, and care for the hands. Ten minutes in the morning, and twenty minutes at night, five of which, night and morning, are devoted to the simple gymnastic exercises which keep one supple and slender, and ten each evening are reserved for manicure, face massage, scalp massage, in regular rotation; but remember that without proper training in the muscles and their movements, the only safe method of face massage for the amateur is to gently tap the face all over with the balls of the fingers, till its whole surface is glowing.

"Remember that health spells beauty.

"But health also means self-denial, going to bed early, eating plainly, getting up at the same hour every morning, a daily sponge-bath, a daily walk. And remember that worry is a poison far more dangerous than the average microbe.

"The simplest remedies are often more effectual than all the beauty-doctor's armoury. I have seen a red nose, which has outlived endless applications of sulphur-lotion, disappear a month after the sufferer took a vow (and kept it) to masticate all her food sufficiently. I have seen, too, a thick growth of new hairs, from one to three inches long, all over a busy girl's head, as the result of three minutes' vigorous brushing with a *good* brush night and morning for six months, and energetic friction of the scalp with the fingers, and whatever hair tonic came handiest, for ten minutes twice a week.

If you use powder rub a very little cold cream into the skin before applying it. It will look much nicer than if the powder is applied direct.

"I have watched a fat woman recover her waning slimness in the like space of time by drinking a tumbler of hot water night and morning, and not drinking at all with her meals. While a scraggy collarbone has retired into oblivion through circular rubbing with a little neatsfoot oil for a few weeks. Cod-liver oil has the same effect, and even olive oil will work the charm in time.

'Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean and the great big land.'

"The whole art of beauty is suggested in the moral those childish lines convey.

"I can't teach you everything all at once, but I *can* tell you what only one woman in a hundred knows—how to wash your face properly.

"No one need have a rough skin; its avoidance is merely a matter of care.

"The chief causes of roughness are constipation, washing in hard water, and neglecting to apply an emollient afterwards, insufficient rinsing after washing with soap, and sitting over a fire until the face is flushed and scorched.

"The girl who can get rain water needs very few cosmetics. If you are not in that happy position try this plan, and in a week or two, provided your general health is good, you'll have a beautifully smooth soft skin.

"Before going to bed prepare two lots of hot water; it should be rather more than lukewarm.

"If you live in a town where smuts abound, smear a very little cold cream over your face, rubbing it carefully into any parts specially liable to be attacked with acne. Wipe off with a soft cloth. The country girl can safely omit this part of the programme.

Lemon juice is one of the best skin whiteners, but it should be mixed with an equal quantity of water. If applied alone it is liable to make the skin yellow.

"Now wash your face very thoroughly in one of the lots of water, using good soap that agrees with your skin (nothing beats pure Castile). Rinse very thoroughly, first in the washing water, and then in the second lot, and give a final quick sponge with cold. Dry gently, but thoroughly.

"Now is the time to rub in an emollient. The skin is just in a condition to absorb it. Cold cream one night and cucumber emulsion the next suits the average skin, but a dry skin may possibly need an application of cold cream every night, while for a greasy one cream less frequently and cucumber emulsion oftener may be better.

"Very little is needed, and it should be thoroughly massaged into every part of the face until the skin has absorbed it, when, unless too much cream or emulsion has been used, little rolls of waste matter will accumulate under your fingers. Continue massaging until these have gone and the skin feels smooth and soft as velvet. If the skin refuses to absorb all that you have applied, wipe off with a soft cloth, and then continue massaging until the waste matter drops off. It sounds a somewhat long process, but in reality takes only a few minutes.

If your hands are inclined to be red be very careful to have all sleeves and armholes comfortably loose. Pressure increases the redness.

"In the morning sponge with cold water only. A gentle rubbing with a slice of freshly-cut cucumber will greatly improve the appearance of a skin inclined to be too greasy.

"If necessary, during the day sponge with a soft rag dipped in elderflower water, dry, and rub with a piece of clean chamois leather."

OVER-SENSITIVENESS AS A BARRIER TO SUCCESS

By O. S. Marden

"DRIVEN to Self-destruction by Over-sensitiveness," was the headline to a report of one of the most pathetic tragedies recently chronicled by the press. A young girl who had been brought up in the comfort and seclusion of a happy home was suddenly thrown on her own resources. The death of her father, and the entanglement of his estate, forced her out into the workday world to earn bread for herself and her aged mother. She secured a position as a shorthand writer, and for a time made a brave struggle with fate. But the tenderly reared girl was proud and over-sensitive. Her plain clothes excited comment, and she shrank more and more within herself and away from the stylishly dressed young women in the office, who regarded her as "queer." One day a thoughtless and boorish male clerk asked her why she didn't dress like the other girls. The girl shrank from him as if stung and burst into tears. After this her sensitiveness increased. She compared her old, darned gloves, patched shoes, and threadbare dress with the fashionable attire of the girls about her, many of whom were not wholly dependent upon their work for a living, and made up her mind that she could stand the strain no longer. So, one day, the money she usually spent for her luncheon went for a bottle of carbolic acid, and she ended it all in the presence of her companions.

People like this girl resemble sensitive plants whose leaves close the moment they are touched. You have to be constantly on your guard for fear of hurting them, and they have so many tender spots that you exert the greatest care not to inflict a wound. They feel a slight more keenly than coarser-grained people would feel a blow. The worst of it is, they are always on the lookout for slights, and constantly taking offence where none is intended.

Fancied Slights

The writer knows of an able, educated gentleman who thinks that nearly everyone who talks to him is trying to poke fun at him or to take advantage of him in some way. After talking to a man on some ordinary topic, he will say to a friend: "I wonder what that man meant by such and such a remark? Was he taking a fling at me?" The most innocent remark addressed to him is likely to be misconstrued into a sneer or a slight. His sensitiveness makes him suspicious of everyone's words and motives. He imagines that he has many enemies, and that they are all the time watching for opportunities to stab him in the back. He has everything calculated to make one contented and happy, but his life is embittered by fancied slights and injuries.

Another victim of an exaggerated sensibility is a bright, well-trained young lady, whose most intimate friends, and even her near relatives, have to be continually on the watch for fear of wounding her. She broods over a joking remark until she magnifies it into an insult. She makes herself miserable for days over a fancied slight, and exhausts the patience of her friends by asking them to explain what they meant by certain expressions, looks, or gestures. People who are at first attracted by her many amiable qualities soon fall away from her because of the exactions imposed by her over-sensitiveness.

Family Jars

We frequently see unfortunate instances of extreme sensitiveness in families in which the mother or one of the children is all the time quivering from the pain inflicted by some perfectly innocent remark made by a brother or a sister or one of the parents. The father, perhaps, is a rough, hearty, practical sort of man, and the mother one of those extremely delicate, sensitive souls who suffer from every rough touch. She will mourn for days over an imaginary slight or cutting remark from her husband, who would not hurt her for the world, and who is totally unconscious of having caused pain. Or, it may be, one of the children is so sensitive that he is daily and hourly hurt by the less fine-grained brothers or sisters, and cries himself to sleep many a night because of thoughtless remarks of the others. Yet, if they had thought that their words would give pain, they would not have uttered them. Thousands of people are out of positions, and cannot keep good places when they get them, because of this weakness. Many a good business man has been kept back, or even ruined, by his quickness to take offence or to resent a fancied slight.

There is many a clergyman, well-educated and able, who is so sensitive that he cannot keep a pastorate long. From his distorted viewpoint someone is always hurting him, saying and thinking unkind things, or throwing out hints and suggestions calculated to injure him in the eyes of the congregation. He magnifies these chimeras until he is finally goaded by them to seek another charge. Many school teachers are great sufferers from over-sensitiveness. Remarks of parents, or school committees, or little bits of gossip which are reported to them make them feel as if people were sticking pins in them, metaphorically speaking, all the time. Writers, authors, and other people with artistic temperaments, are usually very sensitive. I have in mind a very strong, vigorous writer who is so sensitive, and so prone to take offence, that he cannot hold a position either on a magazine or a daily paper. He is cut to the very quick by the slightest adverse criticism, and regards every suggestion in regard to his work as a personal affront. He always carries about an injured air, a feeling that he has been imposed upon, which greatly detracts from an otherwise agreeable personality.

People Mean Well

The great majority of people, no matter how rough in manner or bearing, are kind-hearted, and would much rather help than hinder a fellow-being, but they have all they can do to attend to their own affairs, and have no time to spend in minutely analysing the nature and feelings of those whom they meet in the course of their daily business. In the busy world of affairs, it is give and take, touch and go, and those who expect to get on must rid themselves of all morbid sensitiveness. If they do not, they doom themselves to unhappiness and failure.

Thousands of young people are held back from undertaking what they long to do, and are kept from trying to make real their great life-dreams, because they are afraid to jostle with the world. They shrink from exposing their sore spots and sensitive points, which smart from the slightest touch. Their super-sensitiveness makes cowards of them.

Over-sensitiveness, whether in man or woman, is really an exaggerated form of self-consciousness. It is far removed from conceit or self-esteem, yet it causes one's own personality to overshadow everything else. A sensitive person feels that, whatever he does, wherever he goes, or whatever he says, he is the centre of observation. He imagines that people are criticising his movements, making fun at his expense, or analysing his character, when they are probably not thinking of him at all. He does not realise that other people are too busy and too much interested in themselves and in other things to devote to him any of their time beyond what is absolutely necessary. When he thinks they are aiming remarks at him, putting slights upon him, or trying to hold him up to the ridicule of others, they may even be unconscious of his presence.

Morbid sensitiveness requires heroic treatment. A sufferer who wishes to overcome it must take himself in hand as determinedly as he would if he wished to get control of a quick temper, or to rid himself of a habit of lying, or stealing, or drinking, or any other defect which prevented his being a well-balanced man.

The Remedy

"What shall I do to get rid of it?" asks a victim. Think less of yourself and more of others. Mingle freely with people. Become interested in things outside of yourself. Do not brood over what is said to you, or analyse every simple remark until you magnify it into something of the greatest importance. Do not have such a low and unjust estimate of people as to think they are bent on nothing but hurting the feelings of others, and depreciating and making light of them on every possible occasion. A man who appreciates himself at his true value, and who gives his neighbours credit for being at least as good as he is, cannot be a victim of over-sensitiveness.

When a prominent politician was told that another had insulted him, he replied: "No gentleman would insult me, and no one else could." Only those are ridiculed who feel the ridicule and are hurt by it. Serene, large-minded people who place a proper estimate upon themselves are undisturbed by the trifles that completely upset smaller characters.

One of the best schools for a sensitive boy is a large business house in which he will be thrown among strangers who will not handle him with gloves. In such an environment he will soon learn that everyone has all he can do to attend to his own business. He will realise that he must be a man and give and take with the others. Working in competition with other people, and seeing that exactly the same treatment is given to those above him as to himself, takes the nonsense out of him. He begins to see that the world is too busy to bother itself especially about him, and that, even when people look at him, they are not usually thinking of him.

SOME NOVEMBER DISHES

Specially created by C. HERMAN SENN

Consulting Chef of the National Training School of Cookery, London

BAKED HADDOCK

Procure a fair-sized smoked haddock, remove the bones, cut off the fins, and prepare the stuffing:—

Chop two or three ounces of cooked ham or tongue finely; add eight finely chopped preserved mushrooms; mix together with a handful of fine breadcrumbs and a well-beaten egg. Add a little chopped parsley, a little pepper and nutmeg. Spread over the boned side of the haddock with this, place on a well-greased baking sheet, sprinkle over a little oiled butter; bake in a fairly hot oven about twenty minutes. Take up the fish with a slice; place on a hot dish, pour anchovy or cardinal sauce round; garnish with crisp parsley, and serve.

LITTLE PEACH CREAMS

Mask the bottom of eight small timbale moulds with a thin layer of wine jelly, and decorate with fancifully cut pieces of angelica and glace cherries. Place the moulds on ice and prepare the cream.

Rub through a fine hair sieve enough freshly stewed or preserved peaches to make up half a pint of purée, put this into a stewpan, and heat up with a little of the syrup. Soak and melt an ounce of leaf gelatine; strain this into the fruit purée, and stir in a cool place till almost cold. Whip half a pint of fresh cream and mix with the puree. Fill the prepared moulds with this.

When set, turn them out; dish up, and garnish with chopped wine jelly.

OUR VERY SPECIAL XMAS PUDDING RECIPE.

Those who know the secret of a really good Christmas pudding prepare and cook it some weeks before it is required for table.

The following is an old, well-tried, and favourite pudding mixture, which can be recommended with every confidence of its turning out successfully. The quantity given is for two good-sized puddings; but this can, of course, be increased or decreased at will. Here is the formula:—

Prepare and mix the following ingredients:—Half a pound finely chopped beef suet, two ounces almonds (blanched, peeled and cut into strips), half pound raisins (stoned), quarter pound currants (cleaned), quarter of a pound moist sugar, quarter of a pound chopped figs, quarter of a pound sultanas, two ounces candied peel (cut small), half teaspoonful salt, half teaspoonful grated nutmeg, half teaspoonful mixed spice, the juice of one orange and half a lemon, the finely-grated rind of the latter, one wineglassful of brandy, six ounces of flour (sifted), half a pound soft breadcrumbs, half pint milk, six eggs.

When these ingredients have been thoroughly mixed, put the mixture into two well-greased pudding moulds or basins, cover each with a greased and floured cloth tied with string, and boil or steam for five or six hours.

In order to give the pudding a more imposing appearance, such as is shown in the illustration, fill up a small greased dariole mould with the mixture, and cook it. Place this in the centre of the large pudding as soon as dished up, dredge the top pattern of the shape well with icing sugar, and ornament the edge with crescent shapes of citron or orange peel and glace cherries. Pour a little best brandy, rum, or Kirsch round the base of the dish just before sending it to table, and set it alight as it is taken into the dining room.

VEAL GRENADINS

Take about one and a half pounds of lean veal (cushion or fillet part), free the meat from skin, and cut it into six or seven slices of moderate thickness. Flatten each a little, and trim neatly.

Beat up an egg, to this add a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley and a tablespoonful of oiled butter. Season the meat with salt and pepper, and dip each piece into the egg mixture, then roll in fresh breadcrumbs so as to completely cover them. Have ready a saute pan containing two ounces of clarified butter, put in the grenadins, and fry them over a moderate fire to a golden brown. Take them up and drain on paper or a cloth.

Dish up, and garnish the sides of the dish with vegetable macédoine or green peas (these must be heated up in a little butter and seasoned); on each grenadin put a roll of thinly cut fried bacon. Pour a little thin brown or tomato sauce, or rich gravy, round the base of the dish, and send to table.

COLD CHARTREUSE OF GROUSE

This is one of the nicest ways to serve cold grouse in the form of a cold entrée. Roast one large or two small birds; when cold, remove the meat from the bones, and cut the meat into strips, or large dice shapes. Place them in a basin, and pour over a tablespoonful of sherry and a little rich, well-seasoned brown sauce.

Line the bottom and sides of an oval Charlotte tin with a layer of aspic jelly. When nearly set, ornament the mould with fancifully cut slices of cucumber, tongue, white of egg and truffle, as shown in the illustration. Keep the mould on ice.

Have a well-flavoured brown sauce ready, for which the carcase of the grouse should be utilised. Strain it, and incorporate enough melted gelatine to set it when cold. It must be kept a light brown or fawn colour, else the effect of the decoration will be lost. Mask the inside of the prepared mould with this sauce as it begins to set.

Cut two or three slices of tongue or ham and six preserved mushrooms into shreds, and add these to the grouse; with this mix a little of the sauce containing gelatine. Now fill the mould, putting a little more sauce between each layer of grouse, etc

BANANA AND GRAPE JELLY

Melt a pint of clear wine jelly. Just before it begins to set, pour enough of it in a plain oval mould (placed in a pan containing plenty of crushed ice) to mask the sides and bottom. Mount rows of sliced bananas on the bottom and side of the mould, as shown in the illustration, between these sprinkle finely-chopped pistachio kernels. When the decoration is sufficiently set, pour in another thin layer of jelly.

Cut up two or three more peeled ripe bananas, put them in a basin with half a pound of hothouse grapes (peeled and pips removed). Pour over a small glass of Maraschino. Next add half a pint of melted wine jelly, and stir gently on the ice until it commences to set. Fill up, if needed, the prepared mould, adding a little more jelly. When set, turn out and dish up.

CHICKEN À LA BÉCHAMEL

Boil a plump fowl in seasoned white stock. When done, take it up and let cool; then cut it into neat joints: trim these neatly and remove the skin. Have a white chaudfroid sauce ready. This must be made with half a pint of the chicken stock, half an ounce flour, three-quarters of an ounce butter, one gill of cream, and one gill aspic. Season it very carefully, and add a little lemon juice, then strain it; its consistency should, prior to its use, be tested, and, if found necessary, two or three leaves of gelatine may be added. Coat the pieces of fowl twice with this sauce. Decorate each piece tastefully with strips of truffle, gherkins and chilli skin or pimento, then mask over with a thin coating of aspic. Dish up the fowl on a bed of seasoned salad on an entree-dish, and serve.

THE RARE ART OF MAKING COFFEE

ON recalling the tepid, thick, yet withal weak concoction so often proffered as "coffee" at our matutinal meal, we cannot think our Continental neighbours unjust when they aver that, taking us as a nation, we fail ignominiously in the preparation of this refreshing beverage. I am quite convinced that the majority of housekeepers are too niggardly with the proportions they allow of coffee to water. They delude themselves with the hope that, by allowing coffee in the same proportion as they would tea, they can produce the clear, fragrant beverage they so enjoyed abroad, hence their frequent disappointment.


A GOOD AND INEXPENSIVE COFFEE-POT.

A Generous Tablespoonful

To begin with, coffee is not an economical preparation, that is, if you mean it to be perfect, and it is perfect coffee I have in my mind.

A generous tablespoonful of ground coffee should be allowed for each breakfast-cupful of the ordinary *cafe au lait*

Even with the proper proportion of coffee, success will not follow unless the coffee is of good quality and is freshly roasted and ground—this is a very important point.

The wisest plan is to purchase the whole berry and to roast and grind it at home. If this is not convenient, at least procure the coffee from a dealer who will have it ground fresh for each customer.

For 1*s.* 8*d.* a pound I get excellent coffee. For my own part I dislike chicory, so use only pure coffee. Doubtless, many of my readers prefer the addition of a little chicory. Let me advise those who do to purchase the best French chicory. The usual price is sixpence a pound, and add about two tablespoonfuls of it to each pound of coffee.


MILK JUG OF FIREPROOF WARE.

Being satisfied the coffee is good, the next thing is to calculate the quantity required to make the supply for breakfast.

Unless the berries have been freshly roasted, it is wise to put the ground coffee on a baking-tin, either in the oven or before the fire for a few minutes. This improves the flavour.

Use only Freshly Boiled Water

While this is being done, fill the coffee-pot with hot water, and if the water in the kettle has been *boiling* for some time, empty it away and re-fill it with fresh cold water, it is absolutely essential to use *freshly* boiled water; if it is otherwise, through long boiling, it will have lost some of its gases, and will taste flat and insipid, and ruin the flavour of the coffee.

This is such a common error. In nine cases out of ten the kettle has been simmering for an hour or more to ensure the water being ready when required.


A SIMPLE COFFEE-ROASTING MACHINE.

Now put the hot powder in the percolator, or upper division of the coffee-pot, add to it a pinch of salt; this aids in bringing out the all-important flavour. Press the powder firmly down; this seems a minor detail, but it is really an important one, as it prevents the too rapid filtering through of the water before it has extracted the essence from the coffee. For the same reason pour the required quantity of boiling water on very slowly.

Put the lid at once on the pot before any fragrance is lost, and stand it either in a bain-marie or a saucepan containing boiling water till the filtering process is completed. Unless the pot is thus kept heated, *tepid* coffee will be the result, and that is inexcusable.

On no account stir the "grounds" or pour out the very last drop in the pot, or the liquid will be thick.

I may just mention that my pet

Cafetière

is of the French fireproof ware. I prefer these to the ordinary tin ones, but, of course, there are many very elaborate and expensive kinds to be bought, some veritable machines, and all good of their kind for those who like them.

A most important accessory is

The Hot Milk

The inexperienced are sure they cannot go wrong on this point. But indeed they can, and very easily.

First of all, the pan must be delicately clean, or the flavour of the milk will be ruined, and it should be rinsed with cold water, as this lessens the risk of it burning.

The milk must be *slowly* heated till it nearly reaches boiling point. If boiled quickly the casein or albumen of milk hardens, entangling with it the cream, and both are removed in the form of a skin from the surface, leaving the remainder poor and thin, instead of a creamy richness. Last, but not least, comes the warming. Do not forget to heat the cups and milk-jug with hot water, or the temperature of the beverage will be lowered. The following are

Two Homely Methods of Making Coffee:

1. Have a jug heated with hot water. Put the coffee, a good teaspoonful to each half-pint of water, and a pinch of salt into the jug. Pour on the boiling water slowly.

Place the jug by the fire or in a pan of boiling water for five minutes.

Then pour the coffee backwards and forwards into a cup several times; this causes the grounds to settle. Let the coffee stand for a few minutes to clear, and it is ready to serve.

2. Procure a wire ring, or twist one yourself, to fit the top of a jug. Sew on to it a bag, three or four inches deep, of calico or close, strong muslin. Place this ring on the jug with the bag inside it. Put the coffee into the bag, pour on it the boiling water, and proceed as usual.

When Roasting the Berries at Home

Put two tablespoonfuls of the berries at a time into a frying or saute pan, with a tiny scrap of butter. Shake these about over a very slow fire till they are a good darkish brown.


THE WISEST PLAN IS TO GRIND THE COFFEE AT HOME.

The butter lubricates them and prevents the escape of much of their fragrance, and it is quite absorbed before the roasting is finished.

Do not forget that one burnt berry will spoil an entire brew of coffee, so throw away any which accidentally become too dark.

The berries are better roasted this way than in the oven, as they often are done. Of course, more elaborate coffee-roasting apparatus may be bought, but the homely frying-pan does excellently.

A GOOD CUP OF TEA

TEA is a valuable beverage, taken in strict moderation, although Count Rumford calls it "a pernicious wash."

Its speedy action on the nerves and respiratory system are well known, and its use will often sustain one through great fatigue. It is, however, merely a stimulating drug, with disastrous results if taken in excessive quantities, so let those who "are fit for nothing without it" beware.

Tea should be avoided at meals when meat is to be consumed, as the tannin it contains delays digestion.

I have cautioned you, as in duty bound, against making an evil out of a good thing. Now, let me try and aid you in making that good thing as perfect as possible.

The first thing to be considered is the tea itself.

I myself have an excellent blend for ordinary purposes at 1*s.* 8*d.* per pound, with some at 2*s.* 4*d.* for special occasions. Those who suffer from weak digestions should, if they drink tea at all, purchase only pure China tea.

The Teapot

The pot, of whatever kind, must be kept *perfectly clean* and free from even a single stale leaf, also the pot must be rinsed out with boiling water before the tea is put in.

Freshly Boiled

water is essential; nor should the kettle be filled from the hot water tap, or the water will be "flat." The water must be thoroughly boiling.

The water of different localities greatly affects the tea, some being soft, others hard. Often a blend of tea will seem perfect in one place while it will be unsatisfactory in another. Many tea merchants nowadays blend their mixtures to suit the water of the district.

No one seems able to improve on the old-fashioned formula of "a teaspoonful of tea for each person and one for the pot." If making tea for a large party, so much is not needed.

Five minutes is long enough for tea to stand; if left longer, too much of the tannin is extracted.

Briefly:

1 Buy the best tea you can afford.
2 Keep the pot perfectly clean inside and heat it before using.
3 Calculate amount required carefully, and measure it.
4 Pour freshly boiled water over the leaves.
5 Let them infuse for five minutes only.

BACKWARD CHILDREN

What Can We Do for Them?

By Florence Stacpoole, Lecturer to the National Health Society

THERE is no reason to be unduly anxious because one child is slower than another in learning to talk or to read and write, nor should we indulge in gloomy forebodings as to failure in life for a child who is slow at his books.

"There are notable instances," says a well-known specialist in mental affections, "of dull boys and girls growing up into bright men and women, and slow mental development sometimes even blossoms into genius, as in the cases of Sir Walter Scott and Dr. Darwin."

It is said that Lord Kitchener was a very backward boy at his books, and that it was only the threat of being sent to a girls' school which had any effect in making him exert himself to learn his lessons! George Washington was also a "backward child," yet he became a great man. These facts are encouraging; we must not, however, forget that careful study is necessary in the management of very backward children, because, if neglected or improperly treated, they may remain "backward" all their lives.

In this study the first point, on which, indeed, the whole matter hinges, is to find out *why* the child is more backward than it should be for its age, because every deviation from the normal in nature can be traced to a cause, and, as we all know, it is not possible to treat any ill intelligently until we know the cause from which it springs.

As a matter of fact, "backwardness" comes from a variety of causes, many of which can be removed, or, by foreknowledge, the evil they give rise to can be prevented from ever occurring at all.

The causes of dulness and backwardness may be classed under six heads:

1 **Causes connected with health**
2 **Physical defects**
3 **Nervous affections**
4 **Unsuitable teaching**

Sometimes, of course, hereditary tendency is the cause of backwardness, but hereditary tendency hardly comes within the scope of this paper.

(1) Causes Connected with Health

When we consider how close is the association between body and brain, and how one reacts upon the other, it is easy to understand that ill-health may induce mental dulness in a child. Ill-health often does so, even in those past childhood. Anæmic girls, for instance, are often mentally dull and stupid. Their brains simply lack the nourishment of a proper supply of rich blood, and their wits are enfeebled accordingly. A half-starved child cannot learn as easily and quickly as one who is properly fed. "I constantly meet with children," says Dr. Savage, "whose memories are weak because their bodies are badly nourished, and a cup of cocoa or a piece of chocolate may be more efficient than a cane."

Rapid growth causes a great drain upon the nervous system, and if, at the same time, the body is not well nourished, and the brain is overtaxed, the efforts to educate the child will, in all probability, be defeated by his becoming dull and stupid. It is simply that a condition of "mental fatigue" has been produced, and this is as inimical to learning as physical fatigue is to active bodily exercise. When a child is growing rapidly, extra nourishment is always needed, also probably cod liver oil and a tonic, and over-fatigue of mind and body should be strictly guarded against. The time lost by slackening the educational speed during these periods will be soon regained when the demands made upon the system by the "growing fit" have abated, and the danger of a nervous breakdown, which sometimes shows itself by mental confusion and stupidity, will be avoided.

Then, also, it must be remembered that it is unsafe for children to resume brain work too soon after recovery from illness. Until the health and strength have been completely re-established, lessons should not be begun again, no matter how bright and clear the mind may be. To put a tax upon it until the blood supply of the brain has become normal, and until the nervous system has recovered from the shock of the illness, is but to court a breakdown.

(2) Physical Defects

Physical Defects, which are often quite remediable, are not infrequently the sole cause of mental dulness. The chief of these are the curious growths on the mucous membrane of the passage leading from the nose to the throat, called adenoids. It is strange that a physical cause of this kind should influence a child's mental capacity, but so it is. Many a dull, listless, backward child owes its condition to the existence of adenoids, and after a surgical operation becomes bright, intelligent, and active.

Deafness is another physical defect which causes backwardness. Very often deafness is an accompaniment of adenoids, the post-nasal growths blocking the ear-tubes. An aurist should always be consulted when the hearing of a dull and backward child is defective.

Defects of Eyesight, particularly the condition called *hypermetropia*, sometimes cause children to be very dull and backward. In hypermetropia there is a constant though unconscious strain upon the organs of vision, and this produces that "mental fatigue" so productive of dulness and backwardness. Headache is often produced by it also. The condition can be relieved, and probably cured, by the use of spectacles prescribed by an oculist.

The following account, written by his mother, of the improvement in a boy of eight after six months' use of spectacles, prescribed by the surgeon who had discovered that his "stupidity" was due to hypermetropia, may be of interest to some parent of a dull child:

"Lessons are no longer a terror. Sums, including mental arithmetic, make good progress; reading is a pleasure. And, above all, the air of vacuity is apparently passing away, and an interest can be awakened on many subjects which formerly seemed quite beyond reach."

(3) Nervous Affections

Children who have "fits" or convulsions, twitchings, and jerkings of a nervous kind, amounting, in some cases, to St. Vitus's dance (chorea), are often backward. Symptoms of this kind need special treatment and great attention to general hygiene. The cultivation of the body is the first step towards improvement of the mind.

(4) Unsuitable Teaching

It is only within the last sixteen years that the necessity for special teaching and training for backward children has been recognised. The *British Medical Journal*, in January, 1890, drew attention to this, and to the needs of those children who are less bright than other members of the family, unable to play with others, solitary in their habits, and difficult to train. In consequence the London School Board took the matter up, and ultimately schools were established for backward children belonging to the class of children who attend Board schools.

Teaching for Backward Children

Formerly, the general idea was that any kind of teacher would do for a dull child, and too often backward children were given over to be taught by half educated people who were neither trained nor skilled *in the art of teaching*. As a result, the confusion of the teacher's mind on the subject of teaching, made the confusion of the child's mind on the subject of learning "worse confounded."

Happily, *nous avons changé tout cela*. Not only are the children of the less well-to-do classes provided with special teaching by the school boards, but the fact is becoming more and more recognised that the imparting of knowledge is in itself a science that must be acquired, consequently, training colleges for teachers have become general, and it is being better understood that it is a fallacy to imagine that because the standard attainable by dull children is low, their teachers, attainments may be low also. We are beginning to comprehend that the dull-minded need very lucid teaching, and that lucid teaching can only be conveyed by one who knows his subject thoroughly, and who also possesses the gift of being able to impart his knowledge with clearness and adapt his teaching to the individual needs of his pupils. This cannot be done by the "half educated," whose methods, of necessity, do not make for clearness. The recognition of these facts has led to the establishment of many private schools where dull children are specially catered for. To place such children in an ordinary school is worse than useless. In the unfair competition they lose more than they gain. With people who have made their needs a special study, they are like plants in the hands of a skilful gardener, and their mental growth is often surprising.

THE SECRET DRAWER

A Complete Story by Herbert D. Ward

MR. COTTON closed the door softly. He went straight to his revolving chair and sat down, leaned his cheeks in his hands, and peered without seeing anything into the quaint openings of his desk.

Josiah Cotton was the product of six generations of self-restraint; he was the extract of a hard-headed, warm-hearted Northern ancestry. There was no bend in his square chin, there was no quarter in his rapier-steel eyes. There comes a time when the iron bands of habit which confine emotion must break. To Josiah Cotton the time had come now. How could he blame his wife? His was the fault. The system in which his family had trained him was the assassin of love. A wall of steel had been cast before him, and advance was an impossibility. He saw no outlet. He could not forgive himself; therefore he could not forgive her.

Mechanically he fumbled at the drawers of his desk, trying in vain to order his mind. The young lawyer would not have acknowledged it to himself, but he was blindly groping for a solution of his difficulties and relief for his distress.

The desk had once belonged to his grandfather, Josiah Cotton, after whom he had been named, and whom he was said to resemble when he was in his sternest moods. It was one of those mahogany desks, the object of modern mania, filled with many secret drawers and unexpected receptacles. As a boy he remembered discovering these in turn. He knew there were just twenty-one places in it where a burglar would not be apt to find a document. One by one he opened these. Some were cunningly hidden behind obvious drawers, some responded to a secret touch, and there were a few that seemed to be a part of the solid, carved woodwork itself. Years ago in one of these latter he had discovered a bundle of old letters. They were yellow with age, and written in a crabbed hand, hard to decipher. He had not read them, but had replaced them carefully, with the instinct of reverence due to family belongings.

As Josiah's hand passed from one secret drawer to another it fell upon the quaint carving which separated two pigeonholes. It was like the back of an octavo volume, and was made to pull out. As he drew this to him his eyes dropped upon the familiar package of dusty letters. Wearied with conflict and languid with curiosity, ready for any momentary diversion, he untied the faded ribbon and spread the papers before him. Casually he selected one from the many in the bunch and opened it. It was one of those antiquated letters in which the envelope and the missive were one and the same sheet. These were much used before the days of postage-stamps, and were sent on a personal frank.

It was dated "York, June 25th, 1756," and read as follows:

"*My Honoured Wife:*

"It is my duty to advise you of my safe arrival in the city of York after a long and perilous journey. Although in hourly danger from highwaymen, I have had time for self-examination. I know that I am a hard man and have an unbending nature, and I can see with some clearness that a young female who has not a prayerful nature might find it hard to conform to my austerity. While I have rejoiced in the ways of the Lord, you have rejoiced in the ways of man. It may be that I am too old or that you are too young for the Sacrament of Marriage. But, like Saul of Tarsus, even as I journeyed with great anger in my heart toward you, a light from Heaven smote me in the eyes and blinded me for a moment, but now I see clearly. God has dropped the scales from my vision, and the long and perilous journey has not been in vain. This letter I write to tell you that I do not blame you for your innocent pleasantries with that young man. Had I made my own home more agreeable, possibly it would not have occurred. But, Abigail, my dear wife, I took you to my bosom because I loved you. I love you more to-day than ever, and I shall always love you and pray for your best happiness, wherever it may be found. May the blessing of God rest upon you. I am,

"Your obedient husband,

"JOSIAH COTTON."

The young man turned the yellow paper over. It was addressed to "Mistress Abigail Cotton, High Street, Andover." The letter dropped from his nerveless fingers and fell upon the polished mahogany. The husband started at this voice from another world as if it were the whispering of a ghost. From out of his fixed stare the handwriting of the next letter below arose as if it were embossed. It was a different script from that of his great-grandfather. Instinctively he felt that here was the answer to the heart-throb that he had just touched. At first he dared not handle the letter. It seemed a desecration to disrobe a heart long dead, a heart that had erred, that had suffered the anguish of remorse, possibly the penalty of a broken home. He knew nothing of it. Ah, here was tragedy like his own! No matter in what century one lives, love is the same, vanity is the same, fidelity is the same, and the anguish of their combination is the same.

Josiah reached out his hand and touched the letter tenderly. It was addressed to "Josiah Cotton, Esquire, Hancock Tavern, York," and began:

"*My Honoured Husband:*

"I have received your esteemed letter. I find it hard to answer. You never told me before that you loved me. Why did not you let me know it? I thought you married me because it was the Word of the Lord. If I had known that you loved me I would not have been so frivolous. I have loved you since I was a little girl of ten, and all I wanted was to make you jealous.

"The strawberries are beginning to ripen. Jennie has a little calf, and something else may happen some time.

"Your loving and obedient wife,

"ABIGAIL."

Josiah Cotton kissed the letter and put it sacredly back in the hiding-place where it had so long rested. This cry from a past century moved him greatly. He went to the window and drummed upon the pane, and looked out upon the green trees. The strawberries were ripening; the buttercups and the daisies were blooming, and all the birds nesting. He felt a queer sensation in his heart, and wondered if he was going to be ill. Then all at once the cap of the mountain was blown off; the volcano had burst.

"Great God!" he cried aloud, "what a brute I've been!" And like a river of lava he rushed from the room.

He found his wife in her own room, staring distractedly out of a window. She was in that desperate state when she might have done anything. She felt it in her to commit undreamed-of crimes. In such a consciousness of frenzied injury a woman may fling herself away, body and soul. She stared at her husband haughtily as he burst into the room.

"What is the matter?" she said coldly. "Have I done anything else?"

"No!" he exploded.

He seized his wife in his arms and carried her to the sofa, laid her down tenderly upon it, and then knelt beside her.

"No!" he repeated, "you haven't done anything else—you have never done anything. I wanted to tell you that I love you—I love you, and I want you to forgive me if you can."

Then with great reverence he bent over and kissed her wedding-ring. He did this with the ardour of an Oriental lover.

His wife, amazed, stared at him.

"Why, Mr. Cotton!" she said faintly. "Why, Josiah!"

This was one of the inadequate replies which great emotional scenes often arouse. But it seemed to mean all that it did not say.

"I love you! I love you!" he urged with the embarrasment of a man who has repressed expression until it becomes almost impossible.

She lifted a wistful face.

"I thought lately you married because it was—convenient. And I made a good figurehead in your house. I tried so hard."

"It is all my fault," interrupted Josiah, fiercely. "I couldn't—I was brought up not to show my feelings. Can't you understand?"

The young wife looked at her husband with fast brimming eyes. His reserve had been an impenetrable steel grille against which she beat in vain for admittance up the stairway of his heart. Now it was open before her.

"Oh, Josiah!" she cried, as her arms, rigid for so long, curled themselves tenderly about his neck; "if you had only told me this before! Do you suppose"—she started up—"that I would have flirted with that little callow fool, or that I would have looked at any other man but you——"

The sentence was never finished, for the man took his wife madly in his arms.

THE END

NOTES BY THE WAY

St. George for England!

IT is a disquieting, somewhat disconcerting thought for the patriotic Englishman—if he thinks about it at all—that the patron saint of his country, St. George, of dragon fame, was a foreigner!

As a matter of fact, St. George never had any connection whatever with our country. He was born in Asia and lived there all his life, according to such accounts of him as we have. Tradition says that he was a soldier, and was martyred by the Roman Emperor of the day in the fourth century. Unfortunately, too, the real St. George did not fight any dragon: that episode of his life was added on after he had been dead for a century or so.

It is almost an accident that he was adopted as the patron saint of this country. Richard Cœur de Lion made him his protecting saint in his crusades, and ascribed his victories to St. George. Consequently he became a popular saint in this country, and in the reign of Edward III., that monarch publicly declared him patron saint of England.

During the last few years the observance of St. George's Day (April 23) has seen a very considerable revival.

Be Sunny.

THERE is a little motto of two words which ought to be displayed everywhere in the world where men and women do congregate. It is just this: "Be sunny," and it ought to be one of the golden rules of life.

In spite of troubles the world would be a very different place if everybody would carry out this motto every day of their lives. It is hard, if one has some great sorrow, to be cheerful, but then, what is the good of being gloomy?

"It won't help my trouble to be cheerful, so why should I be bright?" is the argument of the one in trouble. But it assuredly will, to remember to "be sunny," help you, although it may have no bearing upon your particular trouble. A determination to be bright and cheerful will infallibly result in the discovery that there is, even for you, grief-stricken as you are, a sunny side of life. And then you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are not casting a shadow over other folks' lives by your own gloomy one. Remember that other people besides yourself have to live in this world.

Even the man or woman who has comparatively no trouble in life is usually not half as sunny and cheerful as he or she might be. There is a tendency to magnify the tiny troubles until they seem huge, whereas if our motto were applied they would probably disappear altogether. Look around amongst the people you know and see who has the most friends and who is most liked and admired. You will find that it is always the cheerful man or woman; the one whose presence seems always to bring some sunshine with it. So, then, whatever happens, always "Be sunny."

Who was Chippendale?

MOST people know what Chippendale furniture is like, even if they do not possess any themselves. But how it came by its name not many could tell you offhand. In the reign of George I. there came to London an obscure Worcestershire cabinet-maker, Thomas Chippendale, who set up for himself in a small way in St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross. He was, however, fonder of inventing designs for furniture than of actually making it, and in 1752 he published a book of patterns, which seems to have been welcomed by the London furniture-makers of the day, for they soon began to model a good deal of their work upon it. Of course, only a very tiny fraction of the so-called "genuine old Chippendale" in existence can have actually come from the shop in St. Martin's Lane. Tottenham Court Road is probably responsible for more than half of it.

Widowed Wives.

How often one sees a wife who is "widowed" while her husband is still in the land of the living. Often a man, without in the least intending to do so, is steadily neglecting his wife to such an extent that their two lives are rapidly drifting apart.

Men do not always realise that their wives really care for their society at other times than meals, and that their pleasures should also be shared with their better halves. A husband, who would be indignant if he were accused of neglecting his wife, will yet spend most of his leisure time with his own men friends at the club or elsewhere. To ask his wife to accompany him anywhere in the evening seems never to occur to him, although, if he knew the pleasure he would give by so doing, he would doubtless try it.

Often this thoughtless neglect is harder for a wife to bear than directly cruel conduct would be, for she knows that her husband cares for her in his way, but yet does not seem disposed to share all his life with her. There are so many ways in which the husband can, without meaning to do so, neglect his wife, especially in small matters. After all, it is often the little things in life which weigh most with a women.

The husband need not read his paper or letters all through the breakfast-time, and he might say good-bye less formally to his wife before he goes off, and tell her what time he is coming home. An occasional inquiry, too, as to what she is going to do that day, would do no harm, and a promise to take her out somewhere in the evening would probably leave the wife in a much happier frame of mind for the worries and harassing cares attendant upon her day's work.

Only a Penny!

HAVE you thought of the power that is locked up in that little red square—the penny stamp? For a penny you have in your hand the power to cause joy (or sorrow) to those you know far away, merely by fixing that little red square to the message you wish to send them. Yet how many people neglect to keep in touch with their friends and relatives, even though it takes only a few minutes to write a letter, and only a penny to send it?

Think of the brightness that might be brought into the lives of those you care about by more frequent writing. "Writing home" is so sadly neglected nowadays. Ask the young fellow in "diggings" in London how often he writes home to his mother fifty miles away in the country. "Oh, often," he will say at once; but if you ask when the last letter went, he will probably have to confess that it was some months ago. He does not think that his mother is silently grieving all this time because she knows so little of her son's life in the great city. But there is something to be said on the other side. Many a mother, whose boy is at a boarding school, thinks that a letter to him once or twice a term is quite sufficient, especially if she has many social and other calls upon her time. She, too, probably does not realise what a letter from home often means to her small son; if she did, she would sit down at once and write to him. Another offender in the matter of letter-writing; is the husband whose business takes him away from his wife for, perhaps, two or three weeks at a time. Often the only letter his wife receives is one telling her that he is coming home, and asking her to get things ready.

There has never been much harm done by too frequent letter-writing between those who are bound together by ties of any sort; most of the mischief has been done the other way, by neglecting to write.

Hobbies for Health.

THE man or woman who has no hobby in life is to be pitied, especially if he or she has to work for a livelihood. For a busy worker a pleasant hobby is as beneficial as the best tonic a physician could give. More than that, a hobby undoubtedly contributes to one's success in life. Read the life of any man who has risen to greatness, and the probability is that you will find he had some hobby, perhaps of a quite unexpected kind.

Much depends, however, upon your choice of a pursuit to occupy your leisure hours. It must be one that will act as a foil to your everyday work. Something is needed which will bring into play those parts of the brain and body which the daily work does not require, while those which have been used are resting. A man whose work forces him to sit at a desk all day poring over books should not take up anything requiring hard study. His type of hobby should be an outdoor one, such as flower-growing, butterfly-collecting, golf—anything, in fact, that will take him into the open air. On the other hand, for a man whose work requires him to be out and about all day, a very different hobby is needed. Reading, writing, music, and the like are better suited to his case.

It has occasionally happened that a man has found his true vocation in life through hobbies. He has taken up some work in his spare time and has gradually found that it was more to him than his intended life work, and he has changed his profession with ultimate success as a reward.

The Origin of Guys.

THE custom of burning an effigy or "guy" is only associated nowadays with the 5th of November celebrations, although in reality the custom existed long before the time of Guy Fawkes.

In France, in early days, it was the custom of the public executioner to burn, with much ceremony, the effigy of a criminal, when the latter could not be brought to justice for his misdeeds. In mediæval England a practice existed of burning the effigy of a person who was universally hated, such as anybody suspected of witchcraft or evil influences. After the Gunpowder Plot, people soon applied the custom to Guy Fawkes, and his attempt to blow up the Palace of Westminster with gunpowder naturally led to the association of fireworks with the occasion.

THE TREND OF FASHION

By Mrs. Jack May

IT has been said, and truly, "*That the proper study of womankind is dress*;" and as a modest mentor in that particular pursuit I am to be graciously privileged to contribute to these pages.

The love of dress, believe me, is the one pardonable sin. Like the quality of mercy, good clothes—clothes well chosen and well worn, and always in perfect harmony with their environment, bien entendu—are twice blessed, since they endow those who wear them with a consciousness of bien être nobler things are powerless to bestow, while they afford almost equal pleasure to others who gaze thereon, and afford gratification to the eyes and senses in an artistic tout ensemble.

Clothes are character, and go to make history to a degree little dreamt of by the average mind, while as a gospel to preach there is none more fascinating or more replete with inexhaustible delights. Fashions are to be viewed from a hundred standpoints, each one in its turn branching forth into a hundred other subsidiary channels, but ever exhaling an influence wholly irresistible. So to every woman in the land let there be granted the grace of endeavouring to add a quota to the world's glorification.

Fashionable Furs

The bolero, under various fresh and original auspices, remains as strongly in favour as ever; and the reason for this steadfastness is not far to seek, since the majority of furs are of appreciable weight, and also costly. Now, there is something undeniably chic about a short fur coat, whether it be banded or falling in a vague sacque, and some of the latter models this season, with their great wing sleeves, and a certain note of distinction in the shape of a heavily embroidered collar, are peculiarly attractive.

A mink coat after this style is altogether adorable, the wide sleeves filled in with a frou-frou of lace and lisse chiffon, and a turnover collar of cloth of gold, worked up in high relief with padded effects of shaded gold verging to a delicate green.

But with all the models, in any sort worthy discussion, embroideries form the pièce de résistance. Embroidered suède, notably in white, is in great request; also, treated discreetly and with due distinction, several of the more voyant shades of kid, used in conjunction with what I may term the modern fancy type of pelt, such as mole, squirrel-back, &c., call for distinct approval.

Dyed squirrel fur is excellent and inexpensive.

One peculiarity that must be emphasised without delay, in respect of the fur coat of the moment, is the absence of anything approaching a stand-up collar, other than perhaps a narrow military band. For the most part, when a collar is used at all, it is an ordinary small turnover, but a large number also cease abruptly at the base of the throat, to complete which there is supplied either one of those narrow stole ties, worn knotted in front, or an ordinary boa.

At the commencement of the season there was a great outcry as to the lead sealskin was to take. I have lived, however, to see an unwritten belief verified, and sealskin going hand in hand with its fellows in merely amiable rivalry.

Far from decrying all the many fictitious varieties of furs, as one was compelled to do in the days when mink, marmotte, and an inferior electric seal monopolised the plagiarising market, I would encourage those who have only a limited allowance to consider the very excellent dyed squirrel that prevails.

The All Important Millinery

Here comes an insistent duet of velvet and feathers. Velvet disposed in high, soft crowns, after the genre of the erstwhile favourite beefeater, and plumed with feathers, Cavalier fashion, at one side. Velvet, used in a soft dégagé puffing, to form the brim of some infinitesimal toque, the crown whereof is probably merely a forest of marabout. Velvet, again, gauged in fine, close lines, to create a series of bouillonnées round the crown of a picture chapeau.

And after velvet comes felt, of superfine silken quality, deftly manœuvred, as only the fingers of the modern milliner know how, into quaint, bizarre, bi-corne and tri-corne shapes. Shaded silk beaver is a novelty, and is to be specially commended to the consideration of those who are tantalised as to the elegant completion of a brown winter costume, shading from brown to the deep yellow tone known as coq de roche, a twist of miroir velvet and a bird of paradise osprey finishing a really fascinating millinery story. Another popular nuance is bronze-green, in which the loveliest ombré ribbons are supplied, while for the simple tailor-made, dark mixture, tweed suits, voyant little toques of velvet are the very latest vogue.

Details of Dress

Many of the rough-and-ready moor coats rest their chief salvation on noticeable buttons such as buffalo horn, dark mother-of-pearl, and crocheted leather.

Shaded silk beaver is the latest idea in millinery.

To arrive at harmonious effects large enamel buttons, covered in filigree silver, or gold, are proving a conspicuous success on the more habillée cloth creations, while yet another noticeable originality is a fancy gift quality, split up the centre and threaded with ribbon. And in close relation to buttons are the great cabochons of embroidery, chenille, jet, strass, at once as useful to milliners as to the modiste.

Then of immediately impressive importance are the little box-pleated frills of silk which have quite usurped the place of those laid in flat single pleats. Thus, on a black cloth costume the decorative motive will comprise a series of these narrow box-pleated frillings placed up and down, in shot Royal blue taffeta, divided by a broad mixture silk braid of Royal blue and black. The effect is a little fussy and old world perhaps, but wholly captivating, and a complete change. Then a further pronounced fancy is found in narrow bouillonnées, both inserted and applied. The complete ease with which cloth is bouillonée is a perfect revelation of sartorial skill, and it goes without saying how amiably silk fabrics, such as crêpe-de-Chine, eolienne, and mousseline velours, fall into this treatment, frequently divided by the tiniest lines of silk beading similar in kind to that known as lingerie beading.

The Triumph of the Full Skirt

Only within the past few days almost has the extreme voluminosity of skirts been thoroughly realised. However, we may be thankful for one small mercy—that we have the alternative choice of flat folds to place against gaugings and pipings. To wearer and modiste alike this decree will prove a veritable relief, for it is given to the few figures only, and those of perfect contour and corset, to carry off with graceful éclat a jupe set into a series of heavy pipings about the hips.

Towards the consummation of the old-world picture evening frock it is pleased we shall adopt, this deep-pleated skirt is in perfect accord. Having defined the waist, it flows out almost immediately into full, gracious draperies, while above comes the close-fitting Louis corsage tempered by deft diagonal draperies, gathered up into tiny coquilles to accentuate certain desirable lines, and oftentimes completed by an impertinent little basque that stands out almost straight from the waist. A poem of a gown, so fashioned, boasted a petticoat of gold net, heavily embroidered in gold, and a sympathetic corsage draped to define the figure close, the décolletage slipping completely off the shoulders for the display of a chemisette of the same embroidered gold net, while the whole was bedecked with the daintiest little danglements of silk flowers, in which the faint Pompadour colourings were effectively emphasised.

The triumph of the full skirt is emphatic.

Sleeves are once more distinctly and conclusively bouffant at the shoulder. Not content with one performance, we contrive to bouffant down to the elbow, after which all subsides, so far as circumference is concerned, but not superfluity. With the exception of the coat-sleeve, and one that is in close relation with the gigot of old, there is no scintillation of simplicity about any fashionable "manche" of the moment, neither in form nor fabricating fancy. In a Navy-blue cloth gown of my intimate acquaintance, the sleeves begin with cloth, go on to black chiffon, and conclude with a deep cuff of black and white Valenciennes lace. But this much may be said in favour of eccentricities: they at least privilege renovations, since, frankly, nothing matters so long as certain laws of outline are maintained.

MODES FOR THE MONTH

LE DERNIER CRI AT A GLANCE

1

1. A SENSIBLE SCHOOL FROCK

Especially designed for navy or red serge, the picturesque falling collar trimmed with a hand-worked crash galon. It is a pretty notion, throwing back the throat, and filling in the hiatus with a little tussore guimpe. The collar band is outlined by the galon.

2

2. THE LONG BODICE FROCK

prevails. Fittingly garbed is this dear little maiden of six, in a simple party frock of finest spotted muslin, inlet with lingerie beading. The deep-shouldered yoke of tucked muslin in the round berthe gives breadth to the little form. The sashes worn by children are now all of rich seraph ribbon.

4. FOR A SMALL BOY

nothing is nicer than the commendable plain sacque coat and Cossack cap. In lieu of the ubiquitous red, quaint cinnamon shades, reddish wood brown, and navy blue are in favour this winter, all these lending themselves as pleasant backgrounds to the trimming of black Persian lamb. Any other fur can be used instead of the Persian lamb.

4

3

3. PICTURESQUE AUTUMN PELISSE

For a girlie of some three years. In Eminence purple cloth, the cape and lace cuffs finished with a tiny quilting of mauve satin ribbon. A cherry-ripe bonnet is worn with this dainty little coat arranged en suite.

MILLINERY FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS

SMART CHAPEAU

of brown beaver, the crown surrounded by an upright ribbon of bronze green, laced velvet to tone, finished with a tiny ribbon quilting. A shaded brown and bronze feather coils coquettishly over the brim at left side.

TAILOR-MADE HAT

of fawn felt, bearing smartly tied velvet bows and two quills. These shapes are worn well over the eyes. But for smart occasions this winter felt will not be worn, Dame Fashion having decreed that the more airy type of chapeau and those built in velvet shall then be omnipotent. On most of the velvet chapeaux the beefeater crown is seen, while the upstanding, pleated ruche of velvet figures on those of any and every persuasion.

THE NEW TORPEDO TOQUE

of finest black silk beaver, trimmed with "coq de roche" miroir velvet in the form of a cocade and bow. A lovely black plume sweeps over the hair.

NEW BOLERO BLOUSE.

A charming confection for afternoon wear, fashioned of white mousseline and cream mimosa lace, and revealing the further novelty of a narrow flat pleated trimming of the silk. These tinte blanche blouses are invariably worn over dark fine crepe, to which they afford an enchanting background.

FASHIONABLE ALLIANCE OF FUR AND LACE.

A chic coatee of Russian sable, the front opening upon a narrow vest of cloth of gold worked in high relief with gold, and delicate touches of palest blue and "eau de Nil" silk; the great wing sleeves, stitched with a superfluity of tails, and frilled to the elbow with crowds of plisse chiffon veiled in old-world tinted lace. In equal favour is the fur coatee of blouse persuasion, and in many of these a cream-coloured vest of embroidered cloth, adorned with tiny gilt or paste buttons, makes for added smartness. Sometimes the tout ensemble is completed by shoulder pattes of the same material, and in all a frill of softly falling lace acts as completing note to the sleeves.

LE DERNIER CRI IN TAILOR-MADES.

A model revealing the elegant lines of the new long basqued coat, the severity of the upper part broken by the introduction of a little loose double-breasted vest. A modish colour suggestion is pillar-box red, the long revers laced black velvet, a sable note repeated in the buttons on the vest of ivory corduroy.

THE PICTURE FROCK

reigns supreme. Of mousseline taffeta in a rather voyant shade of periwinkle-blue, the corsage dropping completely off the shoulders below the quaintest crossed fichu of white chiffon. The Louis Seize period is hinted in the short points, ornamented with a double row of old paste buttons, while the full silk bouillonnees are the latest vogue.

A FEELING FOR HENRI XIII. VOGUES.

This charming restaurant gown is of chiffon velvet, in "ashes of roses" pink, the kerchief of soft silk muslin melting into time-stained Brussels lace, with deep gauntlet cuffs en suite, stitched with little tags of narrow gold cord. The period is indicated in the draped outlines of the corsage and the full out-standing basque.

MAINLY FOR MEN

By a Clubman

IT is rather an astonishing fact that the costuming of men is a subject that does not receive anything like the attention that it should do, either in magazines, in fiction, or, it may be added, in daily life. Men's attire may not be so interesting as women's but surely we can claim that it is at least as important, if not more so. Both the World and his Wife, the latter particularly perhaps, like a well-dressed man, and in most cases it cannot be denied that a smart suit has frequently played an important part in launching a career. Realising this, it will be our aim to give reliable information upon coming fashions, the care of clothes, good and bad taste in dress, and any other hints that may be of assistance. It is generally the lack of attention to little details that makes all the difference between a well and a badly-dressed man.

Morning Coats

DURING recent seasons the jacket, by which we mean the short style of garment as distinguished from the skirted variety, such as the morning coat and frock coat, has been extremely popular, but the morning coat has to a certain extent taken its place as a general favourite. The latest styles of morning coats are cut pretty long and more roomy, especially over the hips, than has lately been the case, and a distinguishing feature is the flat braiding recently introduced on them with good effect. A peculiar alteration is that flap pockets are now put in the skirts of morning coats, where there used to be no pockets, and none are put in the breast, where there used to be one and sometimes two.

Frock Coats

THE frock coat of this season has changed very little in style, but we may record the fact that far more frocks of coloured material (grey in particular) are to be worn than used to be the case, and when made from cashmere or cheviot they look exceedingly well. It is pleasing to have to record the fact, for this garment is so intimately connected with the highest form of dress and tailoring that it deserves a better fate than to be always made from sombre black. The low-rolling collar or lapel continues to be adopted for lounges, double-breasted lounges, morning coats, and frocks.

Overcoats

THIS season fashion had decreed that a man can practically wear what style of overcoat he likes and still be up-to-date and stylish. Probably the overcoat most in demand will be the loose-fitting "sac," with vertical pockets on the hips; the same coat in almost every respect that was all the rage last winter, except that it is this season cut a little tighter-fitting all over. Many are also adopting what is known as the three-seamed Chesterfield, which really means the tight-backed ordinary Chesterfield that has for years been a standard garment. This is no doubt accounted for by the fact that melton and beaver materials, which are coming back again to favour, lend themselves far better to this style of garment. A sprinkling of well-dressed men are wearing what is known as the D. B. Frock Overcoat—rather a racy-looking over-garment, which does not appeal to the majority, although men of military appearance seem to have a partiality for these garments, and, it must be admitted, look well in them. They are cut in the same manner as the double-breasted under frock, but with far larger skirts.

The Vest

THE fancy vest has given way a great deal to those made from a material similar to the coat, and the reign of the high-buttoned double-breasted vest is nearly at an end. Its place has been taken mostly by waistcoats of the single breasted variety which button moderately high, some quite without collars, and some with a small one, technically known as a step collar. The vests which buttoned so high that very little either of the tie or front could be seen have done duty long enough, for a moderate display of shirt-front and a tasty tie add greatly to the smartness of one's appearance.

The King and Fashion

THERE is nothing very particular to mention about trousers at the time of writing, but we may say that the rumour which was current some short time back, that square-legged trousers were to be the rage, does not appear to differ from other rumours, as it is incorrect. The report was apparently started by the fact that the King has been seen wearing leg coverings with two creases down the side, in place of the one at back and front. The public follows the example of the King in a good many ways but the truth is, His Majesty dresses to please himself, while his subjects have exactly the same privilege, so that novelties of this kind become popular only if they commend themselves on account of their general suitability and good taste.

Evening Dress

THE most fashionable dress coat for the winter will have a pointed lapel and is made to roll almost to the waist seam, the silk being brought to the edge of the lapel. Roll collars entirely of silk are still worn, but not so much as formerly. The length of waist is on the short side, the skirt of the coat being correspondingly long. Dress jackets continue to enjoy a large share of popularity, and for this garment the roll collar is best adapted. During recent years the fancy vest has been made up largely for evening wear, and very pretty fancy silks, mostly of white or cream, are very popular just now. From an economic point of view, however, we cannot by any means recommend these, for they continually want cleaning if they are to look nice, and this is an expensive item. One word more in regard to "evening dress" wear. Pray do not wear anything else but a stand-up collar with these garments. Frequently the "fall-over" collar is adopted, sometimes the "Dux" or "Rosebery," but evening dress is practically Court dress, and nothing but a stand-up all round is correct.

Clothes for Motoring

THE motor industry should be looked upon with favourable eyes by the tailoring trade at any rate, for it has caused a demand for new styles of garments specially adapted to this pursuit. Whether motorists are thankful to their tailor must be left an open question, for that gentleman has, at any rate in the past, devised some of the most hideous motoring garments it would be possible to imagine, both for ladies and gentlemen. However, the motor garments of to-day make their wearers more like human beings than was lately the case. Motor specialists, too, are finding that leather, on which there was such a run some time back, is not really suitable either as a garment or for lining, on account of the fact that it acts in the same way as a waterproof—keeps all perspiration in, which has the double effect of being most unhealthy and of rotting the leather.

How to Fold a Coat

THERE are many people who never seem able to fold a coat properly, and possibly the diagrams we are giving will explain the correct method better than a lengthy discourse on the subject. Never neglect any reasonable opportunity of brushing your clothes, and in no instance should garments be folded unless this has been done. Lay the coat out quite flat, brush well, and smooth out any creases that may be there.

Fig. 1

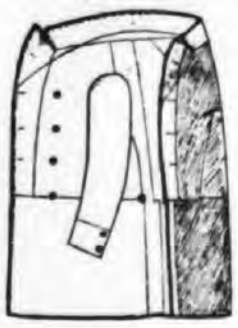


Fig. 2

Fold the front or forepart of the coat over the left sleeve as in Diagram 1, and to complete as Diagram 2 is a very simple matter. Always hang the coat over the back of a chair in front of a fire, and any creases will in time disappear.

Cotton or Wool?

OF late, many woollen manufacturers have been supplying their customers with very shoddy material. This has been got up so well that it is really difficult to detect. In many cases the tailor does not take the trouble to find out whether it consists of cotton or wool, although he should do so, because material of woollen texture is far more healthy, lends itself a great deal better to making-up, and retains its shape longer. No doubt many of our readers will be obtaining patterns, and they may easily find out whether or not wool is included in the material. Let them pull out a small thread or "staple" from the raw edge, take it in their fingers, and pull moderately hard. If it breaks off short, a sure sign of cotton is given; but if it draws out in a long thread, it is an indication of wool. The test may be carried further by setting light to the cloth. If it flares up quickly, the principal ingredient is cotton; but wool will smoulder and create an unpleasant smell.

HER LACK OF MORAL COURAGE

A Duologue by Mrs. Lynch

Illustrated by T. J. Overnell

(*Scene.*—Handsomely furnished library. A portly, well-to-do gentleman. His wife, a graceful, well-dressed woman, some years younger.)

HE: "It is extravagance! Confounded extravagance! What do you want with another gown? You had one a week ago. Wear that." (*He retires behind his morning paper with a grunt.*)

SHE: "That is an afternoon dress, and for the house. I cannot possibly wear it at a garden-party. It would be altogether out of place, and so would my tailor-made, and my other gowns are too old-fashioned. I don't want anything extravagant, just a flowery muslin. I could get one, with a fairly decent hat and parasol to match, for twelve pounds nineteen and elevenpence. And if you would give me an ostrich-feather stole for my birthday, I'd prefer it to a library carpet; it would cost only a quarter the money. You see, it is only six weeks till my birthday."

HE: "Hang twelve pounds nineteen and elevenpence! Why can't you say thirteen pounds? Anything more absurdly ridiculous I never heard."

SHE (*cheerfully*): "Well, dear, I'll stay at home."

HE (*indignantly*): "Now play the martyr, do."

SHE: "Oh no! It's no martyrdom not to go to a garden-party, I like a *matinee* or a concert far better. Only you said just now, when the invitation came, that it was to your interest that we should be seen about more. *I* don't care to go; I can manage a *matinee* for the price of the gloves I'd wear, and half a dozen for the money I'd have to waste on a silk petticoat that would probably be ruined trailing on the grass."

HE (*looking apoplectic*): "A silk petticoat to trail on the grass!"

SHE: "It *is* a pity, but everyone wears silk petticoats now."

HE: "So *you* must wear them because everyone does! Just like a woman! Women are all alike! A flock of sheep! If one trails her dirty skirts through the streets, they must all follow suit. It is a disgusting, extravagant habit!"

SHE: "Not extravagant; one saves in shoes and stockings. A long skirt hides shabby shoes, and cotton stockings do instead of silk."

HE (*witheringly*): "I was taught that a lady might be always known by her neat shoe-gear and gloves, not by her trailing skirts."

SHE: "So they say in 'Answers to Correspondents,' but one can make a skirt for a quarter the price of a good pair of French shoes. Boots and gloves happen to be just the two things a woman cannot make for herself out of remnants. Never be so unjust as to judge of a woman's refinement by her shoes, they only represent money or the want of it. She can't even mend them herself."

HE: "French boots! Idiotic things with toes going to a point like a needle; no wonder they soon want mending. And this is all beside the question. It's too much to expect logic or reason from a woman. Apart from needle-toed shoes, just look at the clothes you all wear, all alike, all dragging your gowns through the mud. Your ridiculous hats stuck on with great pins, always falling off if there is a breath of wind. What does a hat want with trimmings? The object of a hat is to protect one's head; what use is there in feathers, frills, and flowers stuck all over it? Then a feather stole. Why not wear a sensible linen collar? And as for the skirts—Ugh!"

SHE: "But I don't see much variety in men's clothes. They seem to me even more alike than women's. And, after all, it is to please men that we try to dress nicely—when we have the chance and money. If it were left to us alone we would not bother over our clothes—anything would do—and save time and money."

HE: "It's not the variety. Men's clothes are sensible, that's why they are alike. Don't tell me it's to please men you wear those absurd garments—it's to please yourselves. Take my word for it, men would be only too glad to see you quietly and sensibly dressed once for all, and not changing your dress four or five times a day. It's simply moral cowardice and fear of what people would say. Don't, if it's on men's account, martyr yourself by spending time and money dressing yourself in every conceivable absurdity. Every man worthy the name would give you his support and encouragement if you adopted one sensible dress. It's only vanity and want of moral courage that make all you women slaves to fashion and afraid to take a line of their own. When, since the days of Eve, did women ever show common-sense, determination, or pluck? They are all imitators—slavish imitators, I repeat—through want of moral courage."

(*She goes thoughtfully out of the room.*)

HE (*swelling triumphantly*): "Nothing like a little plain speaking and getting to the root of matters. See how she slips off, woman-like, when she knows there is no answer to my argument." (*Goes to the window.*) "Must be getting off myself now. Confounded windy day for a top hat, but with a frock-coat one can't wear anything else." (*Looking round.*) "Good heavens, what's that?" (*Stares at the door aghast, and speechless.*)

"GOOD HEAVENS, WHAT'S THAT?"

SHE (*entering dressed in loose bloomers, three-quarter length coat, with shirt-front and linen collar, boxcler hat with band removed, coming well down over forehead and neck*): "Dearest (*attempting to kiss him*), "I cannot resist your arguments. Your words inspired me. I see the folly of fashionable dressing and of women's martyring themselves weakly to please each other. I will show moral courage and take a line of my own. I will wear this costume all the time. But just at first I do feel the need of a little moral support, so as you are going out, dear, I'll go to town with you, as I know my husband is a man worthy of the name, and we'll have such a lot of money, and be as happy as two doves. Come, love, I'll get square toed shoes in town and worsted socks. You see this hat is a protection for the head only."

HE (*writes hastily on a slip of paper*): "Here, for Heaven's sake, is twenty pounds! I can't wait."

SHE: "I don't want money; I only want moral support and encouragement. I'm quite ready."

HE (*taking to flight*): "I was only jesting. Get something smart for the garden-party."

SHE (*following*): "No, no!"

(*He shuts the door.*)

SHE (*sotto voce*): "See how he slips off, manlike, when he sees there is no answer to my argument." (*Waves her cheque and performs a pas seul.*)

THE END

FOR GARDEN LOVERS

THEY call this drear November. Drear, indeed! Why! The only complaint that can reasonably be made against the month is that the days are too short for all the work that has to be done in the garden.

The apple trees have shed their autumn dress of green and gold, and are waiting for the *secateur* to relieve them of their superfluous branches. They have made such rampant growth with the late rains that the slender sprays must be removed, and where the larger branches interfere with the symmetry of the tree, or are so crowded that the sunshine cannot reach every individual inch, they ought to be cut out. The saw is the best tool to use to remove sturdy limbs, and a little damp clay is a gentle salve to the wounded stem afterwards if bound on with a length of raffia.

The Delicious Wineberry

The same treatment is good for wall fruit also. They all want a little attention, a new support here, a persuasive touch there, perhaps, to bring the main branches into correct line with each other. The top of the wall or fence should always be the limit for the upward growth of these trees. Suckers should be cut out at once; every day they are allowed to remain in takes from the value of the parent tree.

Pruning accomplished, the ground should be forked over gently, in, round, and about the bushes, and some litter from the stable spread liberally over the surface.

If any fruit trees have proved to be unhappy in the position chosen for them, now is a capital time to lift them into new places. In planting gooseberry and currant bushes and raspberry canes in rows, the ideal method is from south to north, then the kindly sun will ripen the fruit on all sides alike.

And arranging about raspberry canes may serve as a reminder to get a few plants of the delicious wineberry, for whose introduction we are indebted to the Japanese. Its little scarlet bunches of luscious fruit make it a most decorative plant for the archway, fence, shrubbery, or border, and for dessert it comes just in time to fill the gap left by its cousin, the raspberry.

Standard Currant Bushes

Any small space in the fruit garden may be filled in with a few cuttings of red currant. The last three years have witnessed such a demand for standards, the price for which is greatly in excess of ordinary bushes, that it is distinctly interesting to grow a few for ourselves. Three to four feet is the most profitable height for a standard currant; therefore, until the cuttings have attained that height, no side shoots should be allowed to develop. Any good soil will do for experimenting, and each cutting should be *firmly* planted in it, about four inches deep, and tied securely to a strong cane support.

Work in the kitchen garden cannot be complete until the asparagus beds are well raked and cleaned, and liberally dressed with rotted manure, or, better still, seaweed, laid on to the depth of six inches.

For the Lady of the Kitchen

In the frames the Cos lettuce will do better for a little extra protection against the frost, and the parsley border may receive a covering of clean straw; but lest the weather may become *too* severe, it is good to have a few strong roots of parsley transplanted into pots and placed in the kitchen window. There they will produce fresh leaves all the winter, a source of gratification to the cook.

And onions, those indispensable bulbs of the culinary department, will need removing from their perches in the outside shed, and transferring to the roof of the kitchen or warm cellar. Suspended in potato-nets they keep in splendid condition.

Rhubarb, to be ready very early in the year, should be lifted now to the surface of the soil, and allowed to remain exposed until chilled by the frost; then, if a few roots are placed in rich soil under empty sugar barrels in the greenhouse, large sticks, of perfect flavour and colour, will be ready just after Christmas. Very weak manure water is the best moisture for them.

Having seen to the needs of the more utilitarian portion of the garden, the rose border will be found to want a thorough forking over, and all the dead wood cut away from the bushes before cow manure is applied, in liberal quantities, as a top dressing.

The New Japanese Roses

If new bushes are required, space should be found for some of the Japanese roses, known as *Rosa rugosa*. They have the handsomest foliage of any rose, huge single blossoms, and dazzling scarlet berries in the autumn, like small apples. They are quite hardy, and flourish under the same treatment as our own sturdy cabbage roses.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE

With all that Concerns its Health and Comfort

When to Buy a Cottage

THE fashion of having week-end cottages in the country to which to retire from Saturday to Monday is growing amongst townspeople; but the difficulty of finding one suitable is often insuperable, because a man possessed of an idea of securing one does not begin his search till the sun reminds him that warm weather is to be expected in the near future. Then rivalry occurs, for at that time others are actively engaged in a like pursuit. The season to look out for a country cottage is the autumn, when there are lots for sale and hire, and few seeking them. A certain amount of pluck is required to pass the summer in a veritable country cottage, for there are disadvantages attached to such a residence which tell heavily on some natures; in such cases one season's experience generally suffices, and the cottage so eagerly sought in the spring is for sale at a sacrifice in the autumn. Probably, the old place is in far better condition than when first purchased by the aspiring "week-ender," owing to small improvements effected, so that the reader purchasing in the second instance secures a satisfactory bargain.

Thatched Roofs

THERE are those who still prefer a thatched roof for a country residence of small size, and it is doubtful if any other material provides so picturesque a covering if the thatching has been neatly done. One would imagine that thatch beneath a chimney a few feet high (the latter often engaged in vomiting sparks) is in great danger of being fired, but it is rare for such a thing to occur. A plain thatched roof is not a pretty object, but if it consists of a combination of gables, no covering is so much admired or so thoroughly in keeping with rustic surroundings. There are other advantages possessed by a thatched roof which belong to no other, these being coolness in summer and warmth during winter, both of which are eminently desirable. Thatching is a somewhat expensive way of covering a roof, not because of the initial cost, but for the reason that it generally requires to be repaired every five years and renewed every fifteen. However, this is not always the case if starlings, sparrows, and other birds can be kept from interfering with it. One serious drawback to a thatched roof is that the water collected therefrom is nearly always very much discoloured, and therefore unfit for filtering for drinking or for washing purposes. Still, this need not be studied in a district possessing an abundant natural water supply. In the worst cases, water from a thatched roof is excellent for the garden and greenhouses.

Reed and Heather Roofs

WHEN one sees a roof being thatched in these times, the material used is generally ordinary wheat straw. This lends itself to a neat finish and appearance, but is not sufficiently wear-resisting. In the old days, when corn was all reaped by hand, a stubble quite eighteen inches high was left on the field; this was cut with scythes later on and furnished very satisfactory material for thatching, because it consisted of that portion of the straw nearest to the ground, and consequently the thickest and toughest, the more slender part having been taken away with the ear of corn in the sheaf. Down in the Fens reeds are utilised for roofing, and a thatch of these is almost as durable as tiles; probably reeds are the best material, because they wear so well and cannot be drawn out by birds. The prettiest of all thatch is cut heather, and this, too, wears well. A heather roof always looks nice, because it may be clipped into shape and packed closely together. It is unfortunate that heather and reeds should be available only in certain districts, because the person aspiring to a rustic residence where they cannot be obtained is compelled to fall back on a less lasting material. A thatching of straw may be made to endure much longer if the ends are protected with small-meshed wire netting, so that birds cannot bore holes in the roof wherein to nest, and care be taken to carry the chimney high above it, that sparks may escape.

A Fast Growing Hedge

WHEN a quick-growing fence is required to hide an unsightly object, or as a screen against inquisitive neighbours, there is nothing to equal the newly introduced Myrobella. Perhaps it is wrong to say "newly introduced," for it has been obtainable in England for several years, but has not yet become generally known. The Myrobella is really a plum, producing a fruit somewhat similar to a cherry, but it seldom fruits in this country. The most remarkable thing about this shrub is its vigorous growth, and its amenity to the clipping every hedge must undergo if it is to be kept in shape and within bounds. In three years a hedge five feet high may be grown from Myrobella, and it will progress ten feet and still retain its density. However, the slower a hedge is formed the better for future perfection, and the harder the Myrobella is cut back the more cheerfully does it respond by throwing out crowds of sprays. Plants when received from the nursery are about as thick as a cedar pencil, and the first year should be cut to the ground as soon as growth commences. Every month during the first year they must be trimmed back, and the final result will be a fence through which a pig cannot creep, which will be covered with pretty light green foliage, two-thirds of the year—whatever the weather may be. Even when the leaves have fallen it is difficult to see through a Myrobella hedge, so dense does it become if regularly clipped.

Cold Storage

THE ordinary householder never seems to have grasped quite the full advantage of the cold storage system, and certainly seldom avails himself of it. Cold stores, where perishable goods of all descriptions may be kept absolutely fresh till required for consumption, are now within fairly easy reach of every part of England, and the charges for storing are very small. It is with reference to game that cold stores ought to be of great value even to the middle-class householder. Game preservation has become so popular amongst the wealthier classes that pheasants, partridges and grouse are now seen even upon the table of the well-to-do artisan, and game has grown to be regarded in season as a regular rather than an occasional article of diet. Now, the practice of driving game to the guns has led to large quantities being killed in a day and sent to the market at one time, with the consequence that prices fall to half what they are when game is more scarce. Would it not be remunerative for even the small householder to take advantage of a glut and cheapness and buy a few extra brace of birds and store them at little expense for use when the prices again rule high and game is beyond the reach of his purse? Such a transaction might be regarded as a fair investment, and ought to be tried by those who are not compelled to live strictly from hand to mouth. As it is, the dealer is the only person who cold-stores, and thus he often obtains, when selling, double the price he originally paid.

How to Cure Mange

NO matter how carefully a pet or other dog is tended, fed, washed, and kept from associating with unkempt mongrels, it is liable to contract mange; and a more loathsome disease for a dog to have can hardly be imagined, for, while it is suffering, it cannot be admitted to the presence of its owner and caressed in the old way. Mange is first detected by redness of the skin of the hairless parts where the limbs join the body, and by the continual desire of the animal to allay irritation by scratching itself. If the complaint can be taken in hand at this stage, it is not difficult to cure; but, if hair begins to come off in patches and sores to appear on the bare places, its eradication will occupy some weeks, and the dog be rendered very unsightly in the meantime. Mange is due to the presence of a minute insect which burrows beneath the skin, and an afflicted dog leaves these on everything against which it rubs, to the manifest danger of other dogs. The first thing to do is to thoroughly bathe the animal discovered to have mange, and, after it has dried, apply the following dressing to every portion of its body, especially the joints of the limbs, in the ears, and between the legs: Mix a gill of paraffin with a pint of sweet-oil, then stir in sufficient flour of sulphur to render it slightly less thick than cream; afterwards add an ounce of black sulphur. Allow the dressing to remain on the dog till the third day, when it may be removed by washing. A second application is rarely necessary, although in a case of follicular mange—a very virulent form—even a third and fourth may be required. However, this kind of mange is rarely seen, and in persistent cases a veterinary surgeon had better be called in. Give the dog clean straw to lie on after the dressing has been applied, and be careful to burn the old bedding. Allow the dog to occupy the kennel it has always used, as the dressing rubbed off its body will assist in disinfecting its habitation. Any of the dressing licked off by the animal will exercise beneficial medicinal effect.

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

New Games and Puzzles

By Henry E. Dudeney

Nine Men's Morris

IT is remarkable how this ancient and fascinating little game has dropped out of remembrance. Some years ago I was benighted, during a severe storm, with a friend at a little inn in South Devon. There were no cards, chessmen, dominoes, books, or pianoforte in the house, but a recollection of the game of Nine Men's Morris enabled us to pass an otherwise dull evening in a most agreeable manner.

This is one of the oldest recreations in the history of the world, and is referred to by Shakespeare in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Act II., sc. 2)—"The Nine Men's Morris is filled up with mud." The shepherd boys used to play it on the village green.

It was found on an old Roman tile at Silchester, and cut upon the steps of the Acropolis at Athens. It has been discovered scratched upon the choir stalls of several of our English cathedrals, upon a stone built into the wall (probably in the 12th century) of Hargrave Church; on an ancient tombstone in the Isle of Man; and painted on old Dutch tiles.

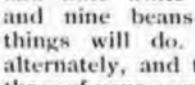
When visiting at Christiania the great Viking ship, discovered at Gokstad in 1880, I was interested to learn that a diagram of the game was found on the venerable craft. Two years ago it was dug up in an ancient gravel pit at Oswestry.

This is the simplest possible game to learn, and all the materials you require are a rough diagram like the above, drawn on a sheet of paper or cardboard of convenient size, and nine red and nine white counters, or nine stones and nine beans—two sets of any such things will do. The two players play alternately, and the object is simply to get three of your own men on a line, which gives you the right to take off any one of your opponent's men, after which the game proceeds as before. After each player has *placed* his ninth man, they then alternately *move* one man at a time along a line to the next point, with the same object as before. The player who succeeds in removing from the board all his opponent's men wins the game. If at any stage a player should be unable to move, the game is drawn. While the merest child can immediately learn Nine Men's Morris, and play it with interest, the play is deep enough to attract those who like something to exercise their brains. Try it once, and you will never forget it, but may find the game at some future time most useful for passing away an otherwise tiresome hour or two.

The Telegram Game

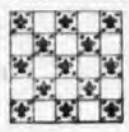
A lot of amusement at the fireside may be derived from this little competitive game. Everybody is given a sheet of notepaper. Then eight letters are announced which are to form the initials of as many words in a telegram, the subject being stated. The best-worded telegram, according to the votes of the company (no competitor voting in his own favour), wins the prize. Suppose, for example, the letters were C, I, O, R, E, W, A, H, and the subject a message to say that the motor-car has upset into a ditch, but nobody was injured. One message might be, "Capsized in Oxford Road. Excellent weather and health"; another, "Caught in old rut. Everything wrecked. All hearty"; another, "Chucked instantly off road. Everybody whole at hotel"; another, "Car inverted on roadside. Everybody well and happy." It is probable that the last message would win the prize. Of course the initial letters must be kept in their proper order, as given.

The Bent Visiting-Card



Here is a queer and exasperating little trick for those who are not scant of breath. Fold the ends of an ordinary visiting-card and place it on the table, as shown in the illustration. Now ask your friends to blow it over, that is, to turn it over by blowing at it. It looks easy enough at first sight, but it will soon be found to be exceedingly difficult. In fact, it is a seeming impossibility. Yet it can be done if you are sufficiently clever. You must blow sharply, and not too hard, on the table about an inch from the card. Nevertheless, very few succeed, even when they know the trick.

The Fleurs-de-Lys Puzzle



A lady had a large square of brocade of the pattern shown in the illustration. She wished to cut it, by cuts along the lines dividing the little squares, into four pieces, to form two square cushions of different sizes, two pieces in each cushion. She said that, of course, the pattern must "match" properly, and that no fleur-de-lys may be turned upside-down or sideways. How was she to cut up the brocade so as to effect her purpose? It is quite an easy little puzzle, and every lady who is interested in fancy needlework, and always anxious to make the best use of a piece of rich material, should be able to do it. All the brocade is to be used.

Fiction Building

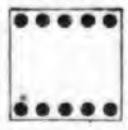
This is a little game that I concocted last winter at the fireside. It is much more comical than might at first sight appear, and generally results in shrieks of laughter. It arose out of the well-known pastime of "Reminders." There should be five or six persons in the circle. The first says a word—"cat"; the next, perhaps, says, "Cat reminds me of Mouse"; the next says, "Cat reminds me of Mouse, and Mouse reminds me of Cheese"; the next person says, "Cat reminds me of Mouse, Mouse reminds me of Cheese, and Cheese reminds me of Grocer?' This continues twice or three times round, until you get, we will say, the words in this order: "Cat, Mouse, Cheese, Grocer, Snop, Trade, Shipping, Navy, Japan, Mikado, Opera, Music, Italian, Ice-cream"—all linked together in an obvious way.

Now we make a fresh start. The person who began with "Cat" starts a sentence bringing in his words thus: "Mr. Timothy Biffkins had a valuable Persian Cat." The next person begins over again, and continues with his own word in this manner: "Mr. Timothy Biffkins had a valuable Persian Cat, which unhappily choked itself in trying to swallow a prodigious Mouse." The story rapidly grows in length until we get an absurd narration of this kind: "that had come to obtain a dainty meal from a Gorgonzola Cheese—belonging to the provision department of Mr. Jukes, the Grocer—whose shop was one of the largest in Basingstoke—in consequence of his valuable connections in the Shipping trade—his eldest son having attained to a high position in the Navy—owing to the influence of a lady in Japan—who was cousin to the Mikado's High Chief Billiard-marker—renowned for his performances in Comic Opera—in which he found a knowledge of Music quite unnecessary—beyond that needful to the profession of an Italian Organ-grinder—whose main article of diet appears to be Ice-cream." The desperate efforts of each person in turn to remember the exact words that went before is exceedingly comical. Players must string the story into one long sentence without any break, and remember that everybody must begin each time from the very beginning, just as in the case of reciting "The House that Jack Built."

The Deceased Statesman

I wonder how many of my readers can indicate with two letters of the alphabet the familiar nickname of a certain departed English statesman, and with one letter indicate the political party to which he belonged?

The Ten Coins



Take a square sheet of paper and lay along the two opposite edges, and well into the corners, ten coins, as shown in the diagram. Then ask the company to remove four of the coins (any four they like) and so replace them that the ten shall form five straight rows with four coins in every row. Remember, only four coins may be moved, the others remaining exactly where they were originally placed. The smaller the coins or counters the better, as they must, of course, be in line through their centres, and no coin may be placed on the top of another. There are exactly 2,400 different ways of doing the puzzle. Can you find one of them?

[*The answers to the above puzzles will appear in our next issue.*]

The History of Bridge

By Ernest Bergholt

I WELL remember the first day I heard mention of the new game. An old whist player (member of the Baldwin Club, which was founded specifically for whist players, but which, alas! has now renounced its allegiance) mentioned that he "did not go much to the Portland now, as they were devoting themselves so much to bridge there."

"Bridge?" I asked. "What is that?"

"It's a new kind of gambling whist."

The epithet clung for some years, and is still occasionally revived by those not familiar with the real facts. In truth, however, there is much less gambling at bridge than there was at whist. What gave rise to the false idea was that, at bridge, points are reckoned in hundreds, and that there is a purely theoretical possibility of the stake being doubled and redoubled indefinitely. The former objection is simply one of nomenclature. The value of a point at whist being at least thirty times as much as at bridge, those who played for half-crowns at the one game must play for pennies at the other. Threepenny whist (beloved of old in the domestic circle) is thus about equivalent to bridge at a shilling a hundred. As to the other contention, a very superficial acquaintance with fundamental principles soon teaches that doubling to advantage is rare—redoubling rarer still.

The name "bridge" is a corruption of the Russian "biritch," but the etymology of the latter name is, as Jeames Yellowplush would say, "rop in mistry." Certain it is, however, that from Russia the game eventually spread to Constantinople, Paris, America, and London.

The story goes that, in 1894, Lord Brougham, then recently returned from a trip to France, sat down at the Portland for a rubber at what was then the national English card game, Being dealer, he placed the fifty-second card *face downwards* on his own packet, meeting the outcry aroused by this solecism with the remark: "Oh, I thought I was playing bridge!"

The curiosity thus provoked could only be satisfied by explanations and a practical demonstration; the game, once tried, grew rapidly in favour, and in a short time, owing to its intrinsic merits, succeeded in ousting whist from nearly all the card-rooms of the metropolis.

At first, bridge was almost entirely confined to the coteries of smart society. About two years ago it began to spread extensively among the middle classes. Suburbia is glad of it; over Maida Vale and Lower Norwood it hath cast its spell. I now hear that it has penetrated into remote agricultural districts, where even small farmers have begun to revel in the joys and sorrows of the speculative no-trumper.

That bridge scandals have arisen from time to time it is impossible to deny. The stories of ruinous losses, of the pledging of family jewels, of deliberate cheating, of one *scandalum magnum* which went near to trespass on the precincts of the highest circles, may be mostly dismissed as sensational exaggerations. Nevertheless, the mechanism of the game is certainly such as to lend itself to unfair practices. It is well to know your company. Yet are not poker and nap equally dangerous pastimes, not to be lightly indulged in with strangers on Atlantic liners or in Newmarket special trains? A more real danger is that young people in society and subalterns in expensive regiments may easily be led away into playing with their elders for stakes far beyond their own modest incomes. We have been told of unscrupulous hostesses who make a lucrative business out of the guilelessness of ingenuous girls to whom sixpenny points sound cheap. But are the young girls always so guileless?

The reign of bridge has been characterised by several features totally unknown in the days of whist. First, the eagerness with which ladies have taken it up.

Secondly, the supply (in obedience to the laws of demand), of a class of professional teachers of the game. Eighteen months ago the classes of myself and my wife in Bond Street attracted much attention. At the present moment, the business of teaching bridge has got largely into the hands of the "half-a-crown per lesson" professors; but of this kind of thing I have had no personal experience.

Thirdly, the surprisingly rapid spread of bridge journalism since its rise, at my suggestion, in 1900.

OUR COMPETITION

"Words are the motes of thought and nothing more. Words are like sea-shells on the shore: they show where the mind ends."—BAILEY'S "FESTUS"

COMPETITIONS are always interesting. Sometimes, but rarely, they are instructive. The competition outlined below we believe to be both interesting and instructive. Our readers will find this competition a means of spending pleasant half-hours, and at the same time their knowledge of their own language will be very considerably improved.

The number of words used by the ordinary person in everyday converse does not, it has been estimated, exceed a few hundreds in number. This, of course, depends very largely upon individual education and culture. Whilst the utmost simplicity in language will always be aimed at by the refined, a knowledge of a great number of words not usually heard in ordinary conversation is required by those desirous of appreciating the works of the world's great writers.

What you have to do

Below are printed the skeletons, so to speak, of a number of words in the English language. What competitors have to do is to fill in the letters which have been omitted by us, and which are represented by stars. Thus M * * I F * * D represents the word "Manifold."

Competitors may seek the assistance of members of their own family or friends in endeavouring to fill in the omitted letters.

This competition will run through several numbers of THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE. That is to say, the list printed below will not be the only set of words that competitors will be required to complete. In our December issue the second list of words will be printed, and so on. Accordingly, competitors should keep their lists month by month until the competition closes, when an address to which they should be sent will be given in THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE.

Full directions for sending in the lists will be inserted in the issue of THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE which contains the last list of words to be solved. Meanwhile, any competitor who sends in lists one at a time, or in any other way than that announced in THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE, will be only giving himself trouble for nothing. Later on we will tell exactly how, when, and where to send your lists.

Read this very carefully

It will not be necessary, in order to win the prizes, that the competitors should have filled in all the letters correctly. The prizes will be given to those who fill in accurately the largest number of the letters. Thus it may happen that no competitor will fill in all the letters accurately. At the same time, one or two may do so. In any case, the prizes will be given to those who fill in accurately the LARGEST NUMBER of the letters omitted.

Should two or more competitors tie—that is to say, fill in an equal number of the letters—the prizes will be divided. If two persons fill in all the letters correctly, then the first and second prizes will be put together and divided equally between them. Similarly, if two persons tie for second place, then the second and third prizes will be put together and divided equally between them. This method of allocating the prizes will be followed should more than two persons tie for any place. In any case, the total amount distributed in prizes will not exceed the **£750** announced above.

No person on the staff of THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE, or any member of his or her family, will be allowed to compete.

The Editors of THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE will not be responsible for any loss or delay in transmission or delivery of the lists by post, nor for any accidental loss of a list after delivery at the offices of THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE.

Should any person claim to have won a prize, or a better prize than that which is awarded to him, or in any other disputed matter, his or her claim will be adjudged by the Editors, whose decision shall be final.

In the issue containing the last list to be filled in, a form will be printed whereby each competitor agrees to accept as final the decision of the Editors of THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE in any case of dispute, and no list will be considered unless accompanied by this form signed by the competitor.

In the extremely improbable event of its being found possible to form two or more words from any single set of letters, without changing their order, either solution will be accepted as correct and credited accordingly in awarding the prizes.

THE PRIZES

The prizes offered by THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE for the solution of the words will, we venture to think, be regarded as generous.

The **First Prize** will be **£500** in money.

The **Second Prize** will be **£100** in money.

The **Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth,** and **Seventh Prizes** will be sums of **£20** each in money.

In addition to these prizes, a sovereign each will be given to the fifty competitors who follow in order of merit after the winners of the first seven money prizes announced above.

FIRST LIST

Competitors must fill in the completed words on the lines provided for that purpose

M * * I F * * D.....

P * S S I * L E.....

L * T * R * R Y.....

L * T * R * Y.....

M * G * Z * N E.....

H * * S E H * * D.....

Name of Competitor.....

"WORLD AND HIS WIFE" DIARY

· NOVEMBER ·

S	· ·	6	13	20	27
M	· ·	7	14	21	28
T	1	8	15	22	29
W	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	· ·
F	4	11	18	25	· ·
S	5	12	19	26	· ·

1	Tu.	**All Saints' Day.** Election of Borough Councillors—Stock Exchange holiday—Salmon fishing ends—Dividends due: New Zealand 4 p.c. consols, Metropolitan 3 p.c., Nottingham 3 p.c., Egyptian Unif. 4 p.c., Transvaal Govt. 4 p.c.
2	Wed.	**All Souls' Day.** Inns of Court law term begins—Foxhunting commences.
3	Th.	**St. Winifrede.** Emperor of Japan born, 1852.
4	Fri.	
5	Sat.	Gunpowder Plot—Welsh Senior Cup (football), 1st round.
6	**Sun.**	*23rd Sunday after Trinity*, **St. Leonard.**
7	Mon.	New Moon.
8	Tu.	Jewish Feast of the New Moon begins.
9	Wed.	King's Birthday—Lord Mayor's Day—Mayors and Aldermen elected and Sheriffs appointed.
10	Th.	Duke of Fife born, 1849.
11	Fri.	**St. Martin** (Martinmas). Half-Quarter day—Scottish Quarter-Day—High Sheriffs nominated—King of Italy born, 1869.
12	Sat.	
13	**Sun.**	*24th Sunday after Trinity*, **St. Britius.**
14	Mon.	
15	Tu.	**St. Machutus.** Solicitors', notaries', proctors' and sworn clerks' certificates expire—*London Magazine* (November issue) published.
16	Wed.	
17	Th.	**St. Hugh.**
18	Fri.	
19	Sat.	
20	**Sun.**	*25th Sunday after Trinity*, **St. Edmund the King.**
21	Mon.	**Presentation of the B.V.M.**
22	Tu.	**St. Cecilia.** Last day of entry for London Matriculation (Jan. exam.).
23	Wed.	**St. Clement.** Full moon.
24	Th.	
25	Fri.	**St. Catherine.** Inns of Court law term ends.
26	Sat.	**St. Sylvester.** Princess Charles of Denmark born, 1869—Marriages in R. C. churches cannot be celebrated between this date and Jan. 7th following.
27	**Sun.**	*1st Sunday in Advent.*
28	Mon.	
29	Tu.	
30	Wed.	**St. Andrew.** *Connoisseur* (December issue) published.

NOW IN SEASON

POULTRY AND GAME—Blackcock, Wild Duck, Wild Geese, Hares, Grouse, Landrails, Leverets, Partridges, Pheasants, Pintail, Plovers, Snipe, Teal, Widgeons, Woodcock, Larks, Turkeys, Pigeons, Rabbits.

FISH—Barbel, Carp, Cod, Crayfish, Eels, Flounders, Halibut, Herrings, John Dories, Mackerel, Mussels, Oysters, Perch, Pike, Plaice, Skate, Sprats, Sturgeon, Tench, Whiting, Haddock, Ling, Escallops, Smelts, Soles.

VEGETABLES—Artichokes (Jerusalem), Broccoli Sprouts, Brussels Sprouts, Celeriac, Celery, Endive, Indian Corn, Parsnips, Savoys, Spinach, Tomatoes, Turnips, Carrots, Beetroot, Cabbage, Potatoes, Scotch Kale, Shallots, Chicory.

FRUIT—Apples, Cobnuts, Grapes, Water Melons, Oranges, Pears, Pines (St. Michael's), Plums, Tangerine Oranges, Walnuts, Chestnuts, Bananas, Cranberries, Figs.

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EDWARD VII.

is the most fascinating and most powerful figure in the universe to-day. The personality of the King pervades the world in a most wonderful way. There are monarchs who wield greater sovereignty than King Edward; there are men of science, men of scholarship, and men of action, whose fame is in the mouth of all the world, and yet how shall we explain it? Edward VII. is, beyond all, the most conspicuous, the most illustrious, and the most popular figure throughout the zones of the globe. He appeals irresistibly, as no other monarch and no other man appeals, to the interests and affections of mankind. And this is not because of the richness of his purple, or the heaviness of his sceptre, but because there is some subtle power of sympathy, some magnetic force of genuine attraction in the personality, the character, and the soul of the King.

Such is the keynote of a very remarkable character study of Edward VII., which has been written in his most vivid style by Mr. Harold Begbie for the forthcoming Christmas Number of the "London Magazine." This remarkable article, which will be the leading feature of the number, will trace, from its start, the eventful career of H.M. the King, and will dissect and analyse, with a thoroughness that has never been attempted before, the soul and personality of King Edward VII. It will be embellished with a unique series of photographs, taken at various periods in the King's life.

The Christmas Number of the "London Magazine" will, in more ways than one, be a "Kingly" number. Its cover will be adorned with a life-like portrait of King Edward VII., especially painted by A. Michael and printed in colours.

But it must not be supposed that the King monopolises this great number. Seasonable fiction by the best writers of to-day naturally occupies a prominent place, and all the stories are beautifully illustrated. Among the many attractive articles worth citing is an interesting description of "The Finest Dinner I have Ever Eaten," by Lt.-Col. Newnham-Davis, recognised as the greatest gastronomic authority, describing thirty years' dining experiences in all parts of the world. "A 500-Mile Funeral March" is a true narative of a terrible tramp across the snows of Labrador with the dead body of a comrade, pictured by telling photographs. "What to Dance at Christmas" describes the newest dances of the present season, and is illustrated by beautiful photographs, for which Miss Camille Clifford—the "Gibson Girl" of the Shaftesbury Theatre—has specially posed. "Have we Lived on Earth Before?" is a symposium on the fascinating subject of Re-incarnation, contributed to by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, author of "Man's Place in the Universe;" Rider Haggard, W. T. Stead, Dr. Clifford, and others. "The Free Churches and the Masses" is an article dealing with the Social problems of the day by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., President of the Free Church Council. "Great Puzzle Crazes" is an interesting subject well handled by Henry E. Dudeney; and "Russia's School for Statesmen" is filled with inside information obtained at the Court of the Czar by Mr. John Hulme. An illustrated version of that ever-popular old song "The Mistletoe Bough" finds a place also in this number; but we think enough has been said to prove that 6d. spent on the Christmas "London Magazine" will be a sound investment. It will be out on November 15th, and it might be well if you placed your order with your newsagent this very day.

THE SERIOUS SIDE OF THINGS

"Life is very like a play: we either sit in the gallery and sigh for the stalls, or we sit in the stalls and ponder on the vanity thereof."—A. Furness

DO you remember that essay of Leigh Hunt's on "Windows"? "The other day a butterfly came into my room," he says, "and began beating himself against the upper panes of a window half open, thinking to get back. There was he—beating, fluttering, flouncing—wondering that he could not get through so clear a matter, and tearing his silken little soul out with ineffectual energy."

Ah, well! And isn't there many a one of us who is doing the very same thing—beating our wings against the windows of our daily life, hating our daily tasks, and hurting, not only ourselves, like the poor little butterfly, but other people too?

"Discontent is the great fault of the day," somebody wrote in a daily paper recently. "The proportion of people who are really honestly satisfied with and happy in their life work is very small, and the reason, in a large proportion of cases, is not far to seek; they don't like it—or fancy they don't, and so don't take any interest in it."

Isn't that perfectly true? You say to yourself, perhaps: "If only I could travel—be always meeting clever people—order down all the new books from Bumpus's, as the Graybrookes do, instead of staying here year after year, where there's nobody worth knowing, and nobody worth seeing, and nothing worth doing! I hate it all—the work, and the people, and everything!"

You're not taking interest in things, my dear—that's the trouble. What you need to develop is the faculty of interest. Without that "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them" would mean nothing to you after the first few months. The novelty would soon wear off, and you'd be just as bored as you are now.

Does it never occur to you that by going on year after year in that discontented and unhappy way, taking no interest in anybody or anything, you may be gradually losing the power to interest yourself in things?

Did you ever hear of any good resulting from laying up a talent in a napkin?

Suppose that some day the desire of your heart comes to you, and you have money and opportunities for doing all those things that now seem to you so desirable. How tragic then to find that you've lost the power to interest yourself in them; that your mind has become so accustomed to take no interest in anything that it's incapable of exertion.

Suppose you wore your arm for years in a sling, and then suddenly needed to use it. You couldn't; it would have lost its power. It's exactly the same with one's mind. You must exercise it by taking an interest in the little things you do and the little people you meet now—to-day—if you want it to be in good working order when there comes a chance of taking an interest in bigger things. "Happiness is a thing to be practised, like the violin"; so is interest.

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained.

Hazlitt relates in one of his essays how he went on foot from one great man's house to another's in search of works of art. And how he triumphed over these noble and wealthy owners, because he was more capable of enjoying their costly possessions than they were. While the owners had been working to be able to buy the pictures, he had been working to be able to enjoy them.

Interest doesn't come *because* one has plenty of money to spend, though many people make the mistake of thinking it does. You may meet many a village carpenter or gardener, with little enough of this world's goods, working for his living at some apparently quite monotonous work, and yet taking such a keen interest in it that the doing of it is a continual source of pleasure to him, and gives him more real satisfaction and happiness than many a millionaire gets out of his millions. No matter what his life was, he would take an interest in it. Interest—that's a thing you must have if you are to do your best and be your best.

If you aren't interested in your work you may be quite certain that you won't do it well; the thing's impossible. If you aren't interested in people you will never see the best side of them. And everyone, even the dullest of us, has some side worth cultivating.

And don't forget that the work you are doing is your life work, to be "done according to your ability"; the life you are living is your one opportunity to show what stuff you are made of, to prove what good work you can do, and what a good thing you can make of life, even if the materials provided are poor. If we remembered that, we should have no time to grow discontented, no time vainly to beat our wings and air our grievances; our thoughts would be too full of plans for doing more for, and being more to others, trying to show how much ability we possess instead of how little.

What poor creatures we must be if the ability to hate our life is the only talent we can show!

The common problem—yours, mine, everyone's
Is not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be; but finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means—a very different thing.

To make the best of the opportunities we have, not to waste our time fancying how much happier we should be if things were different; that is our task, for the art of being happy is the art of discovering the depths that lie in the daily, common things.

And no work is so unimportant that it doesn't matter whether it is done well or ill.

The newspaper boy left you the wrong paper this morning. He was thinking of something else and taking no interest in his work. The grocer sent salt instead of sugar yesterday, and Mary forgot the carving-knife when she was laying the table for luncheon; little things all of them, but you were annoyed. You don't like other people to lose interest in their work, whatever you may do.

And it is only when you are interested in it that you find out how much you can make of commonplace, everyday life; as far as that goes, to most of us life is a commonplace affair.

There's a wonderful satisfaction in feeling that the work you have done is well done. There's fascination in trying to think out ways and means by which you can give those around you a better and happier time; there is thankful content in the knowledge that you really *are* trying, even in only a humble way to follow in the steps of the Master, who "went about doing good."

"Life is not what we find it, but what we make it," and if to each of us is given "according to his ability," may it not be that the reason that a life we do not like is still our lot is that we have wasted so much time in hating it that we have never found opportunity to learn the lessons it was sent to teach us?

After all, life is very like a school. One lesson this year, and when that is learnt the next. We are not ripe for promotion if we are just at the same discontented, grumbling stage that we were at last year. Under these circumstances can we wonder that promotion does not come to us?

Let there be no more grumbling, no more vain beating of wings. Instead, just a hearty endeavour to make the best of things as they are, and be ready for better things when they come. For many of us life seems such a dull, gloomy round that we need an Elisha to pray for us, "Lord, open their eyes, that they may see." There is sleeping beauty, sleeping interest, all around us. Here, where we are, is none other than the house of God; here is the gate of heaven.

JUDGE NOT

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal, fiery foe
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

The fall thou darest to despise—
Maybe the slackened angel's hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain,
The love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days.

A. A. PROCTER.

GOD knows best what cross we need to bear. We do not know how heavy other people's crosses are.—J. R. MILLER.

WHICHEVER way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.
—C. A. MASON.

THERE is no calm like that when storm is done;
There is no pleasure keen as pain's release;
There is no joy that lies so deep as peace,
No peace so deep as that by struggle won.
—HELEN CONE.

LET us do well until our neighbours see our characters rather than our faces; and then, though born without beauty, we shall die handsome.—H. WARD BEECHER.

MORE persons fail in doing the little things—the common, prosaic things of everyday life—than in doing the greater and more prominent things.—J. R. MILLER.

A FEW more smiles of silent sympathy, a few more tender words, a little more restraint in temper, may make all the difference between happiness and half-happiness to those I live with.—STOPFORD BROOKE.

A MAN'S health is as divine a gift as his faith. It is a sacred trust which it is sinful to abuse or neglect.—R. N. YOUNG.

EARTH is quite as needful to us as heaven. We need the work of the world—its difficulties, its temptations, its discipline.—MARK GUY PEARSE.

How shall we judge their present, we who
have never seen
That which is past for ever, and that which
might have been?
Measuring by ourselves, unwise indeed are
we!
Measuring what we know by what we can
hardly see.
F. R. HAVERGAL

EDITORIAL

THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE has been announced in every part of the United Kingdom. By means of artistic posters on the hoardings, and by reserving, at a colossal expense, special positions in the leading newspapers and periodicals, we have endeavoured to herald the approach of THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE so that everyone in the United Kingdom should know about it.

But doubtless there are still many who have not heard of THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE, and it is "right here"—as an American would say—that the help of its readers may be of so much value and importance to a new magazine. Every household into which a copy of THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE enters may be described as a kind of centre for the magazine in that neighbourhood. First every member of the household becomes interested in the magazine. Then friends visiting the house are shown the new publication, and they in turn become subscribers, and so on.

Secrets of Success

The success of a new magazine depends upon several things. First and foremost, upon the merits of the magazine itself. Secondly, upon the assiduity of those responsible for its appearance in bringing it under the notice of the great reading public of the United Kingdom and the Colonies. We have spent very many thousands of pounds in advertising the first number of THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE, but we rely more upon the kindly words of our readers than upon any amount of costly advertisement in the newspapers or upon hoardings. When one has found a good thing it is natural to invite one's friends to participate in it. If, then, you honestly think—as we hope you do—that THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE is the kind of magazine that you have been looking for, you will do both your personal friends and ourselves, whom we hope you will kindly regard as friends, a good turn by making mention of the new magazine.

New readers are frequently secured by posting copies, after they have been read, to friends in other parts of the United Kingdom or in the Colonies. Has it ever occurred to you how eagerly friends or relatives in our Colonies welcome newspapers and magazines from the Old Country? Whether in India, Australia, Canada, or our new colonies in South Africa—wherever the British flag flies and the love of England is warm in the hearts of the people—news from the Motherland is eagerly awaited and highly appreciated. THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE will possess a strong interest for those who have left our shores to support the flag and extend British influence in the King's dominions beyond the seas.

On page 62 will be found full particulars of postal rates for THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE, and we hope that this newest of British magazines will come as a breath from the Old Country to many a dweller in lands afar off.

What's in a Name?

What do you think of the name of the new magazine? The selection of the name of a publication that endeavours to appeal to all classes, both sexes, and all ages is a matter whose difficulty has been experienced by those responsible for the appearance of THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE. The name of such a magazine must express the wideness of the sphere it endeavours to fill. Mr. Clement Shorter, Editor of the *Sphere*, in his notes in that journal recently, referred to the "singularly happy title, THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE." When an editor of the eminence of Mr. Shorter thus refers to our title, it will not, we hope, be presumptuous to conclude that we have succeeded in what all editors and authors will agree is the difficult task of selecting a novel, striking, and fitting title.

Doubtless every reader of these notes has used the expression "the world and his wife" at some time or another, when desirous of expressing everybody and, perhaps, everything. How many of those who so constantly make use of this everyday expression, know who first uttered it, and when? "The World and his wife," or, "All the World and his wife," was first used by Dean Swift in a letter to the famous Stella, in which he described, in this brief, sweeping expression, those who were present at an entertainment he had recently attended.

Suggestions Invited

Can you think of any other title that would have done as well or better for this magazine? We invited suggestions from a few of our friends, but received none that seemed quite as appropriate as THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE. Now we invite the wider circle of our readers to give us the benefit of their suggestions. Suppose you were planning such a magazine as this, what would you call it? Kindly oblige us by sending your suggestion on a postcard, and we will pay two guineas for the best one received. Postcards should be addressed "TITLE," the Editors of THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE, 2, Carmelite House, London, E.C., and should be sent before the first of December.

Try this Anagram

Those who delight in anagram competitions will find amusement for an hour or so in making sentences out of the letters used in the title, THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE. We will encourage their efforts by offering a prize of two guineas for the best sentence made up in this manner. The sentence should consist of only the letters used in the words THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE—no more and no less. The sentences should be written on the back of a postcard, which should be addressed "Sentences," The Editors of THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE, Carmelite House, E.C. The postcards must arrive at this address by the first day of December. The result will be declared as soon as possible.

"The Mon...ly Playbox"

In catering for the world and his wife we have made it our aim to appeal to every member of the family, from the oldest to the youngest. For the latter, a children's supplement, entitled "The Monthly Playbox"—illustrated in colours—has been provided. This is so arranged that it can be taken out and treated as a separate magazine. Readers should be careful to see that their copy contains this coloured supplement, and no copy should be accepted without it. If you have no children of your own, pray do not throw "The Monthly Playbox" away, but give it to some little ones of your acquaintance, and let them tell their parents where it came from.

How Do You Like the Shape?

What do you think of the size and general shape of THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE? It has cost us no small amount of careful thought and consideration, and we have been governed entirely by considerations of the convenience of our readers. At a first glance it may seem to you that so large a page is a little cumbrous, but, as a matter of fact, experiment has proved that THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE is far more easy to handle and to read than the ordinary type of magazine. If you have ever watched a person in a restaurant trying to read a magazine while eating his lunch—or, better still, if you have done it yourself—you will realise the difficulty of keeping such a publication open and flat. In fact, in most cases this cannot be done, because the wire-stitching holds the pages so tightly together that the magazine automatically closes the moment it is released. It needs two hands to hold it open. Now THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE is as easy to handle and to read as a newspaper, simply because it will lie perfectly flat on the table, or the pages can be turned back and the magazine held in one hand. Though containing more than double the amount of literary matter to be found in any other sixpenny monthly, it is lighter and handier to use. We are well aware that its shape is a novelty in British magazine publication, but we are convinced that before the novelty has worn off its convenience will be universally recognized.

How Many Readers have We?

This is not a question so easy to answer as might be supposed. We can tell how many copies of THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE are sold each month, but how many people peruse each copy? Will you do us a favour by letting us know how many persons have read the copy that you bought? We will give a guinea for the best written and most informative letter on this subject that we receive before December 1st, but if you want the guinea you must give the names of the persons who have read your copy. Please address "Readers," The Editors of THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE, 2, Carmelite House, London, E.C.

Have You Noticed the Photographs

Of beautiful interiors on pages 44 and 45? We want more of them, and will pay handsomely for all suitable ones sent in. If you are an amateur photographer, you can easily photograph your cosy corner, &c., or it may be to your advantage to let a professional photographer take a series of views for us.

FRENCH NATURAL SPARKLING TABLE WATER.

"The Champagne of Table Waters."

Perrier

Perrier

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