THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

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CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1903.

The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and where stamps are inclosed, will make every endeavour to insure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for Volumes I. to VII. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free 1/2.

Bound Volumes III., IV., V., VI. and VII. may also be had, price 4/- each, post free 4/6.

The original drawings in this Number are for sale on application to the Editor.

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Photo by *Reinhold, Thiele & Co.*

Pensively pondering, pale Princess Prettyness,
Prithee, why pictured in pose so profound?
Say, were you principally photoed so plaintively
Since the pose suits you right down to the ground?

Photo by *Reinhold, Thiele & Co.*

THE FLOWER GIRL.

From . . the . . Stalls

Photos by *Ellis & Walery.*

SEYMOUR HICKS.

The man who has done everything and seen everything on the stage. That is the best description of Seymour Hicks. He has acted in every sort of play, from heavy drama down to the lightest of musical comedy, and has written, adapted, and produced many plays of his own with great success. He never seems to keep still on the stage, and is the brightest and most energetic actor in the country. An old schoolfellow writes of young Seymour Hicks at school. He describes him as a merry little youngster with a shrill treble voice, whose pet occupation was filling all the ink bottles in the class rooms with oil. Seymour Hicks married the charming Miss Ellaline Terriss.

Photo by *W. & D. Downey.*

OLIVE MORELL.

Olive Morell is a handsome girl, with a dignity and a grace all her own. She may seem quiet and reserved to strangers, but to her friends she is as bright and as lively as possible, having an inexhaustible stock of good spirits and happiness. "Shall I tell you something funny that happened to me once?" said Miss Olive. "Well, I was touring in the north, and I received a letter from a man who claimed me to be his long-lost sister, and demanded an immediate meeting. In a mischievous mood I telegraphed back to him: 'You don't mean to say so! How is dear grandmamma?' Then he called, and his language when I told him I was as much his sister as the call-boy was—oh! It was too awful for words!"

R. G. Knowles and——

Harry Tate as R. G. Knowles.

HARRY TATE.

Harry Tate *off* the stage is an ordinary man. I beg his pardon. He is an unusually clever man. But *on* the stage he is four or five or six men. A good-looking young fellow enters and complains of an unwelcome visitor who is on the stairs. He goes behind a screen and reappears again before the unwelcome visitor's eyes as Gus Elen, R. G. Knowles, George Robey, and a host of others. His imitations are perfect in voice, make-up, and manner. "But imitating is hard work," says Mr. Harry Tate. "I have spent five or six hours a day for years twisting my face about, so that now I can turn my features into almost any direction you care to mention."

Photos by Langfier.

Gus Elen and——

Harry Tate as Gus Elen.

Photo by *W. & D. Downey.*

EDNA MAY.

When Edna May was seventeen she married. Shortly afterwards she came to England and achieved great fame in "The Belle of New York." Everyone knows that in this piece she played the part of the most charming of Salvation lassies in the most charming of big poke bonnets. Well, one night, after the play was over, she was told that a lady was waiting to see her at the stage door. Down went Miss Edna, Salvation Army costume, poke bonnet, and all. Her visitor was another, but this time a genuine, Salvation Army lassie, who, enraptured by her song, "Follow On," had come to beg the pretty little actress to join the "army." "I did not join the army, but I was much touched by the little interview," says Miss Edna. In "The School Girl" Edna May sits down to the most irreproachable-looking of typewriters and works away at the keys with as business-like an air as can be found in a city office any day of the week.

Photo by *Ellis & Walery.*

NELL RICHARDSON.

Nell Richardson, finding life to be a very humdrum existence, decided that the stage was the one and only thing for her. Certainly she was right, for she and the stage have agreed very well so far. She is devoted to her work. She started with a small part at the Savoy, the training-ground of so many of our leading ladies. Then she went round the country in many musical comedies, gradually working her way up to the top. She has a delightfully irresistible manner that carries all before it.

Photo by *Reinhold Thiele & Co.*

JAMES WELCH AND ONIONS.

James Welch was intended for the pulpit, articled to an accountant, and finally—to use his own expression—"pushed on to the stage. After all, it was the best he cou'd do, and a good deal better than other peop'e's best into the bargain. He has always played funny parts, and always intends to play them. The other gentleman in this picture is Mr. Onions, a bulldog of strong character with a natural aversion to red ties. "You have had 'Actresses and Their Dogs' in the *Royal Magazine*, haven't you?" says James Welch, with a merry twink'e in his eye. "Then why not have 'Dogs and their Favourite Actors'? Onions will choose me, I am sure.'

MR. DIMMOCK AS AMBASSADOR.

Mr. Dimmock's deplorable Love of Practical Joking does not even Stop at Ambassadors. The above Portraits Show him in the Various Roles he has Played in the Course of his Eventful Career.

Just as it is true to say that "adventures are to the adventurous," so it was that, in most of his escapades, Mr. Dimmock had been obliged to make his own opportunities; but one hot day in late autumn the blind goddess suddenly gave him a chance which was none of his own seeking, and one which offered him an opening he would have considered little short of criminal to neglect. And the whole matter arose in the following extremely simple way.

Mr. Dimmock had taken a run across the Continent—chiefly to calm the restless spirit within him—and it was not until he found himself repeating the name of the great city he had just arrived in, with a certain air of seeming familiarity, that he suddenly remembered that an old college friend, a certain William Carnegie, who had, shortly after leaving Cambridge, entered the Diplomatic service, was now attached to this very Embassy. Mr. Dimmock thereupon determined to call there, and renew his acquaintance.

After selecting comfortable quarters for himself and his man, East, he left the latter to unpack a few things—he did not intend to stay more than a day or two, before starting on his long journey to Paris—whilst he strolled down the principal street and stopped opposite the British Embassy.

After a momentary pause, Mr. Dimmock went up the steps and knocked, but it was a good five minutes before a second summons—this time of a more peremptory nature—brought a liveried servant to the door, trying, somewhat ineffectually, to smother a yawn. It was evident that "the sentinel had slumbered at his post."

Mr. Dimmock asked whether his friend, Mr. Carnegie, was in, and received a reply in the affirmative. He was shown into a sombre, but richly furnished room on the ground floor, and the servant left, saying that at that moment, the secretary just named was in attendance on the Ambassador, now confined to his room by a slight illness. Mr. Carnegie would doubtless be disengaged before long, and would then see Mr. Dimmock.

The latter strolled round the room, amusing himself by looking at some large maps hanging on the walls. From these he had just turned and was examining a portrait in oils of the Ambassador—a gift from members of the Corps Diplomatique when the subject of it had been some ten years younger. He had just had time to remark a certain faint resemblance of the pictured features to his own, when the door opened, and Mr. Dimmock picked up his hat, ready to be shown into the presence of his friend.

But, somewhat to his surprise, it was not a servant who entered but an extremely well-dressed man of middle age, his iron-grey hair and bristling moustache both trimmed

very recently, whilst his stiff, erect bearing suggested that at one time or another he had been a soldier. Bushy black brows overshadowed his eyes, which first lit on Dimmock, and then travelled, almost unconsciously, to the picture which that gentleman was inspecting.

"Ach, pray pardon my intrusion, your Excellency—your door stood open most invitingly—your servant, he was nowhere! And I enter and find myself, by a most fortunate chance, in your Excellency's presence! I am der most fortunate of men."

"Don't mention it!" replied Mr. Dimmock affably. "Be seated, I beg."

The stranger moved over to the chair indicated, but before sitting he said:

"Although we have an appointment, and you are expecting me here, I have yet to introduce myself. I am ze Baron von Splitzseltzer. Your Excellency has, no doubt, considered the matter referred to in my Note?"

"I have," replied Mr. Dimmock, who, of course, hadn't the faintest idea what the Baron was referring to.

"And ze answer?" pursued the other eagerly.

Dimmock coughed, and dry-shaved his chin before replying.

"Ze—beg pardon, *the* answer is rather hard to put into concise terms, my dear Baron. A slight preamble will perhaps be necessary before we arrive at the exact *crux* of the situation. I beg you to sit down."

The Baron obeyed and Mr. Dimmock settled himself comfortably in an arm-chair, vaguely wondering how soon the servant, or Carnegie himself would enter the room, and in vulgar parlance, "blow the gaff." Then, with great deliberation, he began, in low earnest tones:

"Some two hundred and fifty years ago" (the Baron stifled a faint groan, and wondered whether he would have to stay all night) "when the world was younger — ah, far younger—than it is now, a certain petty despot was exercising his tyrannous sway in two different countries—first this (s)way and then the other—Do you know the name of that man, Baron von Splitzseltzer?" he asked impressively; adding to himself, "because I'll be hanged if *I* do!"

"*Ach*—no-o, your Excellency, no-o, I know nod der name of dot peddy despot. It was ——?"

"Ah, Baron, that—that is *my* secret!"

"*Ach—zo?*"

Dimmock nodded profoundly. Then, after wondering what on earth he should say next, he continued:

"For two hundred of those two hundred and fifty years, this man overawed the populace, crushed revolution with an iron heel, trampled on the liberties of a free and enlightened people ——"

"Vhat, for two hundret years?" gasped the Baron, in blank amazement.

Dimmock waved his hand airily.

"Two hundred years ago, I said, Baron. You misunderstood me. You seem to be rather thick in the clear, this afternoon. But can you not pretty well guess at the personality of this extraordinary man?"

"No-o, your Excellency, no, I cannod guess," confessed the other with a puzzled air.

Dimmock leaned forward, and speaking in slow, impressive tones, rejoined: "Nor can I, Von Split-Soda! it is horrible, is it not?"

"*Ach zo.* But may we nod go on to ze main question vithoud disgussing dis mysterious personage?"

"What main question?" asked Dimmock.

"Der supject matter of my Note, your Excellency."

"Oh, I see. Certainly, Baron, certainly. We'll return to the personage later on—say, in a couple of hours' time or so. Now, I am all attention. Just state your case afresh from the beginning."

"Bud your Excellency is alretty in bossession of all der facts from my Note."

"Of course I am. But I like to hear everything first hand. Begin all over again."

"Bud—bud it vill dake a long time to state der whole of der facts ofer again——" began the Baron in somewhat dismayed tones.

"Well, I can give you a week, if you think that will suffice," rejoined Dimmock, with a glance at the almanac hanging on the wall.

"A veek!" almost shouted the Baron. "*ach Himmel!* I gannot talk for a veek! I vill gondense meinselfs ass mooch ass I gan. In der Note, vich I hat ze honour to send to your Excellency, you vill remember dere vas certain probositions gondained—dose probositions are of ze greadest imbortance to——"

"Oh, Baron, I may say at once that I could not entertain them for an instant. I must beg you to disabuse your mind immediately of any such idea," said Dimmock, in grave tones, wondering what on earth the propositions were.

"Vich vuns, your Excellency don'd enderdain?"

"Which ones?" repeated Dimmock, in order to gain time. "Which ones, you ask

me? Well, I— —" But at that moment a slight diversion was created by the servant opening the door and then stepping aside to admit Mr. Carnegie.

"Ah, my dear Dimmock," he began, but suddenly checked himself as he caught sight of the Baron. "Is this gentleman a friend of yours?"

"My dear Carnegie, so delighted that I have been fortunate enough to catch you!" exclaimed Dimmock, rising and grasping him by the hand. Then he led him into a corner of the room and said in low tones:

"Give me ten minutes with this fellow, will you? He has followed me here on a secret mission from King Menelik of Abyssinia. Menelik and I are negotiating over some important concessions of a huge tract of land in which I am to have the right of digging for vegetables. The cabbagero and carroto strata are very strongly indicated in the outcrops. Perhaps you'd like to take some shares when we form the Company, of which I am to be chairman, and Menelik managing director? No? Oh, do let me reserve you just a hundred of the Deferred Ordinary? You'd rather not? Well, I won't press you, but—may I have ten minutes with this unprepossessing German before joining you? Thanks, a thousand thanks, my dear Carnegie!"

And the latter gentleman, looking somewhat more mystified after the "explanation" than he had done before, bowed slightly and left the room.

Again in possession of the field, Mr. Dimmock waved his hand with a grandiose air to the Baron and said:

"I must offer you my apologies for this interruption, but my Secretaries really will do nothing on their own responsibility. They bother me for every little matter. Now, that, for instance, was a mere trifle—simply to know whether I was willing to allow Kitchener to remain in command, in India, or not! Strange, is it not, how averse some men are to assuming even the slightest responsibility? You may not be aware that Kitchener's great wish is to leave the army and become Archbishop of Canterbury; you need not mention it to anybody else, as it's not generally known. In fact, I think it would hardly be believed, if it were."

The Baron looked profoundly impressed, and then Dimmock resumed:

"I object to the whole of the propositions, Baron. But pray understand that whilst my objection would be technical, mechanical, or perhaps—to make things clearer—I should say, mathematical, or to employ a simpler word still, problematical, I would at the same time combine the anachronistic elements of the one, as against the crepuscular meaning of the other. You follow me, I trust?"

At sight of the unfortunate victim's depressed and hopelessly mystified countenance, Mr. Dimmock was suddenly seized with a horrible inclination to giggle. However, the weakness lasted but a moment; it was unworthy of such a past master of the art of humbugging, and he conquered it without an effort.

Baron von Splitzseltzer felt that he was mentally incapable of grasping this great man's ideas. He became aware that unless they approached the business in hand in a practical form, and that very soon, his own head would give way under the strain. So producing a folding map from his pocket, he laid it out on the table before him, and plunged desperately into the business.

"I hat ze honour to supmit to your Excellency certain blans for gontrolling der action of a certain gread Bower in der Mediterranean."

"Of course. I remember it distinctly," replied Dimmock, lying with great readiness.

"Dose blans," went on the Baron, cheering up as he thought he saw his way a little clearer, "would be supmitted to England for approval before anything was done by Chermany in bursuance of——"

"You are quite right, Sauerkraut—Seltzerwater, I mean. If France doesn't agree to these terms I expect she will refuse them."

"Exactly. Now, to limit der bower of France in der Mediterranean, you musd underdake to keep a Fleet of ——"

"Oh, I really couldn't keep a Fleet. Shouldn't mind keeping a yacht—but a Fleet!—no, dash it all, that's too much!"

The Baron stared, and slowly adjusted a pair of spectacles which he produced from his pocket.

"Bud a yacht—vot use iss a yacht? If England will keep a Fleet of ——"

"England?" interrupted Dimmock. "You spoke of *me* just now. I wish you'd try to express yourself in clearer terms, Baron. I am a plain speaker myself, and when a man makes involved statements, it causes me great annoyance. It always creates an impression in my mind that he is attempting to humbug me," he concluded, looking at his *vis-à-vis* severely.

This expedient of "carrying the war into the enemy's country" was a very favourite one with Mr. Dimmock.

The hapless Baron sat speechless with astonishment, under this cool accusation. He recalled the extraordinary rhodomontade which "His Excellency" had just treated him to, and then commenced to seriously ask himself whether his own brain was not becoming hopelessly muddled. He began an awkward apology, when Dimmock cut him short with a wave of the hand.

"Say no more about the matter, Baron; I only hope I was not too harsh in my reproof. I did not mean to be severe, but nothing grieves me more than any attempt at trifling with serious affairs."

"His Excellency" graciously stretched forth a hand, which the Baron cordially grasped. He felt grateful that he had been forgiven, though, for the life of him, he could not think for *what*. Mr. Dimmock continued to smile in a superior manner, whilst von Splitzseltzer harked back to the knotty point of his case.

"If—if I oonderstand your Excellency aright, you vould see no opjection to England keeping a few ships. I called it a Fleet before, not was? Bud I vould say, rather, a few ships to act ass a guard for der point I vos mentioning vhen ——"

"Pardon me Baron, that was *my* idea—my idea entirely."

Baron von Splitzseltzer pushed the spectacles up into his hair, and gave a bewildered look at his host.

Mr. Dimmock gazed carelessly up at the ceiling and began to softly hum Bishop's well-known air "Lo, here the gentle lark," slightly accentuating the last quoted word. Our friend was thoroughly enjoying himself.

At this moment, the half-opened door gave out the sound of a gentle tapping, and in response to Dimmock's shouted "*Entreé!*" a smartly attired man of fifty years of age, the buttonhole of his well-cut coat bearing the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour, entered the room in a somewhat deprecating manner, as if he hardly thought he was going to the right place.

Dimmock at once rose from his seat and shook hands with him. Then the new-comer turned and greeted the Baron courteously, the latter exclaiming: "*Ach*, Monsieur de Castelet! I am *zo* glad you haf gome. His Excellency and I haf been talking of der posserbility of a gommercial arrangement between our countries."

M. de Castelet looked mildly astonished when the Baron alluded to Dimmock as "His Excellency." The Frenchman was well aware that this could not be the Ambassador, whereas von Splitzseltzer, being a comparative stranger, was not. However, he did not think it worth while to say anything, and merely set down our friend as probably the chief Secretary, acting as *alter ego* during the Ambassador's illness.

"But, certainly," he said, in answer to the German's remark. "It is a somewhat important matter, the idea of policing this part of the sea. I am prepared to state the views of France on——"

And just at that moment the door was opened and Carnegie reappeared. Dimmock sprang forward to meet him—but not in time to prevent his recognising and shaking hands with M. de Castelet.

"How is it you are here?" began the Secretary wonderingly. "Are you also——"

"Yes, yes, my dear fellow!" cried Dimmock, seizing his friend confidentially by the arm. "Will you give us just one more minute? The fact is, Menelik has a rival, and hence this new arrival—I mean that—that France, you see, jealous of Fashoda, is trying to get all these big concessions to dig for turniptoppos, caulifleurœ, etc., and so prevent English enterprise obtaining any outlet in Abyssinia. Deuced mean of them, isn't it? Well—er ——"

He had almost exhausted his ready-made stock of lies by now, and paused for a moment. "Well—er, I tell you what it is—this M. de Castelet is interfering in a most unwarrantable manner between Menelik—dear old Menelik, we were boys together—and me, and I won't stand it, I really won't. Now, my dear chap, just leave me to settle with the representative of France, who is no end of a fine chap 'when you know him, but you got to know him fust,' as Bill Buggins observes. Know Bill Buggins? Oh, an awfully good sort, I must introduce you one of these days—now, just one minute longer, and——"

And, more mystified than ever, Mr Carnegie again left the room.

Then Dimmock resumed his interrupted harangue in these words:

"I have also listened to M. de Castelet's able speech——"

"*Mais, monsieur,* I have not yet made my statement on the subject!" began the dismayed Frenchman.

"That's what I say," continued Dimmock, "that there was no need to listen to Monsieur de Castelet's speech, because I knew instinctively what he was about to say. I have made up my mind to take a certain course—and when I make up my mind to do

Mr. Dimmock gazed carelessly up at the ceiling.

a thing, I never do it; as I daresay you both know. Let me make a perfectly clear statement on this all-important subject. My pronouncement is as follows. If France is in the Mediterranean, she can't be anywhere else." (Here the speaker quickened up to racing pace, and his hearers, despite their desperate efforts, failed to make head or tail of the rest of his words.) "That being the case, France would be in this position; that failing to give preferential tariffs to our colonies, we should then be forced back upon Protection. And besides, what would Turkey do if Sandow, the great Muscle man, declined to follow the Green Banner of the Prophet? And what profit would there be now, even with fourpence off the income tax? Turkey could certainly not grant Germany a coaling station anywhere along the Ramsgate and Margate litoral. And if Switzerland, Servia, West Kensington, and the other great maritime powers opposed us in the Mediterranean, how would you find the cubic measurement of the square foot? This being the case, the inevitable result follows. And now, *messieurs*, I have said enough. Of course you both thoroughly understand me?"

Two haggard, bemused men gazed helplessly at each other, and then at the solemn-eyed individual who sat at the head of the table, facing them without a smile.

"But, no, monsieur, I do not *quite* follow you," began the Frenchman, whilst Baron von Splitzseltzer chimed in with:

"Ach! no, Excellency, not quite—as to der goaling station——"

"Ah, you are interested in coal? Now, if you'll stop here and play, like good little boys—good fellows, I'll go and fetch you some fine specimen lumps of anthracite from the cellar. I can strongly recommend it. Twenty-eight shillings a ton only. You'd have to fetch it from London yourself, of course, but——"

"Ah, *merci, merci,*" broke in de Castelet. "But could you not be so kind as to conclude your remarks and give us your decision first?"

"By all means," acquiesced Mr. Dimmock. "Frankly, M. de Castelet, England would never cede either the Chitral Frontier or Sloane Square Railway Station to France; and, on the other hand, she would not permit Germany to remove the Golden Horn or to make any secret treaty with the Dardanelles, who are very good fellows if let alone. So, on behalf of my country, I consent to France doing—er—just what M. de Castelet proposes. *Vive la France,* and blow the expense!"

The Frenchman bowed low. He had not the faintest idea what Dimmock meant, except that he had agreed to France's terms, and that his country's interests had triumphed over those of Germany.

Baron von Splitzselter, smarting under a sense of defeat, hurriedly exclaimed:

"But, Excellency, I gannot understand your decision. It will inflict a grievous gommercial check to Chermany. Id gannod be dot der French be bermitted to act as if dey only had inderests in der ——"

"Quite so, Baron, quite so. You have expressed my own views entirely. So I revoke everything I said, just now. On second thoughts, I shall throw over the French and support the German contention. M. de Castelet may now consider all negotiations between us as ended. They are off—o-u-g-h—off! Hoch! hoch! hoch! Germany and the Kaiser! Sauerkraut and Sausages for ever!"

And springing from his seat, he snatched up the Baron's hat in mistake for his own—made a hasty bow to the two astounded dip'omatists, now facing each other like angry dogs quarrelling over a bone, and rushed to the door. Carnegie entering at the same moment, the two charged into each others arms, and Dimmock found immediate escape barred. Taking the Secretary by the hand, Dimmock said:

"Good-bye, my dear old chap; so sorry, I must be off."

"Oh, wait a moment or two, Dimmock, you really must. Have you finished your Abyssinian business with these two gentlemen?"

"Oh, quite—they agree to everything—er—that is, except as to which country—er—England or France, should be permitted to supply cigarettes for Menelik's private consumption. They're wrangling over it now—I'm afraid there'll be a quarrel."

Mr. Carnegie turned quickly to the two angry looking men at the table.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen! I beg of you to keep cool," he said. "After all, the question of the supply of cigarettes ——"

"Zigarettes!" exclaimed the Baron.

"Cigarettes!" cried the Frenchman in astonished tones. "What have we do with cigarettes, monsieur?"

"There—I thought he'd deny the whole thing—hanged if I didn't!" said Dimmock coolly. "My dear Carnegie, you can't trust these fellows, you really——"

"But, as representatives of the Emperor Menelik——" began Carnegie, in puzzled tones.

"Menelik!" shouted the Baron. "There is no question of Menelik before his Excellency, der Ambassador; what we were disgussing——"

"Stop, stop, gentlemen, I beg," implored the much mystified Secretary. "This is not the Ambassador."

"Certainly not. Who accused me of being that fossilised old frump, the Ambassador?" asked Dimmock, with all the assurance in the world.

Carnegie, in a maze as to what really had taken place, went on:

"But your business, gentlemen, your business has nothing to do with the Ambassador——"

"Nothing to do with the Ambassador? Then who *is* it to do with, I pray you, monsieur?" cried the Frenchman excitedly.

"Why, with Menelik—the Emperor—Abyssinia—great concessions in the Cabbagero and Turniptoppo strata—the supply of cigarettes——"

"Nodings of the sort!" shouted the Baron angrily. "I will no longer here remain to insulted be!" and ramming on Dimmock's hat, he gave it a defiant bang on the crown and strode out of the room.

Dimmock looked calmly after the retreating form. Then aside to Carnegie, he said: "Well, ta-ta, old boy—*so* glad I've seen you, though our interview has been so brief. But business is business, you know, and

"But, my dear Dimmock," expostulated his friend, "you mustn't rush off like this and leave me to explain a complicated business about which I know positively nothing. It seems to be a hotch-pot of Menelik, vegetables, cigarettes, and ——"

"That's exactly what it is!" broke in Dimmock, in his quick, airy style. "You have taken in the whole situation at a glance. You are essentially *the* man to explain matters and soothe their excited feelings. Your grasp of the position of affairs is masterly; so is your grasp of my fingers, dear boy, so let go. Farewell; I'm off!"

And, without more ado, he tripped airily out of the room.

unless I were to pay it the strictest attention, that dear old chappie Menelik—think I told you we were girls at school—boys at school together, I mean—Menelik might grant these concessions to somebody over my head. And the right to dig for vegetables in Abyssinia is a valuable one, I can tell you. The next letter you get from me will probably be dated from the Turniptoppo Hills. Meantime, take care of yourself and try to soothe that graven image sitting at the table. Tell him, when I've gone, that he *shall* have the contract for Menelik's cigarettes!"

Ramming on Mr. Dimmock's hat, he strode out of the room.

REAL LIFE ROMANCES.

A New Feature of Great Interest. Stories of Actual Happenings, Gathered from All parts of the World, Showing that Truth is quite as Strange and Exciting as Fiction.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SEVEN BABES IN THE WOOD.

A DEAD mother, surrounded by her heart-broken little ones in the silence and loneliness of a mighty forest—this is the first picture. A rude coffin constructed by childish hands; a grave dug by the eldest son, a fifteen-year-old boy; a funeral procession—and the boy, Harry Johnson, takes up the *rôle* of hero.

The scene of this story is the heart of the big woods of Callam County, Washington. The nearest neighbour to the orphan brood in the little cabin lived seven miles distant. Otherwise, the nearest sign of civilisation was twenty-three miles away from the wilderness, where there was a station and a little collection of houses.

Picture young Harry Johnson—fatherless, motherless, friendless—lying on his bed that first night of his loneliness, listening to the cry of the cougar, and to the cautious tread of the curious bear—thinking, plotting.

He must be father, and mother, and elder brother all in one now to the others—his baby brother, and his five little sisters. The eldest sister, aged but nine, would help with the cooking and sewing. But though there were plentiful supplies of food, there was but one dollar in the cabin—and there were cows to feed, and no hay was in stock, and some of the children had no shoes to their feet. He could not leave them, there was no relative that he could send for—these and other troubles confronted Harry Johnson as he lay awake that night, and many nights afterwards.

But the boy never faltered, never failed in his duty. Bravely he kept the little home together, washing the children, cooking their meals, cleaning the cabin, foraging for and milking the cows. But the story of how the hero and his little wards braved the battle of life might to-day be still a secret of the forest, had not two woodsmen stumbled one morning upon that isolated cabin.

The hardy rangers were amazed at the sight of the sorrowful group of children playing by their mother's grave.

"I know they look pretty ragged," said Harry Johnson, as he explained the situation, "but I am doing my best. Boys don't know much about sewing and such things. It would make mamma sorry if she could see us now! I have thought sometimes we might do better if we moved, but we could not bear the thought of leaving mamma here all alone—since father died she always felt so lonesome. We buried her there in the front yard where the children play, 'cause we thought, if she knew, it might make her happy."

Bit by bit, the woodsmen learnt the whole story—how, seven years before, the father of the children, Edward Johnson, had brought them to the forest, to hew a home for them—how he had died, and the brave mother had carried on his work—to succumb at length to the strain, commending, with her dying breath, her babes to the eldest son's care, and charging him to keep the children together.

Brave Harry Johnson and his charges are now under the care of the Washington Children's Home Society—thanks to the steps taken by the two men.

He heard the Ogre making the little maid promise to come again the next day.

THE ROMANCE OF THE OGRE AND THE LITTLE FAIRY.

Of course, he wasn't a real ogre, and she wasn't a real fairy. But he was a very stern, unsympathetic, lonely old man (which is what all ogres were); and she was a very charming, winsome, unaffected little girl (which is a capital definition of a fairy).

He lived in a huge, gloomy mansion at Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester, and he was very, very rich. She lived in a humble quarter of the same suburb, and she was very, very poor. Finally, he had practically no friends, and he was old; whilst she was but five, and was loved by everyone who knew her. Now we can start.

One day, when the Ogre was coming back from the huge offices where he conducted his business (and it *was* a big business), who should he meet but the pretty little fairy (and she *was* a pretty little fairy)? Well, the Ogre turned his grim, cold eye upon the little maid, and the little maid turned her shy, blue eye up to the Ogre. Now, the extraordinary part of this perfectly true story (look at the end) is that, instead of the grim, cold eye overcoming the shy, blue eye, it was just the other way about.

The old Ogre had never seen such a bright, innocent face before in his life (being accustomed, you see, to grown-up, sharp, business men only). They stood quite near the huge, gloomy mansion, and suddenly, before he could quite tell what he was doing, he found himself asking the little fairy if she would like to come in and have tea with him. Well, the little fairy gulped down her shyness with a gulp that you could almost hear, and said—yes, she would.

It is a fact that the footman who opened the door trembled all down his legs when he saw his master entering the hall hand in hand with a wee little girl. But he trembled much more violently when, an hour later, he heard the Ogre making the little maid promise to come again the next day, I can tell you.

Nor was he the only servant of this household who was thus distressed by the Ogre's curious behaviour. The very next day, the portly butler took from his master's hands a most curious-looking parcel, which, when at the Ogre's command he opened, he found to contain an india-rubber toy cat!

It was the first of many such presents which the Ogre gave the little fairy—rarely did a day pass on which the little maid was not left at his house, to be called for an hour or so later; or a month in which he did not produce for her some new, trifling gift. And this lasted for five whole years. The little fairy grew more and more devoted to the old man as the time passed on; and he, under the influence of her society, became a changed being, doing all sorts of curious, kindly things which no one (except the little fairy) would ever have suspected him capable of.

At length, one day he fell sick, and, shortly afterwards, died. The little maid was quite heartbroken for a long time, quite inconsolable at her loss.

Three months later a solicitor called on her mother with the news that the Ogre had left his little fairy his entire fortune, amounting to over £500,000, together with the big, gloomy house which she knew so well.

And who, after this will say that romance is only to be found in books, not in real life? For this story *is* real life, as any inhabitant of Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester, will tell you. Mr. John Port and little Jane Lofts are two characters, and Mr. Port died on March 11th of this year.

THE ROMANCE OF JOSEPH MEALEY AND THE STAG.

THIS is the story of the most wonderful, the most romantic ride any man ever had—outside a story book.

My hero is Joseph Mealey, a young mountaineer, who lives in a little cabin, set high in the world, on the Coast Range, Glenn County, U.S.A.; a brave, hardy young fellow, known to his friends as the man who never told a lie—even after a fishing-trip.

One day he was ranging the mountain-side for any wild thing to shoot, when suddenly a big deer trotted across his path, about two hundred yards away. He fired—the deer dropped—and in a moment he was at its side, his hunting-knife drawn. Pausing only to admire the fine proportions of the deer, he threw one leg across his prostrate body, and, holding the antlers in one hand, was about to cut the neck, when, in a flash, the buck's fore-feet shot out, he sprang into the air, and, with Mealey on his back, started away like a rifle-bullet!

Then began the maddest, wildest gallop over the mountain—the deer frenzied with pain, the man clinging to his back, gripping his antlers with all his strength. Mealey graphically describes that wonderful gallop:—

"There was a small, dry ravine about fifty yards from where the deer fell, and he took it like a jumping cat. Over the rocks, across the dry gullies, through the patches of brush that deer went as if he had never been hurt—and though I have sat on the backs of the wildest bucking broncos that Montana can produce, I have never had such trouble to stick tight as I had then.

"It passed through my mind, and I laughed as I thought of it, that someone might shoot without knowing that I was part of the target—but I went cold all over when the buck made straight for a ridge where there was an awful jump-off. Just as he reached the edge, however, he slowed his pace to a trot, gave a bleat like a calf, and staggered. I threw myself from his back, and saw blood gushing from his mouth as he fell.

"There was a small ravine about fifty yards from where the deer fell, and he took it like a jumping cat."

He was game—that buck—for he tried to get to his feet again—then dropped over, dead."

It was found, afterwards, that the deer had galloped with Mealey on his back for the distance of half a mile—and it was seen that Mealey's rifle-bullet had passed clean through him, chipped an artery, and taken a small fragment off the heart.

Mealey has had his body stuffed and mounted, and says he will never part with it.

THE ROMANCE OF A BATTLE WITH A DEVIL-FISH.

STRUGGLING to free himself from the deadly embrace of the ocean vampire, the octopus—fighting as unequal a battle as ever man fought on the seas—his life-blood crimsoning the waters, whilst every moment hastened him towards a fate that would terrify the boldest—wounding his foe and triumphing over death in hideous guise—this was the peril and this the miracle which makes Captain S. F. Scott famed as a hero.

"It was in September last year," says Captain Scott, when relating his romantic adventure, "that the thing happened. I was yachting with some friends near Race Rocks, some fifteen miles out from Victoria, British Columbia, and happened, one evening, to be sailing alone in a row-boat. I was about a mile from the yacht when one of a school of blackfish—whales, in reality, which measure about forty feet in length—struck my boat with such force that I was sent flying through the air into the water.

"It seemed a joke to be upset like that—and I laughed. But it was to be my last laugh for seven months—seven months of misery and agony. For just as I had swum back to the boat, and had my hands on the upturned keel, I felt myself seized by something round the legs, half-way below the knees—seized with such strength and suddenness,

and pulled down with such tremendous force, that the boat was jerked clean over, and came down upon the top of my head. Like lightning came the awful truth.

"I was in the arms of a devil-fish!

"I knew that the water swarmed with the dreaded octopus. I knew that one had got me—there is no mistaking the grasp. Every-one of the devil-fish's eight powerful arms close upon his prey, and he pulls downward—down, down, until he reaches the bottom, where he can suck his victim's blood.

"With one desperate kick I freed myself from the creature below me. Seizing the boat, I had my arm under one of the thwarts when the devil-fish caught me again.

"I felt his grasp tighten. The pain was excruciating. With every movement that I made my flesh was lacerated—I began to grow weak from loss of blood. But I never relaxed my hold of the boat.

"The agony must have lasted for less than half an hour in reality—but it seemed an eternity before I felt the clutch on my legs loosen. I kicked with all my dying strength—struggled—twirled—and—felt myself free. I think my solid boots of English make must have injured the arms of the octopus, compelling him to let go. He had tackled a bigger prize than he had bargained for.

"It was not until an hour and a half later that my friends noticed that my boat was motionless on the water, and came out to see what was the matter. They found me more dead than alive. The skin had all gone from my feet nearly to my knees, and above that it remained for weeks as black as a man's hat. For two months afterwards I lived only on milk. Altogether, I was laid up for seven months as the result of my encounter with that devil-fish."

"I was in the arms of a devil-fish."

THE ROMANCE OF THE LUNATIC ON THE LEADS.

CRASH! Bang! Thud! Crash! Bang! Thud! Five o'clock of a July morning, and a noise in the street suggestive of furniture-moving operations being conducted by the simple method of hurling the articles out of a top-floor window.

A woman threw up her casement, and poked out her head with the intention of forcibly airing her views on the matter.

On the roof opposite she espied a man, clad only in a pair of trousers, taking careful aim at her with a slate. Remembering, suddenly, an important duty below stairs, the woman hurriedly hopped out of range just as the slate flattened itself against the wall a few inches from where her head had lately protruded.

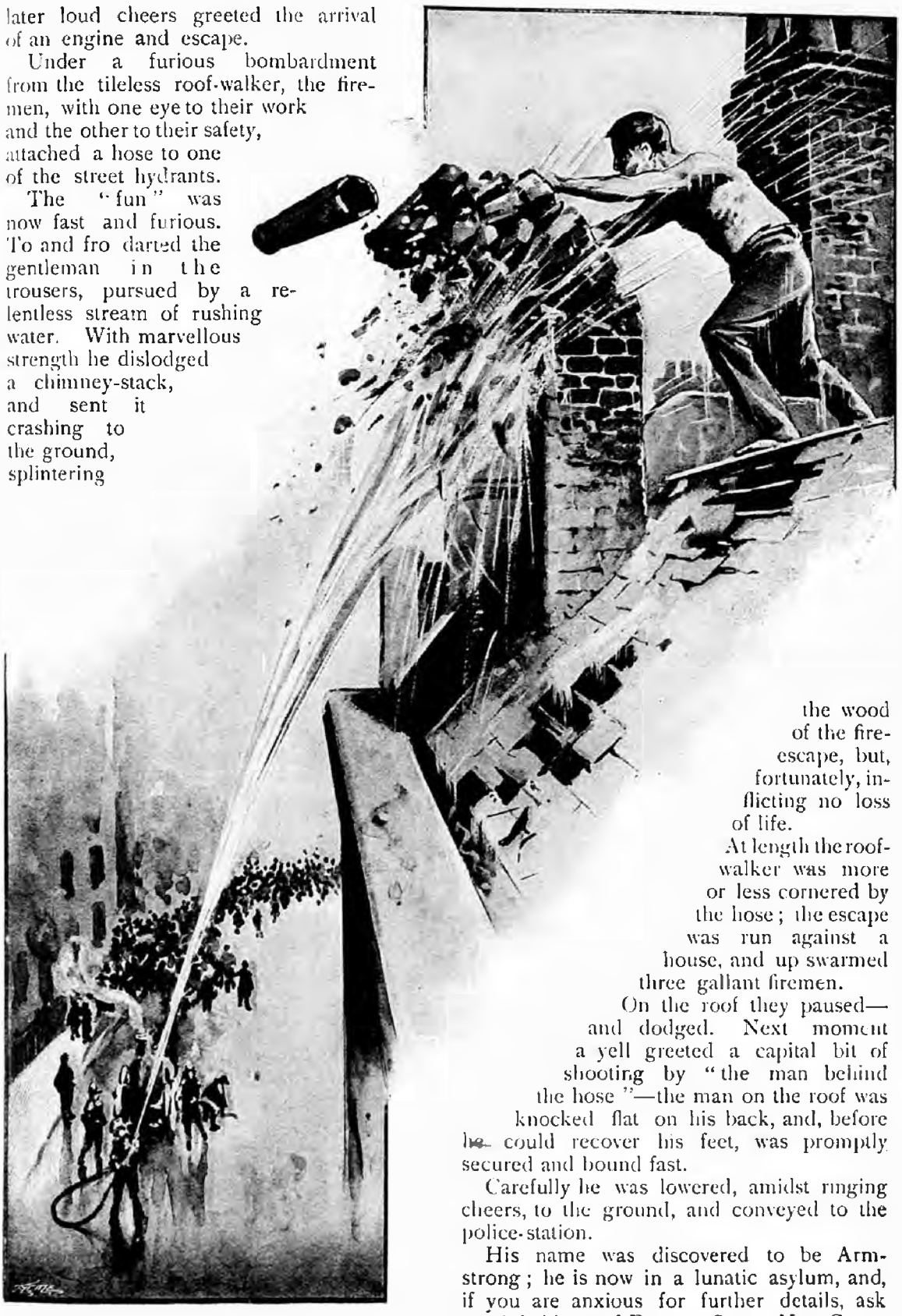
By this time the entire street was aroused. From various points of safety neighbours energetically exchanged their views on the alarming state of affairs created by a semi-nude man running from roof to roof detaching slates and bricks, and hurling them into the windows opposite and the street below.

Councils of war were held. At seven o'clock it was decided to call in the assistance of the fire brigade, and a few minutes

later loud cheers greeted the arrival of an engine and escape.

Under a furious bombardment from the tileless roof-walker, the firemen, with one eye to their work and the other to their safety, attached a hose to one of the street hydrants.

The "fun" was now fast and furious. To and fro darted the gentleman in the trousers, pursued by a relentless stream of rushing water. With marvellous strength he dislodged a chimney-stack, and sent it crashing to the ground, splintering the wood of the fire-escape, but, fortunately, inflicting no loss of life.



With marvellous strength he dislodged a chimney-stack.

At length the roof-walker was more or less cornered by the hose; the escape was run against a house, and up swarmed three gallant firemen.

On the roof they paused—and dodged. Next moment a yell greeted a capital bit of shooting by "the man behind the hose"—the man on the roof was knocked flat on his back, and, before he could recover his feet, was promptly secured and bound fast.

Carefully he was lowered, amidst ringing cheers, to the ground, and conveyed to the police-station.

His name was discovered to be Armstrong; he is now in a lunatic asylum, and, if you are anxious for further details, ask any inhabitant of Egmont Street, New Cross, London.

HIS BETTER HALF

A STORY TOLD IN DOCUMENTS

BY OWEN OLIVER

The Incriminating Letter →

①

My dear old Pe
My better half
three weeks so I'm
happy bachelor. I
Tuesday night at a
have a cosy little
to ourselves, and
It was only a kis
last time. I offe
was. I know you d
like just one more
be entirely yours
you should kiss m
will not object.
My love
is still sweet to m
want anyone else

②

ELMS
[T]ORNBURY PARK
S.W.

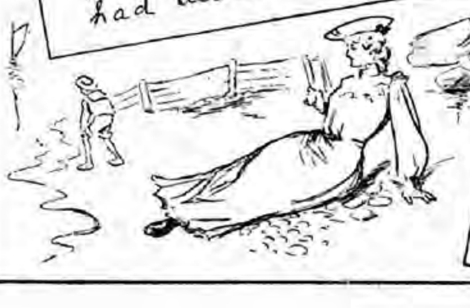
13th July, 1903

My dear Mary –

I am not one to bring up things, but I think you will be sorry now for what you said to me when I told you that I should keep an eye on John while I kept house for him. I have made a most shocking discovery. He is going to meet some person on Tuesday night. You must come back at once without letting him know. I went into his study when he was writing a letter yesterday. He pretended I had disturbed him, and tore it in two, saying he would telephone. This morning I happened to look in his waste-paper basket and found half of it. It is absolutely incriminating. I have not spoken to him, but have taken measures to find out all about it. Men are all alike! I warned you before you married him, but you would not believe me.

Your sorrowing mother
Jane Boyd

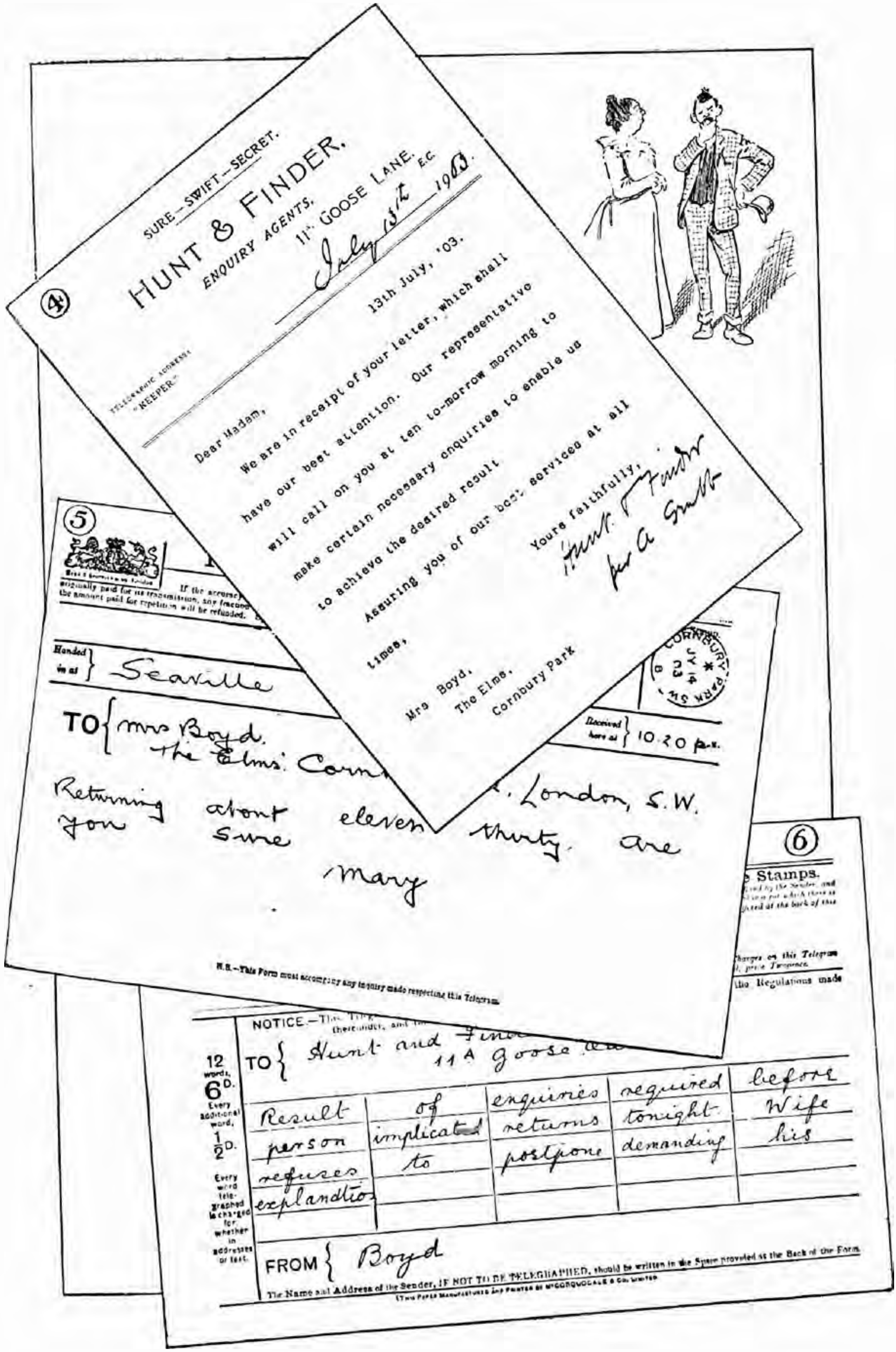
P.S. I have had to give both the cook and the housemaid notice.



③

Urgent and Immediate

Messrs. Hunt and Finder
Private Enquiry Agents
11A Goose Lane
E.C.


(4)

SURE—SWIFT—SECRET.

HUNT & FINDER.

ENQUIRY AGENTS.

11a GOOSE LANE. E.C.

July 13th 1903.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS "KEEPER."

13th July, '03.

Dear Madam,

We are in receipt of your letter, which shall have our best attention. Our representative will call on you at ten to-morrow morning to make certain necessary enquiries to enable us to achieve the desired result.

Assuring you of our best services at all times,

Yours faithfully,

Hunt & Finder
per A. Grubb

Mrs Boyd,
The Elms,
Cornbury Park

(5)

If the accuracy ... originally paid for its transmission, any fraction ... the amount paid for repetition will be refunded.

Handed in at } Seaville

Received here at } 10.20 p.m.

CORNBURY PARK S.W. JY 4 03

TO { Mrs Boyd.
The Elms' Corn... London, S.W.

Returning about eleven thirty. are you sure

Mary

N.B.—This Form must accompany any inquiry made respecting this Telegram.

(6)

... Stamps.

... Charges on this Telegram ...

... the Regulations made

NOTICE.—The ... thereunder, and ...

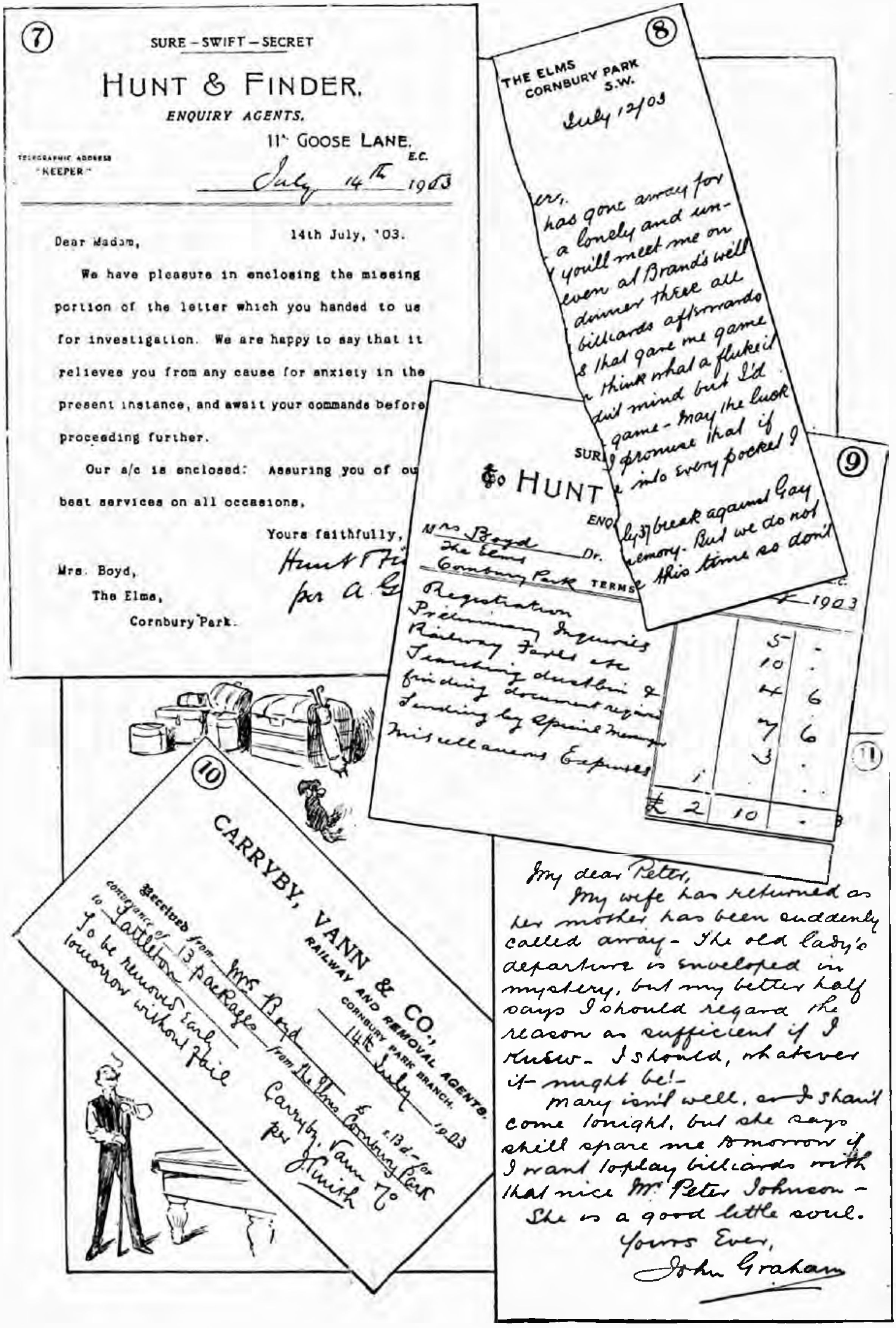
12 words, 6D. Every additional word, ½D. Every word telegraphed is charged for, whether in addresses or text.

TO { Hunt and Finder
11A Goose La...

Result	of	enquiries	required	before
person	implicated	returns	tonight	Wife
refuses	to	postpone	demanding	his
explanation				

FROM { Boyd

The Name and Address of the Sender, IF NOT TO BE TELEGRAPHED, should be written in the Space provided at the Back of the Form.



(7)

SURE – SWIFT – SECRET

HUNT & FINDER,

ENQUIRY AGENTS.

11^A GOOSE LANE, E.C.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS "KEEPER"

July 14th 1903

Dear Madam, 14th July, '03.

We have pleasure in enclosing the missing portion of the letter which you handed to us for investigation. We are happy to say that it relieves you from any cause for anxiety in the present instance, and await your commands before proceeding further.

Our a/c is enclosed: Assuring you of ou[r] best services on all occasions,

Yours faithfully,

Hunt & Fi[nder]
per A. G[...]

Mrs. Boyd,
The Elms,
Cornbury Park.

(8)

THE ELMS
CORNBURY PARK
S.W.

July 12/03

[...]er,
[...] has gone away for
[...] a lonely and un-
[...] you'll meet me on
[...]even at Brand's well
[...] dinner there all
[...] billiards afterwards
[...]s that gave me game
[...] think what a fluke it
[...] dn't mind but I'd
[...] game – May the luck
[...] promise that if
[...]e into every pocket I
[...]ly 37 break against Gay
[...]emory. But we do not
[...]e this time so don't

(9)

SUR[E ...]

HUNT [...]

ENQ[UIRY ...]

Mrs Boyd Dr.
The Elms
Cornbury Park TERMS

[...] 1903

	£	s.	d.
Registration		5	-
Preliminary Inquiries		10	-
Railway Fares etc		4	6
Searching dustbin & finding document required		7	6
Sending by Special Messenger		3	-
Miscellaneous Expenses	1	-	-
	£ 2	10	-

(10)

CARRYBY, VANN & CO.,
RAILWAY AND REMOVAL AGENTS.
CORNBURY PARK BRANCH.

14th July 1903

Received from Mrs Boyd & 13/6 for conveyance of 13 packages from the Elms Cornbury Park to Tatterton
To be removed early tomorrow without fail

Carryby, Vann & Co
per J. Smith

(11)

My dear Peter,
My wife has returned as her mother has been suddenly called away – The old lady's departure is enveloped in mystery, but my better half says I should regard the reason as sufficient if I knew – I should, whatever it might be! –
Mary isn't well, and I shan't come tonight, but she says she'll spare me tomorrow if I want to play billiards with that nice Mr Peter Johnson – She is a good little soul.
Yours Ever,
John Graham

THE POET & THE TIGER

The Thrilling Story of an Escape from a Menagerie.

By Chris Sewell.

You see, he *looked* such an egregious ass.

I suppose he couldn't help his appearance, but it was awfully irritating. He got his living by writing maudlin verses about starlight and moonrise and love, and rot like that.

And he wore his hair long, and had pale ladylike hands and floating ties.

How *was* any fellow to know—but I mustn't anticipate.

His name was Fawcett—Clarence Fawcett, if you please—and he was more than a trifle sweet on Ada—she's my sister, and of course there's no accounting for a girl's taste, but I had from the first a horrid suspicion that she rather fancied *him:* And yet she's one of those young women who simply reek of patriotism and woollen comforters in war time, and go crazy over a military procession, and are keener than mustard on grit and muscle and so forth.

Now, of course, I understand her better—but I'm anticipating again. The Governor and Ada picked the creature up abroad somewhere. The Governor liked him for some inexplicable reason — talked about his "genius," said that in his own line he was the coming man, and, finally, asked him to stay at Combehurst one summer during the Long. To my utter disgust he came. He dangled after Ada, and got up early to write sonnets, and made himself generally insufferable; and I fumed in the background and longed to kick him.

I don't know what I should have done—taken to poetry and lovelocks myself, most likely, if a menagerie hadn't come to the little town two miles from us for the August Bank Holiday.

Not that I care a tinker's blessing for menageries—nor ever have since I was a kid of seven; but this happened to bring an unlooked-for excitement in its train.

The vans reached Peterhead (that's the town) late on Sunday night; and before daylight on Monday morning, through some carelessness of a drunken keeper, their biggest tiger — a huge, rampaging man-eater—escaped!

My word! how it *did* make the surrounding villages sit up, to be sure!

As a general rule they were half asleep, but they woke up in double-quick time, and in Brierly, where we lived, there wasn't a child to be seen out of doors after the news had once leaked forth.

It seems that the thing skedaddled under cover of the darkness, and, in spite of search parties, not a trace of it could anyone find. I was the first of the household to hear the news, and I broke it to the rest at breakfast on Monday, keeping one eye on Fawcett as I did so. I thought he turned rather green, but he was always so sickly-looking that I couldn't be sure.

"Dear me," he said, with obvious anxiety, blinking round at us, "dear me, John, if this is true it will be unwise to venture out until the animal is captured."

I snorted derisively, and the Governor, who's brought down no end of big game in India, and is very great on pluck, raised his eyebrows and smiled. "Perhaps it will be as well if the women stay indoors till we hear more," he said, and he laid rather a suggestive emphasis on the word "women."

Even Ada glanced at her Poet uncomfortably, and got rather red; but he didn't appear to notice it, and only went on eating his breakfast in his finikin, ladylike way.

Thinks I to myself, "wouldn't he cut and squeal if he *did* happen to see anything much larger than a weasel!" and with that I began to turn matters over in my mind, and to wonder if I couldn't make capital out of the affair somehow, and so break the monotony a little.

Suddenly, just before lunch, I slapped my knee and almost gave the whole show away by guffawing out loud; an idea had struck me. I remembered that stowed away in an old lumber-room which we never used was a rather moth-eaten but fairly showy rug—just a tiger's head, skin, and paws—you know the sort of thing.

Why shouldn't I arrange a little adventure on my own for the family's benefit, and give dear "Clarence" such a jolly thorough shaking that the very name of Combehurst would stink in his nostrils for ever?

Chuckling internally, I sneaked off and locked myself up in the attic, and with the help of a little patience and a great deal of string I found I could transform myself into a fairly respectable tiger—a bit emaciated, perhaps—but at any rate decent enough to pass muster at twilight with the help of the bushes.

At lunch there was more wild-beast talk.

Fawcett turned sea-sick this time, and scarcely touched his lunch—he hadn't stirred out of doors all the morning.

"What about our walk to Lethbury this afternoon?" I asked him maliciously (Lethbury lay just near the menagerie, and I'd promised to show him a ruin there by sunset, or some drivel of the kind)—"unless you'd prefer to do some amateur tiger-stalking work." He waggled round at me as if I'd suggested cutting his throat on the spot—I noticed that his hand was shaking. "I—I've got a very trying headache," he stammered. "I think not to-day, John; perhaps to-morrow?"

"Just as you like," said I, shrugging my shoulders, "only yesterday you seemed so keen, you know," and I infused as much contempt into my voice as I dared before Ada.

"What are *you* going to do, Jack?" she asked suddenly.

"Oh! I'm going to stroll out that way," I said airily, "and if I *should* be unreasonably late back, perhaps Fawcett'll write me an appropriate epitaph — something in the 'young lady of Riga' style, don't you know!"

All at once Ada flushed and looked as if she were going to howl.

"It's perfectly horrible of you to joke about it, Jack," she said severely. "Why, the creature may be prowling quite near us even now, for all we know. If you're really going beyond the Lodge, take one of father's revolvers: he's loaded two in case of accident and put them on the hall table—I made him."

"Rot!" I said. "I'm not a girl. Besides, most likely the beast's snugly asleep in his own cage by this time," and with this remark I sauntered off.

* * * * *

It was between seven and eight, and the family, still believing me to be out, were devouring their dinner.

Needless to say, I had stowed myself safely in the attic, and was engaged in arranging the striped rug around my person and rigging it up with yards of string.

By-and-by I crept cautiously down the back stairs and out in the garden. The servants were busy, and by good luck no one saw me. Then I proceeded to secrete myself in the shrubbery, which ran along the side of a sloping terrace just in front of the drawing-room windows.

I crouched down in a horribly achy position, and arranged the big, fierce-looking head over my own. I found to my joy that by screwing round a little I could see the terrace pretty clearly from beneath it. I wriggled back into the undergrowth as far as possible, so that only the hideous face and a bit of striped skin could be seen in the waning light. I've no doubt it all looked jolly natural, but it was beastly hot, and I was fit to die of cramp before I heard the sound of voices, and the Governor stepped out, smoking a cigar.

Fawcett followed him rather gingerly, and Ada appeared after a few minutes, having evidently been upstairs to fetch a wrap.

They sat down on three garden chairs and proceeded to discuss me.

Ada wondered when I should be back from my walk, and if it was really safe to have let me go.

The Governor laughed, patted her shoulder,

"I—I've got a very trying headache," he stammered.

and told Fawcett that if the beast wasn't caught by to-morrow they must all join the chase. Fawcett's answer was inaudible, and I began to think that no one was going to notice me, and that I should have to do something drastic to advertise myself, when he got up to knock his cigarette ash off against a projecting ledge; and Ada, whose head was turned in my direction, had a sudden and uninterrupted view of the shrubbery. Her eyes were sharper than the poet's, and I saw her lean forward with a startled movement, as if she'd spied something she didn't like and was trying to pierce the shadows.

Then, all at once, with a shrill cry she leapt to her feet, and catching hold of Fawcett's shoulder, which was the nearest thing to her, she shook him violently, pointing to the bushes as she did so. "It's come!" she cried in a hoarse, unnatural way. "It's come! Oh, look, *look!* the tiger!"

As for me, I bent lower and lower—I was really beginning to enjoy myself for the first time since I left St. Clement's. I wobbled the great head mysteriously from side to side, and emitted a sound as much like a low growl as I could manage on the spur of the moment.

It had an electrical effect. The Governor darted from his chair, and they all three stood close together—stock-still, as if they'd taken root. I was fairly bursting with delight, and perspiring like ten troopers. It promised to be one of the best jokes of the season. The open drawing-room window was only a few yards behind, and I confidently expected to see Fawcett make a sprint for it, knocking the rest of the party over in his haste.

His face looked absolutely ghastly—what I could see of it—but, to my surprise, he stood his ground—I suppose he was too stiff with terror to move. He was nearest to me, and I advanced slowly towards him, growling as I came.

All at once he gave an awful cry—as long as I live I shall hear the echo of it; but, strange to say, it didn't sound so much frightened as full of a horrible astonishment.

He backed a step or two, and with a frenzied movement threw up his hands. "There are two of them!" he cried. "There are *two* of them!"

What did he mean—what could he mean? Two of *what?* Great Scott, two of *what?* I didn't dare to think. Only, as his voice died into silence, I became aware of a curious, uneven panting close behind me. It was a hateful *moist* sound, if you know what I mean, and it came in throbs and jerks.

Suddenly the blood in my veins seemed to congeal—I tossed back the mock head that was hiding my own, and wrestled like a lunatic to get my arms free from the rest of the skin.

As I did so someone shrieked: "It's Jack! It's Jack!" It must have been Ada, I think.

By this time I'd got one hand out, and I gave a sidelong look over my shoulder into the darkness.

I don't know how I realised it—I hardly know how I lived to do so—for immediately behind me, crawling out of the bushes where it must have lain hidden—its yellow eyes shining like topazes, and its great wet tongue hanging out—came the *real* tiger!

The next few moments chased each other anyhow—move I couldn't, even if that wretched, clinging rug would have allowed me to run.

I seemed only half conscious; yet all the time I knew that it was me the great beast was making for.

He advanced a few steps and crouched—advanced another few steps and crouched again, purring all the time.

I yelled again and again, like a terror-sick kid, and fought to free my other arm; but the confounded string was entangled somewhere, and the more I struggled the more involved I got.

I could feel the thing's reeking breath on my cheek, and I'd given up hope and settled down into the deadliest funk that anyone was ever in since the world began, when one of the figures on the terrace seemed suddenly to thaw into life, and dashed forward. At first I thought it was the Governor; but he told me afterwards that just at that instant he couldn't have stirred to save all the lives in Christendom.

What happened next is kind of misty; but the flying figure thrust me aside, and closed with the tiger.

By this time my head was going round and round like a humming-top. I had a hazy vision of a set, white face and a brush of floating hair, and a thin hand that struck and struck at a glaring topaz eye. I just saw one of the gigantic paws raised—heard a sound like the splitting of a dozen trees in a gale, and then I did a rotten, girlish thing—and fainted.

* * * * *

When I came to I was lying face upwards on the terrace, with that abominable rug still round me.

The Governor was snorting a few paces off, with a revolver in his hand, and Fawcett—well, Fawcett was sitting in one of the garden chairs looking more sea-sick than ever, and calmly staunching a nasty wound on his wrist with a couple of handkerchiefs and Ada's assistance.

The big, yellow beast was lying half in the shrubbery and half on the terrace—stone dead. The very sight of it turned me so giddy that I was obliged to crawl to my feet and stagger indoors.

Later that evening, when the doctor had been to dress Fawcett's wound (which happily wasn't as bad as it might have been), and I was feeling a little less squeamish, they told me all about it—how Fawcett had saved my life with a pocket-knife and kept the huge, savage creature at bay by sheer, hard, rattling pluck, till the Governor had recovered from his temporary paralysis and dashed for a revolver and finished the business.

"It didn't need much finishing, Jack," the old gentleman told me with a choky sort of catch in his voice: "that blade of his had fairly blinded the animal, if it hadn't reached his brain. There wasn't much life left in him when I got back."

* * * * *

Later still—after standing in the passage a good half-hour—I strolled into Fawcett's room.

The Governor was bellowing downstairs at two menagerie proprietors and a group of assistants.

"Look here," I said, kicking at the leg of the dressing-table and watching the toe of my boot, "I can never thank you, so I'm not going to try; but I've been a beastly cad. And if ever——"

"Don't mention it, John," said Fawcett in his leisurely drawl. "I'm only so—er—gratified that I was able to render you any assistance. Fighting tigers isn't my strong point, I fear. You see, when I was a small boy in India I saw one of my little sisters mauled by one—and it's given me an unconquerable antipathy to them ever since."

And then he extended his undamaged hand.

And I shook it?—Well, what do you think?

You know, I was dead set against Ada having anything to do with him first of all, not liking the idea of having to introduce any of our fellows to a chap like that as being my brother-in-law.

Now, however, I've quite changed my point of view, and I'm going to pull him and Ada together all I can. Yes, and I'm going to help him with his work, too—make some of the men I don't know very well buy his books, and all that sort of thing.

I had a hazy vision of a set, white face and a brush of floating hair, and a thin hand that struck and struck at a glaring topaz eye.

Photos, Coster, Eastbourne.

Scores of these forts were erected along the South-east coast in 1803 for the purpose of repelling the expected French invasion. They are now obsolete, and the pictures show one in course of demolition by hand and by dynamite respectively.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

One of the easiest possible Methods of obtaining Money is to send the Editor any Curious Photographs you may have; he will pay Liberally for such as are Suitable for these Pages.

REMOVING AN OBSOLETE NATIONAL DEFENCE.

What is a Martello tower? what were they built for? and why so called? It is not everybody who could answer those questions straight off. Well, these extraordinary fortresses were built along the South-east coast in the year 1803 for the purpose of repelling the expected invasion of England by the French, under Napoleon—the wonderful invasion which never came off! They are named Martello after a fortress of that name (and from which they were copied) which gave our sailors much trouble in engagements on the Spanish Main. Each fortress is forty feet across and the same measure in height. The walls are six feet thick below and nine feet thick above. Half a million bricks were required to build every fortress, the cost being £18,000 Considering that there are several score of them, it will be seen that the Government spared no expense in those days on behalf of the people's safety. The towers have never been used, and are now quite obsolete. The Martello tower above shown is in course of demolition. So sturdily were they built that this is no light labour. Nevertheless, down this particular fortress had to come; and, indeed, it is doubtful if much of it remained half a minute after the right-hand picture was taken.

A FOUR-FOOTED LIGHTHOUSEMAN.

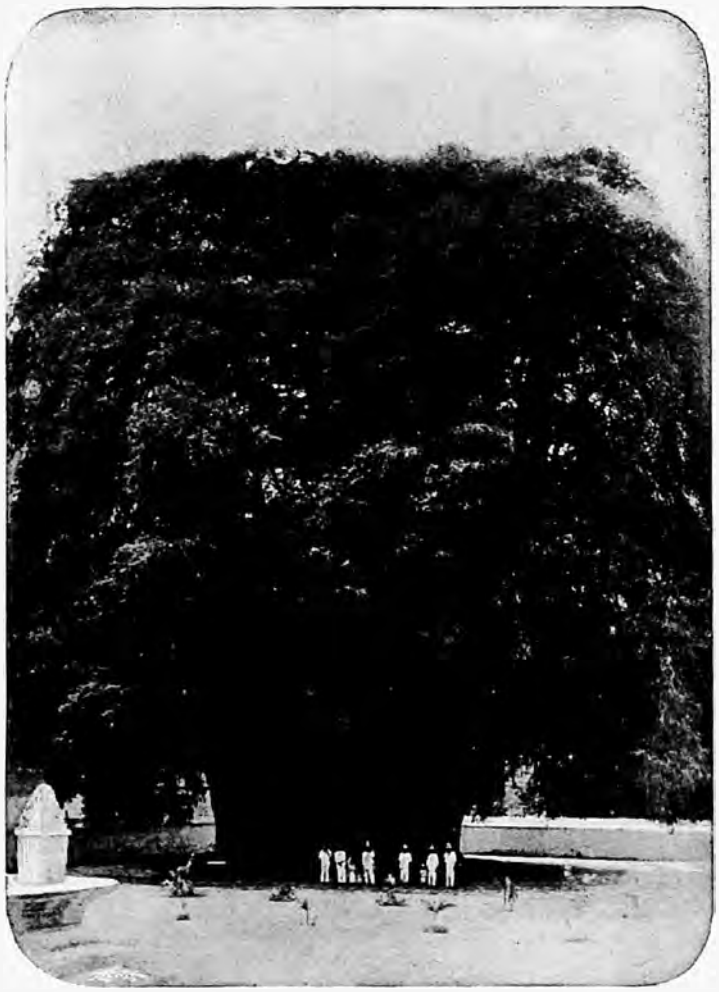
That is what the handsome collie seen in the accompanying photograph is; and very capably does he perform his duties. His master is keeper of the Wood Island light station, off Bideford Pool, in the State of Maine, U.S.A. Outside the lighthouse is a wooden platform, a few feet above which hangs an immense bell. This is rung in foggy weather as a warning to incoming vessels, whilst when fine it chimes forth by way of welcome. One morning, five years ago, Sailor (that is the dog's name) seized the bell-rope in his teeth and pulled the clapper. Now, either this gave him great amusement, or else he felt that he really ought to be of more assistance to his owner. Anyway, ever since then the bell has been under his sole and particular

This bell is suspended outside a United States lighthouse. It is used for the purpose of warning ships in foggy weather, and is attended to by Sailor — the keeper's collie.

care; and a first-rate ringer he makes.

A MONSTER TREE.

California is said to be the place of big trees, but the cypress here shown flourishes in Mexico, and it is doubtful if California can produce anything to rival it. Its circumference is 170 feet; its height over 250 feet. Its age—well, it must have started growing centuries before Columbus discovered America. All the year round its branches remain green—what a grand place on a baking hot day! Seen from a distance it presents a very striking spectacle, and is a well-known landmark for miles around the country. Being of such mammoth proportions it might well be supposed to be of a rather cumbersome overgrown appearance. As a matter of fact, however, it is a very gracefully-shaped tree—as beautiful as it is big, so its champions say, and, so far as one can judge from its photograph, they are quite right.



This enormous tree flourishes in Mexico. Its trunk is 160 feet in girth, whilst its branches tower over 250 feet into the air.

A VERY SMALL MOTORIST WITH HIS VERY SMALL CAR.

His name is Master Hubert Ogden; he lives in Indiana; he is four years old; and, so long as he sticks to that car, he needn't fear being "run in" for "exceeding the limit," the machine's maximum speed being only seven miles an hour. It is driven by a gasoline motor, and weighs seventy-five pounds. Master Ogden is an exceedingly skilful *chauffeur*; and having started so young, we shall certainly see him winning the Gordon Bennett Cup as soon as he gets a bit bigger. Almost daily he is to be seen driving cleverly and fearlessly about the streets of the town in which he lives with his parents, guiding, starting, stopping, and regulating his speed with the confident air of one who is quite an old hand at the game.

The motor-car — specification: Gasoline driven; speed, 7 miles per hour; wheel diameter, 1ft. 8in. The driver—specification: Name, Hubert Ogden; age, four years; character, skilled *chauffeur*.

The car was built entirely by the little motorist's father, who must be rather proud of having constructed so clever and workable a miniature. It is to be hoped for Master Ogden's sake that his parent is already at work constructing "a size larger" to be ready directly Hubert grows just too big for his present carriage, and just too small for a full-sized one.

THE STRANGE ERRANDS OF A MESSENGER BOY.

Extracts from the Surprising History of David David, District Messenger.

By Allen Upward.

II.—THE PROUD LITTLE BOY.

The Proud Little Boy walked into the Charing Cross office of the District Messenger Company about eleven o'clock in the morning, and marched up to the counter, above which his nose was just visible to the Superintendent.

He wore a white sailor-suit, and a straw hat with a big, curly brim, set right on the back of his head, so that his fresh little face seemed to be surrounded by a straw frame, like a halo. The sailor-suit was very new and spick-and-span, and the ribbon round the hat was very smart, with *H.M.S. Osborne* on it in gilt letters, and the Proud Little Boy himself was as clean and well-brushed as though he had just stepped down from an outfitter's window, and taken off his ticket—"This suit complete, 37s. 6d."

In a clear, firm voice the Proud Little Boy said—

"I want a chaperon."

"A what, sir?" exclaimed the Superintendent with natural surprise.

"A chaperon," repeated the Proud Little Boy, very stern and self-possessed. "I want a boy to go out with me for the day, and take me to places."

"I understand." This was not altogether a new demand in the Superintendent's experience. It was not an uncommon thing for a busy parent, stopping at one of the big hotels near Trafalgar Square, to engage a messenger to take his children to the Tower of London or the Zoological Gardens. But this was the first time that the juvenile had come in alone to engage his own escort.

"Have you got the money?" the Superintendent was prudent enough to inquire.

The Proud Little Boy drew himself up to his full height—nearly four feet.

"I've got a pound!" he proclaimed, fishing in his breast pocket, where he had been obliged to deposit the precious coin along with his handkerchief, his whistle, his knife, and the broken key of a humming-top, for the sadly sufficient reason that this was the only pocket he had.

The sovereign came to the surface entangled in the folds of the handkerchief, from which it slipped and fell, rolling halfway across the floor of the office, before it stopped and settled down with a prolonged rattle.

"Pick it up," commanded the Proud Little Boy, addressing the nearest member of the messenger corps.

This boy—a lad of sixteen, who wore three stripes on his right sleeve, signifying that he had attained the rank of a sergeant, not to mention a silver good-conduct medal—gave a start and obeyed.

"You had better keep it," the Superintendent advised. "It'll go down a drain next time. This boy shall go with you, sir," he added, turning to the client.

The Proud Little Boy looked the Sergeant up and down, frowning, and shook his head.

"I don't like this one," he said decidedly. "He's too old. I'll have another."

The unfortunate Sergeant blushed, and shrank back dismayed as the Proud Little Boy walked past him to a bench, on which three boys were seated, waiting their turns to be sent out.

The first he inspected was a big, raw-boned Irish lad, with a smile that could almost be heard on a still day. The second was a small and chubby urchin, who looked about twelve years old, though, unless the laws and ordinances of the London School Board had been recklessly violated, he must have been older than he seemed. The third was a bright and dashing youth of fourteen summers, whose neat, spotless uniform, and smart cap cocked jauntily over the right ear, suggested that he was a recent recruit to the Messenger Corps.

Something in the alert, expectant air of this last youth seemed to attract the client. He paused in front of him, and said with deliberation:

"I'll have you. What's your name?"

"David, sir," replied that hero, springing to his feet overjoyed.

He had had a presentiment that it would fall to his lot to take charge of the Proud Little Boy, and being a youth of active imagination, he had already woven a romance around the little figure in the sailor-suit and the big straw hat. His theory was that the customer was an orphan, in the act of running away from a wicked uncle, who wished to poison him for the sake of his property.

The name David appeared to touch a responsive chord in the Proud Little Boy.

"Why, that's my name, too!" he exclaimed with a pleased smile. The next moment, as though fearful that he had been betrayed into too much familiarity, he drew himself up with increased dignity, and corrected himself—"At least, it's one of my names."

The Superintendent by this time had filled in a yellow slip of paper with the figures 100, that being the official designation of the fortunate messenger.

"Here, Hundred! And take care of the money."

Hundred deposited the sovereign carefully along with the yellow slip in the leather wallet slung by his side, and he and his youthful employer walked out into the sunshine of Charing Cross.

"Where do you want to go, sir?"

"I want to go all about and see everything," was the answer. "I want to know what it's all really like."

He spoke with the air of one who had hitherto viewed life through a glass, darkly, and now wished to see it face to face.

"There's the National Gallery over there," said the messenger, rather at a loss what to suggest.

The Proud Little Boy made a face.

"I've been there," he said in a tone of contempt. "I want you to take me somewhere where I haven't been before."

David led the way across Northumberland Avenue to the corner of the Strand.

"Have you been to St. Paul's Cathedral?" he asked doubtfully.

The client frowned and shook his head.

"I know Spaul's Cathedral," he said, making two words of it, "where they have the thanksgivings I don't want to go there. Let's go to some jolly place."

David considered for a minute. He thought of Westminster Abbey, but though that venerable building is not without merits of its own, he felt that it could scarcely be described as jolly. The Westminster Aquarium was no longer available as a pleasure resort.

"What about the British Museum?" he suggested.

The Proud Little Boy shook his head more emphatically than before.

"The Britishmuseum's a *horrid* place. My father"—he checked himself abruptly—"my father's got something to do with that. It's all stones, and bones, and things in glass cases. Besides, I don't want to go anywhere like that. I want to see something strange—something quite different."

David was puzzled to grasp what his companion meant by strange. In despair he suggested that they should get on to the top of a 'bus going Citywards, and consider their plans as they rode along.

To his relief, the Proud Little Boy jumped at this suggestion. They crossed the street, when all at once David noticed that the traffic was undergoing some dislocation. The carts and carriages were drawing up to the side of the road, and the foot passengers were beginning to form a row along the edge of the kerb.

"What's going on?" he asked of a man standing in the gutter selling coils of brass wire which appeared to be endowed with life, and to jump about of their own accord.

"The King's going into the City to lunch

He instantly turned tail and bolted for all he was worth up a side street.

at the Manshing Ouse, o' course," was the scornful answer.

David turned eagerly to his young charge, who was just being thrust back sternly on the pavement by a majestic policeman.

"We're in luck," he called out to him. "The King's just coming by."

The effect of this announcement on the Proud Little Boy was disappointing and somewhat startling. He instantly turned tail and bolted for all he was worth up a side street, not stopping for breath till he was in front of Queen Charlotte's Hospital.

"Whatever's the matter?" cried the messenger, as soon as he had caught his employer again. "What are you afraid of?"

"I'm not afraid," returned the fugitive, as he panted for breath.

"Then why did you run away like that?"

"Because I didn't like being there."

This explanation was conclusive, but not satisfactory. David began to think his charge was difficult to please.

"Well, where do you want to be then?" he asked.

"Let's wait till he's gone by, and then go back," said the youngster.

"Why, don't you want to see the King?"

"I have seen him," was the answer, given a little crossly. "I want to see some new things—things I haven't seen before."

A happy thought struck the messenger. He led the way into Covent Garden, and displayed the glories of the market to his exacting patron.

The Proud Little Boy was pleased with the bustle, and the scent from the cases of oranges. But he turned up his nose at the display of hothouse fruit on the stalls.

"Our peaches are better than them," he said disdainfully.

David's opinion that the client was no common boy was confirmed by this boast.

"Are they?" he said artfully. "Where do you live?"

"I live in lots of places," the other replied. He was evidently going on to say more, when he suddenly seemed to recollect himself, and

pulled up suddenly. "I shan't tell you where I live. That's a secret. Let's have some peaches."

David, nothing loth, spent half-a-crown out of the sovereign on a basket of choice fruit. The Proud Little Boy divided the peaches with great fairness, allotting three to his conductor and three to himself.

By the time they were disposed of, David thought it safe to return to the Strand, and the two made their way down Wellington Street.

As they stood at the crowded corner, waiting for a Liverpool Street 'bus, the younger David burst out in admiration:

"How jolly it is here! I wish I could live here always. I don't expect you ever get dull where you live, do you?"

"But I don't live at the office," explained the messenger, realising his companion's mistake. "I only come there in the day."

"Don't you?" The little boy was clearly surprised. "Where do you live?"

"I live in Camberwell. The other side of the river."

"I never heard of Camberwell. Is it far? Let's go there!" suggested the explorer.

David shook his head.

"It's a good way, and I don't expect you'd like it when you got there. It's not a bit like this."

"What's your father?" the cross-examiner persisted.

"He's an Inspector in the Police," David answered with some pride. Seeing that the Proud Little Boy was not greatly impressed, he asked—"What's yours?"

The client drew back sharply.

"I shan't tell you. It's rude to ask questions," he said with cutting severity.

At this moment a white 'bus from Putney slowed up alongside of the pavement, and the two boys boarded it, and ascended to the roof.

By the time they were seated, the little boy had recovered himself, and seemed to wish to atone for the sharpness of his reproof.

"My father's a captain, that's what he is. Captain of a ship, you know. He's sailed all round the world, and so's my mother—a short while ago."

The information fitted in with the little boy's nautical attire, but David felt slightly disappointed. He had met one or two sea-captains, down at the Docks, and they had been rather rough specimens.

It was difficult to understand how one of them could have so aristocratic a son. It was still more difficult to believe that they could afford to give their children sovereigns by way of pocket-money, and David began to feel grave misgivings as to how his young companion had come by such a large sum.

The more he looked at his young charge, the more bewildered he felt. The Proud Little Boy showed the self-possession of one twice his age, and yet he seemed to be surprisingly ignorant of common things. For instance, when the conductor came round to collect the fares, the little boy was quite taken aback.

"Have we got to pay?" he asked, in evident surprise.

"Of course. You didn't think they took us for nothing, did you? It's just like a train."

"But you don't have to pay in trains," objected the client.

"You don't, perhaps, but your father, or whoever you're with, has to take the tickets before you get in."

The youngster opened his mouth as if to contradict this assertion, but closed it again.

"What are you staring at me for?" he asked the next minute, as he caught his conductor's eyes fixed on his face in thoughtful scrutiny.

"You're like someone I know," the messenger explained frankly, "but I can't think who it is. Perhaps I've seen you before somewhere, and forgotten it."

His companion turned away in evident annoyance.

"No, you haven't. I wish you'd leave me alone. I hate being looked at."

"A cat may look at a king," said David, rather nettled.

The Proud Little Boy started.

"What do you mean?" he demanded with suspicion.

"I don't understand you," the chaperon answered. "You get huffy about nothing."

The client calmed down after that answer, and they jogged along peacefully till the Bank was reached.

The sight of the roaring whirlpool of traffic that seethes and sways between the Bank, the Royal Exchange, and the Mansion House fascinated the young explorer.

"Why is there such a crowd?" he inquired.

"Oh, it's always like this," replied David, unconsciously falling into the error of those philosophers who, when they have established the persistence of a law, think they have explained it.

"Then what becomes of all the carriages and things when there's a procession?" asked the inquisitive little boy.

"They stop, or go round some other way."

The little boy tore himself with reluctance from his seat on the top of the omnibus. David, after casting about in his mind for some place to conduct his charge to, bethought himself of the Guildhall.

"Have you been to the Guildhall?" he asked.

"No. What's the Guildhall?"

"The Guildhall?" For a moment the messenger hesitated. "Oh, it's a place where they have dinners and speeches, sometimes. And there's exhibitions there, sometimes—pictures and things."

The little boy allowed himself to be led along Gresham Street to the civic headquarters. He pronounced the hall itself a dreary building, and was bored by an attempt to read Lord Mayor Beckford's famous reply to King George the Third.

Gog and Magog proved more attractive, and he inquired into the history of the two monsters, which David was compelled to supply from his imagination. Finally the two boys turned into the picture gallery.

The exhibition on view was one of the works of living artists, and chiefly of British portrait-painters. The Proud Little Boy viewed some of these with considerable interest, recognising several of the persons portrayed.

"That's Lord Dartmoor; I know him," he proclaimed, in a loud whisper. "And there's the Duchess of Mersey."

Some ladies who were standing in front of a picture representing a small boy in a sailor-suit, happened to turn round, and they caught sight of No. 100 and his charge.

David observed that they seemed surprised and interested, and that they turned back to the canvas on the wall, and then to his companion again, exchanging whispered remarks.

He waited till they had passed further down the gallery, and then approached the picture himself.

"Why, look here!" he exclaimed, beckoning to his patron. "Here's a boy just like you!"

The Proud Little Boy took two steps towards the portrait, then his jaw dropped in evident consternation, and he turned abruptly and fled from the spot.

David hurried after him, more puzzled than ever. He found his mysterious client standing in the sunshine of King Street, watching the pigeons as they circled round him in search of crumbs.

"Why do you go on like that?" demanded the messenger crossly. "It's silly to keep running away. You aren't afraid of a picture, are you?"

"I hate silly pictures," said the little boy evasively. "It's too hot in there." He began walking away from the Guildhall, and presently remarked—"I'm getting hungry."

"Shall we go in and have something to eat?" responded David, who felt it was useless to question his patron further.

The Proud Little Boy jumped at this suggestion. His chaperon led him to an A. B. C. shop, and they descended into a gas-lit cavern below the surface of the earth, and made a hearty meal of sardines, poached eggs, and saveloys, washed down by cocoa.

The saveloys particularly interested the Proud Little Boy, who had never seen one of these delicacies before, and manifested much curiosity as to its contents. David graciously enlightened him, but his pity for his client's ignorance was very great, and he could not help thinking that the little boy had been very badly brought up.

The sight of another item on the bill of fare roused the youngster's interest.

"What's that?" he inquired, pointing to the entry—"Welsh Rare-bit."

"It's toasted cheese," the chaperon explained.

"Why is it called Welsh?"

David was unable to answer this query, much to his mortification.

"I'm a Welshman," he said, by way of changing the subject.

"Are you? So am I. At least, my father is one, I'm sure," said the little boy. "You know he's the—" He stopped short, and gulped down the next word. "Let's come out again; I'm tired of this place."

David paid for their refreshments out of his patron's funds, and they emerged into the street.

This time the messenger led the way to the Liverpool Street Station, thinking that the bustle of the arriving and departing trains would be sure to prove an attraction.

The client welcomed the suggestion. They had just got as far as the entrance when a middle-aged gentleman in episcopal hat, apron, and gaiters, in whom the messenger recognised the features of a popular Bishop, almost ran up against the pair.

His lordship pulled himself up, and then, his eye falling on David's companion, he exclaimed—

"Why, goodness me, how extraordinary! He's the image of——"

Whose image he was, the Proud Little Boy did not stop to hear. Another of the panics which had already seized him twice that morning caused him to break away, and plunge into the midst of a crowd of passengers issuing from the station.

David would have given a good deal to stop and question the Bishop, but he was afraid to lose sight of his charge.

As soon as he had regained his side, he made a fresh attempt to extract information.

"Do you know who that was?" he asked.

"Yes, of course I do," was the answer given in a tone of defiance.

"Then why did you run away from him? He wouldn't have hurt you, would he?"

"I was afraid he would want me to go with him," said the little boy, darkly.

"You mean he would have taken you home?" suggested the messenger, now thoroughly convinced that his original theory was right, and that his employer was a fugitive.

"Never mind. That's nothing to do with you." Then, resorting to his usual tactics to burke discussion, the youngster added: "Don't let's stop here. Take me somewhere where we shan't meet people. Somewhere where nobody will stare at me."

This was not a demand which it was easy to gratify, for the smartness with which the Proud Little Boy was dressed, and his aristocratic air, made him a conspicuous figure in the dingy City streets.

By way of making matters worse, David

David observed that they seemed surprised and interested.

now adventured across Bishopsgate Street, and led his charge through some of the most disreputable quarters of the East End. When they got to Petticoat Lane, the exacting client seemed to be satisfied at last.

"I like this," he announced graciously. "I've never been here before. Are all these people very wicked?"

David hastened to reassure his charge. But the feeling which inspired the Proud Little Boy's question was evidently not fear.

He paused to purchase oranges of an old lady who presided over a stall in the gutter.

"Bless yer pretty little face!" exclaimed the dame, as she picked him out her choicest fruit. "You might be a Prince, a'most."

Instead of receiving this compliment with pleasure, the Proud Little Boy scowled darkly.

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that. What does it matter to you who I am?"

"Bless yer 'art, my dear, it's on'y a way o' talking. If you was the Prince o' Wales 'isself, it wouldn't make no odds to me. There, there, keep yer penny, and gie me a kiss instead."

Then a strange thing happened. The Proud Little Boy turned very red, hesitated, glanced round to see if anyone was looking, and then bestowed a hearty salute on the old lady's withered cheek. Immediately after which he bolted round the corner harder than ever.

Just as David was wondering what fresh excitement he could find for his customer, he was relieved by the sound of a loud clatter and shouting, followed immediately by the appearance of a fire engine galloping past at full speed.

The Proud Little Boy required no persuasion to join in the pursuit. He was fairly swept off his feet and carried away by the rush of the crowd following in the engine's wake.

The messenger kept up as well as he could, but the constant enlarging of the crowd as it was joined by fresh swarms issuing from every side street, thrust him and his charge further and further apart. By the time David reached the spot where the fire-engine was drawn up in front of a burning house, the little figure in the white sailor-suit had disappeared from view.

It was in vain that the chaperon thrust his way through the thickest of the crowd, heedless of the rebuffs and angry words addressed to him as he searched for his companion. He took no heed of the spectacle offered by the flames bursting forth from every window of the doomed building.

Anxious and dismayed at the thought that his little patron was lost, he had no eyes for any sight but that which he hunted for in vain, the sight of a big, curly-brimmed straw hat surrounding the features of a proud little boy.

The distracted messenger was beginning to despair, and to think of appealing to the police for assistance, when a sudden crash and the falling in of a mass of brickwork caused a quick backward movement in the throng.

David was forced down a side street as a result of the momentary panic, and, finding himself unable to make headway against the retreating mass of people, he turned into a network of lanes and alleys in the hope of working his way back to the scene of the fire by another route.

He was hurrying along at the double when his eye was suddenly arrested by a glimpse of the back of a straw hat with a broad, curly brim, such as he had been searching for in vain for the last half-hour.

The hat was just passing out of sight under an archway. David darted after it, and found himself in a narrow court, surrounded by low, tumble-down hovels, in the centre of which stood his client, confronting two lads of David's own age, and of the most villainous looks.

"You've just got to 'and over all you've got, and mike no bones abart it," one of the young ruffians was saying, as the messenger turned under the archway.

The Proud Little Boy looked the aggressor in the face.

"How dare you talk to me like that? You are to take me straight back to Charing Cross, do you hear?"

The boys laughed scornfully, and closed up on each side of their prisoner. One of them had just extended his hand to snatch the contents of the little boy's pocket, when he was astonished to receive a well-directed blow between the eyes, which sent him staggering back several paces, from the fist of a lad in the uniform of the District Messenger Company.

The Proud Little Boy turned round at this unexpected interference, and welcomed his chaperon with a cry of delight. David, without stopping for explanations, at once set to work on the second thief, who still stood his ground.

There followed a sharp, short fight, which threatened at one time to end badly for the messenger. The boy he had first attacked, recovering from the blow he had received, was making for David to take him in the rear.

But at this crisis the Proud Little Boy showed the metal he was made of by interposing between the assailant and his champion. He received the blow intended for David, and delivered another in return, which had the effect of disconcerting the enemy. Before he could dispose of his small, but plucky antagonist, David had administered a

But at this crisis the Proud Little Boy showed the metal he was made of.

knock-out blow to the other boy, who fell, gasping and bleeding, to the ground.

The Welshman, whose blood was up, turned round eager to engage the fallen one's comrade. But that worthy had seen enough of the messenger's prowess. He turned tail, and bolted out of the court, leaving the two victors in possession of the field.

The two boys emerged through the archway in a sad condition. David's face was black and red, and his neat uniform was in a state not likely to meet the approval of the Superintendent.

His companion looked more like a mud-lark than a Proud Little Boy. His beautiful clean suit was bedaubed with mud, and sprinkled with his own gore.

David's first care, after leading the way back into the regions of civilisation, was to take his charge to the Liverpool Street Station, and have him tidied up in the lavatory. This done, and the messenger's own appearance slightly improved, the two boys ventured to mount a 'bus proceeding westward.

The Proud Little Boy having confessed that he had now seen enough of life for one day, David asked where he wished to be taken to.

"Take me back with you to Charing Cross," said the client.

"But you don't live in Charing Cross," objected David.

"I live close by," the little boy said mysteriously. "If you like you can come with me as far as the door."

With this promise David had to be content during the ride. They dismounted at the corner of Cockspur Street, and then the Proud Little Boy boldly led the way along Pall Mall.

The appearance of two battered youngsters —one of whom wore a messenger's uniform, while the other had evidently seen better days —in that aristocratic locality naturally excited attention.

But not even their dishevelled state seemed enough to account for the inquisitive and almost startled looks which were bestowed on David's companion by some of the gentlemen who came out of the big clubs that line Pall Mall.

It was not till the two boys were fairly at the entrance to Marlborough House that the truth dawned upon the messenger.

The Proud Little Boy stopped dead just before passing the sentry-box, and opened his mouth to speak. Before a word had passed his lips, a gorgeous motor car drew up at the side of the pavement with a loud whizz, and a gentleman in a frock coat and silk hat sprang off the front seat, and caught up the Proud Little Boy in his arms.

"You young rascal, where have you been? The police have been looking for you all over London for the last five hours."

David gave a great gasp, and for a moment thought of making a bolt into the sentry-box, and hiding himself inside.

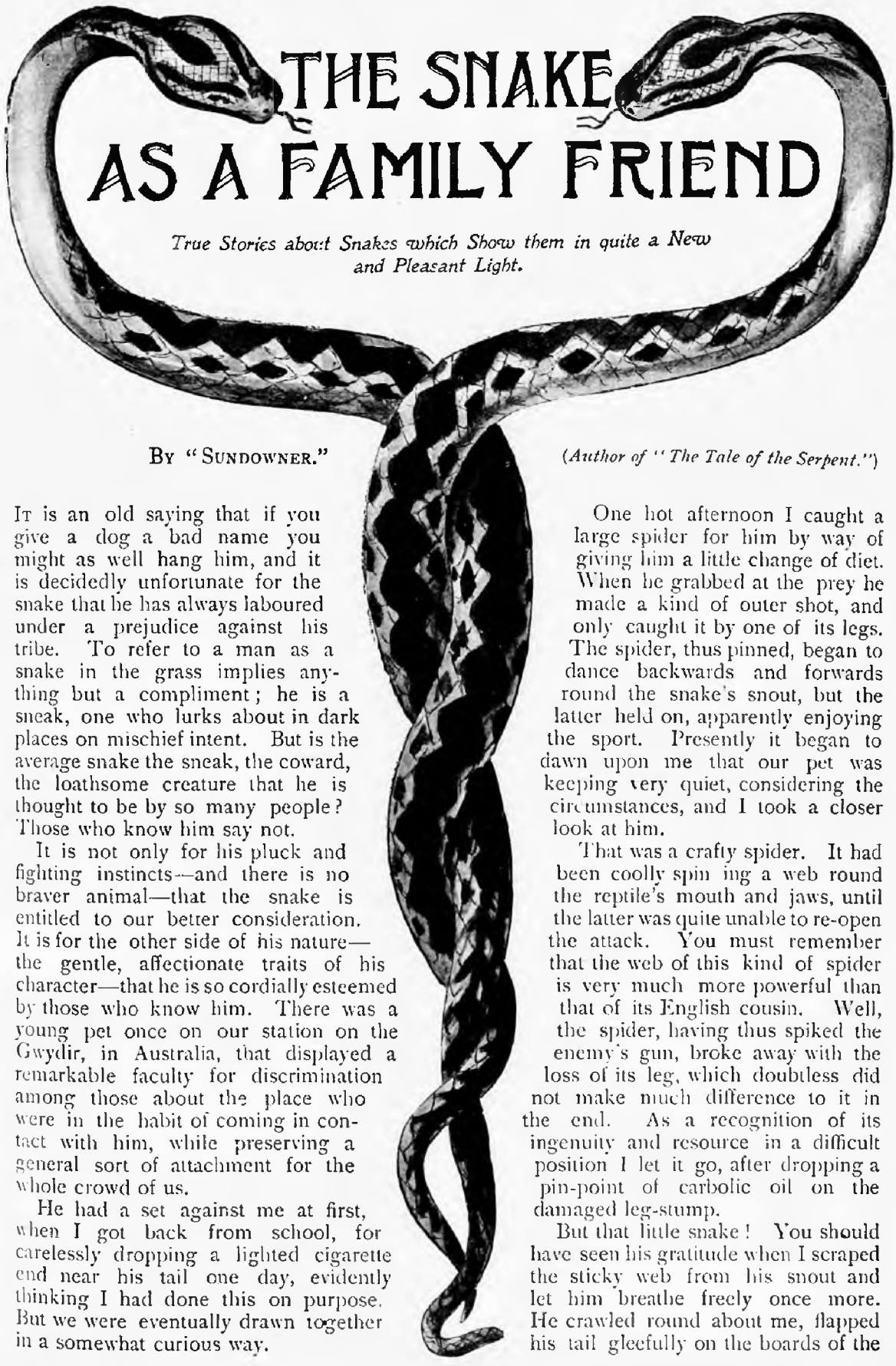
But he had no cause for alarm. The Proud Little Boy stood his friend. Somehow or other, he never quite knew how, David found himself inside the front door of the house, adding his explanations to the narrative which his late client poured out into the ears of the gentleman in the frock coat, and of a very beautiful and gracious lady, who appeared exceedingly glad to have the Proud Little Boy back again.

When the excited messenger finally found his way to the Charing Cross District Office, he was strangely silent on the subject of his errand.

But the next day he was sent for by the General Manager, and decorated with the Company's silver medal. And it is now understood that whenever a call comes to the office from the Proud Little Boy's house it is No. 100 who is to be sent.

THE SNAKE AS A FAMILY FRIEND

True Stories about Snakes which Show them in quite a New and Pleasant Light.



By "Sundowner."

(Author of "The Tale of the Serpent.")

It is an old saying that if you give a dog a bad name you might as well hang him, and it is decidedly unfortunate for the snake that he has always laboured under a prejudice against his tribe. To refer to a man as a snake in the grass implies anything but a compliment; he is a sneak, one who lurks about in dark places on mischief intent. But is the average snake the sneak, the coward, the loathsome creature that he is thought to be by so many people? Those who know him say not.

It is not only for his pluck and fighting instincts—and there is no braver animal—that the snake is entitled to our better consideration. It is for the other side of his nature—the gentle, affectionate traits of his character—that he is so cordially esteemed by those who know him. There was a young pet once on our station on the Gwydir, in Australia, that displayed a remarkable faculty for discrimination among those about the place who were in the habit of coming in contact with him, while preserving a general sort of attachment for the whole crowd of us.

He had a set against me at first, when I got back from school, for carelessly dropping a lighted cigarette end near his tail one day, evidently thinking I had done this on purpose. But we were eventually drawn together in a somewhat curious way.

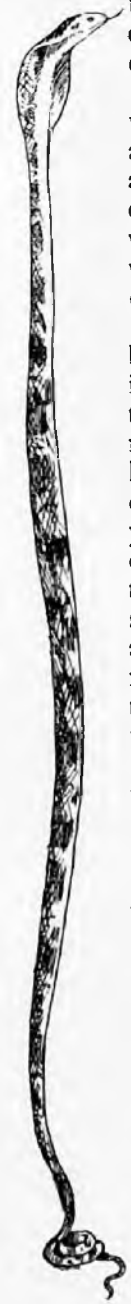
One hot afternoon I caught a large spider for him by way of giving him a little change of diet. When he grabbed at the prey he made a kind of outer shot, and only caught it by one of its legs. The spider, thus pinned, began to dance backwards and forwards round the snake's snout, but the latter held on, apparently enjoying the sport. Presently it began to dawn upon me that our pet was keeping very quiet, considering the circumstances, and I took a closer look at him.

That was a crafty spider. It had been coolly spinning a web round the reptile's mouth and jaws, until the latter was quite unable to re-open the attack. You must remember that the web of this kind of spider is very much more powerful than that of its English cousin. Well, the spider, having thus spiked the enemy's gun, broke away with the loss of its leg, which doubtless did not make much difference to it in the end. As a recognition of its ingenuity and resource in a difficult position I let it go, after dropping a pin-point of carbolic oil on the damaged leg-stump.

But that little snake! You should have seen his gratitude when I scraped the sticky web from his snout and let him breathe freely once more. He crawled round about me, flapped his tail gleefully on the boards of the

floor, and occasionally crawled over to a tin can that stood in the corner, and struck his tail wildly against it, by way, apparently, of giving loud or musical expression to his joy.

After that we became great friends, and he was always ready to do anything I asked of him—in reason. One of the tricks we used to show off with before visitors at the station was that of retrieving small articles. He had a decided fancy for hairpins in this connection, and when one was thrown away into the long grass he would never rest till he recovered it, and brought it back in triumph to me. Sometimes, when he wanted to play, and saw that I had no hairpin handy, he would crawl off to where one of the grown-up girls was sitting, climb up the back of her chair, and make a dab at her hair to secure one of the coveted playthings.



There was no end of grief in our family when that pet died. We had entered him for a snake show at a neighbouring settlement, and while there he contracted a species of distemper, and died rather miserably a few weeks afterwards, although we had all the vets for miles around in to try their remedies on him.

It may be as well to say here that the breeding of snakes for show or stud purposes is generally an unprofitable pursuit, although the interesting character of the occupation may be said to make up for any material loss that one may suffer. As some of our distinguished natural scientists have in recent years discovered, by close and regular observation, that bees, ants, and other creatures have their mutual affections, social systems, and even municipal corporations and parliaments of their own, so we have found that the snake—at any rate, the Australian variety—has not dallied behind on the pathway of natural progress.

On a snake farm, for example, the buck reptile sedulously assists his doe partner in bringing up their "clutches" of young snakes as soon as they are out of their shells, and helps in the most intelligent way to put the budding brood in the way that they should go. Learning to crawl properly is apparently not so easy as it may look on paper, and the infantile reptile has many spills and tosses as a rule before he can get the right hang of the thing. This is where his male parent comes in handy, for the mother is kept busy finding fresh food spots for the youngsters as they grow up, and in warding off the many dangers that surround the young snake in the bush.

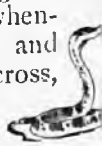
Compared with most other creatures whose normal habits are what we call wild, the snake gets along very comfortably in captivity. In places like the Zoo, of course, he wears a sad and worried look, and even when the keeper goes round with the food you could hardly find one snake out of the lot that could honestly be said to show any buoyancy of spirits. On the other hand, on any well-conducted snake farm such as we used to have in New South Wales and Queensland when I was at the game, the reptiles are always cheerful and of good heart. They have their turns of dulness and illness, it is true, and are apt to be somewhat snappish at such times, but there is nothing in that—the human creature and most others have the same weaknesses and failings.

Give a snake the run of a good farm, where he can make his own hole to suit his own fancy and ideas of comfort and architecture, and he will be as happy as a blackfellow in a pantry. He is a good mate to his particular doe, and a good parent to his crawling offspring.

The snake is subject to many complaints, as you find when you come to know something about his constitution, and at one period we lost many on our farm on the Wollondilly through what seemed to be a sort of reptilian appendicitis. My own theory is that, while the snake as a rule can digest nearly anything, however hard or tough the substance may be, he sometimes in eating gravel comes across a diamond or topaz — so common, as we know now, throughout Australia—and then, of course, he is done. He may be able to masticate a piece of iron or ordinary stone, but a diamond would defy him, and in nine cases out of ten let him in for a dose of appendicitis.

Snake-farming has certain advantages for the farmer, sentimental and scientific. He is enabled to study the habits and customs of a long-despised creature till at last he learns to sympathise with him and appreciate his virtues. On the scientific side he is assisting to improve the breed of snakes, and to familiarise students and others outside the region of Snakeland with the character of a creature that has played a prominent part in the history of the world from the time of our first parents up to the present day.

Although the so-called carpet snake is docile as a general rule, one often encounters peculiar and vicious specimens of the class. He makes himself at home wherever he goes, crawls into houses and gets into bed whenever he feels tired or so inclined, eats and drinks anything palatable he comes across,



When he had no hairpin handy he would climb up the back of her chair to secure one of the coveted playthings.

and snaps savagely at anyone who attempts to interfere with him.

The worst of this snake is that his poison is rank and deadly, and nobody can expect to get over his bite unless, perhaps, one who has been a regular drinker of up-country rum, which, on the homeopathic principle that like cures like, defies the deadliest venom a snake can eject.

I was lying down in the verandah one scorching day, having a read, when I happened to doze off for a time. The coast was all clear while I was reading, but when I woke up it was soon apparent that something strange had happened, for there was a great carpet snake, about fifteen feet long, stretched in graceful coils across my legs, with the front portion of his body up along my thigh, and his head resting on my vest pocket, where probably he found some fascination in the ticking and working of my watch.

Our eyes at once met, and he just blinked lazily at me, as much as to say—"I'm all right, old man, if you are!"

But it was not quite all right from my point of view. I had no weapon, and no wish to lie there all the afternoon. To disturb his snakeship might mean an early and agonising death for me. Nobody ever saw me nervous over an encounter with a snake in ordinary normal conditions, but this position was decidedly abnormal.

I whistled a tune or two, to try and stir him up, in the hope that he would crawl off me and go and have a wriggle about the verandah, as reptiles often do when they hear music—that apparently being their idea of dancing. But this plan worked badly, for he began to push his head up along my chest, no doubt to come closer to the fresh music. I suppose he thought it was too hot for dancing that afternoon.

You may be sure that I stopped whistling after that, and to my relief he presently withdrew his head to the neighbourhood of my vest pocket. Fortunately for me, our black servant, Tommy, came round and saw the fix I was in. He was a cool-headed aboriginal, and knew well enough that shooting the intruder or attacking him with a stick was out of the question if my safety had to be considered.

He pondered the matter quietly for a few moments, and then disappeared round the house. He was soon back again, armed with a tumbler of milk, which he contrived to place on the ground near the edge of the verandah. The snake was not long in scenting the precious liquid, and before many minutes he had left me and stuck his head in the tumbler, which he promptly emptied.

I was up and away like a shot, and ran indoors to fetch my gun, but Tommy beckoned me not to shoot. Then I expected to see the black fellow tackle the brute with a stick, as he evidently wanted to secure the skin intact. But he made no move, and presently the reptile, instead of making off for the bush when he saw danger about, began to roll round the verandah in a silly kind of way. He flapped his tail excitedly, and generally waggled about as if he were either enjoying himself intensely or suffering the keenest agony.

I was soon to learn the secret of the snake's odd behaviour. He presently tired of rolling and twisting about, and lay still. Then Tommy brought an old bag from off the fence, scraped him into it with a broom, and tied the thing up. When he had conceived the idea of drawing him away from me with the attraction of milk, he had gone a step further, and put a dose of rum in it, so the snake had got into a wild state of intoxication. I could not help feeling for the

poor wretch, carpet snake and all as he was, tied up in the gloomy darkness of that old bag, and no doubt wondering what on earth had happened to him. I expect he saw snakes that night while he was recovering from the effects of the rum-and-milk.

It was from this incident that the boys of Australia adopted the alcoholic method of capturing reptiles. Some such plan had already been in vogue for catching pigeons and other birds—the steeping of wheat or barley in grog, and then casting it about where the birds would be likely to get it.

Now, when a Colonial boy wishes to secure a few snake pets to take home with him, or to exchange among his young friends for rabbits, guinea-pigs, and the like, he has only to select some quiet spot in the bush, and leave out a saucer of milk with a good dose of rum or whisky in it. Later on he can go out with a bag and collect the handsomest or most promising from a helpless group of drunken reptiles.

Some of the old snakes, whose haunts are near a township or among the settlers' homes, get very knowing as they go on, and instead of drinking a surfeit and rolling over under the influence, they stop when they think they have had enough, and make tracks for their holes. You will occasionally happen upon one that has slightly overdone it, but can just manage to wriggle back to his hole. To watch him trying to find the entrance with his snout is very amusing; he gropes and fishes about in a blind, aimless way, very much after the fashion of the late hour clubmen you read of sometimes in the comic papers, probing about with their latch-keys.

It is a sound rule that all pets should be taken in hand young. Snakes are a little difficult in this way, unless you secure the mother in the first instance and then rear the young brood, when they come, about the house or garden, bringing them up by hand as it were. Even then there is a tendency for them to break away into the bush when they grow up, as they are attracted naturally by others of their own age and breed.

But you have to put up with losses, and can only do your best to keep them from straying. If the ordinary land reptile is troublesome in this way, he is nothing to the amphibious or water-snake, which is always a tiresome creature to keep in bounds. If he enters the river for a swim in front of your house, for example, he may be miles down or up stream when it is time to come home. Crawling ashore, he doesn't know where he is or which way to head back.

We had a tame water-snake once which we contrived to keep about the house for a long period by a scheme which occurred to me. This class of reptile has two nostrils on the top of the snout, and these can be closed when he is under water. To close one or other of them, therefore, by artificial means does him no particular harm, and I tried an experiment on our pet.

He was only about seven feet long, and easily handled, and so, cutting a piece of cork the proper size, I forced it gently into the left nostril. I had an object in selecting the heart side, for all creatures—men, horses, snakes, and the rest—have a natural tendency to lean or bend round to the heart side when they are travelling. A man lost in the bush will walk straight ahead for a certain point, as he thinks, but after a few hours he will find himself back in his old tracks again, having circled round the country to the left.

After corking up his nostril I let our snake go for a swim, and went down to see what would happen. Sure enough, when he got out in the river a little way he began to paddle round to the left, the blocked nostril acting as a kind of rudder, although at the wrong end of the ship, as it were. We had little trouble with our pet after that. When he went for a swim he never got far, his unconsciously circuitous route always fetching him back to the bank in front of our home.

The so-called black snake of Central Australia is as a rule a hard-fighting, stubborn creature, who apparently has no fear for man, and, in fact, treats the two-legged invader with something like contempt. One brute, about eleven feet long, crawled up my trouser-leg one day while I was lying asleep under a tree. I couldn't make the thing out at first when I woke up, and thought some of the boys had put a gun-barrel up my leg for a joke. But there was the tail half of the snake lying beyond my boot, and I could feel the clammy body against my flesh.

I will not say that I either prayed or swore on this occasion, for I believe I was too excited for the moment, but I soon hit upon the right thing to do. The snake had evidently thought he had come upon some new kind of log, and, if he saw an opening at the other end of the log, he would probably crawl out that way. So I

undid my clothes from the top, and, to my inexpressible joy, the intruder came leisurely out over my breast, and past my ear.

He stopped for a while to have a sniff at my head here and there, but gradually drew off. I could not interfere with him very well while I was getting free of him in this way, but as soon as he was clear I was on his track with a stick. When he heard me coming he put on a spurt, and, after about a mile run, he came to his hole, and began to make his way down. But I grabbed him by the tail, and he seemed astonished when with a jerk I hauled him back and slung him yards over my head. I tried to get the stick to work on him, but he dodged me somehow and made for the hole again.

The reptile, on finding his tail impounded, made his way up a neighbouring hole with his head, and attacked his enemy in the rear.

Arrived there he turned round and showed fight, and while I was parrying with him and trying to get an opening, he proceeded to descend tail first, snapping at me and keeping me off with his head, and finally disappeared.

I was telling an English fellow who was on a visit to our station about this affair, and as he had been a strong sportsman at home and was not afraid of anything, he made up his mind to capture that black snake.

He went to work the right way. He watched the old snake leave his hole one morning, and then posted himself close by, shying stones after the reptile. The latter, growing alarmed, made back in double quick time for his quarters, slipped between the enemy's legs, and rushed into his hole, head first. The Englishman caught him by the tail, and held on quietly, without pulling too hard, his plan evidently being to wear the brute out, haul him up when he was tired, and then do for him comfortably.

But presently he jumped up with a wild squeal, began to hop about and struggle violently, and finally came tearing home at an awful pace, with the snake hanging out straight behind him like a long black tail, his fangs gripped firmly in the tail of the hunter's jacket!

The reptile had, it seems, on finding his

tail impounded, made his way up a neighbouring hole with his head, and attacked his enemy in the rear, as they say in the Army. Fortunately he had only fastened on to our friend's coat, without touching the flesh, and after the Englishman had run round the house about a dozen times (he dared not halt, or the snake could have got a fresh lunge at him) one of our fellows, waiting at a corner, smote the brute with a stock-whip, and our visitor was saved.

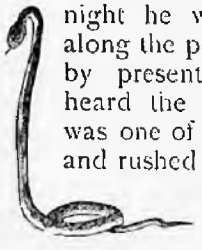
These black snakes make good pets, and they are very useful about a house, for they are expert fly-catchers, and they also mesmerise and absorb any mice or rats they find about the place. Their poison is deadly, and where you have children or visitors who do not understand how to handle them it is best to draw their fangs. These can always be replaced by artificial fangs, those with the thin whalebone settings being the best.

I have often heard of the craftiness and ingenuity of the American brand of snake, but unfortunately one cannot always place implicit reliance on what is printed in American magazines and newspapers about snakes, coyotes, bears, and such creatures.

The American writer is often tempted to exaggerate, on the apparent supposition that a sort of literary or poetic license is permissible in discussing questions and subjects of natural history. All this may seem innocent enough to the hustling American eagle eye, but it is very wicked, I think.

Readily, however, can I believe the account given by one of our American consuls in Australia of an incident that occurred under his own eye in the town of Shootville, somewhere out in Arizona.

The citizens of Shootville had given up the custom of lynching as a means of advertising their district, having found some other plan of calling the attention of the outside world to the existence and great natural resources of the place. But there was a police officer in the town whom it was thought desirable to remove, and as free shooting had practically gone out of fashion through municipal discouragement, some other plan had to be devised. Then it was that one of the reform committee thought of the rattlesnake idea. Following this out, a big "rattler" was secured from the Rio Grande, and one hot night he was dropped in a dark passage along the police officer's beat. As he came by presently, the condemned policeman heard the rattle, hastily concluded that it was one of his colleagues in some distress, and rushed into the passage. There he was promptly bitten by the lurking snake, and was a dead man in a quarter of an hour.



Again, you will hear some almost incredible stories of the prowess of the great anaconda, mostly found in tropical America; but still, as this creature commonly grows to forty feet long or more, it is easy enough to conceive that he can do great feats when he is pressed to exert his full strength. All the same, I do not believe that the American anaconda can come near the great snake to be found around the fringes of the Gulf of Carpentaria, either in point of sound muscle or in the capacity for getting the most out of that muscle.

I know a London editor who once went fishing in a canoe up one of the sludgy rivers in Honduras. While he was lying dozing in the canoe one sultry day, he was disturbed by a great commotion alongside him on the bank of the stream, and on pulling himself together grasped the fact that a deadly combat was going on between an anaconda and an alligator, the subject of dispute apparently being a fine Honduras wild turkey, which lay broiling in the sun near the furious combatants. When an anaconda and an alligator meet in battle on the Mahogany Coast there is no French duel about the affair, and the battle is invariably desperate and conclusive.

As editors fear not, neither do they ever lose touch of their natural professional faculty, so this one at once set to work to edit the fight. He took one of the paddles out of the pitpan, and when one or other of the combatants bit below the belt, as it were, or held on a grip bull-dog fashion to spoil the fight, he generally got a whack over the snout with the paddle that brought him to his proper senses.

Once when the anaconda was so corrected he resented the interference, and, for the moment taking his attention from his antagonist, made a dab at the intruding editor. The latter stretched out an arm as if to push the great reptile back, but the anaconda had been so upset in his temper that he savagely seized the editorial limb, gripping it in his mouth as far up as the elbow.

It was a good thing for the editor that snakes have not the cross sets of teeth common to alligators and sharks, or he would not now have been able to say he had been at Paardeburg. As it was, he was puzzled for a time to concoct a scheme for freeing himself from his dangerous position, but it is a rare thing for an editor to get absolutely stuck for a way out of any

difficulty. Remembering suddenly that he had long finger-nails, and that the anaconda as a rule has a very delicate throat and palate, he began to scratch and tickle the brute inside.

The effect was immediate and effective. The reptile let go his hold and started coughing violently, while the adventurous editor jumped into his canoe and paddled down the river with all speed to get out of harm's way. He looked back when he reached a safe distance and saw that the wily alligator had taken advantage of the anaconda's coughing fit and was giving him a rare dressing down. But the affair taught the editor a lesson — that it is not wise to interfere when you see a fight going on. Snapshot or kinematograph it if you can, but don't attempt to take a hand in it yourself.

These large reptiles run to a great size and strength in many parts of Africa, and even about Table Mountain and along the Drakensberg they were quite common not so many years ago.

A pious old Boer in one of the hospitals at Bloemfontein told me that one peculiar habit of these pythons was to wind their tails round a tree or jut of rock on the edge of a precipice, and then hang over head downwards, to either enjoy a sleep or gaze listlessly at the various objects in the abyss below.

This Boer said that he got lost one gloomy day when trying to climb to the summit of Table Mountain, and, in making his way down, he often took advantage of any tree he found growing up by the side of a rock-face, and climbed or slid down it to save a dangerous clamber round by the rocks. In one case he had climbed down about thirty feet by the trunk of what seemed to be one of those rubber trees so common in Africa. Presently he became alive to the curious sensation of the root end of the tree rising from the ground as it were, and bending up towards him! He had been climbing down the body of one of those sleeping pythons all the time!

How he escaped from the desperate situation he could not clearly remember, but he had put his trust in Providence, as is customary with these pious, old-fashioned Boers, and so managed to get down the mountain again in safety.

The boa-constrictor of India, having had more written about him, both by ancient and modern authorities and investigators, is better known, perhaps, than any other branch of the reptile species. So many "yarns" have been told about him, however, that he has been made to look rather silly, and certainly all the specimens I have encountered seemed to look somewhat flat-headed and idiotic. I believe, however, that the boa-constrictor is not by any means such a fool as he looks: that, for instance, he will never try to eat a bullock with horns if he can find a hornless one in the neighbourhood.

The big snakes about the north of Australia

The Queensland snakes make very pleasant companions in a lonely bush home, and it is a pretty sight to see one playing with the children.

are a good-natured, easy-going lot, but you have to be careful with them all the same. I had a tussle with one some years ago, and the encounter gave me a turn that stuck on my nerves for long afterwards, although, as a seasoned old bushman, I am somewhat accustomed to rude shocks.

One day I went down a quiet reach of the river below the station, without a black-fellow, to have a little fishing. The canoe was a flat-bottomed, rough affair, and I hitched her up alongside a sand-bank, and fished from her. Somehow the fish did not bite well that day, and after a while I began to nod.

When I first came to my senses a curious feeling crept over me that my left foot had caught a cramp, it felt so cold and dead. I had on a pair of heavy Wellington boots at the time, and this was lucky, as things turned out. Glancing down at my left boot I was astonished to see it covered with that deadly slime with which snakes are wont to besmear their victims before swallowing them. A second hasty glance revealed to me the presence on the sand-bank of an enormous reptile—about half the length of a cricket pitch—making ready, apparently, to absorb my morgaged foot, and possibly more of me. I had no gun, and if you wanted to see a real, downright miserable man that day you would have had to come and look at me.

At any rate, the snake did not give me much time to think, for he made a whole-hearted dab at my left boot, and snapped it tightly in his great fangs. This vicious snap was a good thing for me, for he had gripped into the leather so hard that he could not let go again in a hurry. The oars were close to hand, and, seizing these, I pushed the canoe off from her moorings in two shakes of a lamb's tail, and presently was paddling up-stream for home as if the Evil One were on my track.

Often have I wished that there had been some snapshotting enthusiast on the bank of the Flinders that day to catch a living record of me and that old bewildered snake, punting along for all I was worth. Shake and twist and wriggle as much as he liked, he couldn't let go his hold on my boot, for his harpoon fangs had got a firm grip into the tough leather, and he was practically at my mercy, whatever was to happen later on.

It was a long and trying pull up stream, but I kept up a steady stroke all the way, and took fine care not to catch a crab, for an accident of that sort might have meant my undoing. When I got on to the home stretch, and those about the house sighted me coming, they soon realised that something was amiss, and all hands flocked down to the river bank.

As it happened, the snake was not in much fighting form when we got home. The long and swift drag up the river had winded him, and he looked both astonished and distressed when, with the assistance of the station hands, I got free of the canoe and dragged him from the water. While I was slipping my boot off, one of the blacks stood ready to lasso the brute, and as soon as I was clear of him, a rope was gently, but firmly, drawn round his neck.

He turned out to be the biggest snake, up to that time, ever captured along the Flinders, but we didn't keep him long, as he was too large for a house-pet, and we let some Chinamen overlanders from Port Darwin take him away afterwards to Cooktown, where they put him on show.

It is rather a pity that these Queensland snakes grow to such an unwieldly size, for they are an amiable-tempered species by natural disposition, and, although voracious, they will hardly ever touch a dog or a baby if you feed them well and regularly. They have some spirit, of course, and are not slow to resent a slight or injury; but, on the whole, they make very pleasant companions in a lonely bush home, and it is a pretty sight to see one playing with the children, letting them pull his tail, roll over him, and all that, while he twists and coils about them, and snaps at them good-humouredly.

I had one for a long time, but he was far from being full grown—he was only about twelve feet long, as a matter of fact—when we had to get rid of him through his having grown somewhat cross-tempered. He had been spoilt, in reality, and got to be a nuisance at table, begging for milk, lumps of sugar, and other delicacies. One day he kept pushing his snout about my plate so much that I gave him a dab on the nose with a fork, and he immediately crawled over into a corner and sulked.

There he crouched for some time, hissing and showing his fangs, and, later on in the day, when a stranger called at the station, he bit him savagely.

It is very interesting to anyone who is fond of this branch of natural history to take a hand in what may be called the civilising of the wilder tribes of snakes. They are in reality more amenable to this than the ordinary run of natives show themselves to missionary influence, and whatever you teach a snake he will remember, besides

being always ready to display gratitude for any kindness you have shown him. He may have a cold exterior, but there is a warm heart beating within, and although he has but a little head, on the average there is generally a lot in the back of it, and he is a creature that never forgets a favour, as a dog, for example, is apt to do.

Similarly, the snake is slow to forget a wrong, and if you ever play a rough or senseless trick on one, he is sure to keep something up his sleeve for you later on.

For myself, I like to think of the bright side of snakes always. I had a snake pet once—a girl gave him to me on my birthday, when he was only about four feet long—and in time he grew to nearly eleven feet. He was the most tender-hearted reptile I ever came across. He followed me in everything: if he saw me laughing, he wriggled and squirmed about the floor, and flopped his tail in glee on anything that would yield a sound.

If I sat gloomily in a chair, he would glide up to me gently, put his tail in my hand, and throw sad glances of sympathy at me.

Then, if I sat gloomily in a chair, thinking of some oncoming drought or other serious trouble, he would glide up to me gently, put his tail in my hand—just as your girl or wife will place her hand in yours when you are worried about anything—and throw sad glances of sympathy at me out of his little beady eyes that used to be very consoling and encouraging, as I most gratefully remember.

His death was a deep grief to me. He could digest anything, as a rule—nails, tacks, hairpins, anything—but one sad day he ate a piece of damper made by a greenhorn, and his end came sharply and soon. I buried him in a biscuit-tin under the wattle trees down by the creek he loved so well, with a little memorial inscription over him to show my respect:—

Such was my snake, who now, without my aid,
Crawls through the shadowland, himself a shade;
Or, coiled content behind some ghostly gate,
Waits for his boss, as here he used to wait.

So snakes have their good points, as I hope I have proved. True, some are vicious, but that is no reason why the whole race should be ignorantly condemned.

Ponto.

Sir Nicholas Vyse.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SMUGGLERS.

A LAST MAD FROLIC.

By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

Mistress Josephine Willoughby.

Another Smuggling Adventure of Sir Nicholas Vyse—Known to his Assistants as Captain Contraband—and Josephine Willoughby, his Sweetheart and Confederate. On the Eve of their Wedding they Run a Final Cargo, in which an Excise Officer Unwittingly Helps them.

Sir Nicholas, on the eve of his marriage with Josephine Willoughby—his partner on many a bygone smuggling enterprise—had gone up to Vyse House and snatched Josephine away from the bustle of great preparations, and had taken her along the cliff path, where the wind blew merry from the west.

"Josephine," he said, "let's have one last frolic, you and I, before we settle down."

Ponto had followed at her heels, and now he glanced inquiringly, first at the girl and then at Sir Nicholas.

"Hi, boy! Contraband!" laughed Josephine.

The dog pricked up his ears and barked, and rolled in the chalk-dust from sheer high spirits. For "contraband" was a charmed word to him, and already he saw brave enterprises in the making.

"What say you?" went on Sir Nicholas. "To-morrow you'll come to me in wonderful attire, and stupid folk will stare at us, and we shall be so solemn, Josephine. Why not be free to-night, and fool old Gauger Ralph again, and run a cargo in face of all the Kentish coastguard?"

"We will," said Josephine, with demure gravity.

And Ponto thumped his tail upon the cliff.

"I have a wish, dear," the girl went on by-and-by.

"It's granted already. That's all I have to do in life now, Josephine—to grant your wishes before they are spoken."

"Oh, it's nothing—but we have befooled poor Gauger Ralph so often—and he is so fond of me, dear, and so willing to do anything he can for me; cannot we take him into the secret when we have run to-night's cargo, and tell him who Captain Contraband really is?"

"To be sure, we can. It will be the finest thing in the world, Josie, to see his face when we tell him that Sir Nicholas Vyse, magistrate and the rest, has earned a fortune on the high seas. Stay a moment!" he broke off.

He laughed delightedly, as a boy might have done, and once again Ponto scented frolic.

"See, dear," he went on, "all is ready for us. The *Thyra* and the *Spindrift* will be at the Bell Rock Buoy at nine to-night, loaded up with lace and schnapps so full that we may thank our stars the sea is smooth. I've sent word, too, to Gauger Ralph that we're to land a cargo in Saint's Bay, for I had in mind to keep him busy there while we beached it all just under Vyse House."

"That was like you, dear," said Josephine

with a low laugh. "Father is there, and all the wedding guests—Heaven knows how I shall slip away to-night—and yet you must needs land your cargo right under their feet."

"It seemed the jest lay that way, Josie; and now I have a better. I'll go down to Gauger Ralph at once, tell him I have fresher news of Captain Contraband, and claim his help."

"And then?" she asked, with a puzzled glance.

"Why, get on board the *Thyra*, and make him help to run a cargo."

Josephine laughed outright. She saw the humour of it—the plump Gauger, eager as ever to thwart his old enemy—his pathetic confidence in Sir Nicholas Vyse and readiness to adopt that good magistrate's plans for securing the person of Captain Contraband—the certainty that he would come to share to-night's frolic.

"And when the cargo's run?" she asked.

"Why, we'll tell him everything, put a handsome present in his hand, and alter his whole outlook on the smuggling traffic. Can't you hear him, Josie, saying—'shiver my timbers' first, and afterwards 'Aw—if I'd known Captain Contraband was one of the quality—aw——'?"

Josephine nodded brightly, for Nick's rendering of the Gauger's fat round voice and sleepy intonation was perfect.

"Now, dear, I must run away," she said presently. "They will miss me if I stay here any longer."

"You'll not fail us to-night? Remember that both crews—and Captain Contraband himself—think you their 'luck.'"

"I will not fail you, dear. Good-bye, love, till nine."

The cliffs were empty of life, and so Nick Vyse put his arms about her, and kissed her as a man will kiss the lass who means to marry him to-morrow. And the parting took up a longer space of time than all their smuggling-talk had done. Moreover, when at last Josephine had freed herself, and run along the cliff in the direction of Vyse House, her lover must needs call after her.

"Josie!" he called, following her with a quick stride. "Josie, we have forgotten something."

She waited for him, guessing with a woman's instinct that he was bent on some sweet foolery, yet minded to pretend that she expected something grave. And then it turned out that a last kiss was what had been forgotten between them, and more time was wasted; so that, when at last Sir Nicholas clambered down the cliff in search of Gauger Ralph's cottage, the sun was well on towards noon.

Careless and debonair at all times as he was, Nick Vyse had never felt his spirits race as swiftly as they raced this morning; his ruined fortunes were reinstated; he had gained health and vigour and great wholesomeness from his traffic on the honest seas; his past life, kenneled in the streets of London, had slipped clean away from him; above all, beyond all, he had Josephine.

No wonder that Gauger Ralph, standing in his shirt sleeves at the door of his white-walled cottage, told himself, as he saw Sir Nicholas come down the slope, that he had never set eyes upon a man so clean and so well-favoured. Nay, the old fellow caught the infection of Nick's spirits before even a word had passed between them, and he greeted his visitor with a smile as broad as it was slow.

"Morning, Sir Nicholas," he cried.

"Good-day to you, Gauger. I've news for you."

"Of Captain Contraband?" muttered Ralph, a tinge of gloom overspreading his red face. "Ay, I'll warrant he's changed his plans again, just when all's made ship-shape and ready for him. 'Twixt you and me, Sir Nicholas, he's the Evil One himself, no less, and it do seem hard for a plain man to have to fight a chap with two horns and a tail."

"It does, Ralph, but you have plenty of folk to help you—myself, for one. Captain Contraband, from what my spies tell me, has not changed his plans, except that his two ships will anchor, not at the Bell Rock Buoy, but three knots nearer in to shore. Well, I have given orders to have two ships of my own at anchor near the Buoy at nine to-night, and I've such faith in you that I want you to come with me as my second in command."

The Gauger stared at Nick Vyse. His efforts in the past to capture Captain Contraband had not met with success—had met, indeed, with ignominious failure—and this proposal staggered him.

"You rate me too highly, sir—aw—shiver my timbers, if I'm good enough to be second string to any fiddle of yours."

"Tut, tut, I know an honest man, and a true man, when I see him. You've worked well in the cause, Gauger—no man better—and I want to give you your chance of being in at the death. Will you come?"

"What of the Preventive men, sir?" asked Gauger Ralph, stroking his grizzled chin.

"We're to lie in wait at Saint's Bay, where you advised us the cargo was to be run, and I am in command."

"Send your deputy, man. If I know anything, we shall take this Captain Contraband on the high seas, and your place to-night is there. As a magistrate I tell you so."

The Gauger, as he did in all great moments of his life, turned to the demi-john that stood just behind the door, and fetching out two tumblers poured liberal measures of the finest schnapps that ever travelled between the deck and the keel of a smuggling boat.

"I'll come, Sir Nicholas, and gladly," he cried. "Will you drink, sir, to the luck of our trip?"

"Ay, will I! You keep good schnapps, as I know of old—though I sadly fear at times, Ralph, that you pay no duty on it."

The Gauger shut one eye very tight, and opened the other very wide; it was a trick of his when he spied a joke in the offing.

"It seems—aw—a waste, as a man might say," he murmured.

"What seems a waste, Gauger?"

"Why, sir, to pay duty and such like when we're servants of the Crown. The Crown don't ask it of us, sir, so long as we do our duty by these smuggling rogues; good schnapps helps a man to make good captures, and the Crown, sir, sees it in that light."

"To be sure, to be sure," said Nick, as he set down his glass and declined a second measure. "Well, then, you will be on the beach here at half after eight to-night, and come in my boat to the Bell Rock Buoy?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Nick Vyse was turning to leave, when the other touched his forelock respectfully.

"Beg pardon, sir, and meaning no offence, I'm sure, but you're to marry Mistress Josephine to-morrow?"

"Yes, by God's grace," said Sir Nicholas, very simply, as if he were humbled, yet uplifted, by the great joy that was coming to him.

"Then, sir, all I have to say is that you're lucky, one to have the other. I'm a better hand with a marlinspike than with words, Sir Nicholas, but I speak for all St. Thanes when I say that no maid ever crept into our hearts as Mistress Josephine has done. You'll make her happy, sir, and she'll make you happy, and if we can only catch Captain Contraband to-night, 'twill crown the wedding."

"You shall have your hand on Captain Contraband to-night, and that I promise you," laughed Nick.

His heart was light as he picked his way upward through the pebbles and chalk-rubble of the cliff; for, after all, he was in love, and gentle and simple are alike in this, that praise of the absent dear one is at all times sweet.

"Faith, 'twas a good thought," he murmured, "to spend part at least of this last night on the sea. Never a wink of sleep shall I get, in any case, for thinking of Josephine."

Then he laughed afresh, and asked himself if this love-sick lad were really Nick Vyse, a stranger all his life till lately to anything but revelry, hard riding after hounds, and search after danger by sea and land. His preparations being made already, he passed the time as best he might, till nine o'clock brought thick darkness with it.

Far out across the sluggish sea, there was gathering a blurr of light which told of a moon not far from rising: and the light seemed only to render the darkness more intense as he reached the shore and heard the sleepy yapping of the waves upon the shingle. Close in, a boat was waiting, with a lantern gleaming dully in the bows.

"Ahoy!" Sir Nicholas hailed.

"Ahoy!" came back the answer. "Who goes there?"

"Captain C."

"Right, sir! Step in."

"Nay, I must wait. Captain Josephine and another are sailing with us."

"Right again, sir! Bless her, she's our luck. Never a cargo fails to find its home when Captain Josephine is with us."

As if in answer, steps sounded on the shingle—sounded with that curious *scrunch-scrunch* which makes it difficult to know a foot-fall. Sir Nicholas, however, had senses sharper than the ordinary, as befitted one removed a few hours only from a happy marriage.

"Josephine," he whispered, though he could see no figure accompanying the step.

"Here, dear," she answered, feeling for him with her hands and finding him at last.

A mute caress passed between them, and then a second scrunch of footsteps on the beach warned them that Gauger Ralph was there

"Come, Gauger!" cried Nick. "You've sought Captain Contraband so long, 'twill never do to be late at the tryst now that we have him safe."

"I'm ready, sir," chuckled the Gauger in answer. "Though, to tell the truth, I've seen one here and there before to-day who

fancied he had his finger on the Captain, only to find him slip away as light and as go-as-you-please as foam on the crest of a wave."

"You need more faith, Ralph," put in the girl. "Sir Nicholas will tell you how sure we are of capturing him to-night."

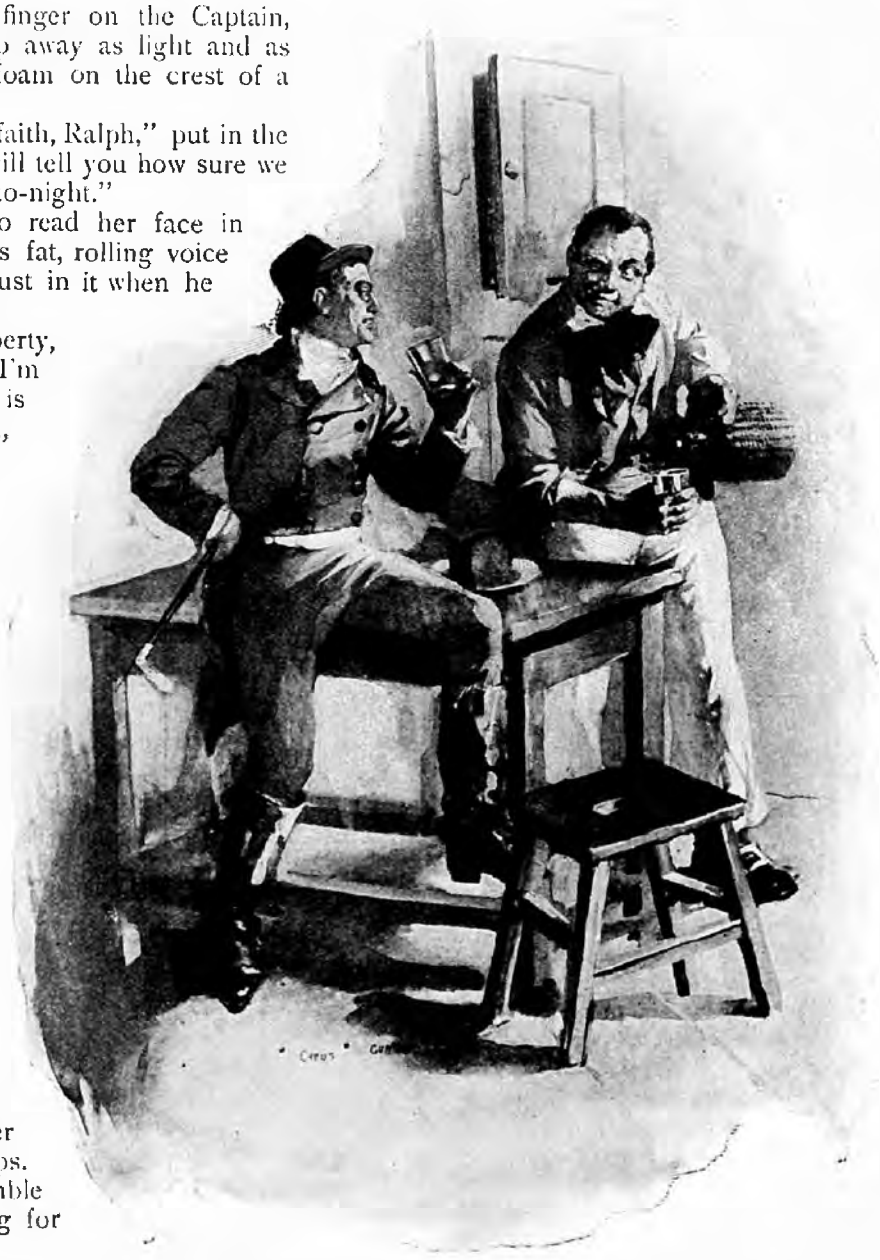
Old Ralph tried to read her face in the darkness, and his fat, rolling voice had a shade of disgust in it when he spoke.

"I'm taking a liberty, missie — aw, ay, I'm taking a liberty—but is it just wise, d'ye think, to take a hand in men's work? This Captain Contraband won't yield without a struggle—he's not that sort—and you might come by a mischance."

The girl's hand tightened on Nick Vyse's, as if she were a child playing the gleeful truant.

"Captain Contraband is a gentleman," she said, "whatever else he is. I am so sure of coming to no hurt through him that I—I would almost trust myself alone with him."

Nick, under cover of the dark, touched her hand with his lips. "Come, Gauger, tumble in; the boat is waiting for us," he cried.



The Gauger shut one eye very tight, and opened the other very wide.

The sea pattered grumblingly among the pebbles, and a wind got up and plained across the lonely coast; but no one had leisure to note the eerie sadness of time and place.

Two of them were full of their own love; Gauger Ralph was thinking that at last he was in touch with his old enemy; the boatman, who struck out so sharply and steadily in the direction of the Bell Rock Buoy, was counting up the value of the cargo which, not long ago, he had helped to put on board the *Thyra* and the *Spindrift* at Dunkirk.

Leap by leap the boat shot through the murk, while the patch of light far off towards the east grew brighter, and the rim of the new-risen moon showed clear as if a curved blade of shining steel had been uplifted from the sea.

"Josie, how did you escape the wedding guests up yonder at Vyse House," asked Sir Nicholas, as he sat beside her in the stern.

"I pleaded fatigue, dear, which was true enough, for their pompous nothings and congratulations tired me dreadfully, and I could smell the sea, and I wanted—oh, I wanted liberty!"

"Poor little caged sea-bird," he mur-

tured. "You are choosing another cage to-morrow, lass."

"Ah, but *I* am choosing it. It will not be chosen for me, and that makes just the difference. Besides, you'll leave the door wide open sometimes, will you not, knowing how surely I shall come back?"

Nick Vyse was about to answer with some tender foolery or other, when three lights showed just ahead of them, and a muffled challenge came across the water. The moon, clear of the sea by now, showed two dark hulls, and a tracery of spars and rigging, silhouetted against the blue-black sky, as the *Thyra* and *Spindrift* curtseyed to the gathering sea-swell.

A moment more, and the password had been given, and all four of them had clambered up the *Thyra's* side. Old Aaron, skipper of the ship, and the most tried of all Captain Contraband's men, gave them a ready welcome, and cried for three hearty cheers when he saw that Josephine, "their luck," was with them.

There was never any doubt as to the warmth of the girl's reception by these tough seafaring folk, and to-night not even Nick Vyse, stern as he was at most times in these matters, could rebuke them for giving any chance Preventive cruiser the clue of their whereabouts.

Truth to tell, Sir Nicholas, what with long immunity from disaster, and the peculiar intoxication known only to bridegrooms-in-the-making, was vastly careless to-night. He had forewarned Gauger Ralph of his venture simply in order to divert the coastguard from Vyse Cave, the real scene of the cargo-running, to a distant bay; he had not calculated that the Gauger, baffled as he had been time after time, would find heart once more to warn every Preventive boat along the coast to keep a watch.

He was to learn this a little later—to learn, too, that men who ply a dangerous trade should never by any chance allow themselves a moment's nap.

"Three knots south by south-west, we were told the smuggling-boats would lie," said Sir Nicholas in the big voice which was assurance in itself that he was born to the sea. "Sail on that tack, Aaron, and keep your guns well primed. As regards direction of the fight, if fight there must be, my good friend Gauger Ralph here is second in command."

The moon was higher now and showed the men's faces clearly enough as they stared in frank astonishment at the well-known figure of Gauger Ralph, so suddenly promoted to service in the smuggling trade.

But one and all knew their leader, and they guessed that some emergency or frolic—you could never tell which where Captain Contraband was at the bottom of a business—had made the Gauger's presence imperative. Moreover, they had so often hoodwinked Ralph that they feared him not at all, and their ready humour was tickled by the fat, big air of consequence already assumed by their friendly enemy the Gauger.

The *Thyra*, soon as her anchor was raised and sails trimmed, moved with the wind less lightly than her wont; for Gauger Ralph, watching the lagging sort of stride she took, and comparing it with the trim build of the vessel, leaned over for a word in Nick Vyse's ear.

"Seems odd, sir," he chuckled. "I should have said, looking at her, that she was full up between the deck and the water, as if she were a smuggler craft herself, sir, asking the liberty of a jest, Sir Nicholas."

Nick Vyse glanced sharply at him, but it was plain that Ralph suspected nothing.

"It's the weight of the guns," he answered carelessly. "You see, Gauger, I've sworn to take or sink these ships of Captain Contraband's and I've made my preparations."

The vessels lumbered forward painfully, and Sir Nicholas was just telling Josephine how lucky it was that they were clear of Preventive cruisers, since the deadest coal barge in the east coast trade could outstrip them, when a score of lights showed close ahead of them.

"The Preventive, sir!" said Gauger Ralph, his fat face beaming. "I gave them warning and they're here to help us. No need to fear that Captain Contraband will slip us now."

Sir Nicholas, forgetting Josephine, rapped out a hearty oath. He had so counted on the success of this last trip, had been so eager to run his biggest cargo, and run it without a hitch, as a sort of wedding gift to Josephine, that the chance of failure maddened him.

The ships that blocked his passage were four to one against him, and they were well armed, he knew; flight, from the very bigness of his cargo, was out of the question. For once in his life Sir Nicholas lost his head and did not grasp the obvious way of escape. Time and again he had surmounted worse difficulties than this; yet now he stood perplexed.

"They are signalling, sir," said Gauger Ralph.

Josephine came to his side and laid a soft hand on his arm.

"What are they saying," growled Sir Nicholas. "Look you, Ralph, I wanted the credit of this capture for myself, without interference from the Preventive."

"Best make it sure, sir. See! They're asking who we are, and what our business is."

"Tell them to go to blazes," roared Nick with sudden passion, "and that we'll write our names on their sides with lead. Aaron, run out the guns and lift them out of the water."

Again he had forgotten Josephine; but it was Josephine who saw more clearly than himself just now, who came to his side and laid a soft hand on his arm.

"Dear, don't you see how easy it all is?" she whispered. "You have Gauger Ralph on board; you have told him that you are seeking Captain Contraband; answer the Preventive signals, and say that you're a friend."

Sir Nicholas looked at her awhile, then slapped his big leg and roared with laughter.

"To think that you should have seen it, child, and not I!" he cried.

Old Aaron, stolid in his obedience to authority, was already on the point of carrying out his captain's orders, but Sir Nicholas countermanded them.

"I was but jesting," he said. "Gauger Ralph here knows that the Preventive and ourselves are on the same side. Answer their signals, Aaron, and tell them that we're friends, and sail in close to them."

Even Aaron was moved to a show of questioning; he knew what lay under their decks, and, while it was a harmless jest to take Gauger Ralph aboard, it was another matter altogether to surrender to the enemy in force.

Nick Vyse, catching Aaron's look of inquiry, nodded briskly, and the skipper set about the signalling.

"Sir Nicholas Vyse's ships, in search of Captain Contraband," his message flashed.

"Has he information touching Captain Contraband?" came the reply.

"Tell them 'yes,' and ask their captain to come aboard," Sir Nicholas ordered.

The message was given, was answered in the affirmative, and presently a boat put out from the side of the biggest of the Revenue cutters and a smartish man in Preventive uniform clambered up the *Thyra's* side. He saluted Sir Nicholas respectfully, for the baronet's zeal against the smuggling traffic had become a bye-word up and down the coast.

"You have later news than we, Sir Nicholas?" said the officer. "We had word from Gauger Ralph that Captain Contraband's boats would anchor off the Bell Rock Buoy ——"

"The Gauger is here with me," said Sir Nicholas, nodding towards Ralph; "it was from me he learned the news, but since then I have heard a rumour that our plan of attack has been blown upon, and that these rogues *may* anchor at another place."

Now that he had his cue, Sir Nicholas was very much at home. The situation, too, tickled him, for this Revenue officer, bowing at every other sentence uttered by the great Sir Nicholas Vyse, was standing at the moment on such a cargo as would have lifted him many a rung up the Service ladder, had he but laid hands on it. In addition, Captain Contraband himself was talking to him, and the capture of that worthy would have assisted his promotion more ably than a score of intercepted cargoes.

Josephine, for her part, looked on from the shadowed corner of the ship, and laughed her frank, girl's laugh from time to time, seeing her lover so debonair and so assured, while Gauger Ralph, on the other hand, courted full publicity, and grew rounder and bigger still as he realised his own importance.

"Of course, Sir Nicholas, I shall be happy to treat your suggestions as commands, should you care to make any," went on the Preventive officer, smoothly. "We all know your zeal in this matter, and our information of to-night's venture comes entirely from you."

"Tut, tut!" cried Sir Nicholas, airily. "I do my duty as a magistrate, I hope. There is nothing to boast of in that. As for suggestions, I should be inclined to doubt if my later information is correct. Do you sail to the Bell Rock Buoy, as arranged, and I will run a straight course to this other anchorage. My guns are enough, I think, to sink or capture two small smuggling boats."

"They looked so just now," laughed the officer, "when you trained them on us so suddenly."

"Ah, yes! That was a mistake of my skipper's. I have so imbued him with my own zeal that he sees Captain Contraband written on the face of every stranger-ship, and shifts his guns accordingly."

"Trusty man. We want more of them on the Kentish coast. So you will see to this second anchorage, Sir Nicholas? Would you like one or more of my ships to sail with you?"

"No, I'll play the game," said Nick Vyse, with a cheery nod. "I want one of us—you or me—to have the credit of taking this notorious Captain without other help."

"Right! It's a sporting run we'll have, and I trust that one or other of us will land the fish. Pity Captain Contraband can only get a few months' prison for this little freak—he's earned a good ten years, if the trouble he has given us be aught to go by."

"Yes, it's a pity," said Nick nonchalantly; "but we will not complain if we get him by the heels at last."

The officer, after a word of farewell and a hope that one day they would drink together over a capture well-contrived, slipped over the *Thyra's* side and got to his own ship again. The Preventive boats tacked up towards Bell Rock Buoy, and the *Thyra* and the *Spindrift* slipped down before the wind as lightly as their cargoes would allow them.

"It was well done, dear," whispered Josephine, coming from her shadowed corner and glancing at him with a world of merriment in her dark eyes.

"Thanks to you; for I own I lost my head when those beggars lay right across our path. Aaron, head her straight for the Vyse Cave beach," he broke off.

"Ay, sir, ay!" answered Aaron, cheery as ever now that they had a straight course to the appointed rendezvous.

As for Gauger Ralph, he gazed helplessly at Sir Nicholas. This new order seemed to run counter to all that had gone before, and, though he could not doubt the good faith of "one of the quality," he was sorely puzzled.

"Never mind, Gauger," cried Sir Nicholas, seeing the other's blank air of dismay. "You will learn the meaning of it by-and-by, and you shall set hands to-night on Captain Contraband, as I promised you."

The Gauger resumed his wonted spirits again at this, and said no more till they were anchored as near the Vyse Cave beach as the flood of the tide would allow them. Sir Nicholas gave a few brisk orders. The hatches were lifted, and kegs of schnapps, barrels of tobacco, bundles of rich lace were handed to the decks by crews as cheery as the staves they sang.

Three lights, moreover, flashed from the stern, and as many boats put off from the moonlit beach and rowed alongside. The kegs were lowered one by one; the boats, full to the rowlocks, put off and came back empty, put off brim-full again, and again returned, until the *Thyra* and *Spindrift* lay lighter on the water than they had done between this and the Dunkirk coast.

Gauger Ralph stood stupefied amid it all, until at last he felt Nick Vyse's hand on his shoulder.

"Puzzled yet, Ralph? Come with us, then—the boats have returned to run us ashore—and you'll soon understand."

Like one in a dream the Gauger followed Sir Nicholas, Josephine, and three of the *Thyra's* crew into a boat. Like one in a dream he stepped out on to the beach, and in obedience to the casual order from Sir Nicholas, helped to roll the kegs into the great cave underlying Vyse House — Vyse House, where Josephine's father and Josephine's prim Bloomsbury relations were making merry in anticipation of to-morrow's wedding.

Josephine herself was laughing, as her wont was; for she and her rake-the-moon lover had a rare and curious humour of their own which promised well for wedded happiness.

Patiently—with the patience possible only to a man who is past understanding anything of his surroundings—Gauger Ralph toiled and sweated at the work of roiling heavy kegs up a steep and pebbly beach. The work is not of a light sort, as anyone who has attempted it will know; yet the Gauger, not knowing why he did it, went on with the mysterious labour.

It was done at last. The sailors went back to their ships. The smaller boats rowed off to the hidden nooks and crannies of the beach. Josephine and Sir Nicholas were left alone with Gauger Ralph—alone, save for the presence of Ponto, the smuggler-born dog who had, by accident, been left at home to-night, who had, in spite of obstacles, slipped out and found his comrades here. Ponto, oddly enough, did not growl about the Gauger's calves, as his habit was; he seemed to guess, with the dog's quick instinct, that these three humans were friends—real friends—to-night.

"Good lad!" Sir Nicholas murmured, stroking his rough ears. "You're in at the death, old boy, as usual."

He whistled as the moonlight showed him the full value of Nick's gift.

"Where's Captain Contraband?" asked the Gauger suddenly. "You promised I should lay hands on him to-night."

His slow and easy-going wits were working briskly now. He had seen a contraband cargo landed—nay, he had helped to land it—and he felt befooled, a feeling which is repugnant to the easiest of men.

For answer, Sir Nicholas took both the Gauger's hands in his and gripped them hard.

"You hold him now," he answered. "*I* am Captain Contraband, at your service, and you'll own I've run my last good cargo well."

Gauger Ralph opened and shut his mouth like some burly, red-faced fish.

"Shiver my timbers!" he observed at last. "Aw, now—you will have your jest, Sir Nicholas—aw—I was never one to grudge the quality their jest—you've got Captain Contraband hidden in the cave yonder, eh? You——"

"There's no jest in what I say, Gauger. They wouldn't let Sir Nicholas Vyse live decently upon his income, so he added to it at the King's expense. And now, this same Sir Nicholas is going to settle down in life, Ralph, and Mistress Josephine here would have you join our last frolic, so that we could tell everything to a good friend when it was done, and ask him not to bear malice for the past."

Slowly it dawned upon the Gauger that Nick Vyse was speaking truth. He looked ruefully at the paths made here and there along the shingle by the passage of heavy barrels, lying snugly now in Vyse House Cave.

"And what weight of cargo might you have run, sir, on this last little trip?" he growled.

Sir Nicholas told him, and the Gauger fell to calculating on his fingers what sum his own percentage would have come to had he succeeded in capturing the contraband.

"It's a tidy sum I've lost to-night, let alone the loss of Captain Contraband," he said. Then, his slow humour getting the better of his spleen, "Look ye, Sir Nicholas," he added, "what if I lay certain information, as is my duty to?"

"Why, man, I shall bring witnesses to prove that you helped us to land the cargo. Nothing easier."

The Gauger roared. It was his good luck in life to overcome all disappointments by the easy remedy of laughter.

"You've got me fairly, sir! Got me fairly! Shiver my timbers," said he.

"So you bear no grudge, Ralph?" put in Josephine softly.

"Grudge, missy? Not I! Quality is quality—aw—and the quality have a way of doing things we poor folk cannot touch. So you're Captain Contraband, Sir Nicholas? Well, well, I can't say but I'm glad, though you've fooled me prettily many a time. Let's see! There was the time we chased you right into the cave at Vyse House here, and couldn't find you again—and the night you ran a cargo in full moonlight into Saint's Bay, and knew that we were watching, and sent ashore a few barrels of herrings instead of the schnapps we were looking for."

"It was I who commanded that escapade," said Josephine demurely.

"Aw, now—didn't I say you were a well-matched pair, and bound to be happy together. Well, sir, I'm glad 'twas you and Mistress Josephine, and not a foreigner. When I chased and chased this Captain Contraband, and was hoodwinked by him every time, I grew to think he must have been one of those red-headed chaps from Cornwall—the chaps that come and steal our herring in the summer-time—and I used to get blind-mad to think that a foreigner should come and play fast-and-loose with a Kentishman. But you, Sir Nicholas—bless you, you're Kent to your marrow, and it's all in the family, as a man might say."

"I have been calculating," said Sir Nicholas, after a pause. "In one way and another I've robbed you of a good many dues, Gauger, in addition to leading you too many dances across sea and land. Well, Mistress Josephine and I are to be married to-morrow, as I told you, and we want to give you a little wedding present."

"Aw—'twould seem as if everything was topsy-turvy to-night, sir," grinned Gauger Ralph. "Folks generally *gets* presents at such times, instead of giving them."

"Not when they have run a cargo as heavy as this last. See, Gauger, you'll accept this little packet if you want to please me."

"Nay, sir, nay! Asking your pardon, I can pay my way—— "

"To please *me*, Ralph," murmured Josephine, taking the packet from Nick's hand and thrusting it into the Gauger's with gentle force.

"There, there, missy! I never said you nay—never could, somehow, even when you were getting all the secrets out of an old fool—there, my thanks to you both, and I'll drink your health in schnapps before I am an hour older."

They all shook hands with spontaneous gaiety; even Ponto held up one paw to the Gauger in token of old differences laid to rest. And the girl and Sir Nicholas and Ponto said good-night and scrambled up the cliff.

"Dear," said Josephine, halting at the cliff top and sighing faintly, "is this *really* our last venture?"

He looked into her eyes—looked roguishly—and laughed his big, boy's laugh.

"I'm not sure, Josie. Indeed, it seems likely that—but there! We'll get married first, and think the matter over at our leisure."

Gauger Ralph looked after them for a long while, a puzzled smile on his face. Then he unfastened the packet, and felt the crisp, clean crackle of bank-notes, and whistled as the moonlight showed him the full value of Nick's gift.

"Shiver my timbers," said he.

BOY JIM

ONE day Dad set Jim on his knee,
"Just listen, lad, awhile," said he.
"I know a lot of little boys,
Who think themselves too big for toys;
They love to stick on airs and graces,
To make all sorts of rude grimaces;
I hope my little Jim will never
Try to think himself too clever."

Now when the hard day's work was done,
Jimmy's papa would take out one
Fat, fine cigar, all smooth and brown,
And in a chair would sit him down.
Then puff, puff, puff, and out would blow
Blue rings of smoke, and upward go.
And Jimmy thought that this was fine,
He sighed: "If those cigars were mine,
I'd sit all day and blow out smoke,
'Twould be a lovely sort of joke."

One morning when papa's not there,
That silly Jim climbs on his chair;
See, in his hand a big cigar,
He thinks he looks like dear papa.
He strikes a match, and puffs away
Just like a man. A-lack a-day!
But very soon he feels so ill
That he must cry, do what he will.
When dad came home, out came the cane,
And Jimmy has not smoked again!

PHILIP HEMERY.

LINDSAY SYMINGTON

MR. —HIS PAGES.

A Perplexing Pile of Puzzling Propositions for Popular Pondering, Propounded Periodically by a Professional Puzzleologist.

Puzzle Penknives will be given as prizes to readers who forward new puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X," and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A Tricky Problem.

Ask your friends if they can write down five odd figures to add up and make fourteen.

It is really astonishing how engrossed most people will get, and how much time they will spend over this, at first sight, simple problem. The questioner, however, must be careful to say *figures*, and not *numbers*.

Here is the answer :—

1
1
1
1
—
14
—

A Pointless Problem.

FITZSMART: "What is the difference between a camera, Sir John Millais the painter, and a round ball?"

FITZNOODLE: "Can't guess. What?"

FITZSMART: "A camera is a CAME-R-A, and Millais also BE-CAME R.A. Isn't that clever?"

FITZNOODLE: "So far, all right; but what about the round ball you mentioned?"

FITZSMART: "Tut! tut! There, my dear sir, as usual, you fail to see the point!"

A Bullet Catch.

ARNOLD: "Suppose you had a basin of water and six lead bullets?"

BLACK: "Yes, well, supposing I had?"

ARNOLD: "If you dropped all the bullets into the water, what would the last one become?"

BLACK (after thinking a minute): "I don't know; what?"

ARNOLD: "Wet."

The Father, His Sons, and the Boat.

The scene is the bank of a broad river—too broad to swim, too deep to wade, spanned by no bridge. On the bank stand a father and his two sons, one of the latter holds a small skiff by its painter. All three are exceedingly anxious to cross to the other side. Well, why don't they? They've got a boat and oars, they can each row, why don't they start? Well, this is the difficulty. The boat will carry exactly sixteen stone weight; a fraction more would sink it. Now the father weighs exactly sixteen stone, each of his boys turns the scale at exactly eight stone. Obviously the entire party cannot cross simultaneously, yet in half an hour all three stood on the opposite bank—with the boat; how did they manage it? Remember, they crossed by the boat, no outside help, no aid from currents such as might drift the empty boat from one bank to the other.

A PQLIAR PROBLEM.

What is the difference between a gardener, a billiard marker, a gentleman, and a verger?

A gardener minds his peas.
A billiard marker minds his cues.
A gentleman minds his p's and q's.
A verger minds his keys and pews.

A Question of Spelling.

FITZFUNNY: "How do you spell BLIND PIG?"

FITZDENSE: "B-L-I-N-D P-I-G, of course."

FITZFUNNY: "Oh, do you; I spell it B-L-N-D P-G."

FITZDENSE: "That's wrong; you have left out the two eyes."

FITZFUNNY: "Well, have you ever seen a blind pig with eyes?"

How to Plant Potatoes.

An old man was slowly walking down a lane towards his house with a basket of potatoes on his arm; he meets a young man, and says to him: "I'm just a-going tew plant these 'ere 'taters as me-gran-feyther taught me fifty year ago."

"How is that?" the young man asked.

The old man answered: "Why I'm going tew make holes in the ground and put 'em in."

Two steamers simultaneously leave the same place for a journey of equal distance.

The first steams out at the rate of 8 knots per hour.
And returns " " 12 " " "
The second steams out " " 10 " " "
And returns " " 10 " " "

Which completes the journey in the quickest time?

Q. What is that which works when it plays, and plays when it works?

A. A fountain.

A Trick.

Arnold takes three pieces of paper, each about the size of a threepenny bit, and places them on the back of his hand.

"Now," he says to Black, "I'll blow away any two of those pieces of paper without the third; which shall I leave?"

His companion points out one (probably the middle one), and Arnold places his finger on it, and blows away the remaining two.

Small: "I say, Sharp, are you good at telling a chap's nationality?"

Sharp: "Oh yes, I can tell you anyone's nationality. Fire away."

Small: "A man who was born in Ireland of English parents, brought up in Scotland, and died in Wales, what is he?"

Sharp: "English, of course, you donkey."

Small: "Wrong, he is a corpse."

Q. What should you say instead of "Bo!" to a goose?

A. "Belle!" to a goose, "Beau" to a gander.

Tom: "If a girl you liked kissed you, would you kiss her back?"

Tim: "Of course."

Tom: "Well, I wouldn't; I should kiss her face."

How to Hear the Guns of a Fleet Firing.

"Ever heard the Fleet saluting the Royal yacht off Spithead?"

"Yes."

"Like to hear it again?"

"Yes, but how?"

"I'll show you. Get a long piece of string, and make a big loop at one end and a small loop at the other."

"Yes."

"Now put your hands over your ears."

"Yes."

"All right. Now I pass the big loop over the back of your head so that the string goes over your hands, like this."

"Yes."

"Then I take the other end and fix a pencil through the small loop. Standing away from you, I draw the string quite tight, and holding the pencil by its extremities, twist it round and round between my fingers. Hear anything?"

"Rather! I say, how splendid! It's exactly like a fleet or a battery firing a salute! It *does* sound grand! Go on, don't stop. I'm just imagining the scene."

"Not bad, is it? Now look here. Keeping the string tight, I gently flip it with my other hand. What does that sound like?"

"Why, it's one of those huge 110-ton guns? What an extraordinary thing!"

And so it is. You try it, and see.

The two prizes of Five Shillings each offered in The Royal for "Nutshell Novels" are awarded to:—

Ernest S. McClatchie,
28, Edith Road,
West Kensington, W.

K. Ridler,
Leamington,
Beaufort Road,
Kingston-on-Thames.

Some of the best examples sent in are given overleaf.

Nutshell Novels

Man. bear.
Struggling pair
Man inferior.
Gone interior.

Angry cow.
Red umbrella;
Heavenward now.
Crumpled Bella.

Dog barks.
Man growls;
Brick thrown.
Dog howls.

Motor car.
On the hum.
Sudden jar.
Kingdom come.

Little yacht.
Rough sea;
Two girls.
Picture me.

Greasy roads.
Motor bike,
Side slip.
Man, dyke.

Picnic settled
Weather not;
People cold
Language not.

Cushion twins.
Several pins,
Boyish pranks
Father spanks.

Little boy.
In the sea;
Met a shark;
R. I. P.

Little girl.
Long hair.
Near candle.
Big flare.

Enter cat.
Canary there;
Exit cat.
Canary—where?

He: she.
It (the moon);
He and she.
One soon.

Man, fat.
Down sat.
Top hat,
Squashed flat.

Barber, shave
Man sneeze,
Man dead.
"Next please."

Smart man
Bridge craze;
Padded cell.
Ends his days.

Maid, man.
Marriage plan;
Father kick.
Exit quick.

One man.
One maid,
Maid won.
One made

Little girl,
Box of paints;
Licked her brush,
Joined the saints

Lady's train.
Awkward swain,
Outward fear.
Inward swear

Razor, boy,
Rapture, joy.
Boy shave.
Family grave.

A Play In Three Acts.

Act 1.
Lover maid
Serenade.
Father hears.
Interferes.

Act 2.
Quiet street
Lovers meet;
Second scene
Gretna Green.

Act 3.
Father, child,
Reconciled;
Finis—rich,
Dunmow Flitch.

A Boarding House Burglar

By Geo. A. Best.

A Laughable Story of a Loss which wasn't a Loss, and a Burglar who wasn't a Burglar.

I.

It is the privilege of men to work, and of women to grumble. The disappointing results of fourteen years' hard labour on the part of Timothy Tompkinson, bank clerk, were the primary cause of a similar period of hard grumbling on the part of Eva Tompkinson, wife of the above.

Mrs. Tompkinson greatly desired a holiday. Timothy, who was wont to hand to his wife on the first day of each month a full nine-tenths of the proceeds of his toil, had never been able to gratify this very natural desire. This, briefly put, was the position of affairs from the conclusion of an almost forgotten honeymoon right down to the time of Mrs. Tompkinson's Great Discovery—a discovery which broke up the long series of disappointments in a single moment, transforming the long-deferred holiday from dreamland to reality with a suddenness which might well have proved fatal to a lady of an excitable temperament.

But Mrs. Tompkinson did not swoon, or go into screaming hysterics, or fall on her knees with a great sob of thankfulness in the most approved melodramatic fashion. She simply counted out the twenty sovereigns which she had discovered under a loose board in Timothy's workshop, and, placing them in the middle compartment of the family purse, walked slowly downstairs to await the home-coming of her husband.

Tompkinson happened to be later home than was his wont on that eventful evening, and the accustomed expression of melancholy which distinguished his features was even more pronounced than usual as he drank a cupful of weak tea and crunched the sparsely-buttered toast which had formed his staple diet for so many years.

Mrs. Tompkinson watched him in silence until the last toast crust had disappeared; and Timothy raised his cup with a hand that trembled slightly, for he knew only too well the meaning of that prolonged and penetrating stare.

"Timothy," began Mrs. Tompkinson at length—adopting the slow and distinct pronunciation which she was wont to use when addressing the family parrot—"Timothy, I have something to say to you."

"I'm listening, dear," said the little man, with the pitifully rigid smile of a frozen sheep. "Go on."

Mrs. Tompkinson adjusted her spectacles with much deliberation, and coughed twice.

"What a nasty cough you have, dear," said Timothy, dropping limply into a very large armchair, and shivering slightly.

"It is, as you say, a *very* nasty cough," said Mrs. Tompkinson slowly, "and one which has become almost chronic through long neglect. Timothy, there is only one cure for such a cough as mine. Can you guess what it is?"

The rumble of a passing cab suggested a reply, but Timothy only blew his nose with great violence.

"Can you not guess what is the only cure for such a cough as mine?" repeated Mrs. Tompkinson in a higher key.

"Camphorated oil, or ammoniated quinine," said Timothy, adopting a professional

air, and speaking with a great show of conviction.

"Ammoniated fiddlesticks!" was the contemptuous retort. "I'm going to cure myself without resource to any noxious drugs or draughts. I intend to give Nature a chance."

"That's a very good idea, love," said Timothy. "Nature's a wonderful thing—very wonderful! If you give her a chance she can do almost anything. She's better than medicine, Nature is—oh! ever so much better! But you *must* give her a chance! Outraged Nature is worse than poison—infinitely worse; but if you only treat her well she'll, she'll—well, there's no knowing what she won't do for you."

"Timothy, you're a fool!" was Mrs. Tompkinson's only comment upon this somewhat complicated oratorical effort.

"I suppose you would like a change, Eva," remarked Timothy with a long-drawn sigh.

"That is exactly what I intend to have," replied Mrs. Tompkinson as she turned over the well-filled purse in her pocket.

"And I'm sure you deserve it," said Timothy generously. "I'll write to your dear mother at Highgate this very night, and tell her that you will be pleased to spend the week-end with her. She'll be delighted to see you, and—and perhaps one or two of the children as well. Highgate is such a healthy spot, and the woods are charming at this time of the year."

Mrs. Tompkinson smiled very sweetly, and nodded approvingly. Timothy, who was watching her very carefully through his half-closed eyes, was delighted by the manner in which his simple and inexpensive proposal had been received.

"Will you write to mother at once, Timothy?" asked Mrs. Tompkinson, placing a packet of stationery before her husband, and opening the ink-pot as she spoke. "I'm certain she'll be delighted to hear from us, as you say."

Mr. Tompkinson acceded to the request with wonderful alacrity. "What shall I write, dear?" he asked. "You are far more apt at letter-writing than I am. You possess the happy knack of expressing things in an original and entertaining way, and an epistle from your pen is always a most delightful surprise to the fortunate recipient."

"This epistle will be about the most original I have ever dictated," replied Mrs. Tompkinson grimly. "And it will certainly come as a delightful surprise, not only to the 'fortunate recipient,' but to the writer as well. I want you to tell dear mother that you are going to run down to Bournemouth for a fortnight, taking the children and myself with you. Tell her we shall start on Saturday, D.V. (don't forget the D.V. whatever you do, as mother is so very particular), and ask her to be so good as to make one of the holiday party."

"Holiday party! Bournemouth!" gasped Timothy. "But we're *not* going to Bournemouth, Eva! It would be such a cruel hoax to practise on the old lady! I really cannot be so heartless!"

"I don't wish you to be heartless; that is why I am bidding you ask mother to accompany us," replied Mrs. Tompkinson cheerfully.

"But the money!" exclaimed Timothy. "I haven't even enough to pay the cab fares! And really, love, what with city luncheons, and season-ticket money and clothes, I don't seem able to save anything at all, as I think I've told you before."

"Many times before," assented Mrs. Tompkinson wearily; "so many times, in fact, that I'm not going to ask you for any money on this occasion. The funds are already in my hands."

And drawing forth the purse, she allowed the sovereigns to fall in a golden shower on to the tablecloth.

Timothy was naturally pale, but his face now became as yellow as the gold itself. He rose abruptly from his chair and made an uncertain step towards the open door. Mrs. Tompkinson raised a warning finger.

"If you're going up to your workroom, Timothy, I would advise you to be careful how you walk, for there's a great hole in the flooring," she said meaningly.

Mr. Tompkinson sat down again.

"My lathe," he murmured brokenly.

"Your what?" asked Mrs. Tompkinson sharply.

"Nothing, love, nothing," was the confused answer. "It was only an expression of astonishment on my part that you should have been able to save so much out of your small allowance. I shall be glad to go to—to Bournemouth with you and the children and—and your dear mother. We'll have a jolly time—it shall be a holiday which none of us will ever forget."

"I'm very glad to hear you speak in that way, Timothy," said Mrs. Tompkinson graciously; "and knowing that in spite of your many failings you are a man of your word, I shall show my confidence by handing

the money to you at once, for I don't care to carry so much about with me; it would be a dreadful calamity to have one's pocket picked on the day of arrival, would it not?"

"It would, indeed!" replied Timothy with intense feeling as he received back the savings of fourteen long years. "I can well imagine what would be the feelings of the victim of such a theft as *that*."

And for the first time on record Mrs. Tompkinson coloured slightly under a glance from the mild grey eyes of her husband.

II.

"It would be a dreadful calamity to have one's pocket picked on the day of arrival!"

The words haunted little Mr. Tompkinson throughout the whole of his first day at Bournemouth. So far everything had worked smoothly. The long railway journey had been accomplished without a single hitch—all the luggage turned up safely at the Bournemouth end. Nothing had been left behind in the train; the most bilious of the Tompkinson youngsters had not been affected by the journey to the discomfort of other passengers in the same compartment, and the seaside cabby had not offered to fight Timothy for an extra sixpence.

Exceptionally well-furnished apartments had been secured for the family by Mrs. Tompkinson's mother, and that lady herself had adopted so affable and kindly a manner towards Timothy that he felt almost ashamed of certain highly unchivalrous thoughts which he had previously cherished against the eldest surviving relict of the house of Bagden. And now Mrs. Bagden had even suggested that Timothy should be allowed to enjoy himself in his own way, so the little gentleman had dressed himself in the gayest of holiday attire, and sauntered out on to the crowded promenade with no other companion than a very doubtful "Havannah."

But in spite of this unexpected freedom Timothy was not entirely happy. That wretched sentence, referring to a certain distressing calamity at the very outset of a holiday, haunted and depressed him. The simple warning, "Mind your pockets," prominently posted on the side of a bathing machine, had caused Mr. Tompkinson to shy like a frightened horse; and a nigger on the other side of the same van was singing merrily of—

"An absent-minded beggar, and a very artful fox—
Young Brown from town wot lost 'is purse an' 'ad to leave 'is box!"

"But, gen'l'men, there wasn't nothing in that there box but a forty-pound weight an' a Waterbury watch," concluded the performer, "an' the landlady is still waitin' an' watchin' for 'er lorst lodger."

A burst of applause and a tremendous harvest of coppers were the rewards given in exchange for this specimen of refined minstrelsy, and Mr. Tompkinson was about to turn away in disgust from the noisy and vulgar crowd when the heavily-laden banjo of the musician was suddenly thrust before him.

"Allow me to remind you that you 'avn't pide yet, me lord," said the minstrel with a hideous grin of mock humility.

The crowd laughed again at this fresh sally, and Timothy thrust his hand into his pocket in search of the family purse.

It was not there!

Mr. Tompkinson's spinal cord was suddenly transformed into a bar of solid ice, and beads of cold perspiration gathered on his forehead. The banjo was still held mockingly before him, and Timothy noticed, as if in a dream, that a number of small silver coins shone whitely on the dark background of copper.

"Cawn't you find it, Mister Rothschild?" asked the musician with an idiotic leer.

"No," answered Timothy in a hoarse whisper, "I've lost my purse! Some scoundrel has picked my pocket!"

"Wot scoundrel 'as been an' picked Mr. Brown's pocket again?" cried the minstrel, addressing his audience with a great show of indignation. "Wy cawn't some of yer leave little Mr. Brown alone?"

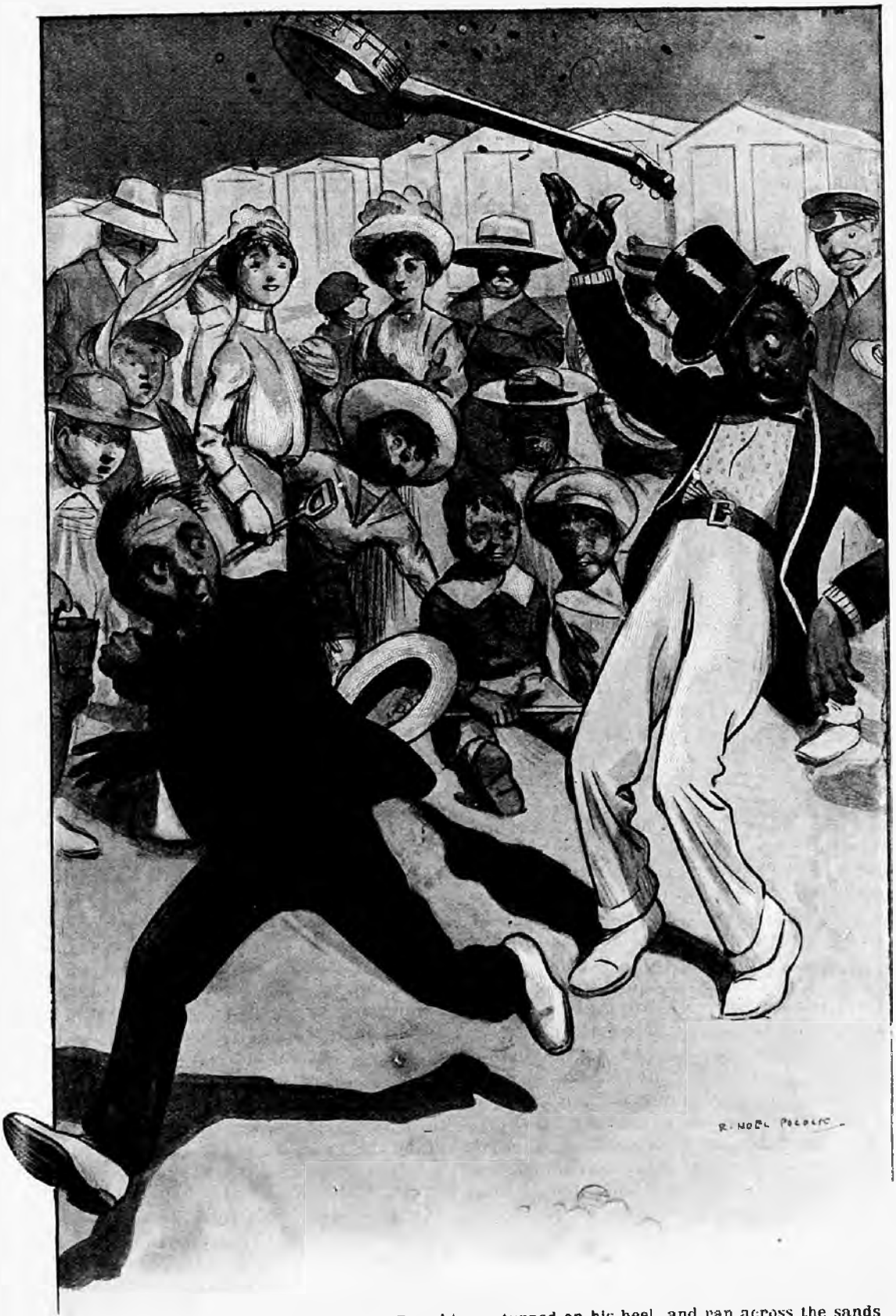
This mocking speech was scarcely concluded before the banjo was hurled high in the air by a well-directed kick from Timothy's right foot, which scattered the contents in all directions. Then Mr. Tompkinson turned on his heel, and ran across the sands towards the receding tide as quickly as his legs would carry him.

A dead dog was rolling uneasily to and fro in the surf as Timothy approached the water.

"People say that drowning is a comfortable sort of death," murmured Mr. Tompkinson, with his eyes on the canine derelict. "But that dog doesn't look particularly happy. After all," he continued, with a fine show of self-denial, "it's a selfish and cowardly thing to commit suicide! The temptation is very great, but I'm truly thankful to have strength of mind enough to resist it."

And Mr. Tompkinson turned once more towards the brilliantly-lighted promenade.

"The question is what am I to do?" he argued. "I dare not tell Eva and Mrs.



Then Mr. Tompkinson turned on his heel, and ran across the sands as quickly as his legs would carry him.

Bagden what has happened. I must devise some means of making money while we are down here—heaps of money, and Eva shall know nothing about it. Mrs. Bagden has given me permission to enjoy myself in my own way, so I can pretend to go out for long walks quite independent of the family. Or, I can buy six-pennyworth of fish before returning home and declare that I have caught them all from a boat in the bay. Eva is very fond of a fish supper, and she'll be sure to send me out 'fishing' again. But I must make at least thirty shillings a day while I am out 'walking' or 'fishing,' and how is that to be done?"

Timothy paused on the brink of a sand pit and thought hard. A vision of a black face, and a banjo full of copper and silver coins passed before his eyes.

"Yes, yes," he murmured eagerly. "I can play pretty decently on the banjo, and I used to be able to sing a good comic song—before I was married. Eva does not like singing—*my* singing, that is; but everybody is not of the same opinion. That low fellow on the beach hadn't the voice of a crow, yet he collected nine or ten shillings for a single song! It's a terrible course for the cashier of a respectable bank and the father of a large family to take, but there is no alternative."

Mr. Tompkinson wiped the cold perspiration off his forehead and continued:

"I shall rise early before Eva is awake—fortunately she sleeps very heavily of a morning—and dress in my lounge jacket and flannel trousers. Then I shall black my face with a piece of charred cork, and let myself quietly out of the street door before anyone in the house is astir. My watch and chain can be exchanged for a guinea banjo, and Eva herself would not recognise me if she should happen to appear amongst my audience. It's a terribly risky proceeding," concluded the poor little man with a shudder. "The children may run into our bedroom while I am 'making up,' Eva may awake, and it is possible that I might meet either some of the servants or the landlady on the stairs!"

Yet, in spite of his terror at the thought of these awful possibilities, a certain highly respected householder of Nunhead slept that night with a large cork beneath his pillow.

III.

The first morning of Mr. Tompkinson's seaside "holiday" dawned clear and bright. It was exactly five o'clock when the little man awoke from an uneasy and feverish sleep. Not a sound disturbed the silence of the house, but the early sparrows were already arguing noisily in the garden below as to the fair division of the first worm.

After a searching glance at the face of his sleeping wife Timothy arose, and moving stealthily to a chair, quickly donned a pair of striped flannel trousers. The boards of the floor creaked at this moment, and a slight movement at the head of the bed caused the early riser to seek shelter behind the dimity-covered rail at the foot. In another moment a pair of widely-dilated eyes appeared above the rail, and rising slowly to his full height, Mr. Tompkinson drew a brightly-coloured lounge jacket towards him.

"Fourteen mornings of this business will turn my hair grey," he murmured, nodding gravely at his reflection in the dressing-glass.

Then he stole on tip-toe to the pillow he had just vacated, and, making mysterious passes over the face of Mrs. Tompkinson with one hand, drew forth the cork with the other and glided softly towards the dressing-table. He lit a tiny jet of gas, and turning the cork to and fro in the flame, applied it to his twitching cheeks.

In two minutes' time Timothy Tompkinson had lost his identity.

With a trembling hand he drew open a drawer to hide away the charred cork—the drawer came out bodily, and slipped from Timothy's nerveless grasp! It fell on the floor with a hideous crash, scattering a hoard of buttons and hair curlers in all directions.

Mr. Tompkinson's knees bumped convulsively, and his hair bristled like the fur on the back of an angry cat.

"What is that, Timothy? Timothy, wherever are you?" came in a sleepy voice from the bed, followed by the sharp rattle of a wire mattress. Mrs. Tompkinson was sitting up.

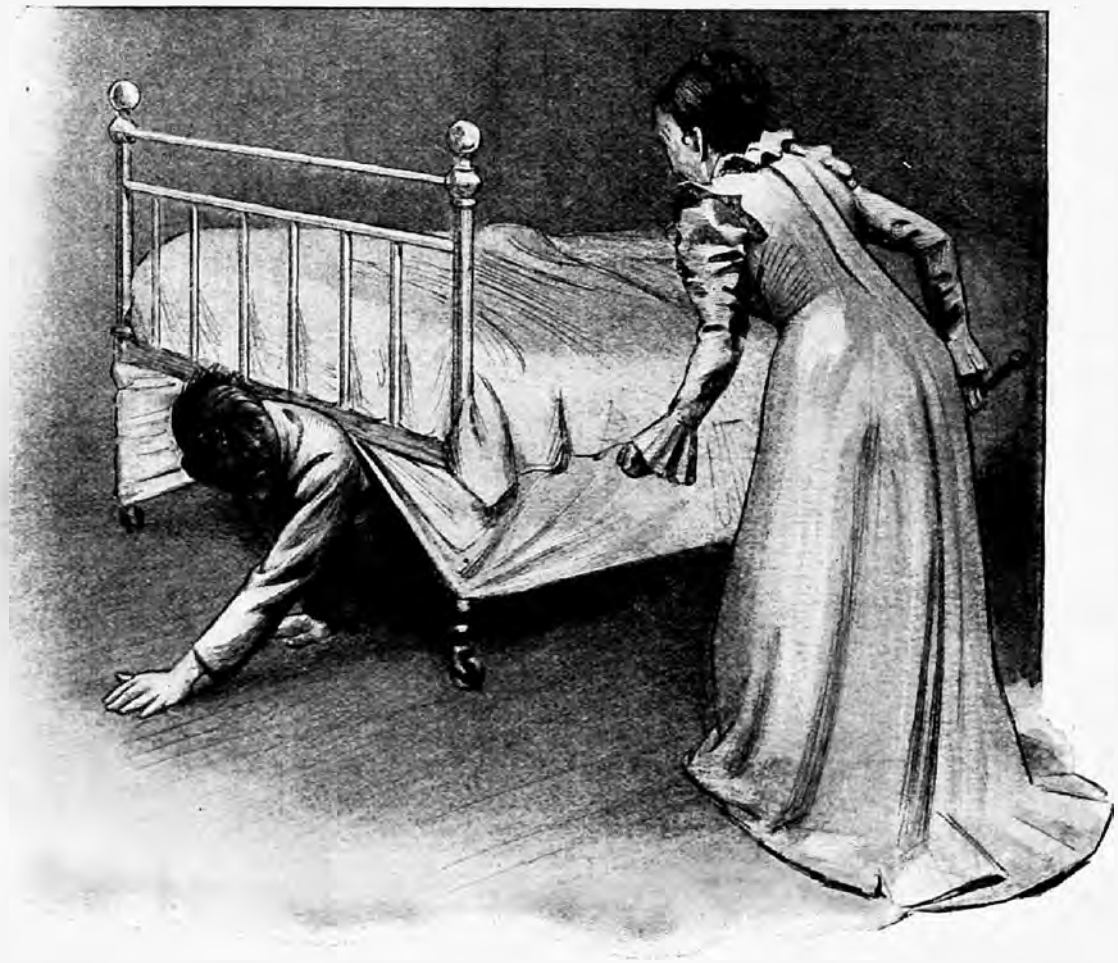
Timothy stood with his back to the bed, regarding his hideous reflection in the looking-glass with real horror. He did not reply to the question.

"What is the time, Timothy?" demanded Mrs. Tompkinson. "And whatever are you doing there?"

"It's early, dear—only a quarter past five," gasped Timothy with his face still averted. "I'm just going out for a blow to get the air—don't disturb yourself, Eva, I shall be back for breakfast."

And the little man's features twitched so horribly beneath their veneer of grime that he closed his eyes in terror at the sight.

"Going out for a blow at this hour, and in that ridiculous garb!" exclaimed Mrs.



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Tompkinson suspiciously, referring to the striped jacket and flannel trousers. "What an insane idea, to be sure!"

"I suppose you would not like to come too, Eva," murmured Timothy desperately, without realising what he was saying.

Mrs. Tompkinson jumped out of bed. "If you'll put on your serge suit, I don't mind taking an early morning walk with you," she replied condescendingly.

Timothy walked sideways towards the washstand, trembling in every limb.

"Perhaps Mrs. Bagden would like an early morning blow, too," he suggested eagerly with his hand on the water-ewer. "I'll just have a wash and brush up while you slip out into the corridor and call her."

"Do you usually wash your face with your hat on, Timothy?" asked Mrs. Tompkinson frigidly. "And am I in the habit of wandering about the corridors of strange houses attired in this fashion? Bless the man!" she continued irritably. "What are you doing with the water jug?"

"It's empty!" gasped Timothy with a dry sob, dropping the ewer into the basin with an alarming crash, and purposely overturning the soap-tray. "And now the soap's gone too!" he added tragically.

Mr. Tompkinson fell on his hands and knees to search for the soap, and when he spoke again his voice had a strangely muffled sound, for its owner was under the bed and travelling stealthily towards the open door.

"Slippery stuff, soap is," he panted hoarsely. "You never know when you have it."

It was quite dark under the dimity hangings of the bedstead, and during his search for the imaginary tablet of soap Timothy lost his whereabouts completely. His head eventually emerged from the end of the bedstead farthest away from the door. Mrs. Tompkinson, who had hastily donned a dressing-gown, happened to be waiting for

the re-appearance of her husband at this very spot. In another moment she was gazing with unspeakable horror at the coal-black face which peered beseechingly into her own from a setting of spotless dimity.

"Timothy!" she screamed, "where are you! There's a black burglar under the bed. Oh, murder! Thieves and murder! Where's my poor husband?"

"I've caught the rascal, Eva!" shouted Timothy, disappearing from sight again, and beating his fists furiously on the uncarpeted flooring beneath the bed. "He's got my purse, and he's fighting like a tiger."

"Oh! my poor, brave husband!" screamed Mrs. Tompkinson, seizing a long poker and striking wildly under the laths of the bedstead. Timothy received a stunning blow on the back of his head.

"Steady with the poker, Eva! You're hitting *me!*" cried Mr. Tompkinson truthfully. "Run out and wake up the landlady," he panted, thumping again on the floor. "I can hold the villain down until you return; but don't make a noise and disturb the whole house. I don't want a scene."

"Noble man!" ejaculated Mrs. Tompkinson fervently. "The murdering robber might have stolen every penny while we slept, but, thank goodness, *I found the purse in the pocket of your serge coat and hid it away in the washstand drawer.*"

The scuffling beneath the bedstead ceased abruptly as soon as this remarkable communication reached Timothy's ears. The nigger crept out from his hiding-place and stood before Mrs. Tompkinson—a pitiable object, covered with dust and grime. The excited lady flourished the poker threateningly.

"You ugly little villain! You've killed my dear husband," she screamed hysterically.

Skilfully dodging the first blow, Timothy exclaimed:

"I'm not dead yet, Eva, but if you continue to strike in that fashion I sha'n't live much longer. There is no robber in the room, my dear—I am Timothy himself!"

"Timothy himself!" ejaculated Mrs. Tompkinson faintly. "What does it all mean?"

"Simply this," answered Mr. Tompkinson, dropping limply into a chair and plucking a feather or two away from his blackened cheeks. "It means that, on a certain day, somebody appropriated a large sum of money belonging to me—the savings of fourteen weary years. With those savings I was compelled to bring my wife and family down here for a holiday, and my own money was handed back to me to take charge of. On the first night of this, my holiday, I believed that my pocket had been picked, and that I had lost the purse and its contents, forgetting that when I changed my clothes I omitted to transfer the money. I decided to disguise myself as a common nigger, and to earn money in order that my wife and family should not be deprived of the pleasures which, perhaps, they had a right to expect. The undertaking was ruined at the outset by my own clumsiness, and—well, you know the rest. I think it would be as well, for your own sake as much as mine, to treat the visit of the 'boarding house burglar' as a family secret which need not be communicated to any of the members who are still unaware of its existence."

And, in this instance at least, Mrs. Tompkinson shared the opinion of her husband.

GREAT LAWYERS AND THEIR LITTLE WAYS.

When the Lord Chief Justice looks asleep he is really studying affidavits.

The Characteristic Poses and Peculiarities of Well-known Judges and Counsel as Daily Seen in the Law Courts.

By F. Thorold Dickson.

By "little ways" I mean the quaint tricks of manner which we all of us possess. You, for instance, when raising a cup of tea to your lips may stick out your little finger—that's your mannerism; I, when smoking my cigar, may so hold it between my teeth that the end of it nearly touches my nose—this, if I did it (which I don't), would be my mannerism.

Still, the mannerisms of obscure people like you and me are really not at all interesting unless, perhaps, they happen to be so marked as to verge on insanity. But to observe the little ways and manners of the great and famous, and especially the great and famous of so staid and solemn a calling as the law, is very entertaining—interesting, too, since many of these mannerisms are the outward signs of special traits in the characters of the individuals who possess them.

Though a very eminent lawyer, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Alverstone, suffers when compared with his mighty predecessor, perhaps the greatest lawyer of recent times. Nothing could ever surpass the stately deportment and grand manner of Lord Russell of Killowen. Lord Alverstone's presence is in no way remarkable. His figure is short and somewhat rotund. His face, however, surrounded by the wig of office, is duly impressive, with its lofty forehead, full cheeks, and small, drooping, unsmiling mouth. His lordship is invariably courteous—which, frankly, could not be said of his predecessor. He can say charming things in a charming way; he never bullies.

If you watch him while counsel is addressing the jury you will often notice that he leans his head on his left hand, in an attitude slightly suggestive of sleepiness. But don't let yourself be deceived. No man is more wide awake. When, perhaps, you might imagine him wool-gathering, or even indulging in a quiet nap, he is, as often as not, seeking fresh inspiration by a furtive perusal of a pile of affidavits.

Lord Alverstone is the most versatile of men. To-day he is no longer so young and active as he was; but of old, as Sir Richard Webster, he has been known to be deep in Patent Law as the sun rose, to hold a brief in a betting prosecution during the day, to sing at a village concert, and to teach in a Sunday school, all within forty-eight hours!

A striking contrast to this sober, impassive, dignified lawyer is Mr. Justice Darling—"Deptford's Little Darling," as he was known in the House of Commons—a judge whose attitudes on the bench are a continuous source of amazement to counsel, jury, plaintiff, defendant, and onlooker. Sometimes he leans far back in the extreme corner of his seat, his head thrown back, his eyes half-closed, or gazing dreamily at the ceiling. Then, in a moment, and without any warning, this attitude will suddenly change. He hurls himself forward and flings his youthful face over his crossed hands, or buries it deep in the broad cuffs of his robe.

He is not generally considered a profound lawyer; but no visitor at the Law Courts should fail to see him. He is a curiosity.

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Mr. Justice Darling leans back in his seat, the picture of studied indifference.

you remember after having seen Mr. Justice Darling are his weird attitudes; the Master of the Rolls impresses you for what he is—a great lawyer and a model of deportment on the Bench. But, as I have said, he has his mannerisms, and if I dwell on them at some length it is because I have observed his lordship closely. He is an interesting study.

Counsel is speaking. The Master of the Rolls leans well back in his chair, his head somewhat inclined to one side. Then with his right hand he removes his gold-rimmed *pince-nez* and starts waving it gently from side to side, as though he were beating time to counsel's remarks. When he interrupts, his voice and manner are pleasant, kindly, and conversational.

But there is another side to the picture. Let his lordship once smell a legal rat, and he sits bolt-upright, hastily replaces his *pince-nez*, purses up his lips, leans well forward—and might then be labelled: "Legal lion. Dangerous!"

Together with Sir Richard Collins, Lord Justice Matthews and Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy form the First Court of Appeal. Like Sir Richard, Lord Justice Matthews is an Irishman—a fact which is occasionally betrayed by the merry twinkle in his eye. Observe him. His head is slightly inclined to the right, his chin is supported by his hand, the long, tapering fingers of which droop down over the humorous mouth. Counsel is speaking. He is waiting—patiently waiting—for a flaw in the argument.

And when it comes he has no mercy. He breaks in with vehemence and then, having delivered himself, leans back in his chair, his face wreathed with genial smiles. He has demolished counsel, but bears the poor man no ill-will—not he!

The third member of this remarkable trio, Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy, is somewhat of an enigma. When at the Bar he was noted for his vehemence, energy, fiery eloquence—his flow of words was like a mountain stream in flood. As a judge he is tranquillity personified. If he *should* have cause to dissent from counsel, he does so with the utmost courtesy, then settles himself comfortably, smiles, and shakes his head from side to side with mild decision. He has many laudable qualities, but beauty can scarcely be numbered among them, and that smile of his—well, it is not seraphic!

So much for the First Court of Appeal and its learned judges. Over the Second Court of Appeal presides Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, a legal figure no one on the look-out for quaint mannerisms should pass over in silence. This eminent lawyer always puts me in mind of a legal steam-roller. No other judge is so deliberate, so slow in his methods, so laboured in his utterance, so deadly sure, so mercilessly crushing.

But it was not my image of a steam-roller that occurred to his brother judges when they christened him "Rolling William," or, more familiarly, "Roly-Poly," the name by which he is invariably known in the legal world. This rather undignified sobriquet for so dignified an individual arose from his weird habit of rolling his head, when speaking, from side to side. So noticeable is this, that flippant young barristers are wont to talk of "looking in to see Vaughan Williams rolling his old head."

In private life he is the most unpretentious of men, devoted to the country and country pursuits. He farms his own land, and what

The Master of the Rolls (Sir Richard Henn Collins) smells a legal rat.

he doesn't know about crops and the like is certainly not worth knowing.

The Duke of Norfolk has the reputation of being the most carelessly-dressed peer in England, with what justice I am unable to say. There are certain wild rumours flying about concerning his Grace's collars and ties which I, for one, frankly don't believe. It is even said that he once made his appearance in the House of Lords with his coat turned inside out. Scandal, of course. Scandal, too, is the rumour that tells how Mr. Justice Wright, one of the finest legal intellects in England, was once mistaken by one of his guests at a large shooting-party at his place in Hampshire for an under gamekeeper.

Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy is exceedingly affable to counsel—but his smile cannot be called seraphic.

But the tale, whether true or not, serves its purpose by illustrating this judge's main eccentricity—the incredible dowdiness of his clothes. Otherwise, there is nothing much to be said about him except that he never leaves the Law Courts after his day's work without a cigar in his mouth, and is known among his admiring "brothers-in-law" as "Little Wright"—this because all the greatness he possesses seems to have forsaken his body for his brain.

Pet names seem to be fashionable in legal circles. There are "Roly-Poly" and "Little Wright," and then there's "Kekky," as the Bar choose to call Mr. Justice Kekewich—a judge whose chief characteristic seems to be a propensity for coming into rather sharp conflict with counsel. Somehow he never appears to be quite at home on the Bench—at least, so it seems to the onlooker, who cannot help observing the uneasiness of his manner when counsel are arguing before him. It looks as though he suspects that somebody is perpetually trying to have him at a disadvantage. His manner when delivering judgment is sober and diffident; and when wrestling with a legal tangle he has a curious trick of speaking with half-closed eyes, which are directed upward as though to draw inspiration from the ceiling.

Mr. Justice Wright is known as "Little Wright"—his greatness lying in his brain, not in his body.

The late Lord Justice Bowen used to say that a man might be a fool in his choice of a profession, but that he must be a madman to give it up. Yet the Attorney-General, Sir Robert Finlay, was a doctor before he became a lawyer, and can hardly have regretted the change. Something of the physician's manner still clings to him. His little habit of removing his *pince-nez* from his nose and slowly beating time with it, as though to give extra weight to his already weighty remarks, makes it easy to picture him in a consulting-room instead of a law-court.

Like the Attorney-General, Mr. Rufus Isaacs forsook another profession for the Bar, and, like the Attorney-General, again, he has gone far to disprove the late Lord Justice Bowen's sweeping statement. Mr. Isaacs became, it is said, so weary of making money on the Stock Exchange that he forsook that "den of thieves," as someone has (no doubt unjustly) described it, for the purer atmosphere of the Law Courts, where he makes money quite as rapidly and without suffering any qualms of conscience.

His appearance has certainly not stood in his way. He has a pleasant voice, and is modest and conciliatory in his bearing. In addressing the court a favourite attitude of his is to stand with his shoulders squared, his head thrown back, and holding his gown high up at the shoulders. Then, with a kind of "but enough of this" air, he suddenly drops his hands, and proceeds to take up a law book and cite authorities. He thoroughly understands the value of the "velvet glove," and one of the secrets of his art is to carry the point he is striving for while appearing eminently disinterested.

Since this is an article frankly devoted to personalities, I need not hesitate in expressing a passing regret that Sir Edward Clarke should have lately thought it proper to curtail the interesting (I can think of no better adjective—"beautiful" would be palpably insincere) Dundreary whiskers which used to adorn his cheeks. Why has he done so,

I wonder? To possess a monopoly even in whiskers is a desirable thing, and if he still grew them I think it very doubtful whether any of his colleagues would have the audacity to imitate him.

Sir Edward's voice is very distinctive. In commencing a sentence it proceeds at an even level, but towards the end of a passage, or when thwarted by an answer given in cross-examination, it has a trick of sinking into deep gutturals. He has also a tendency to drag his words, especially over the last syllables of a sentence of any length.

Mr. Justice Kekewich has a propensity for coming into conflict with counsel.

Sir Edward's chief amusements are novel-reading, politics, and the theatre. He is an enthusiastic "first-nighter."

Mr. Blake Odgers, K.C., has written a book of great authority on "Libel and Slander." He owes much to his presence, which is so dignified, and so eloquent of calm and impregnable virtue, that it goes a long way towards carrying conviction to the mind of a jury. He is famous for his whiskers, his goggles, and his beaming look of self-satisfaction and expansive geniality.

He is prone to indulge in humorous sallies and facial action. Yet it is a duty to say that, like all successful pleaders, he is a little bit of a comedian. His voice is full and pleasant, and he puts into practice, with such good effect, his own "Principles of Pleading" that as counsel in a libel action he is difficult to beat.

A leading type of the successful common law practitioner is found in Mr. Charles Mathews. He is very dramatic in his action, as befits a son of Charles Mathews, the actor. He is at times peculiar, and even somewhat affected, in his intonation, while at other times he is almost inaudible. Again, he will deliver himself with a gushing eloquence, urging his points with an impressive earnestness and an intense conviction in the justice of his case. He has appeared in innumerable leading cases, among them the famous "Baccarat" scandal.

He is a singularly able cross-examiner, and is courteous and refined in his address. He has done a good deal to raise the tone of advocacy in criminal cases, whilst his principal defect is a tendency to mannerisms and an occasional indulgence in pomposity of diction.

When he went to the Bar it was prophesied of him that he "would do well," and, certainly, few men have done better.

In Sir Edward Carson, the Solicitor-General, the legal world possesses one of its most striking personalities.

As Sir Edward rises to cross-examine there is no mistaking his strong individuality. The tall, spare figure and keen, powerful face—which in profile is almost hatchet-like—mark him out as a terror to shuffling witnesses. Yet his voice can be pleasant enough, and long practice at the Irish bar has perpetuated his rich Hibernian accent. This used to act like magic on Lord Russell of Killowen, who would respond with soft Irish tones in his voice whenever Carson addressed him.

The heavy, protruding chin and Mephistophelian eyebrows impart an almost sinister expression to the Solicitor-General's face. Otherwise he would be as handsome as he has been eminently successful.

As his chief characteristic, it may be written down that he asks no quarter and gives none.

Mr. Rufus Isaacs addresses the court with his head thrown back and his hands clutching his gown at the shoulders.

Mr. Fletcher Moulton, K.C., is perhaps the most unlawyer-like-looking counsel at the Bar.

His past record as Senior Wrangler and College Tutor at Cambridge has given to him, when in court, the manner of a Don instructing a class. It is by no means a bad method of conducting a case, as Mr. Fletcher Moulton's enormous professional income goes to prove.

On the ins and outs and various subtleties of the law relating to patents this counsel is without equal.

His rather grating, querulous voice fills, but does not dominate, the court; yet on a complicated matter of technical or scientific detail he fairly commands the situation.

To hear him conduct the famous Dynamite and Cordite cases some years ago was like listening to a professional exposition of the profounder depths of chemistry. No human being could follow his arguments in every detail but judge, jury, and onlookers listened with rapt attention and picked up as much explosive knowledge as they could safely carry away with them!

He affects a wig of a sombre shade of grey, and, unlike most counsel, wears a turn-down collar. This causes his "bands" to drop beneath the level of his gold collar-stud; and another, and larger, *solitaire,* in the centre of his shirt front, acts as second sentry to the "bands."

Sir Edward Clarke certainly looks as if he could get the last ounce out of a witness.

With a somewhat "peaky" face and long, straggly moustache, the general effect is a curious combination of learning and Italian melodrama.

In manner he is deferential to the House of Lords, but has been known to hector judges of lesser eminence, and the greatest difficulty in his life is probably "to suffer fools gladly." It is said of him that he never entered for a prize or a competition without coming out first. At the Bar "his soul is like a star and dwells apart," for nobody has ever succeeded in seriously competing with him in the subjects which he has made his own.

He wears *pince-nez*, and without them would probably be quite at sea, for he has a trick of emphasising all his points by vigorously shaking his gold-rimmed glasses at judge and jury.

Eminent Chancery barristers who are K.C.'s may "go special"—that is, they never take less than fifty guineas as a fee, and, instead of being tied down to one court, they may plead in any and all, flitting gaily from judge to judge.

Mr. Warmington, K.C., is a Chancery "special" with a great practice.

His figure is short, thick-set, and quaint, and his eye somewhat glassy and dull. He is rather quick to take offence, and has been known to come into conflict with "Kekky."

A noticeable "little way" of Mr. Warmington is his trick of projecting himself forward during an argument, leaning over the desk in front of him and resting his weight by pressing against it.

When he resigned his seat in Parliament in favour of Sir William Harcourt it was freely prophesied in legal circles that he would some day be raised to the peerage, by the title of "Lord Warming Pan."

Mr. Blake Odgers is famous for his goggles, his whiskers, and his expansive geniality.

Sir Edward Carson with his prominent chin and Mephistophelian eyebrows.

A BOY AND TWO BAGS

A Young Man's Unhappy Adventure with an Obstinate Boy and a Stupid Policeman.

By H. S. Mallory.

Yes, I am fond of children, but there are several degrees of fondness, and there are various kinds of children. Now, I encountered a youngster in London recently whom I shall always remember with respect and gratitude, if not with disinterested affection.

I was at Victoria Station, with fifteen minutes to wait for the Brighton express.

I could improve the interval, I reflected, by writing to my sister to forward some things I had left behind but should need immediately; that's always the way with things one leaves behind. There were some stamped envelopes in my pocket-book, and I wrote on the back of a telegraph form which I annexed from the telegraph office.

On a ledge just inside the office I scribbled the note to Julia.

As I was sealing the envelope my eyes fell upon a portly gentleman in a shining silk hat.

"Pardon me, sir," said he. "May I borrow your pencil for a moment?"

"Certainly. And, if you'll kindly keep an eye on my bag while you're here, I'll slip out and post my letter," I replied.

Having placed my bag beside his, therefore, and assured myself by a glance at the clock that twelve minutes were still at my disposal, I started for the letter-box.

Now, unfortunately, my stops in London have been infrequent and brief, and on this occasion I went so far astray, through want of familiarity with my surroundings, as to walk some way up Victoria-street before finding what I required. I have now discovered that there are at least two boxes almost adjoining the station.

Having hurriedly posted my letter, I got back to the station with eight minutes still to spare.

Turning to the spot where I had left the man of the silk hat, I saw, not him, but an apple-cheeked, pug-nosed boy, who sat astride of two bags, one of which was mine.

I guessed his age as being somewhere between two and ten.

"Hullo, my boy, you're the watchman, are you?" I said. "Well, I'll just take my bag, and leave the other for you."

I reached for my property, but the boy, looking up with an air of astonishment and injury, cried out:

"No, these are my papa's. He told me to take care of 'em."

"Why, yes, one's your papa's, all right," I rejoined, with a smile at his seriousness, "but this one's mine."

Again I put out my hand, but the pug-nosed boy kicked his heels viciously against the bags and protested in high key:

"No-o-o, go 'way! 'Tisn't yours; it's my papa's. I'm takin' care of 'em. You can't have 'em!"

He wasn't yielding an inch, the little rascal, though the tears were gathering in his eyes, and I didn't wish to hurt his feelings by the use of force.

Seven minutes yet before my train would pull out—time left to try diplomacy.

I rushed into the refreshment-room and cast my eyes over the display of buns and sweets while I fumbled for change. "Give me some toffee," I ordered, hoping that it would stick the boy's jaws together, so that I could escape before he opened them.

I rushed back.

"Like toffee?" I asked, while my antagonist watched me with suspicion and fear, but no sign of capitulation. "Here, try this," and I held out the stuff to him.

Dubiously he accepted it, but at the same time drew his little bow-legs closer about the luggage. Then he thrust the toffee into his mouth.

It was a mouth abnormally big and brutal for a child, I remember.

"Come, now, Johnnie, you stick to your papa's bag and let me have mine, or I'll be late for my train. There's the bell!"

"My name's not Johnnie, it's Charlie. You—go—away!" wailed the boy between chews.

His cheeks were bulging with a big piece of toffee, but the confounded stuff seemed powerless to grip those unspeakable jaws.

No help for it, I must resort to violence. I took hold of the handle of my bag and slipped it out from under the defender's legs. There followed a puny kick on my shin and a deafening howl in my ear.

"Pa — pa — pa, pa, he's stealin' me, he's stealin' me!"

"What's the matter here?" someone growled at this point, and I looked round into the florid face of a policeman.

The pug-nosed brat was now wailing with double terror—of the policeman and of me.

"He's stealin' me, he's stealin' me! I want my papa!"

"Confound it, constable!" I cried, "the little fiend's been sitting on my bag and wouldn't give it up. Now he says I want to steal him! All I want is my train!"

I started off then, thinking the worst was over; but the policeman suddenly turned as crazy as the boy.

"No, you don't, sir," he cried, seizing me

His cheeks were bulging with a large piece of toffee.

by the shoulder. "Let's hear a little more about this business."

A crowd had gathered by this time, and I suppose I was red as a beetroot, for it makes a man hot to the roots of his hair to be stopped in broad daylight as a criminal.

"Tryin' to steal from the kid, was he?" sneered some lubber in the crowd. "Nice one he is."

"Pickpocket, I'll bet," said another. "Looks like a sharper, eh?"

I think I was saying something more or less appropriate just here, but I became suddenly conscious that a lady, with a bunch of violets in her jacket, had somehow slipped into the circle and was hugging the pug-nosed boy.

In her presence adequate expression of my feelings was not to be thought of. Even the pug-nosed boy seemed to feel a humanising influence; he tried to stop blubbering, alternately wiping his eyes with his fists and his fists on the young lady's dress.

She was the only woman I had ever seen who would stand that sort of thing.

"There, there, Charlie, don't cry," she said. "Little men don't do that, you know. Tell sister what the trouble is."

"He—he—he—stoled me, an'—an'—papa said he was comin' back, an' he—he didn't come!"

"See here," I said to the officer, in sudden hope, "we can settle this business straight off. Here's the key to my bag. I'll turn my back and tell you every single thing you find in it."

"Right, sir," he answered, and I could see some glimmering of rationality in his eye.

I faced the crowd.

"Which bag is it, sir?" queried the officer, fumbling with a lock.

"The one marked 'J. M.' on the side. My name's James Millard."

More fumbling, while the crowd pressed closer.

"All right, sir, go ahead."

"On top, pair of grey trousers; then patent-leather shoes, military-brushes, box of cigars, bottle of——"

But a cackle went up from the crowd.

"What's wrong *now*?" I demanded, wheeling around.

"No, you don't, my man," broke in the officer, stepping between me and the bag. "This seems to be the time you've overreached a bit. You must come along with me."

"Pinched!" chuckled an onlooker.

I stared open-mouthed at the re-closed bag, everything else seeming to swim around me. Then I heard the girlish voice again:

"Miss Helen Merriam, 11, Stamford-street, Kensington."

"Thanks, miss," said the constable. Then to me: "Come along, my man."

I started backward, only to fall into the arms of a porter, and be shoved towards the policeman.

"For goodness' sake, madam," I cried in one last appeal. "These men are all stark mad. I left my bag with——"

Then the pug-nosed boy gave a shriek.

"Papa, papa!"

"Why, Charlie, what's the matter? Crying? Not hurt, is he, Helen? What does this all mean?"

"*Mean*, sir?" I cried. "It means that you have subjected me to the most intolerable insults! That boy of yours refused to let me have my bag, and here I am arrested for kidnapping, or thieving, and my train's gone, and——"

"Dear me! It can't be possible! I beg a thousand pardons, sir. I met a business acquaintance outside the station, and had no idea how long I was staying."

I was trying to shake myself into some sort of tolerable relation with my clothes, with a raging sense of the rough handling I had received, and I should certainly have indulged in some unhallowed expression toward "papa," the policeman, the grinning crowd, and things in general had I not caught a look of friendliness and sympathy from a pair of eyes that reflected all the colour and fragrance of the violets below them.

"Don't—don't mention it," I managed to stammer. "Only convince this kind and intelligent officer that that bag is really mine."

"Of course, of course. Constable, it's all right."

"Give me the key," I said to the bluecoat, who stood beside me, half-defiant, half-apologetic.

I unlocked my case, and exposed trousers, cigars, and the rest of the stuff to the view of the throng.

"You're a fine policeman, you are. What have you got to say for yourself?"

"Goodness knows how it was, sir; I must have opened the wrong one. But you said the one marked 'J. M.', sir."

"Well, here's your 'J. M.' Are you blind?"

"But this one's got 'J. M.' on it, too, sir."

"Quite right, that's mine," interrupted papa." "My name is Joseph Merriam, at your service, sir."

We exchanged cards, while the truth began to dawn upon me.

That idiot of a policeman had found one bag unlocked, and when my list did not tally with the contents of that, he had never a thought that he was wrong and that I was right.

"Since I have caused you to miss one engagement, perhaps you will accept another? Suppose we stay in town and have a little theatre party of our own? May I present you, Mr. Millard, to my daughter?"

"We shall be most happy to try to make amends, Mr. Millard, so you must come for our sakes," said the Violet Girl. "And here's Charlie," she added hastily. "You and Charlie ought to be good friends now that you've tried each other's mettle."

"Ah, Charlie," I said as affably as I could—but, indeed, the Violet Girl was wonderfully soothing—"you'll be a commander-in-chief or a lion-tamer one of these days."

Then Charlie's father took the lad away to remove tears and toffee, while I surrendered to the sweet martyrdom of entertaining the Violet Girl.

Since that time the Violet Girl has—well, entertained *me*. So has the pug-nosed boy.

My friends sometimes wonder at my affection for Charlie, for to the stranger he is not exactly an attractive sort of youth.

To me, however, he is (as I have said) an object of the greatest respect, and one to whom I owe a debt of the highest gratitude.

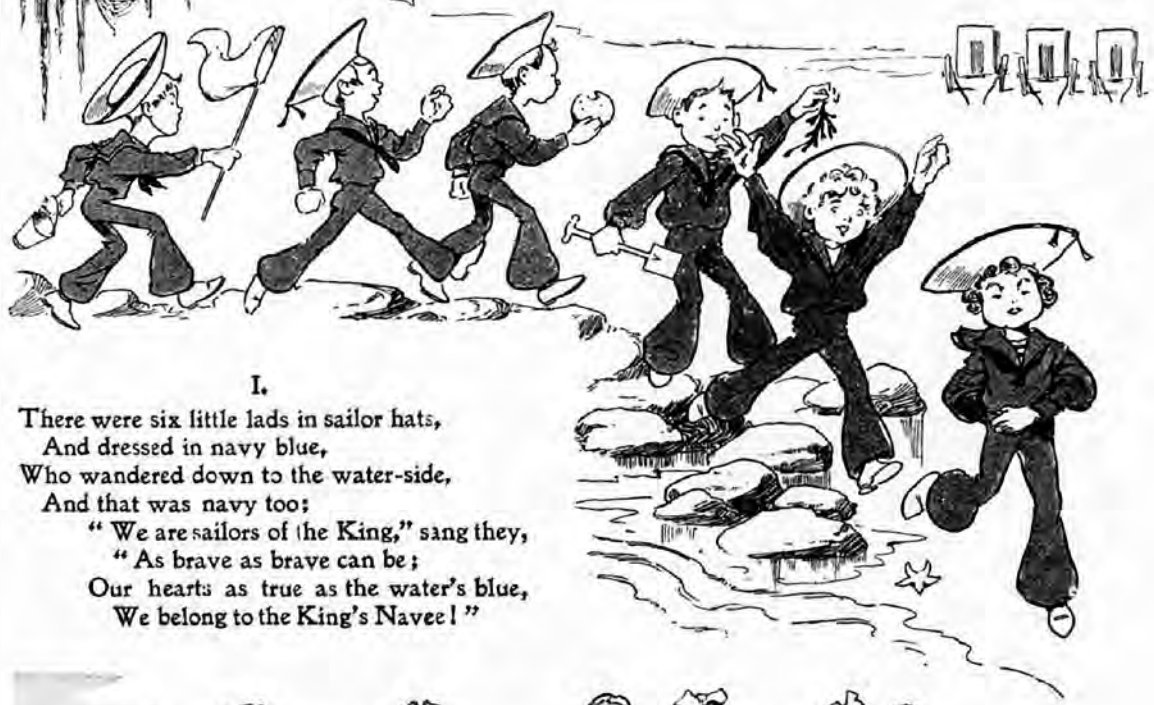
Had he not evinced such surprising obstinacy on that never-to-be-forgotten day at Victoria Station—well, I should not have been a married man now.

Nor do I overlook my indebtedness to the police force.

The more stolid and witless a constable appears, the more do I yearn to take him aside and tip him.

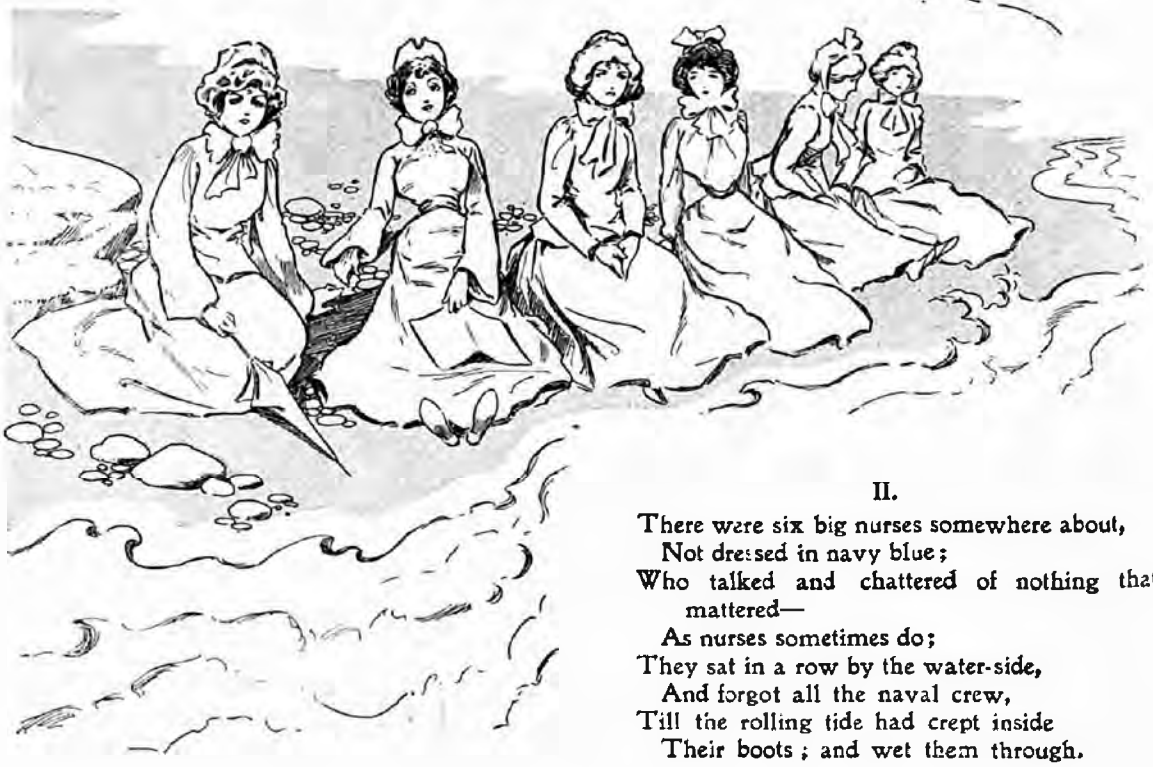
I unlocked my case and exposed trousers, cigars, and the rest of the stuff to the view of the throng.

The King's Navee



I.

There were six little lads in sailor hats,
And dressed in navy blue,
Who wandered down to the water-side,
And that was navy too;
"We are sailors of the King," sang they,
"As brave as brave can be;
Our hearts as true as the water's blue,
We belong to the King's Navee!"

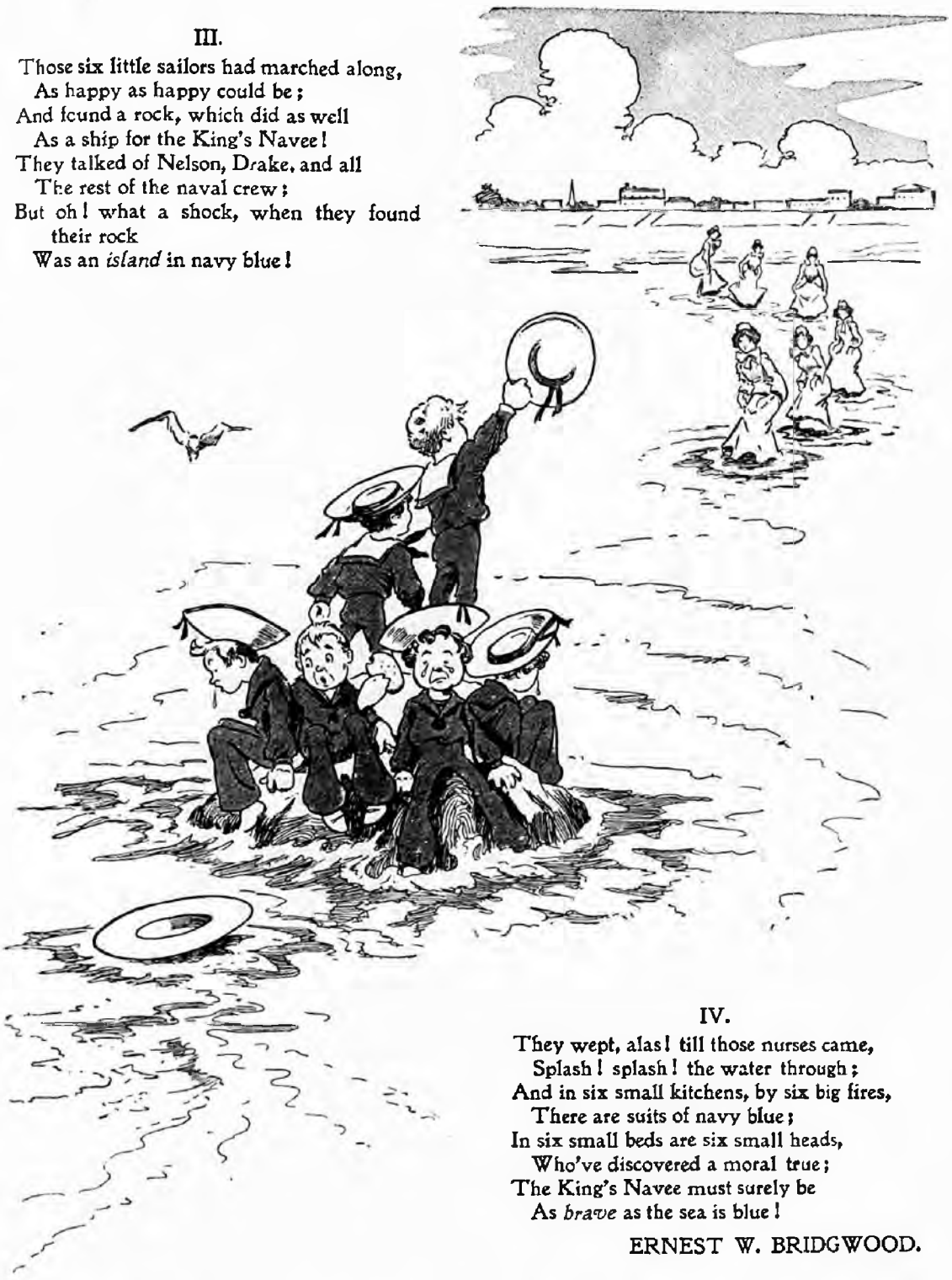


II.

There were six big nurses somewhere about,
Not dressed in navy blue;
Who talked and chattered of nothing that mattered—
As nurses sometimes do;
They sat in a row by the water-side,
And forgot all the naval crew,
Till the rolling tide had crept inside
Their boots; and wet them through.

III.

Those six little sailors had marched along,
As happy as happy could be;
And found a rock, which did as well
As a ship for the King's Navee!
They talked of Nelson, Drake, and all
The rest of the naval crew;
But oh! what a shock, when they found their rock
Was an *island* in navy blue!



IV.

They wept, alas! till those nurses came,
Splash! splash! the water through;
And in six small kitchens, by six big fires,
There are suits of navy blue;
In six small beds are six small heads,
Who've discovered a moral true;
The King's Navee must surely be
As *brave* as the sea is blue!

ERNEST W. BRIDGWOOD.

CHAIR GYMNASTICS

1. Position for front-leaning exercises: The legs fully extended backward in line with the body, which is supported by resting the hands on the seats with the fingers pointing forwards. The chairs should be shoulder-width apart.

2. Step forward between the chairs, and extend again with each leg in turn.

3. Keeping the heels together, spring forward to this position, then backward to full extension.

4. Alternately raise each leg as high as possible, returning it again to extension, and keeping the knees and elbows straight.

5. Bring each leg in turn sharply forward to this position, returning it in one motion.

Exercises with Two Chairs which will Make and Keep You as Fit as a Course in the most Expensive Gymnasiums.

By

A. S. Menteth.

Considerable prominence has lately been given by the daily papers to what is termed the "physical degeneration of the race." The army recruiting standard of measurements has been constantly lowered, and, indeed, a very little observation of the average man—or boy—in the street will speedily assure one that these reports of our physical degeneracy have been in no way exaggerated.

As a direct consequence, a considerable impetus has lately been given to physical training; and schools of body-development have sprung into existence all over the country. The idea has been enthusiastically taken up by men of all stations and ages, and both trainers and pupils have derived considerable benefit thereby—the one monetarily, the other physically.

To these schools, however, there are, to a very great number of would-be athletes, two most serious objections—one, the question of fees; the other, the question of leisure.

It is not everyone who can afford the terms required by most of these establishments; nor is everybody able to make his free hours coincide with the times at which the classes are held. To such persons, therefore, the method of physical training demonstrated by the photographs accompanying this article should come as a distinct boon, conferring, as it does, all the benefits of an expensive gymnastic course, with none of its disadvantages in the way of fees and fixed hours.

For it is a unique household which cannot supply two solid chairs, and he is no true disciple of "body-development" who cannot rise fifteen minutes earlier, or retire to bed

6. Position for back-leaning exercises—the body is extended forwards instead of backwards.

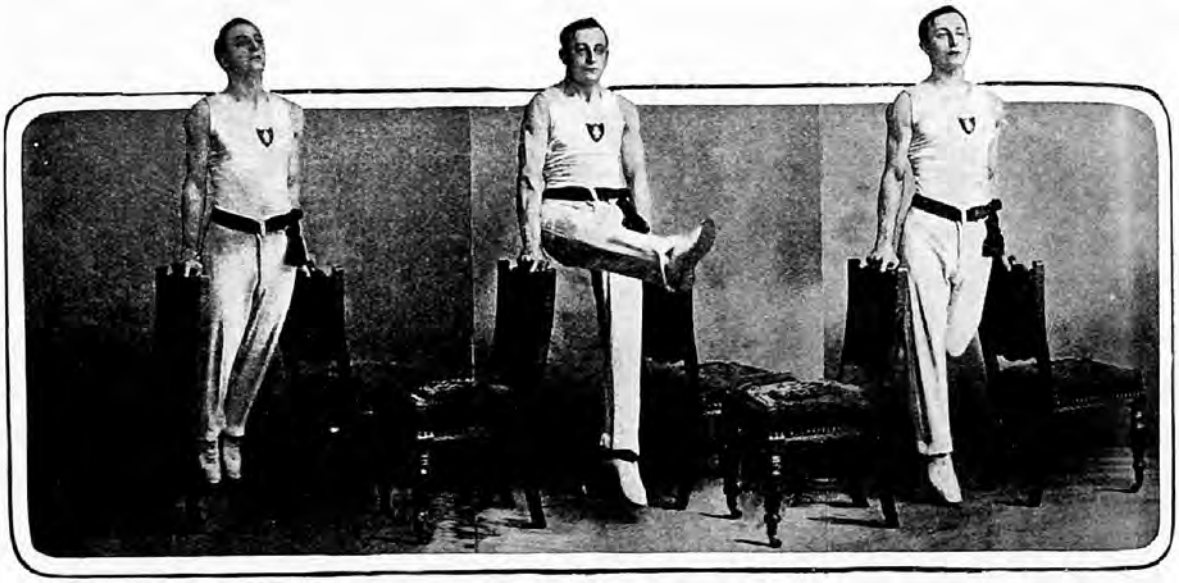
7. Raise each leg in turn as high as possible, then lower slowly. Repeat the motion with knee bent.

8. With the body in front-leaning position, bend the arms slightly, and return.

9. As before, but the body is now lowered until the chest is level with the chairs.

10. Same as Nos. 8 and 9, but the body is now lowered to this position.

11. Showing motions 8, 9, and 10 reversed; the body starting from and returning to the back-leaning position.



12. Position for exercises with chairs back to back. The body is swung on the arms, legs together, and toes downward, but not touching the floor.

13. Bend either knee upward until the thigh is horizontal, then extend the leg and lower it slowly unbent.

14. Keeping the thigh vertical, bend each knee in turn as far as possible.

fifteen minutes later, for the sake of devoting such time to the accomplishment of his wishes. And these two stout chairs and daily fifteen minutes are the sole requisites for a course of "domestic gymnastics."

A loose, easy costume should be worn during the performance of the exercises, and each "spell" should be terminated by a thorough rub down with rough towels.

The most suitable chairs for the purpose are those having deep seats, and with the tops of their backs thick and rounded —the first attribute will render the "apparatus" absolutely steady; the second will insure against any cutting or rubbing of the palms of the hands.

At first, it is only natural that the exercises will be found rather fatiguing, and for this reason they should be worked up gradually. No benefit can possibly accrue to the man who suddenly calls upon long-neglected muscles to undergo quite unaccustomed labour.

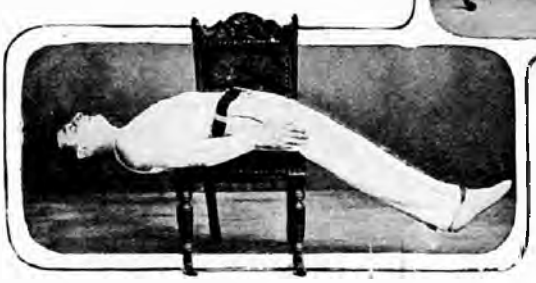
For the first few days, therefore, only a portion of the exercises should be attempted, and each movement should not be performed more than, say, three or five times. Rapidly, the beginner will feel his muscles growing more and more supple, until soon he will be able to perform the whole set of exercises without experiencing any sort of fatigue, and will find himself capable and desirous of increasing the number of times each motion is performed until he has fixed upon a convenient limit.

15. Position for exercises without use of arms.

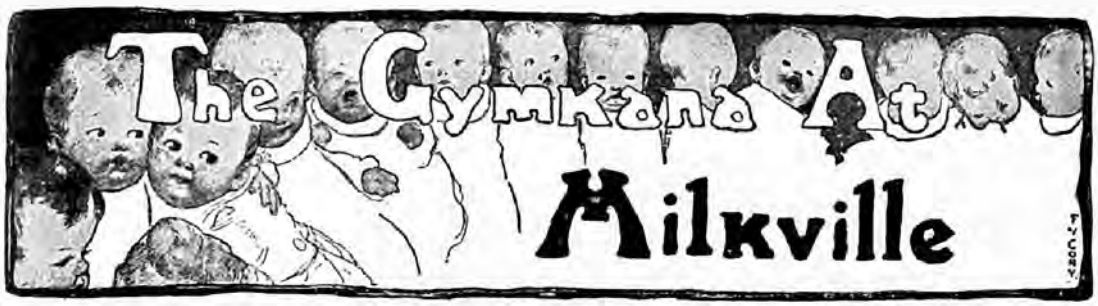
"Chair gymnastics" call into play every muscle of the body. Under their influence, the limbs will harden, the chest expand, and the man who carries out the motions regularly and steadily will soon find himself enjoying an entirely new vigour and health of both mind and body.

During the performance of each exercise particular attention should be paid to keeping *all* the muscles braced and "set."

In position 12, for example, to swing limply between the arms is to obtain no benefit from the exercise whatsoever.



16. Lower the body slowly backward till this position is assumed, then return. The arms must not clutch the chair.



By Ellis Parker Butler.

Illustrated by Fanny Y. Cory.

To the Editor of The Royal Magazine.

My Dear Editor,—I am sending you in this envelope, "The Gymkhana at Milkville," which you can return to me as soon as you have read it. If you cannot stand more than the first page, the rest of the manuscript will be cleaner when I get it back, so that will be one advantage.

You remember telling me about the man who had a "fiddle" story which he thought would interest thousands of fiddlers and brass bands all over the country. I think this "Gym" story of mine will interest a very large public. There are several million mothers in Great Britain to-day and an equal number of fathers. Add to these about thirty million other people who were once children and who should therefore be interested in this story, and you will see what a lift it will give your subscription list.

In calculating this, I have not taken into account the twenty or thirty manufacturers of baby-food, the eight or ten makers of feeding-bottles, nor the sixteen thousand dairymen and milk pedlars, so that when the total is counted, this story should prove of vital interest to every person in the country and to some of them twice.

I think if it was properly illustrated with about £50 worth of illustrations by Miss Cory, a great many people would look at the pictures and be delighted. As for the story itself, I am sure it would be read, for only five or six people in England know the meaning of "Gymkhana," and the balance would read the story in order to sate their curiosity. I myself had to look up the spelling every time I wrote the word, and I still pronounce it with bated breath and abashed countenance.

Yours very truly,
Ellis Parker Butler.

[The editor sent the author's letter to the illustrator—but to no avail. 'Gymkhana" was spelled wrong.]

A glorious dawn ushered in the great day. The sun arose in a sky as softly blue as a baby's eyes, and the August warmth was tempered by a breeze as cool and sweet as a sleeping infant's breath. Dew trembled on every leaf and bud as tears sometimes linger on a child's lids after weeping, and the small stream that edged the grassy meadow where the gymkhana was to be held bubbled and gurgled with the pleasant sounds that accompany a baby's bath.

Soon all Milkville was astir, for there was much to be done, and the very air seemed to tingle with that sense of eagerness and excitement which distinguishes festival occasions from the humdrum days of the year. The single shop of the village threw open its door at an early hour, and scarcely a moment too soon, for hardly had the door been opened when there began a brisk demand for safety-pins and blue baby-ribbon that continued unabated all the morning. It was evident that the Milkville Junior Cohort was to enter the arena properly pinned and tied.

It was a great day for Milkville, for the inhabitants of the village had agreed to change its name to Vandeventer, and this Saturday afternoon had been set aside for the christening, which was to be followed by a gymkhana in Bailey's meadow.

Milkville possessed more babies than any other village of its size in the country, not because there were more storks in that particular part, but because the Milkville dairies were famous for their rich milk. It was a joy to look upon the sleek Milkville cows, and more than a joy to sip the creamy milk that foamed from the milkmen's pails. Of course, what was reputed to be Milkville milk was sold in the neighbouring town, but it was to be near the source of supply that the babies migrated to Milkville, bringing, very properly, their parents with them. But recently a change had taken place—a change so radical, so epoch-making, so enormous, that its throes shook the social life of Milkville to its foundations and, for a while, divided the community into two hostile factions.

The thin end of the wedge was thin enough. One morning, Mrs. Bliven, who was always flighty and prone to run after new goods (she tried every new nursing bottle she saw advertised), received amongst her post a small cylindrical parcel. It was a sample package of Vandeventer's Food for Infants. She used it. She liked it. The baby cried for more of it, and soon a bottle of Vandeventer's Food for Infants became a regular portion of Mr. Bliven's every-other-daily homeward burden. From that to the purchase of five-pound hospital-size tins was but a step, and the mischief—if it was mischief—was done. Artificial infant food had found a foothold in Milkville.

The Bliven baby, which had been sickly, thrived on Vandeventer's Food, and one by one the other sickly babies tried and approved it, but the healthy babies clung tenaciously to the plain milk of Milkville. In this way two parties, the Liberal or Vandeventer's Food party, and the Conservative or Plain Milk party, sprang into existence, and in the insuing struggle all other political and social affiliations were forgotten. To distinguish friends from foes in the contest the one party chose a baby-blue badge with a miniature Vandeventer Food bottle suspended below it, and the motto, "Not genuine without my Signature, Vandeventer," while the other adopted a cream-coloured badge bearing a milk-pail argent, with the motto, "Cows were made before Chemists."

The contest before the election for village councillors was bitter, and every ruse was used to gain adherents to the rival parties. An agent of the Vandeventer's Food party was caught one night feeding the Milkville cows with onions, hoping in this fiendish manner to taint the milk and win the very Plain Milk babies away from it. In return, the Plain Milk faction started a story that Vandeventer's Food was nothing but dried Milkville milk from which the cream had first been skimmed. In reply, the Vandeventer Food Company flooded Milkville with campaign literature giving analyses of Vandeventer's Food, recommendatory letters from all parts of the Union, and illustrations of particularly plump babies that had won their plumpness by using Vandeventer's Food.

When the poll closed and the votes were counted it was found that the Vandeventer's Food party had won by a majority of eight votes, and in the subsequent rejoicing it was decided to change the name of the suburb to Vandeventer, and to celebrate the event by a grand gymkhana, in which all the babies should be invited to participate.

When the gymkhana was first announced the Plain Milk contingent was inclined coldly to refuse to take any part in it, but on further consideration the heads of the party decided not only to sanction the festival by their presence, but to enter for all the competitions. At first this was attributed to simple good-feeling and neighbourly love, but it soon transpired that a sinister motive governed the decision. If the Plain Milk babies succeeded in winning a majority of the prizes in the trials of strength and skill, the merits of plain Milkville milk over Vandeventer's Food would be incontestably established, and the tide of popular favour which now flowed so strongly toward the food would ebb toward Plain Milk again.

Consequently, the entire population of the village was gathered in Bailey's meadow at the hour when the gymkhana sports were announced to begin.

It was a beautiful scene. Seated upon the grass facing the ropes that inclosed the portion of the pasture set aside for the games, were the mothers of the village in their most brilliant summer gowns. Behind them sat the nursemaids in black and white caps and aprons, holding the infants, and behind the maids stood the husbands, while in the rear of these were ranged rows of gaily decorated go-carts and baby-carriages. The party feeling was evidenced by the grouping of the audience, the Plain Milk faction being clustered at the left, while the Vandeventer's Food adherents formed the right of the gathering.

At length all were seated, and perfect silence reigned, except for a constant buzz of talk, punctuated by the jangling of rattles and the wails of eight or ten lusty babies. Then Mr. Bliven, who was master of the games, and the five judges crept under the ropes and announced the first contest, a walking match for infants of eighteen months or under, for a distance of ten yards, the prize, a five-pound tin of Vandeventer's food, to go to the contestant who should sit down the fewest times during the race.

There were five entries, and the betting favoured "Toodles" Gresham, with Dorothy Martin a close second. A full feeding-bottle was placed conspicuously at the end of the course to urge the contestants to put forth their best efforts.

When the five had been lined up and were fairly steady on their legs, the word was given, and they were released. All five

immediately sat down vehemently, and the Holcomb entry cried so furiously that he was withdrawn from the race. The Elwood baby, instead of trying to arise, began to crawl toward the goal, and, as this was contrary to the laws, she was ruled out. This left but three, and it soon became apparent that of these the Washburn girl was outclassed, for, "Toodles" waddled straight ahead, regaining his lost ground.

But the onlookers were not the only eyes that were upon Dorothy. "Toodles" saw her as well, and, when he reached a point opposite her, he, too, sat down, and put his foot in his mouth.

This decided the match, and was con-

The Ten Yards Race: The Elwood baby crawled and so was ruled out; the Holcombe entry cried and had to be withdrawn —this left but three.

although she regained her feet again easily, she could not keep them, and during the balance of the match she remained practically in one spot, rising and sitting down with great regularity and persistency. "Toodles" and Dorothy broke away in good form, however, and waddled the first five yards without mishap, but at the five-yard post they fouled each other, and went down simultaneously.

The excitement of the onlookers was intense, and the Plain Milks cheered loudly, for "Toodles" was the first to regain an upright position. Dorothy arose more slowly, but this proved the safer plan, for "Toodles'" rise had been so vehement that it carried him down again, while Dorothy made off at a good rate, and the Vandeventer's Food group cheered their champion, who was two yards in the lead. To their mortification, however, she deliberately paused at the eight-yard post, sat down intentionally, and put her foot in her mouth with the evident purpose of remaining there, while

sidered a wily dodge on Dorothy's part, for it was known that "Toodles" had a passion for putting his foot in his mouth, and Dorothy arose and finished the course, while the judges were vainly endeavouring to persuade "Toodles" to use his foot for pedestrian rather than gastronomic purposes. A Vandeventer's Food baby had won the first point. It was noticed that while the winner was being carried from the field the Washburn girl was still rising and falling with the regularity of clockwork.

The next event was a quarter-mile go-cart race for men, each man to wheel his own baby. In this race the pace was furious, and

The Crawling Race for One-year-olds: The two leading babies paused on the winning post to "kiss each other pretty"—their rival swept by.

Mr. Stanwood, of the Vandeventer's Food party, was the first under the wire, which was attributed to the fact that while the other contestants pushed their go-carts, he dragged his after him, and he would have been awarded the prize had it not been noticed that his go-cart was empty at the finish, his baby having slipped out when he started on

his spurt down the home stretch. The prize was given to Mr. Wyatt, of the Plain Milk party.

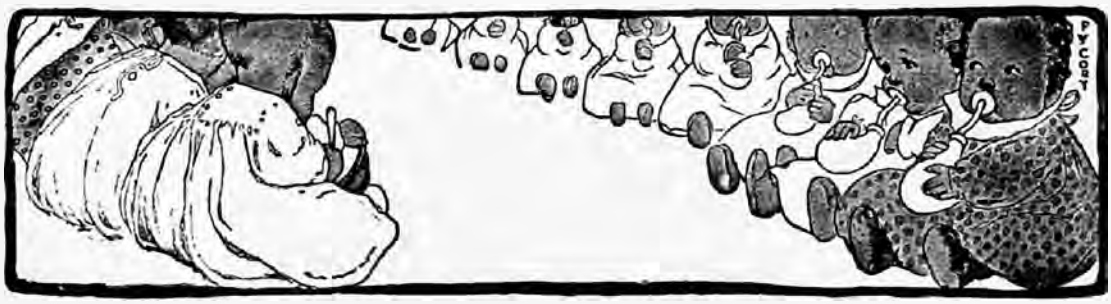
Following the go-cart race was a mixed floor-walking contest for barefoot men. For this contest a floor of planks had been made, over which were scattered small electric buttons, and large rocking-chairs. The electric buttons were supposed to represent tacks, and, when one was trod upon, a bell rang. Every time a contestant rang a bell or hit a rocker he was obliged to shake the baby he was carrying. The prize was for the man who first put his charge to sleep, and, in order to guard against drugged babies, each contestant was required to carry another contestant's baby. To render the match more realistic the contestants wore dressing-gowns over their street costumes. There were eight entries, and the match began amid a chorus of howls from the babies, who objected to being put asleep in daylight and in the open air.

As this contest threatened to be a long one, the crawling match for one-year-olds was put on at the same time. In this class there were originally twenty-four entries, but just before the race, one entry was scratched—with a pin—and was not started. The remaining twenty-three got off briskly, twenty-two crawling properly, and one sitting upright and jogging along from side to side. The race was over a six yard course, and at the four yard post four contestants were so far ahead that the field was outdistanced. Of these four, two belonged to each party. The first mishap occurred to one of the Vandeventer's Food babies, who ran across a button and stopped to swallow it. On the home stretch, the three leaders were neck and neck, and again the interest of the parental groups was intense, but just as the three were about to pass under the wire, the two Plain Milk babies became affectionate and paused to "k ss each other pretty," and the Vandeventer's Food baby swept triumphantly under the wire at a pace of a mile a week.

It would take too long, and my pen lacks the proper brilliancy, to tell of the games that filled out that happy afternoon. There was a nursing contest for six-months-olds, the prize to go to the entry emptying an eight-ounce feeding bottle most quickly; a free-for-all crying contest; a rattle-throwing match; a smiling contest for three-months-olds, tickling barred; a food-preparing match for maids; a match for men in which contestants were required to carry a lighted candle and a spoonful of soothing syrup twice around the field without spilling the syrup or allowing the candle flame to be extinguished; a talking match for mothers, the prize to go to the mother who could tell the most anecdotes about her baby in five minutes, and many other equally exciting events.

When the last contest was announced, the score was a tie between the Plain Milks and the Vandeventer's Foods, with the floor-walking match still undecided and likely to remain so. It was natural, therefore, that the last contest, which would decide the supremacy, should be ushered in with an excitement that can only be likened to that of the day when the milkmen struck and no milk was delivered at Milkville. All the mothers crowded close about the guard ropes, and the cheers of the friends of the various entries shook the air, while the men thronged about the bookmakers, betting wildly on their favourites, for this contest was not only the deciding one, but by far the most interesting of the day. It was the free-for-all obstacle race for all infants of two years or under, and the prize was a silver-mounted feeding-bottle, presented by the makers of Vandeventer's Food.

In this race all the babies of Milkville that were of proper age were entered, except two who were kept at home with the whooping cough, and those in the floor-walking contest. The course was twenty feet, but so bestrewn with obstacles that many entries were sure



Preparatory to the obstacle race, all the babies were fed to their fullest capacity.

The Obstacle Race: The first obstacle, a row of nursing-bottles; the second, a row of dolls; the third, a row of rattles.

to fall out before the end of the race. At the word "go" the fifty-six babies started for the first obstacle, which was a row of filled feeding-bottles extending entirely across the field. Preparatory to the race, all the babies had been fed to their fullest capacity to aid them in surmounting this first obstacle, but notwithstanding this only about twelve managed to pass it. Dorothy Martin and "Toodles" Gresham, who had been equal favourites in the betting, were among those who fell to this temptation, and it seemed certain that a dark horse would win the race.

Among the fortunate twelve, the toddlers had a speedy advantage over the creepers and they were the first to reach the second obstacle but this temporary advantage was soon lost. The second obstacle was a row of rag dolls, and all the toddlers went down at it, and while they were filling their arms with dolls, the creepers, who were too young to be interested in dolls, crept by and made off for the third obstacle, a row of rubber rattles. Here all the creepers paused and took a sitting position, with the exception of Baby Murphy, who passed on toward the winning post, with a good lead and no opponents. The enthusiasm of the Plain Milk partisans broke all bounds. Cheers of "Baby Murphy," "Plain Milk," and "She wins!" rang on

the evening air, and the happy Plain Milk bettors moved jubilantly toward the bookmakers to obtain their winnings.

Suddenly, however, a woman on the edge of the crowd cried, "Look at Dorothy Martin!" and a number of men took up the cry with "Go it, Dorothy! Go it, Dorothy!" while Mr. and Mrs. Martin silently clasped hands.

Dorothy had left the group at the feeding-bottle obstacle and was toddling forward with arms outstretched and pretty cries of pleasure. She alone of all the contestants had not been fed, and as she was a rapid feeder, she had emptied her bottle quickly, and, casting it aside, started after the triumphant Baby Murphy.

"Oh! Edward," whispered Mrs. Martin, "will she be able to pass the dolls?"

"Be calm, dear," said her husband soothingly, "she may." And she did. In fact there was no doll obstacle to make her pause, for the babies who had first reached the dolls had gathered them all, and Dorothy Martin waddled by in safety. She was now ten feet from the goal, with only the rattles to pass and travelling well, but, on the other hand, Baby Murphy had but four feet to go. Could Dorothy overcome this enormous lead? Would she stop at the rattles? The entire assembly held its breath.

Amid ejaculations of wonder, Dorothy passed the rattles without pausing, for it had not been for nothing that the Martins had spanked her with rubber rattles for two weeks past, and once past them, she gained rapidly on Baby Murphy. At two feet from the goal Dorothy drew abreast of the Murphy Baby. Everyone crowded to the finishing line and shouts of encouragement were given for each of the racers. Neck and neck and only twenty-four inches to go!

Dorothy raised her right foot. She raised it too high. She sat down solidly. Baby Murphy paused to look around, she started forward again, crowed, and then—rolled over on her back, and drew up her knees above her stomach. Dorothy leaned forward and put her hands on the ground. Baby Murphy made a convulsive effort to roll over. Dorothy raised herself on all fours. The Murphy baby kicked twice. Dorothy arose, tottering but game. She took one step. Baby Murphy made a last effort, gave up the fight, and lay back and howled.

"The colic! The colic!" cried the crowd, and, as Dorothy toddled across the line amid the cheers of her backers, the medical attendants rushed forward with cups of hot peppermint tea for the relief of the beaten baby.

Of course it was a glorious triumph for the Vandeventer's Food party, for the Vandeventer's babies never had colic—at least never in public.

And to the credit of the Plain Milk parents it must be owned that they took their defeat most handsomely. They crowded round Mrs. Martin, covering Dorothy with kisses, and vowing that by her extraordinary achievement the superiority of Vandeventer's Food was unshakably established. No child, they declared, who had been reared on Plain Milk, could possible have brought off such a magnificent and extended sprint as that by which Dorothy had won the race.

The assembly left the field in a buzz of conversation, and soon the scene of the afternoon of gaiety was dark and silent, except where, by the light of a flaring gasolene torch, the weary floor walkers still trod backwards and forwards carrying their sleepless burdens, singing in exasperated desperation—

"Bye oh! ba-aby
Go to-oo slee-eep-y,
Go to-oo slee-py
Ba-a-by-e bye!"

CAP AND BELLS

HER LOSS.

"Miss Beautigirl — er, h'm — Gladys," began the suitor, in well modulated tones, at the same time extending his right hand in the general direction of the maiden and unlimbering his left knee preparatory to assuming the attitude prescribed by the best authorities for such occasions, "as I humbly approach the shrine of your dazzling loveliness——"

"Pardon me, Mr. Dragalong," gently interrupted the fair young creature, "but perhaps I ought to tell you that I accepted Mr. Rushmore last night——"

"Then, by Jove! all that I have to say is that you have missed one of the most eloquent and carefully-prepared proposals you ever listened to!"

* * * * *

Kisses are the dividends payable on the bonds of love.

* * * * *

Love in a cottage is all right. The thing is to get the cottage.

* * * * *

MISTRESS: "Let you go to the evening school, Mary? Why, I thought you could read!"

MARY: "Well, ma'am, I does know my letters fust-rate so long's they keep all in a row, one after the other. But just as soon's they gets mixed up into words I'm beat!"

ONCE IN A LIFETIME.

It was a pitiful mistake, an error sad and dim. I waited for the railway train, the light was low and dim. It came at last, and from the car there stepped a dainty dame, and, looking up and down the place, she straight unto me came. "Oh, Jack!" she cried, "Oh, dear old Jack!" and kissed me as she spake; then looked again, and frightened, cried: "Oh, what a bad mistake!" I said, "Forgive me, maiden fair, for I am not your Jack, and as regards the kiss you gave, I'll straightway give it back." And since that night I've often stood upon the platform dim, but only once in a man's whole life do such things come to him.

* * * * *

The reason an urchin gave for being late at school was that the boy in the next house was going to have a dressing-down with a trunk-strap, and he waited to hear him howl.

* * * * *

"A taste for astronomy," said a writer, "is springing up among young people of both sexes." It always does as soon as the season permits sitting in the garden by moonlight.

ANOTHER VICTIM!

"And what's the matter,
Earth, with you?"
The message came from Mars.

"Run over, sir,"
The Earth replied,
"By hosts of motor-cars!"

THE MAGIC OF IT.

'Twas just at the close of a summer's day, and the Editor sat in his office chair.
He was lounging back in a languid way, and his face was weary and drawn with care.
The day had been hot, there'd been many a call, and he tried with a smile to greet each one,
But his stock of patience was waxing small and his heart gave thanks that the day was done.
Then he heard a knock, and he sighed, "Come in!" and the caller entered and sat him down.
He was sad in raiment, in person thin, and the Editor greeted him with a frown.
For this was the Editor's special bane. The man was a poet, who verses made
In which you'd seek for a rhyme in vain—into which no metre had ever strayed.
The poem told of a girl named "Maud," and it praised her lips and her eyes of blue,
And it raved of a forehead white and broad, and it sang of a heart that as steel was true!
It vowed that Maud was the Queen of Wit, and it laughed that Maud was a fairy fay,
And the Editor said he'd "consider it," and he smiled (!) and gave the bard *good-day*.
'Twas in halting verse, and the rhymes were bad—but the ode was printed all the same,
Though the theme was old and the metre sad—for "Maud" was the Editor's sweetheart's name!

* * * * *

A lady teacher threatened to keep an unruly boy fifteen minutes after school.

"I wish you'd make it a half hour," said the appreciative youth, "for you're the prettiest teacher in the town."

He got off.

* * *

CHEAP DINING.

A rather seedy-looking customer went into a restaurant and asked to see the proprietor, who was summoned to appear.

"What do you ask for a nicely-cooked beef steak well done with onions?"

"One shilling."

"And the gravy?"

"Oh, we don't charge anything for the gravy."

"You don't; that's liberal. How much do you charge for bread?"

"We throw in the bread."

"So you throw in bread and gravy?"

"Certainly."

"Then bring me some bread and gravy. It is not healthy to eat meat in warm weather."

* * * * *

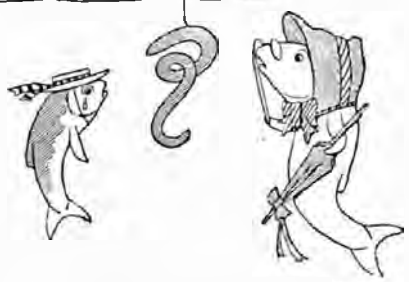
Courting is a natural blessing. It teaches young people to speak softly, especially if the old folks are in the next room with the door open.

* * * * *

DISTRICT VISITOR (blandly): "Well, dame, how do you find things now?"

CRUSTY OLD COTTAGER: "How do I find things? Why, by looking arter 'em, to be sure!"

* * *



"JUST LIKE MILK."

"My!" exclaimed the little fish that had been nibbling at the bait, "this worm tastes sour."

"Well my dear," replied the mamma fish, "the weather's very warm, and 'the worm will turn,' you know."

A GROWING INFANT.

When Tillie takes the baby out
Her load's an easy one——

TIME AND THE LADIES.

HAWLEY: "Men live faster than women."

JEPSON: "That's right. My wife and I were the same age when we were married. I'm forty-five now and she has only turned thirty."

AWKWARD.

"Are marriages made in heaven, mamma?" asked little Tessie.

"Some of them are, dear."

"Where was yours made, mamma?"

* * *

Industry is the root of all ugliness.

A GROWING INFANT.

But long before she gets him home
She thinks he weighs A TON!

AN INQUIRING MIND.

I wish I were a man, I wish
That faster I could grow;
There are so very many things
I badly want to know.

For when I ask a question now
The grown-up people say:
"You're but a little boy, my dear,
You'll know it all some day."

Last Sunday something happened here
As strange as strange can be.
The kitchen fire "went out," and so
We had to wait for tea.

It had not any right, I'm sure
To go and walk about,
Because cook scolded Jane and asked
"Why did you let it out?"

I wonder where the fire
"went out,"
I wonder what it did!
But, when I asked, Jane only said:
"You 'dic'lous little kid."

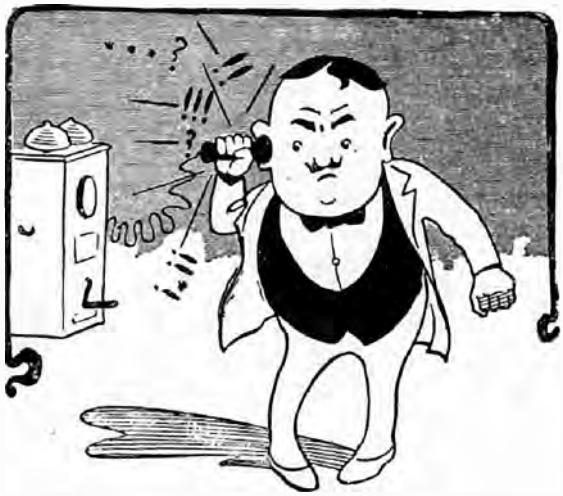
I'm *not* a "'dic'lous little kid,"
I only want to know.
She said the kitchen fire
"went out,"
Well, where, then, did it go?

E. A. M.

* * *

TOURIST: "These are beautiful mountains; but how much more picturesque they would look if there was an ancient ruin on the summit."

HOTEL KEEPER: "Yes. I believe an ancient ruin would draw more tourists. Next year I am going to have one built."



Jenkins: "Well, sir, I gave it to that man straight, I can tell you, sir. He's twice as big as I am, too; but I told him exactly what I thought of his rascally conduct right to his face."

Mr. Sham: "And didn't he try to hit you?"

Jenkins: "No, sir, he didn't. And when he tried to answer back, I just hung up the telephone and walked away."

Young Husband: "Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you?"

Young Wife: "That's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram."

Purchaser: "So that is an improved typewriter?"

Agent: "Yes; if you don't know how to spell a word there is a key that will make a blot."

KISSES THREE.

When Rose and I went through the wood,
Her eyes downcast in pensive mood,
I kissed her lips so rosy red,
Dear, artless Rose I long had wooed.

On my return across the lea,
I met young Lily, dainty wee;
So sweet, so fair, that I was led
To kiss her too. Rose could not see.

Just entering the shady lane,
Where lay my path, was blue-eyed Jane.
She looked *so* fresh; and when all's said
I gave her but one kiss—or twain.

Dear, gentle maids, these kisses three
Show not a mere inconstancy,
But prove appreciation bred
Of your own charms; so blame not me.

R. Guerin.

* * *

"Will you take something to drink?"

"With pleasure."

The photograph was taken, and the sitter said:

"But what about that little invitation?"

"Oh, sir, that's just a trade ruse of mine to give a natural expression to the face."

* * * *

A married man's club should be his sitting room.

* * * *

If all our secrets were exposed I fear something would happen.

MR. EDITOR  —HIS PAGES.

You Should Read these Pages if you Want to Know all about the Editor and His Work.

"REAL LIFE ROMANCES."

WHAT do you think of this new feature? I want you to read it through carefully and give me your candid opinion. Personally—and I hesitate giving *my* opinion, as I know human nature is very "contrairy" and always seizes the opportunity to differ from other people, especially when they happen to be editors—personally the "Real Life Romances" please me very much, although I have found some difficulty in collecting them. It is always hard to make a beginning, but now things will go ahead like greased lightning. For among the many thousands—how many I have long lost count!—of my readers there are surely a few hundreds whose adventures are quite as strange as those you will find in this month's batch of "romances." These adventures of yours you are going to send me, of course, and if you say that they are true (and I believe you), and if I find them strange and weird enough, into the ROYAL they go, and into your pockets a sum quite sufficient to purchase very many numbers of this peerless Magazine.

THE LADIES.

The little story I told you in a recent number of the ROYAL about the lady ambitious of literary fame who badgered an editor friend of mine nearly out of his senses, has inspired the muse of Mr. Thomas Somers, of Edinburgh. He sends me a little poem, the two first verses of which run as follows:

"Dear Editor, I must confess
Your lot is very hard;
You're put so often to the test
By novelist and bard,
And especially by people who are in search of fame,
And want to see the ROYAL embellished with their name.

"There's one thing strikes me all the more
In last month's Magazine;
Why do the ladies never score
In gaining your esteem?"

And then Mr. Somers goes on to put forth the reason for this extraordinary negligence on my part. "You are a grandfather," he suggests, and bases his suggestion on my portrait in the heading to my pages. I protest indignantly. I'm not a grandfather—not by a long way! That portrait is little short of libellous if it gives people the idea that I am laden with years. I am a genial bachelor of uncertain age, and if ladies receive a cold shoulder in my domains—an assertion I absolutely deny—the fact (which is no fact) is solely due to the laudable self-command that enables me to withstand the wiles of the fair sex.

THE LADIES (continued).

All of which brings me to a quaint little incident which occurred in this office a short while ago. Just as I was leaving one afternoon a card was brought me bearing a lady's name on it. I had her put in the waiting-room, which is situated quite near the front door, and went to see her on my way out. She had some poems and short stories which she wanted the Editor to read on the spot. I told her it was impossible; she had better leave them; and, being in a great hurry, may have spoken rather brusquely. But really, you can't expect a man to wade through a lot of handwritten MSS. at a moment's notice!

Well, my caller

. Five Shillings a Day .

After a contest in which great skill and ingenuity have been exercised by the competitors the prize of 5/- **a Day for Life** has been won by—

MR. OSCAR GEORGE WARNEKE,
91, Hamilton Road,
West Norwood.

So many other readers have sent such excellent lists that it has been decided to increase the amount offered in consolation gifts. The following 42 competitors will therefore each receive a cheque for £3.

Atyeo, Florence E., 16, Edgcumbe Road. Re Hand, Brist l.
Barnes, Henry R., 2, Vauxhall Walk, Broad Street, S.E.
Barton, Spencer Henry, 18, St. Andrew's Road, Stoke Newington.
Brown, Mary Pearce, Compton, Beverley, Yorkshire.
Coombs, Edgar, 83, Aberdeen Road, Highbury, N.
Coombs, Fanny, 83, Aberdeen Road, Highbury, N.
Croker, Sidney Maurice, 52, Ham Park Road, Vicarage Lane, West Ham.
Curtis, Alfred Harper, c/o the Town Clerk, Neath, South Wales.
Doran, James Archibald Evan, 38, Maple Street, Sheerness.
Eccles, James, 197, London Road, Blackburn.
Guppy (Mrs.), Emily, 26, Oakhill Road, Putney, S.W.
Hammond, Alfred Percy, 44, Barry Road, East Dulwich.
Hardwicke, William Edward, 10, Florence Villas, Herrett Street, Aldershot.
Heath, William Augustus, 19, Marle Hill Road, Cheltenham.
Hunter, William, 54, Rankeillor Street, Edinburgh.
James, Charles Humphrey, 109, Kidd Street, Woolwich.
Kendrick, Ernest Albert, 52, Whitfield Road, East Ham.
Law, Herbert, 130, St. John's Street, Craighall Road, Glasgow.
Lea, May Gertrude, 196, Stockwell Road, Brixton, S.W.
Lee, Wm. Corney, 160, Shaw Heath, Stockport.
Littlejohn, James B., 6, Dallfield Terrace, Dundee.
Livingstone, Fred., 1, Comely Bank Row, Edinburgh.
Manning, William Leopold, 196, Stockwell Road, Brixton, S.W.
Matthews, Archie, York Villas, Albion Road, Willenhall, Staffs.
Matthews, Edward ,, ,, ,,
Matthews, George ,, ,, ,,
Matthews, Ida ,, ,, ,,
Matthews, Mrs. E. ,, ,, ,,
Matthews, S. ,, ,, ,,
Matthews, William ,, ,, ,,
Phillips, Blanche, 1, Osborne Avenue, Liscard, Cheshire.
Phillips, George Sidney, 10, Osborne Avenue, Ashley Hill, Bristol.
Plymen, George Horace, 2, Melton Road, Leicester.
Potter, Frederic, 59, Sarsfield Road, Balham, S.W.
Redfern, William, Teachers' Centre, Tondû, Glamorgan.
Seers, Blanche, 90, Lightwoods Road, Bearwood, Birmingham.
Seers, G., 90, Lightwoods Road, Bearwood, Birmingham.
Sowerbutts, Henry, 74, Lynwood Road, Blackburn.
Stanley, George Hardy, 136, Sidney Grove, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Ward, Thomas Edward, c/o 5, St. Phillip's Terrace, Penn Fields, Wolverhampton.
Warneke, Mrs. Dorothy, 91, Hamilton Road, West Norwood.
Wright, Stephen, 29, Whitcliffe Road, Cleckheaton, Yorks.

Doubtless my readers generally, and the competitors in particular, will be interested in the winning list of solutions to the 141 pictures published. The list is as follows:—

1. Godmanchester.
2. Ramsgate.
3. Leek.
4. Maidstone.
5. Sheffield Lane.
6. Preston.
7. Oakham.
8. Blackwater.
9. Barnstaple.
10. Bathpool.
11. Cork.
12. Dartmouth.
13. Batcombe.
14. Reigate.
15. Inchbare.
16. Penzance.
17. Winder.
18. Rugby.
19. Matlock Bath.
20. Ringwood.
21. Hull.
22. Wells.
23. Settle.
24. Staines.
25. Thornham.
26. Hornsea.
27. Torquay.
28. Pen Mill.
29. Gateshead.
30. Birdlip.
31. Waterstone.
32. Egglestone.
33. Cowes
34. Fence Houses.
35. Coatbridge.
36. Swallow Nest.
37. Wormshill.
38. Woodchurch.
39. Winchcombe.
40. Wick.
41. Ivybridge.
42. Bury.
43. Stoneaston.
44. Yoker.
45. Wribbenhall.
46. Yate.
47. Tintinhull.
48. Nun Monkton.
49. Wales.
50. Ferns.
51. Cross Hands.
52. Drumcar.
53. Roche.
54. London Apprentice.
55. Swine.
56. Clough.
57. Ladd.
58. Wolfhill.
59. Waterstone.
60. Toy.
61. Ring.
62. Belmul'et.
63. Blacksboat.
64. Burrough.
65. Wellington.
66. Bridge.
67. Twelve Heads.
68. Angle.
69. Wroot.
70. Watermillock.
71. Rake.
72. Ball's Cross.
73. Seale.
74. Water Newton.
75. Triangle.
76. Moneyglass.
77. Ryefield.
78. Pinxton.
79. Mappowder.
80. Hawkwell.
81. Pipe Gate.
82. Trapp.
83. Trecastle.
84. Drumcask.
85. Cartbridge.
86. Wing.
87. Shadwell.
88. Coxhoe.
89. Stepps.
90. Froxfield.
91. Forkhill.
92. Fleur-de-Lis.
93. Sheet.
94. Eye.
95. Clock Face.
96. Shelf.
97. Bow.
98. Tang.
99. Hook.
100. Bishop Auckland.
101. Wrenbury.
102 Currane.
103. Kettle.
104. Roe beare.
105. Markinch.
106. Hammerwich.
107. Fiddleford.
108. Whorlton.
109. Stump Cross.
110. Pathhead.
111. Otterham.
112. Teelin.
113. Millhousebridge.
114. Terriers.
115. Waterfall.
116. Stepaside.
117. Hawkchurch.
118. Saxlingham.
119. Drumsna.
120. Wallbottle.
121. The Pigeons.
122. Trumpet.
123. Crane Moor.
124. Chirnside.
125. Dog and Gun.
126. Swinefleet.
127. Coxbench.
128. Horse and Jockey.
129. Chinnor.
130. Stockingford.
131. Dollar.
132. Wheelock.
133. Newton Abbot.
134. Shepherdswell.
135. Platt Lane.
136. Martin.
137. Knutsford.
138. Hawthorn.
139. Garthmyl.
140. Templecombe.
141. Fulmer.

went away in a huff, but returned a day or two later to know what decision had been arrived at with regard to her efforts. I sent my assistant to interview her in the waiting-room, and then it transpired she had mistaken me for one of my underlings!

"I'm so glad you are able to see me!" she said. "Last time I was here you must have been out, as I was interviewed by a fussy, consequential person, who didn't seem to know his business at all!"

And would you believe it? my wretched assistant never undeceived her! To this day she talks of him as the charming Editor of the ROYAL who happens to be cursed with that "fussy, consequential person" of an assistant.

SOME MORE ABOUT MR. ALLEN UPWARD.

I promised in a vague sort of manner last month to tell you something about Mr. Allen Upward, the author of "The Strange Errands of a Messenger Boy," the second of which series—and a "rattling" good story it is, if I may be allowed to puff my own goods—appears in the present number. Mr. Upward, until quite lately, held a prominent official position in British Nigeria, a land swarming with natives, whose chief characteristic seems to be a taste for human flesh.

Photo by *Russell & Sons.*

Mr. Allen Upward.

Our author's business appears to have been the licking of these very impossible people into shape: the administration of justice and the dispensing of punishment. These duties he carried out with a rigour which scared the Nigerians into some sort of a civilisation, and which earned him the title of the "Great White Judge." Otherwise he was known as "The King-Maker," one of his methods when he came on a tribe given over to evil ways being to depose the king and set up another in his place. Unhappily the climate of Nigeria is not the nicest in the world, and Mr. Upward was forced, through ill-health, to abandon the work he was doing there.

AN ADVENTURE OFF CRETE.

It was during the Greco-Turkish War that Mr. Upward's love of adventure and enthusiasm for the Greek cause led him into rather a wild undertaking. He enrolled himself as a volunteer in the Greek Army. Of his many exploits during that exciting period none is so thrilling as his adventure off Crete, when he managed to steal through the cordon of battleships that encompassed the island and land on Cretan soil—the first man to achieve this feat after the blockade had been declared.

It was night, and he put from land in a small vessel with a cargo of flour. They were soon within reach of the vast searchlights which each blockading battleship cast far across the waters. Cautiously and with infinite peril they crept closer and closer to the island, the searchlights missing them time and again by a hair's breadth. Their objective was a certain small port in the precipitous coast, and to gain this they were forced to pass appallingly close to a huge battleship — a Britisher, as Mr. Upward afterwards discovered, the *Camperdown*. Fortune favoured them: they passed her in safety.

But worse was still to come. They were obliged to sail for some distance along the coast in the very teeth, so to speak, of the hostile searchlights. But they did it. The searchlights covered them time and again, and their miraculous escape was solely due to the colour of their vessel, which was almost uniform with that of the rocky coast along which they passed. They arrived at the port. A small crowd awaited them. The rumour got abroad that an Englishman was among the crew. The cry went up: "An English volunteer!" and before Mr. Upward knew what had happened he was lifted out of the boat and borne in triumph to land on the shoulders of the sturdy islanders.

THE CHRISTMAS "ROYAL."

The Christmas ROYAL, which I want you all to read because I have taken great pains with it, will be a double number and priced at sixpence. It comes out on November the 21st.

Women and Men.

By J. James.

No proof is needed nowadays of the extraordinary popularity of the stage. Indeed, on certain subjects, the views of actors and actresses are not only sought for, but also carry considerable weight. That this should be the case in toilet preparations is perhaps inevitable, for they play no inconsiderable part in the actor's life on the stage. Among such preparations, none, it is safe to say, has been heralded with such an outburst of enthusiastic unanimity as Odol, of which Miss Annie Hughes writes: "Odol is a mouthwash which I always use, and have used for several years." Odol finds no less favour with men, for Mr. Seymour Hicks writes: "It gives me great pleasure to place my appreciation of the merits of Odol on record. It is delightfully fragrant and most effective in the use for which it was designed, and no one, I am sure, need have the slightest hesitation in recommending it far and wide."

Photo] [Window & Grove.

Miss Annie Hughes.

Photo] [Bassano.

Mr. Seymour Hicks.

It is largely by such recommendations that the reputation of any article designed for similar use is made. The use of Odol refreshes the mouth as a bath refreshes the body. The appeal to the senses is an essential one in every article of this sort, and in its taste, as in its perfume, Odol satisfies the most fastidious, so that people have been known to use it far more often than is necessary for cleanliness, in order to obtain pleasure from its flavour, and its perfume hangs on the breath with an aroma like that which, as Shakespeare says:—

Breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.

Photo] [Russell & Sons.

Miss Winifred Emery.

To these qualities that brilliant actress of emotion and of comedy, Miss Winifred Emery, attests, not only on her own behalf, but on that of her gifted husband, Mr. Cyril Maude, for she writes: "I have tried Odol, and find it most delightfully refreshing. I now use it always. You might perhaps like to hear Mr. Maude has used it for some months, and likes it in every way as much as I do." Mr. George Alexander, who is a leader in the theatrical world, has naturally not been behind his *confrères* in making the acquaintance of Odol, of which he writes: "I have pleasure in testifying to the excellence of your dentifrice Odol. I find it very fragrant and effective."

Photo] [Ellis & Walery.

Mr. George Alexander.

Health Strength Vigor

I do not think

THE CENTURY THERMAL BATH will give you these priceless gifts,

I know.

It has given them to thousands, making each one feel all the pleasure of living, every minute of the day.

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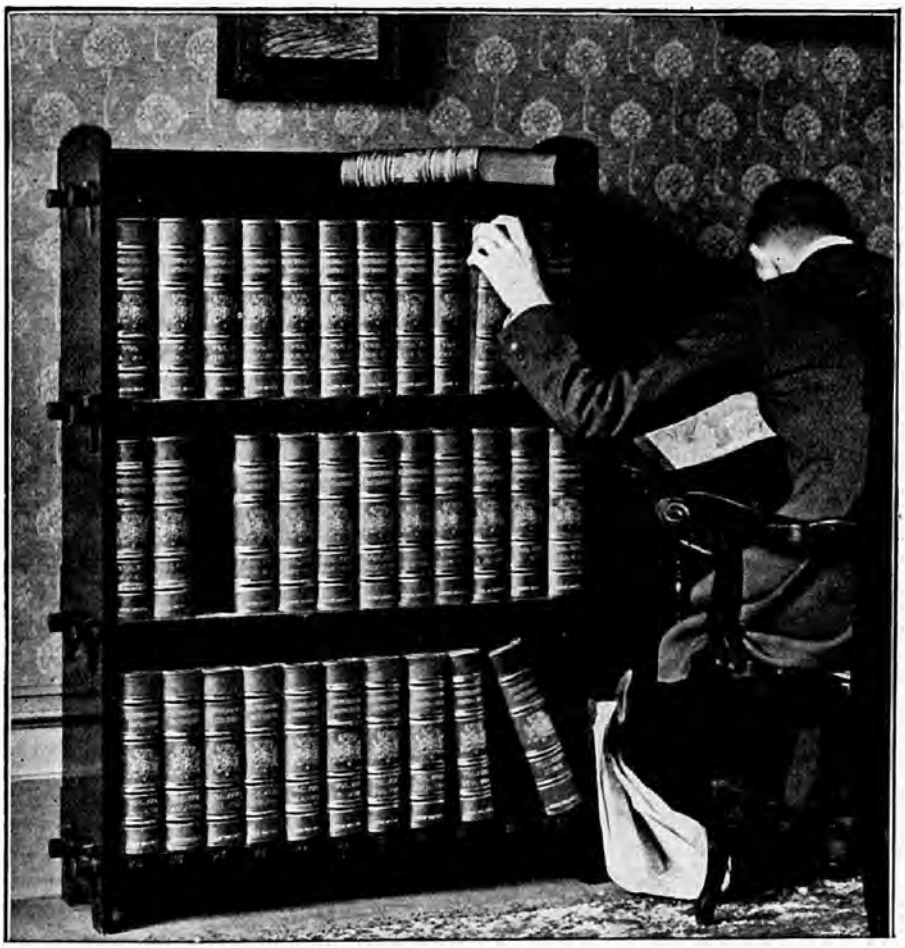

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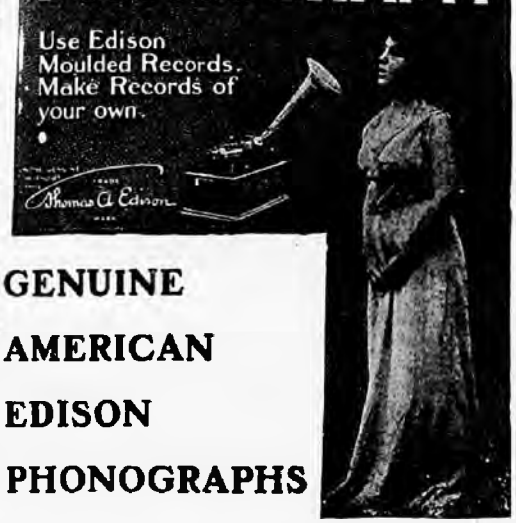

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