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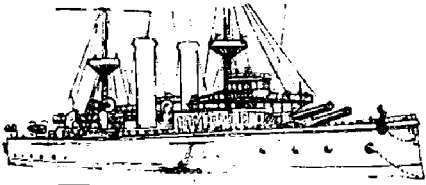
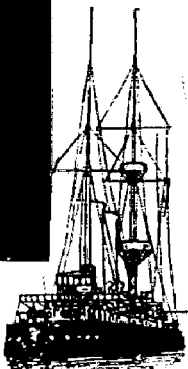


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H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

2392

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS".



EDITED BY
THE
OLD
FAG



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THE BARRIER.

From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.—Photo Woodburytype.

The Boyhood of the PRINCE OF WALES



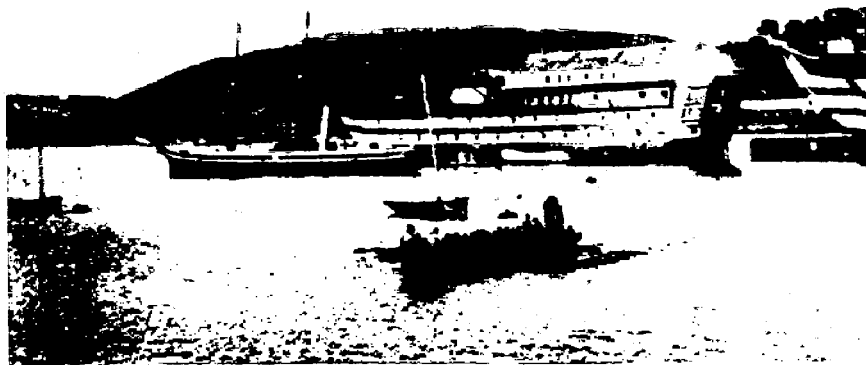
BY MARIE BELLOC-LOWNDES

THE Prince of Wales probably had as interesting and exciting a boyhood as that of any lad in the United Kingdom. Of course this was partly owing to the fact that till he was a grown-up man the then Prince George of Wales was not considered as even probable heir to the throne, and accordingly did not receive the kind of careful and rather dull education which had been bestowed on his own father, as heir-apparent, and in a certain measure on his own elder brother, the late Duke of Clarence.

As has fortunately always been the case with innumerable British boys of every rank of life, our future King seems to have made up his mind, even in his nursery days, that he would be a sailor.

It has often been pointed out, and with great truth, that an apparently slight incident or fact not unfrequently decides the whole of a lad's future life. Prince Edward and Prince George of Wales naturally spent much of their early childhood at Sandringham, their parents' beautiful country home in Norfolk. Now the rector of the parish, the Rev. Lake Onslow, had commenced his clerical life as a naval chaplain; he loved and admired the Navy above all things, and considered that no boy could hope

for a more healthful and happy career than that spent on, and associated with, the ocean wave. What more natural, therefore, than that he should tell the two little Royal Princes moving stories of the sea, and recall the adventures of the great naval heroes whose memory is kept green by gallant Jack Tar? Yet another clerical friend of the Royal family, Charles Kingsley, the great author of "Westward Ho!" had the same enthusiasm, as had the rector of Sandringham, for all those who go down to the sea in ships, and during his yearly visit to Sandringham he used to delight the young Princes with wonderful yarns of sea heroism, and with perhaps even more fascinating stories of the wonderful things that befall those who spend their lives on board their country's wooden walls.



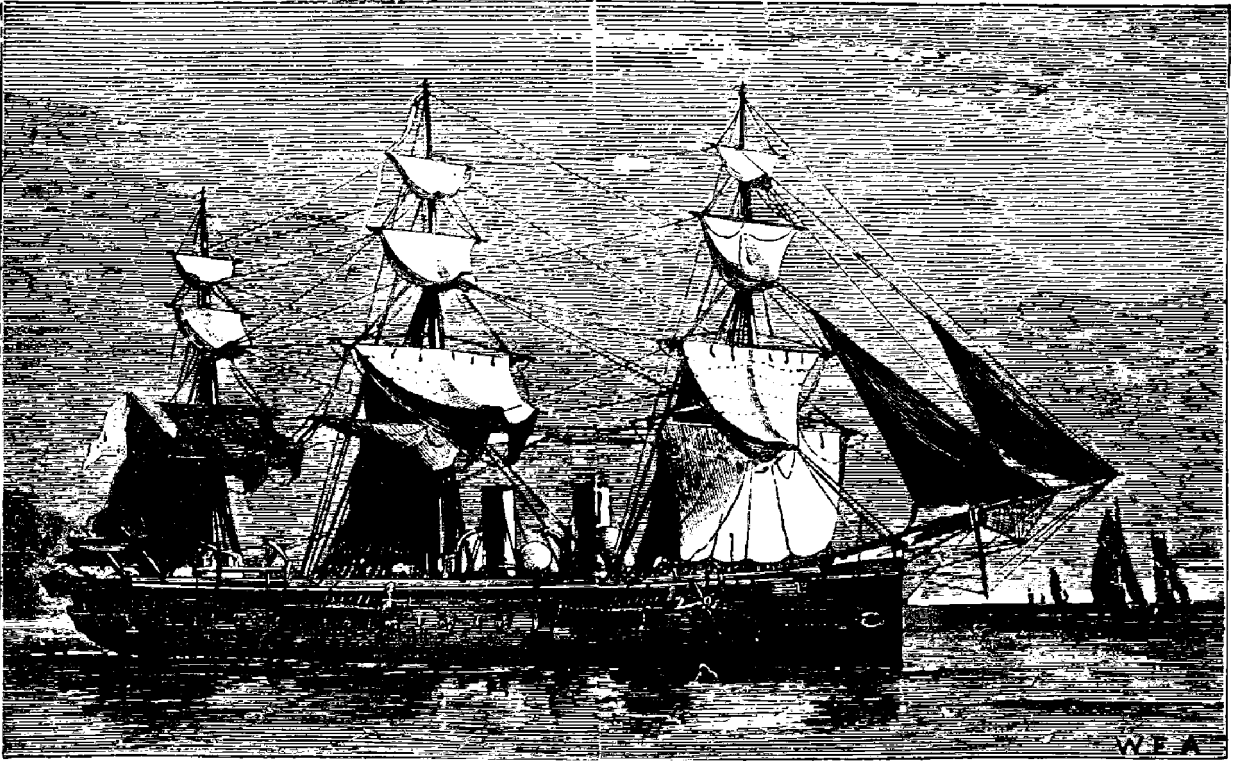
H.M.S. BRITANNIA.

The Prince of Wales joined this training ship as Naval Cadet on June 5th, 1877.

Accordingly, although a great many people were very much surprised when it became known to the world at large that the then Prince and Princess of Wales intended both their sons to be trained on the *Britannia*, those who knew the young Princes thought it a very wise decision. Our Navy has always been able to boast among its gallant officers more than one Prince belonging to the Royal house. William IV., the great-uncle of King Edward, was surnamed the "Sailor King," and our present Sovereign, though he did not himself receive a naval training, has always shown particular favour to the Navy, while his brother,

From the first he was immensely popular with his mates, and a good many stories are told indicative of his high spirits and the love of adventure displayed by him, as he became early familiar with every practical duty connected with Jack Tar's arduous life.

It was at this early time of his existence that the Prince learnt the useful art of boxing from a member of the crew of the *Britannia*, a certain Henry Feltham, known among his mates as "the champion scrapper." The two Royal cadets were most anxious to be taught the noble art of self-defence by so excellent an exponent, but according to Feltham's own account Prince



H.M.S. BACCHANTE.

The Prince began his real naval career by joining this ship at the age of fourteen, under the command of Lord Charles Scott.

the Duke of Edinburgh, to the last was devoted to that branch of the Service of which he was in very truth a distinguished ornament.

Prince George of Wales, as he then was, joined the *Britannia* on June 5th, 1877, that is, two days before his twelfth birthday. From the very first, and by the special wish of his parents, no distinction was made between the Royal and the other naval cadets; and during the happy years spent by him on the fine old training ship, the present Prince of Wales made many life-long friends, quite a number of whom are now attached to his Household.

George proved by far the best pupil of the two, and after six lessons he began, as his instructor pithily put it, "to shape very well." One of the pleasantest traits in Prince George's character, even at that time, was that he never forgot anyone, however humble, who had ever done him a service or a kindness. Many years after his sojourn on the *Britannia* the Prince was performing his part in some pageant at Portsmouth when he heard a familiar voice shout out, "God bless you!" and according to Feltham's own words the Prince immediately "turned round with a smile and shook his 'duke' (hand) at me."

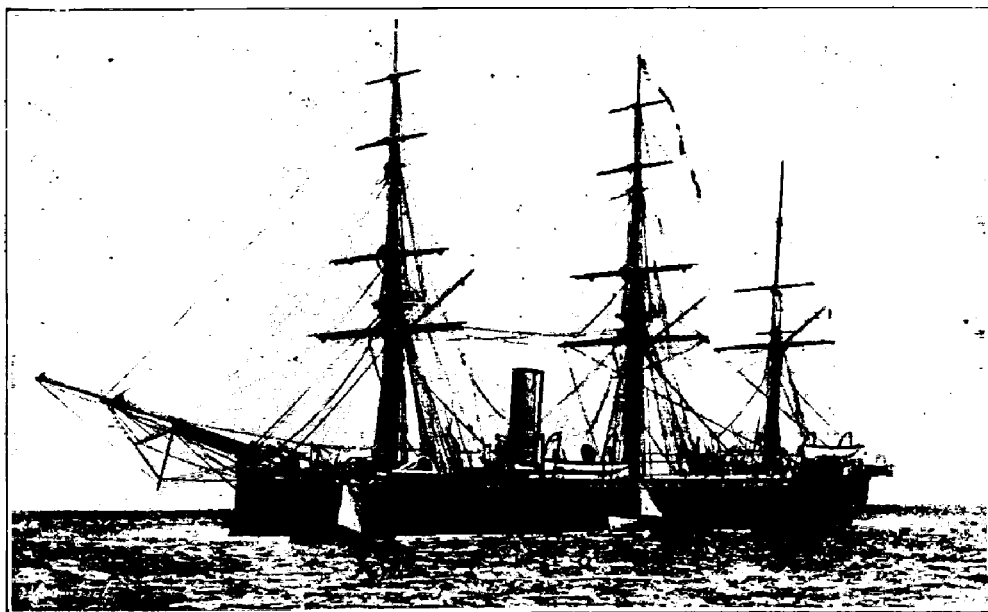
To return, however, to the Prince's early days. Our future King was fourteen when he began his naval career by joining the *Bacchante*, then commanded by Lord Charles Scott. "The Prince," says one who served on the *Bacchante*, "had to do duty in all weathers and at all hazards, just like any other young 'reefer' on board." Prince George, indeed, always got on well with the other middies in the gun-room mess, and, like them, was not averse to indulgence in practical jokes. It was about this time that a curious story was told in London clubs, setting forth in a most circumstantial fashion that the then Princess of Wales had just been dreadfully distressed by the news that her second son had insisted on having an anchor tattooed *on his nose*, and so permanently disfiguring himself for life! Of course there was not a word of truth in the story, but at the time quite a number of people believed it firmly, and much sympathy was expressed for the Royal sailor's parents.

A truer tale, which at the time did not find its way into print, was told some years ago



PRINCE GEORGE IN HIS UNIFORM AS MIDSHIPMAN.

Photo by W. and D. Downey.



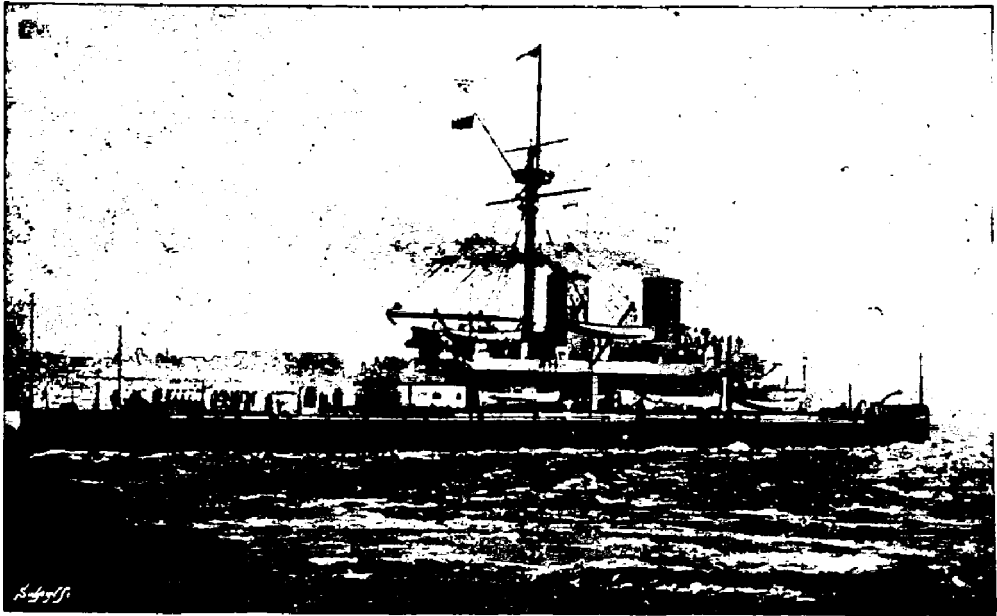
H.M.S. CANADA.

Commanded by Captain Francis Durrant, on which Prince George served as Midshipman from 1883 to 1884.

by Sir Frederick Bedford. Prince George's ship was coaling in Turkish waters, when it became known to the Sultan that the great Queen Victoria's grandson was near at hand. Accordingly the Grand Vizier was sent in all haste to convey his august master's greetings to the Prince. The high Turkish official was received by the Admiral, whom, however, he treated with but scant civility. "I am here to compliment the Royal Prince," he declared pompously. "Very well," replied Prince George's commanding officer good-humouredly, "I will send for him at once," and there and then the Royal middy, covered with coal-dust from head to foot, approached unwillingly, far from pleased at having

bute prizes to and address boys of much their own age. On one such occasion, when replying to an Address presented to them by the boys of Prince Alfred College, Adelaide, they made a really sensible little speech. It ran thus: "Boys, it gives us great pleasure to come amongst you, and to go over your school and grounds. We shall long remember the sound of your voices, and trust that if ever we again visit Adelaide, some of those we saw as boys we may then meet as men, a credit to their school, to themselves, and to the Colony!"

It was during this eventful tour round the world that Prince George first became a stamp collector. He had not, in those early days,



H.M.S. DREADNOUGHT.

Commanded by Captain Bedford. Prince George was transferred to this ship from the *Thunders*, June 2nd, 1886; he subsequently received his commission as one of the ship's regular Lieutenants.

been disturbed while in charge of a coaling party. The Grand Vizier, with true Eastern politeness, expressed himself as highly delighted to observe that the descendant of a great Sovereign was being taught wisdom by being made subject, in his youth, to others.

The two young Princes went round the world in the *Bacchante*, and a record of their trip, being extracts from their diaries, was published. From it one learns very conclusively that Royal boys have duties as well as pleasures, even when supposed to be on amusement bent. During their interesting journey they were constantly called upon to make short speeches, to lay foundation stones, and, what must have been a real ordeal, to distri-

very much pocket-money, and his present splendid collection was started in just the usual way, by the contributions of friends, by intelligent exchange, and by begging his mother, as has done many another stamp collecting middy, to carefully preserve for him all the envelopes of his letters home! During that first long voyage, Prince George also constantly bought pretty and quaint mementoes of the places at which the ship touched, and not one of his old home friends and servants were forgotten by the Royal sailor.

Even as a boy the Prince took his profession very seriously, and nothing annoyed him more than to be treated as a "fair-weather" sailor. On one occa-

sion, when he was in charge of Torpedo Boat 79, he was sent for by the Admiral, who informed him that the Princess of Wales had asked if he might have a short holiday in order to join the Royal house-party at Goodwood. "But what is to become of my torpedo boat while I am away?" asked the Sailor Prince anxiously. The Admiral answered jokingly that to please the Princess the torpedo boat would have to take care of itself for a day or

Of course the Royal midshipman was not allowed, doubtless to his own regret, to neglect those accomplishments which are supposed to be essential to modern Princes. Right in the middle of the earlier half of his naval career he spent six months in Switzerland rubbing up his French and German. Even there, however, he was cheered by the presence of his naval instructor, Mr. Lawless, and so was able to go on with that section of his naval studies



PRINCE GEORGE HAVING A RED AND BLUE DRAGON TATTOOED ON HIS ARM BY A JAPANESE ARTIST.

two. "Oh, no, that won't do at all," replied Prince George. "You know, sir, my orders were to take my torpedo boat on to Spithead without delay, and I *must* go." Then he added consolingly, "But I'll make it all right with my mother!"

which is just as well acquired on dry land as at sea. It was after this brief sojourn on the Continent that Prince George was appointed midshipman to the *Canada*, commissioned for service on the North American and West Indian stations.

As we have seen, our future King was not spared any of the hardships which fall to the lot of the ordinary young naval officer. Perhaps what he felt most in those early days were his long absences from his truly-loved home and from his parents. The story goes that on one occasion when the Sailor Prince, rather against his will, was asked to fill up one of the so-called "Confession Books" which were popular twenty years ago, he put as his answer to the silly question, "If not yourself, who would you be?" the one word "Papa," while it need hardly be said that it is on re-

cord that his favourite name is that of "Alexandra." The Prince of Wales has all a true sailor's love of his own land, and of that corner of it where is his home.

He loved the sea with his whole heart, but no boy ever enjoyed holidays more; and perhaps to prove how untrue is the saying anent a sailor on horseback, when at Sandringham he generally spent a great deal of his time riding the wildest and most untamed of ponies, while, even in those days, he was particularly fond of those two very opposite forms of amusement, hunting and fishing.

HOW WE GET ABOUT IN NATAL.

BY "UMFAAN."

HOW do we get about in Natal? Well, of course, that all depends upon where we are going.

In town our chief conveyance is a riksha. That vehicle is comfortable and convenient when the Kaffir puller goes "carefully," but is apt to be dangerous when he seems under the impression that everybody is interested in his movements. Then away he goes helter-skelter down the street, ringing his bell when about two yards off the individual for whom the warning is intended, grazing carts by inches as he passes them, and all the while you are nervously holding on to the sides of the vehicle in an agony of suspense. That's the way we get about in town.

Then there is the railway line—the Natal Government railways. They're never in a hurry, and various are the tales that are told about their slowness. However, out of deference to the O. F., who has probably heard them told in connection with lines in the "old country," I will let them pass, only mentioning the facts that, if you happen to drop your cap out of the window, the train will very likely be stopped in order to enable the guard to go and recover the lost headgear, and that when the engine driver comes to a hill, he knows exactly at what speed the "iron horse" can ascend it, so he leaves it to look after itself and goes off for a hunting expedition. He has been waiting some time when the train arrives at the top.

If you're Scotch and you want a billet in Natal—go to the N.G.R.; you're sure to get it. They're all Scotch on the railway, and I am sure it must be very gratifying to anybody fresh from the "land o' cakes" to hear his many questions answered in broad "Glasgie" or "Hieland." There is a story told of a man named Evans, who wanted a job as a guard. Well, he couldn't get it in Durban because he was a Welshman, so he

came to Maritzburg and said his name was Donald McEvans. He got the job, and was a station-master within a week. Fact!

Another means of travelling in this uncomfortable little colony is by post-cart. I think that if old Nero were alive now I should obtain a pension as a reward for suggesting this kind of torture to him. If you want a bit of an impression of what riding in a post-cart is like, get a fairly large wheelbarrow and a lot of small boulders. Place the latter in one continual line down your garden path, and ask some kind friend to wheel you over them at a quick pace.

And then the post-cart driver—usually a Hottentot—generally gets drunk before the journey is completed, and takes you through drifts at a terrific speed. There are no good roads in Natal, and in rainy weather there are no roads at all—they are nothing more or less than swamps.

Perhaps the most enjoyable, but undoubtedly the slowest way of getting about in Natal is by bullock-wagon. There are usually from twelve to eighteen oxen yoked to one wagon, and they all seem very lazy, though usually the laziest animal in the whole turn-out is the Kaffir "voorloper," who leads the bullocks. The first time I was in a bullock-wagon I had to endure a night-journey in pouring rain. I was so miserable sitting in my position in the front of the vehicle that I decided to walk. I got and had gone a few yards when I noticed the native in charge of the wagon striking out at something in the grass with his long ox-whip. "What is that?" I asked. "Snake," he answered laconically. I hastily re-entered the wagon.

I will end up with a humorous thing worth mentioning about a Boer's team of oxen. The laziest animal in the team is called "Englishman," and is always singled out for special punishment, while the correspondingly good ox is dubbed "Dutchman."



SHOEING THE BAY MARE.

From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.—Photo Woodburytype.

TALES OF ELIZA'S

BY
FRED SWAINSON
AUTHOR OF "ACTON'S FEUD" ETC.

No. 1.—MASTER AND FAG.

I.

MR. VIVIAN CHUBB hurried into his den after first school feeling at peace with all men and Elizabethans, and also uncommonly hungry. His fag, Drysdale, had set out a good square meal, and the coffee-pot gave forth an aromatic welcome. Chubb dropped his books into the nearest chair, and drew up. Then he perceived a letter lying unobtrusively near his plate, and when Chubb saw the handwriting thereon, and the grimy surface and out-of-society look of the envelope, his jaw dropped.

"I'm hanged if it isn't Peach," he said, with angry disgust. "What's in the wind now?"

He cut open the unappetising letter and ran rapidly over its few lines.

"DEAR MR. CHUBB,—

"I should like to see you to-night at about 12 or soon after—same old spot—as I'm badly in want of a little coin, and you and me are not quite square—not by a quid or two—as you'll see if you look up your book. I can't meet you by daylight, as Eliza's Cross, by day, don't suit my eyes. Twig? In fact, I'm playing owl, though I ain't any owl, you know, for one or two extra-special reasons. But I fly by night, and I hope you'll look me up on our usual perch. I'm pretty sure you will. All things considered it would be playing it rather low if you didn't—and a pity too. I shall want a quid at least. Me and Ricketts are going a-trouting to-night, and, if you want to see a bit of sport, you're welcome. But pay your foting first; a quid at least, or else there'll be no sport for one of us. A friend in need is a friend who forks out. Them's my sentiments.

Your old pal,

"MATT. PEACH."

After reading this oracular and cryptic note Chubb had small appetite for his breakfast, and his charitable feeling for the world in general went away in a fine mist. "And I thought the beggar was dead and buried! And he means to cut up nasty if I don't use palm-oil, too."

Chubb was a good-looking, unobtrusive black sheep, and the last of the gang that had included Mr. James Weedon and Mr. Isaacs among its members. He knew Ricketts' sanctum in the "Anglers' Arms," and had made in his time one or two decent breaks on Ricketts' well-worn billiard-table. And in the landlord's opinion he was a "real gentleman"; he didn't criticise even the cigars or the beer as Weedon did. He had betted loyally with Ricketts for a whole season, and the landlord was surprised how very little wool he managed to get off the black sheep. This increased Ricketts' respect for him. Isaacs' career of unauthorised pleasures soon came to an end, and Weedon—clever Weedon—dropped out of the gang and the school with meteoric suddenness, but Chubb kept unobtrusively on. He did not seem likely to be found out either. He had gone to a subscription dance at Saltby, enjoyed himself until three in the morning, and then managed to scramble through his bedroom window. And Ricketts vowed that Chubb was "fuddled" with cheap, subscription-dance champagne, too, when he left Saltby. Vivian Chubb hid all his good qualities—if he had any—very thoroughly; and a youth of the Chubb type can make a very promising canker in school life. Now, real dissipation, such as practised by Chubb and Co., cannot be carried on in any school unless the black sheep have some one—some kind shepherd—to provide them with the un-

wholesome fodder. And Mr. Matthew Peach was such an one. He was the legitimate descendant of those men who, in the bad old days, smuggled brandy into Winchester for the boys to tipple, of those who drove Harrow boys to Epsom the night before the Derby, who provided game cocks for many a fierce main, badgers for a "draw," and rats and rabbits and the fox-terriers for a little mixed slaughter. As a matter of fact, Mr. Vivian Chubb and Mr. Isaacs, under the auspices of Peach, had had a few quiet afternoons among the rabbits and a little pigeon shooting—Chubb could grass a blue rock rather neatly—behind the sheltering trees of the "Anglers' Arms," and once Peach had imported from Cumberland two cocks, and half-a-dozen wretched Elizabethans had an exciting half-hour watching the birds tearing each other to pieces. Of course Peach's services were expensive, but then, unfortunately, Chubb had a very unusual allowance. Then one fine day when Chubb had gone up the Lodden to meet Peach, the illegal provider was *non est*, and on enquiries at Ricketts' the landlord said Peach had "mizzled."

"Why?"

"Well," explained Ricketts, elaborately, "the air of this part just at present don't suit his constitootion, and he thought a change 'ud do 'im good. And he thought he'd choose the air himself, small blame to him, for fear he'd have it chosen for him."

"That means the police, I suppose?" said Chubb.

"Among gentlemen," said Ricketts, hastily, "coppers aren't mentioned as in any way personal."

"Oh, well," said Chubb, easily. "I'll see him again, no doubt."

"If you owe him money for services rendered you will, sir," said Ricketts emphatically.

What Peach had done to make his stay in St. Elizabeth's Cross unsatisfactory to himself, Chubb forbore to inquire, and as weeks passed by and Peach made no sign the Elizabethan began to think his exile was permanent. But a bad penny always turns up just when you don't expect or want it, and Peach's letter was eminently disturbing to Mr. Chubb. To begin with, his stock of money was at a very low ebb; he had only a few shillings left, and, for another thing, he did not at all relish slipping out at night for anybody's convenience but his own. Discovery meant almost certain expulsion, and Vivian Chubb did not fancy running the

risk for a fellow like Mr. Matthew Peach. And yet he did not like the tone of his grimy letter. It was threatening in a peculiarly forcible way, and Chubb had formed a pretty correct idea of his jackal's character. He diagnosed that Peach, for private reasons, would not come back to The Cross for a long time, and wanted to have his money instanter, or, failing that, would show he wasn't called Peach for nothing. It was annoying, horribly annoying, but Chubb made up his mind then and there to see him. It seemed safer.

As I said at first, before seeing Peach's letter, Chubb had felt at peace with everyone. He had a definite cause for this charitable feeling. He had a lovely wager—from his point of view—with Mercer, a fellow of Carver's house, that he could pick an eleven under fifteen from Bultitude's which would lick any similar eleven chosen from Carver's. And he felt very confident of the result. Now Chubb, who was no fool, had made a private discovery—two, in fact. He had observed that youngsters cannot play fast, very fast, bowling, and he had discovered a boy in Bultitude's who could really swing down the balls at a rare pace. This boy was young Drysdale, his own fag. These little private cricket duels were quite a usual thing for Chubb to arrange with other sporting seniors, and any casual spectator, looking at Chubb calmly seated under a shady wall cheering on his men, would have thought it was some kind-hearted senior giving his juniors a gentle leg-up. But Chubb cared not a straw about the game, though he liked winning bets immensely.

When Drysdale came in to clear, he found Chubb moodily eating breakfast. "Cut; can't you see I've not finished," he said surlily.

The youngster without a word turned on his heel and was going out, when Chubb said, a trifle more blandly, "All right, Drysdale. You can clear in a tick. By the way, I've got you down against Mercer's Carver eleven for this afternoon."

Drysdale faced round angrily. "I hate cricket, Chubb, and besides, I've got something else on this afternoon."

"Bug-huntin'?"

"No," said Drysdale.

"What is that round thing, young 'un, which runs over the grass or flies through the air and yet has no wings, nor yet legs; doesn't speak until it's hit or brought down in full flight, when it sometimes bites; colour red, when young, greenish in old age; only seen in summer, and the bark of the animal can

be taken out and felt?" Chubb propounded sardonically, as he watched his fag's discontented face. Other people's discontent amused Chubb generally, and he partially regained his original good humour as he looked at Drysdale. "Anyhow, Waterton-Buckland Drysdale, that is the only butterfly you've got to put your straw over this afternoon."

"I loathe cricket, Chubb, and I'm not going to do more than we juniors are booked to do."

"Plus what your seniors request you to do," genially corrected Chubb. "Why, you're no end of a bowler; Eliza's coming fast bowler, perhaps."

"Not by a long chalk," said the fag fervently.

"Well, you're booked for this afternoon. Bultitude said he was pleased to see your name down; you can't take it out after he said he was pleased to see it there. How does that strike you?"

The boy's eager eyes blazed with anger at this little argument. "You've a funny idea, Chubb, of common decency, that's all," said Drysdale, bitterly. "There aren't many like you in Eliza's."

"Not many," admitted Vivian.

"What time is the match?" said Drysdale, beginning to clear.

"Two, sharp. Punctuality is a virtue," said Chubb, with a sneer.

Drysdale said nothing, but went on with his work. As he was going out the senior said pleasantly, "I say, youngster, can you lend me a sov.?"

"Sorry, I can't."

"Poor beggar," sneered Chubb.

I wonder if many fags dare have put as much contempt and dislike into a look as young Drysdale did.

The look cut Chubb to the quick, as though a lash had been laid across his face. Dropping his sneering mask completely, he sprang out of his chair, and put his back to the door.

"You're not sorry, and you can lend it me."

"Yes, I can, but I won't."

The senior clutched his fag by the coat collar and struck him savagely on the face. "That's what happens to high-souled bug-hunters when they forget their manners."

Drysdale felt his head spin, but he glared at his senior with uttermost contempt. "You're a coward, too, Chubb. And why don't you pay me back what you've borrowed before?"

The lad's words went home. Chubb dropped his upraised hand and let his fag go. To borrow from a fag was in Eliza's one of the things "no fellow could do," and it didn't

improve matters if the loan was not repaid. Explanations would be awkward for Chubb—very—if he were required to make them; so, instantly the blow was struck he wished it recalled. Drysdale had gone out with a heart full almost to bursting of loathing for his master.

Drysdale was an odd lad; unlike the majority of young Elizabethans, he cared not a straw about cricket or footer; his whole mind and spare time were given to the pursuit of natural history. The minute he was free, winter or summer, he was off to the fields and woods bagging specimens. All was fish that came into his net. Fur or feather or fin had equal attraction for him, and this intense devotion to his hobby had earned him the endearing cognomen of the Bug-hunter. He had, of course, to put in the regulation cricket, but he put in not a minute more than he could help. And yet he had the making of a fine cricketer in him. His ball seemed appallingly swift to his fellow-juniors, and a rather eccentric pitch helped out its terrors. Drysdale took no pleasure in its deadliness, except that it tended to shorten the game. When Chubb made his two discoveries, he had to use a fair amount of art to get Drysdale's name on the Bultitude under-fifteen list. The fag stood upon his rights of no compulsory extra cricket very steadfastly, but Chubb, with his usual cunning, managed to circumvent him.

He always contrived to let the house-master see Drysdale's name on the list first, and then Bultitude beamed genially on the shrinking fag, and told him how glad he was to see him amusing himself in an orthodox fashion. Bultitude didn't approve of beetles as a hobby. Now Bultitude was an awfully decent fellow, and Drysdale had not the heart to tell him he loathed cricket from the bottom of his heart, but he had no such scruples about Chubb, and told him he hated the "under-fifteen" rubbish. Chubb smiled sardonically, and circumvented him when necessary. There never had been any love lost between fag and senior. Drysdale had more than a suspicion that Chubb was a black-guard, but, like a loyal little kid, kept his own counsel, and did his duty. How often he sighed for a master like Higgins, or Wantage, or Burke. *They* wouldn't have borrowed his money, nor smelt of wine or tobacco when they didn't perfume the room with pink cachous. But wishing didn't change masters, and Drysdale felt happy when he could get out of the room without a word—generally a sneer—from Vivian Chubb.



"THE WATER'S AWFULLY C-C-C-OLD, SIR," SAID DRYSDALE WITH A SINKING HEART.

II.

A YEAR before the story opens Drysdale had done an insane thing. Two miles away from the Cross was the estate of R. Nugent, Esq., as strictly preserved as that of an old true-blue Tory should be. Half a mile from the house was a lake, and as it swarmed with water-birds Drysdale wanted above all things to explore its sedgy edges. The very heart of this little watery paradise was a little scrubby islet two hundred yards from shore. One day Drysdale had seen a teal patrolling the waters round this reedy heaven, like a small and squab gun-boat. The naturalist in him read the signs unhesitatingly. "There's a teal's nest for a hundred pounds. I haven't got an egg either."

Then came the insane thing. Drysdale slipped through the hedge, glided stealthily to the lake, and there, in a kind of exaltation of spirit, stripped to the buff. Wading quietly into the chill waters he struck out for the islet. Ten minutes afterwards he came back, snoring like a porpoise, and tucked in snugly beneath his cap were two unappetising-looking eggs. As he waded out a small spaniel came yapping towards him, and following hard on the dog an astonished old gentleman. R. Nugent, Esq., took the cigar out of his mouth and looked at this naked boy rising out of the water with utter stupefaction.

"The water's awfully c-c-c-old, sir," said Drysdale with a sinking heart.

"The deuce it is," gasped Nugent. "Did ye think we'd warm it for you?"

"No-o-o," said Drysdale, his teeth chattering. Then he tried to achieve the impossible—to dry himself—with one handkerchief. "There's not enough to go round, sir," observed Drysdale, forlornly.

For answer the gentleman stuck his stick into the ground, and laughed as at some huge joke. "Here's mine, boy."

Drysdale unfurled the old gentleman's handkerchief—it was as large as a small flag—and finally struggled into his shirt.

"What were you doing?"

The Elizabethan explained elaborately that he collected birds' eggs, and said he simply couldn't stand the teal swimming so exultingly round the island.

"I'll tell you what you are," said Nugent, as he hobbled off. "You're a natural curiosity, but—I'd bring a towel next time you visit the ducks."

"Oh, thanks!" said Drysdale, blank with

joy at this utterly unlooked-for ending to the cold dip. And then something flashed through his mind and he ran after the old true-blue Tory in his shirt. "I say, sir, there's something I'd like to tell you before you go."

"Eh?" said Nugent turning round.

"I found a woodcock's nest in your plantation, sir. Five eggs. I thought you'd like to know a thing like that."

"Thanks," said Nugent, gurgling with mirth. "That's a secret between you an' me. Evening."

From thence onward, Drysdale used Nugent's estate with discretion, and, beyond glaring at him fiercely, Nugent's keeper did nothing, if by chance he met him in the woods. Nugent, himself, sometimes waylaid him and the lad, and the old gentleman talked casually on many things. Drysdale amused one man immensely.

After morning school Drysdale found he had two hours to spare before he was due for the hated cricket, and he forthwith went down to the spinney near the "Anglers' Arms" on the off-chance that he might find a nest. He drew it blank, but enthusiastically prosecuted his search into Ricketts' private property. Drysdale knew as well as any one Ricketts' objections to Elizabethans, but he could run, he argued, if need were.

When he got in he found his retreat cut off with automatic suddenness. Ricketts himself, and another man, came in from the spinney, and, at the sound of their voices, young Drysdale dropped into the dry ditch like a stone. The voices came nearer, and Drysdale made up his mind for a thrashing. But the pair stopped within five yards of him, evidently to wind up the conversation before Ricketts went to his own quarters. Drysdale heard every word.

The landlord and his friend were going to net Nugent's water—they calculated on a hundredweight of trout—and the proceeds had to be halved. And from what Drysdale could gather this netting was an annual performance and profitable. Twelve was the time. Then Ricketts moved off to his house, and Mr. Matthew Peach slunk out again into the spinney. Five minutes afterwards Drysdale was running briskly for school.

That horrid cricket match was a species of slow torture for Drysdale. How could any fellow, knowing what he knew, give his mind to such a rotten game? Mercer brought his string of under-fifteen colts and Chubb had his team, all keen as mustard about the

game, bar Drysdale, who wished Chubb at the bottom of the horse-pond.

The greatest friend that Drysdale ever had would have been ashamed of his cricket. He was put on to bowl. He persevered with for three awful overs. All this time Mercer, who scored with Chubb, was kept busy putting down wides and byes. Not a ball was within a yard of the wickets, but they hurtled past the wicket-keeper's outstretched hands and jumped up joyfully when they hit the boundary-palings. The Carver crew crowed merrily, Chubb wondered whether he dare go and kick Drysdale *coram populo*, and Mercer said he didn't know that the youngster had such a pace. Mercer smiled genially at Chubb. Drysdale was put in the country; he "battered" the crack bat of Carver's twice running; catches which *could* have been caught in the mouth. Chubb was for recalling Drysdale, but Mercer protested. It was arranged eleven against eleven, and there was to be no alteration. (Mercer's father was a barrister.) Then Mercer's lot came out to field; Chubb smiled broadly when his team was within half-a-dozen of the other total, and young Drake was playing like Fry. At this critical moment Drysdale went in last man; he was told, till he felt silly, "to keep up his end," "block, you cuckoo," and favoured with other choice endearments by the anxious nine. Chubb said nothing, but his looks spoke volumes; he eyed Drysdale with a sullen sneering look. Drysdale lost the match by *hitting his wicket*.

To the minds of everyone, including Mercer, it seemed patent that Drysdale had deliberately lost the match. That is a crime unspeakable to Elizabethans, and they have one drastic remedy for this sort of traitor. This was what happened to Drysdale. *Imprimis*, Chubb kicked him savagely; secondly, he was rolled round and round in a cricket net—arms tightly trussed to his sides—the ropes carefully drawn across his knees tight—and, as a stay to keep an artistic piece of tying up quite secure, two poles were

lashed securely lengthways. Then he was carried under the shade of a tree, and then, a handkerchief having been dropped lightly over his face, left *solus*.

What the next few hours held of agony and hatred and heart-breaking thoughts for Drysdale can, perhaps—*perhaps* be imagined. He could only think of Chubb, the hateful Chubb. All his mind was taken up with Chubb. The world only consisted of Chubb and himself. And the minutes went by like hours, and the hours were like ages. Towards the end of the evening he sobbed as if his heart would break.

Vivian Chubb, instead of paying over to Mercer the amount of his lost bet, astonished that light-hearted sporting gentleman by deferring payment and borrowing instead.



HE GASPED AS HE SAW THE LIVING MUMMY.

Mercer thought this very funny, but what would he have thought, if, an hour after "lights out," he had seen Chubb lift up his well-oiled window, slip lightly to the ground, and dodge quietly and stealthily through the fields out into the country. Mercer, "sport" though he was, would have drawn the line at

meeting Peach by midnight, and accompanying a couple of poachers on one of their thieving expeditions.

When the groundsman came round to stow away nets and scoring-boards he gasped as he saw the living mummy. Drysdale, though, hardly felt living. He was unwound, and then he sat for half an hour with his back against the tree, blinking like a young owl, and feeling that he would never walk more. But when the blood began to flow again through his legs, he scrambled up and staggered off to Bultitude's. There he threw himself on his bed. Filled as he was with his own wrongs, he took no heed of the time, and it was only when he found the room quite dark that he remembered about the netting of old Nugent's trout. Now, Drysdale had meant to run over to his friend, and just tell him the facts as soon as ever the cricket match was over. But Chubb and his over-zealous band had rendered that impossible, and now the "lock-up" bell had gone. But Drysdale had set his heart on serving his friend. He went down to Bultitude and told him just how matters stood, and Bultitude, who knew Nugent—and also Ricketts—pondered the matter for five minutes. "I think you'd better go to Mr. Nugent's and tell him about this. Atkinson will let you in when you come back. By the way, you're not looking very well, Drysdale."

"I think I'm quite well, sir, thanks."

Drysdale forced an appetite for supper, and then to the undiluted astonishment of Bultitude Juniors put on his cap and stepped out into the street. Mr. Nugent entered into the matter with the utmost zeal, and a small cohort of grooms and gardeners was every whit as zealous. Decidedly a cloud seemed gathering to overshadow the future of Mr. Ricketts and Mr. Matthew Peach.

"I'll tell you what, Drysdale, that weasel Ricketts has wanted a change of air for quite a long time now, and if he does come with his nets and Peaches, he'll certainly catch something. But it won't be a hundredweight of trout."

Drysdale begged for permission to join in the fun, but the old gentleman wouldn't hear of it. "We're not going to risk you, Mercury, thanks, but you can see as much as you like, if you keep out of the scrimmage."

This was certainly an eventful day for the Elizabethan. Here he was stretched full length in the warm lush grass, a hundred yards from where Ricketts and Co. were to commence operations, and he could see, dimly, the quiet waters of the lake glittering under

the June stars. And whilst he waited, he listened to the nightingales.

The poachers were commendably punctual. Drysdale could see when first they appeared on the scene by the black shadow of the boat rowed silently in a semi-circle, and he could make out a figure paying out the net over the stern. It was very interesting, watching. When the pair landed to draw in, the fun began. The poachers were caught unawares, but they made a fight of it, and Drysdale could discern a desperate struggle going on, half in half out of the water. Drysdale in his excitement was rushing down to the water when he saw a figure running towards him like a deer. "That's one got clean away," thought the Elizabethan. The runner was almost upon Drysdale before he perceived the boy. Hardly thinking what he did, Drysdale threw himself before the runner, clutched him by the legs, and the next instant they both rolled over together. Drysdale stuck to the man he had grassed like grim death, though the other made desperate efforts to shake off the boy. And then Drysdale saw the fellow's face.

"Chubb!" he gasped.

"You!" said Chubb, starting as though he had been stung.

"This means the gaol if——"

"Don't I know it—you young fiend . . ."

The Elizabethans heard the shouts of the pursuers, and, even in the half light, Drysdale could see that Chubb's face was ghastly with fear.

"You've got half a chance, Chubb," said his fag. "Go for all you're worth."

Chubb scrambled up and shot away into the night whilst Drysdale ran to meet his pursuers.

"Seen—seen him, sir?" panted a groom as Drysdale came within earshot.

"Yes," said the Elizabethan, "he's got out lower down. He headed off when he saw me."

"He's got the legs of us, drat him," said the man, bolting on the wrong tack.

* * * *

Chubb got in safely, as usual; he felt fuddled, but this time it was not with cheap champagne; he didn't sleep, either, when he crawled into bed.

Nor yet did Mr. Ricketts nor Mr. Peach, but then the bare boards in a police cell do not invite refreshing slumber. But they felt very tired.

Drysdale didn't sleep well. There was a nasty bruise on his left thigh which woke him



DRYSDALE
CLUTCHED
HIM BY THE
LEGS AND
THEY ROLLED OVER
TOGETHER.

every time he turned over, and then he had to try to get Chubb out of his mind.

In the morning Drysdale got Chubb his breakfast as usual; indeed, he took rather extra care over the coffee, because he knew it would be the last occasion he'd have to fag for his old master, and he wanted to finish up well. But he hurried out before Chubb came in from first school. What he had to say to Chubb would do after. Chubb looked far from healthy; his face was the colour of dough, and there were black rings about his eyes. He couldn't keep his hands from trembling, either. There was a world of difference between him and the old, sly, quiet, you-won't-catch-me-napping Vivian Chubb. That first school had tortured him almost as much as the net had yesterday tortured his fag. When Drysdale came in to clear, Chubb flushed uneasily and walked to the window.

"I'm not fagging for you any more, Chubb," said Drysdale.

"Are you going to round on me?" asked the senior, trembling.

"That's not my line," said Drysdale angrily. "I don't do dirty work."

Chubb's face brightened for a moment, and he said, savagely: "You'd better not, you little hound. You're in the same boat, too. You're a fly-by-night as well."

"When Bultitude gives me an *exeat* only and I go out by usual door and return ditto."

"Bultitude's *exeat*!" gasped Chubb in stupefaction.

"Rather!" said Drysdale proudly. "Why, I told Nugent and Bultitude all about the poaching. If it hadn't been for me, those blackguards wouldn't have been run in. I overheard the beauties making their arrangements in the spinney."

Chubb felt crushed indeed. "Were Ricketts and Peach caught?"

"Rather," said the youngster, "and you had a near squeak."

Chubb flushed again feverishly. "I had to see that filthy Peach about some money I owed him, and I only went with them for a lark. Of course I didn't want any of the rotten fish. Fact is, I held back and only watched them netting."

"I'm not curious," said Drysdale, as though he meant it. "I fancy you got all the luck that was knocking about last night, though."

"I'm in a hole if either of those two splits," moaned Chubb.

Drysdale rolled up the tablecloth carefully, but said nothing.

"Think they will, young 'un?"

"I don't know what that sort of animal will do," said Drysdale. "They're not our sort. Shouldn't wonder."

"What good would it do 'em?" said Chubb, half to himself.

"Hanged if I know; I expect they'd feel a bit cut up when they saw you bolting, though. Nugent says *they'll* get twelve months hard."

Chubb sank back into his chair, and then Drysdale said solemnly: "Sorry to say it, Chubb, now you're down, but you've been a brute to me."

"I'll pay you back that sov., young 'un," said Chubb pitiably. "Honour bright."

"I wouldn't take it," said Drysdale with utter scorn. "Keep it."

"I'm sorry I kicked you yesterday."

The boy's face grew black. "I can't forget that, Chubb. I don't think I'll ever forget it. You can do what you like about what I've told you. I'm not coming into your den again."

Drysdale stalked out and left the senior to his own sweet thoughts. He saw another senior ten minutes afterwards and explained to Mercer why he had played such a rotten game on the previous day.

"It's a funny tale, young 'un, but why don't you tell it to Chubb? He's your man."

"I don't care what Chubb thinks. But I didn't want you to think that I had done it on purpose."

"I did," said Mercer, "but I don't now. I didn't approve of that kick either, but Chubb was too wild at your 'hit wicket.' I apologise for the net. Are you going to mill all the under-fifteeners, *seriatim*, Bug-hunter?"

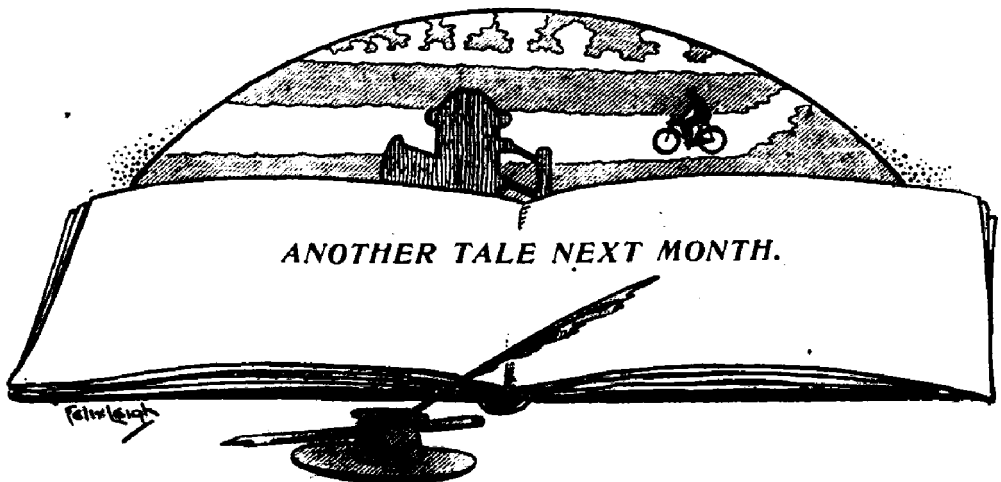
"I'll think about it."

Mercer laughed till he cried. "You're a funny fellow. Feel inclined for any more breakfast?"

I think it must have been that Ricketts and Peach could see no good in bringing Mr. Vivian Chubb into their own involved affairs, or that they hoped to make use of him afterwards, but they didn't name him as sleeping partner in their little poaching failure. But fear kept Chubb on tenter-hooks for many weeks, and it was only when the worthy couple had been safely tucked away for twelve months that the black rings began to disappear from his eyes. The suspense did him good, and although he didn't grace Eliza's beyond another term, he lay very low, and left forbidden things severely alone. He sometimes explained to his friends that fags were more bother than they were worth, but, I'm bound to say, he didn't say it with conviction. And so no more of Vivian Chubb.

As for Drysdale, the rest of the year was for him one grand holiday. He followed his craze to his heart's content and never cheered Bultitude's spirits by playing one minute's cricket. In a light-hearted moment young Drake put him down for an inter-tribal match, but when the naturalist said he was going to fight Drake for his trouble, Drake reconsidered the matter.

He informed all his gallant under-fifteeners that, on the whole, Drysdale was a bit dangerous. This was supposed to refer to his bowling.



THE ATHLETIC CORNER

BY
C·B·FRY

INDOOR GAMES.

FROM one point of view, indoor games are innumerable; from another, they are very few. It all depends what you bring within the category of games. If you include every sort of game that is played indoors from hunt-the-slipper to chess, from blind-man's-buff to whist, you have a very fine assortment to choose from. But if you strike out from the list the games which are essentially intellectual, the stiff-thinking sort, and also the games which, in spite of the amusement they supply at times, may be fairly described as infantile, or, shall we say, Christmassy, then you have not got much left. What we want to find is some indoor games that are counterparts more or less of the best outdoor games.

I do not propose to consider such games as rackets, real tennis or fives, or any other such as requires a court specially built for it, and is more or less expensive. Not these, but games that can be played in an ordinary room in an ordinary house.

I can tell you the best game of this sort straight off; it is Squash-Rackets. I daresay you know that Squash-Rackets can be played in an ordinary racket court, and also in a special court of its own, and that thus played it has a considerable vogue both in England and America. There is, in fact, a special Squash-Racket court at Lord's Cricket Ground. But the game can also be played in any fair-sized room of which the walls, windows, corners, doors, etc., are not too irregular. The best kind of room is oblong with bigish windows, rather high in the wall, at one end, and the other three walls absolutely bare. But if you cannot get a room like this you can make shift with almost any decent-sized room that has one plain unbroken wall.

The arrangements for the game are as follows: The floor is divided into four courts by two lines; one line runs exactly down the middle of the room from the front wall (that is, the wall against which one serves), the other line crosses this at right angles somewhere between half-way and three-quarters way from front wall to back wall, so that the two back courts are smaller than the two front ones. The front wall has two lines drawn across it, one about 6 ft. from the floor, the other 2 ft. 6 ins. from the floor. The game can be played either with ordinary tennis rackets and tennis balls or with rackets like those used in real rackets, only with a shorter handle, and then the ball used is an india-rubber one, hollow, but hard, about the size of a fives ball. The game can be played exactly like real rackets, but for an ordinary room the best game is this. Say A and B are playing. Then, A serves with one foot inside the right-hand back court against the front wall, so that the ball hits it above the higher line, and then drops somewhere on the left side of the centre line on the floor. B returns, it as best he can, taking it either full volley or first-bounce, but he must return it so that, either directly or off one of the side walls, it strikes the front wall above the lower line. This is a very crude explanation of the game, but I can assure you the game itself is first-rate. If you wish to find out all about it, let me refer you to "Squash-Rackets," a small hand-book in the "All-England Series." Of course, when the game is played in a room instead of in a proper court, the standard measurements, arrangements, etc., should be modified and adapted to the particular room. This requires just a modicum of ingenuity. But you have no idea until you have tried

what a first-rate game can be evolved, even under very unpromising circumstances.

It is worth mentioning that the noble game of cricket can be well played in miniature in any decent-sized room; of course, unfurnished. The best sort of wicket is an oblong piece of tin nailed on a board of the same size, of dimensions about equal to a real outdoor set of stumps, and this wicket should be set up in one corner so that the bowler bowls down the longest diagonal of the room from the other corner. The best kind of bat is made from an



DELIVERING SERVICE.*

ordinary cricket bat, cut down at each side until only two inches of its face-breadth remain. The ball to use is one about twice the size of, but rather softer than, a fives ball; I remember we used to employ such balls at Repton for yard-cricket, and we called them "podges." You do not need to run your runs out in indoor cricket; you simply make marks on the walls at intervals, and score so many runs per stroke, according to where the ball is hit. It is impossible to make the game sound very good on paper, but, none the less, having played almost every game under the sun, I hereby guarantee to you that, played after this style, miniature cricket is most satisfactory. Of course, if you can get a large barn or gymnasium, the game can be enlarged and improved.

While mentioning barns and gymnasiums,

it may be worth adding that there is such a thing as indoor football. You cannot play it in an ordinary room unless it is a very big one, but if you can command this the game is worth trying. You simply mark a goal at each end, about 4 ft. square, and play three a side, according to the Association rules, except that there is no off-side, no touch, no goal-kicks, and no corner-kicks; in fact, the ball is always in play, except after a goal has been scored. One of the most amusing things about the game is the skill one soon attains in passing the ball to oneself by kicking it against the wall and taking it on the rebound. The ball to use is one of grey india-rubber 6 or 7 ins. in diameter; ordinary white sand shoes or gymnastic shoes are the best footgear. By the way, the best way to protect window glass is to have some detachable frames made to set up in front of the windows, which frames should be tightly stretched with fine-meshed wire netting.

There are, I believe, a great many people ignorant of how excellent a game is Badminton. The game is practically lawn tennis, played with a shuttle-cock instead of a ball. The full-sized game is as follows: Court 44 ft. long by 20 wide; net about 18 ins. deep, stretched across the middle, with its lower edge 5 ft. from the ground, and as tall as possible, the court is divided on each side of the net by a service line parallel with the net, and about 6 ft. from it, or, rather, from the centre line of the court; and the rectangular space behind the service line is divided into two equal spaces by a line at right-angles with the service line. The server must stand behind the service line and hit the shuttle-cock over the net into the opposite back court, or, rather, the opposite diagonal back court; then his opponent returns the shuttle-cock on the full volley. For the rest, the game is just aerial lawn tennis. The shuttle-cock should weigh about $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce, and the bat, whether a miniature racket or a battledore, not more than 5 ounces. There is an excellent description of the game in the "Encyclopædia of Sport." But a simple and very good form of the game can be played in any ordinary empty room or hall, without any courts marked out. The capabilities and adaptabilities of Badminton are thoroughly worth investigation. For exercise, the only indoor game that equals it is Squash-Rackets.

Now, as to—need I say it?—Ping-Pong. Really, this game is an enigma. At least a hundred of THE CAPTAIN readers have written to me to ask what I think of it. Most flatter-

* Photo of Mr. Arnold Parker, winner of the Queen's Hall Tournament.

ing! For some unearthly reason, when they envisage the game of Ping-Pong, people lose all confidence in themselves. There are three aspects of Ping-Pong. The first is the idiotic; there are certain people who, if you mention the word to them, or they mention it to you, look ashamed of themselves; they smirk or grin, or giggle, and look apologetic. What it is all about I never can understand. Then there is the ultra-scientific man, who has never heard of Ping-Pong; who knows a great deal, and, dear me! has known it for years, about table tennis; why, he was elected a member of the Peninsula and Oriental Table Tennis Club ten years ago. This man pulls a long face, wrinkles his forehead, and introduces you to a long string of technical terms and scientific propositions connected with table tennis, and glares at you if you try to enjoy yourself, or if you innocently remark that Ping-Pong is a jolly good game. The third class is the rational being who regards Ping-Pong as a very first-rate, rational, enjoyable, and skilful indoor game. Mind you, it is a very skilful game, and altogether first-rate. To laugh at it, or despise it, simply shows ignorance; and, on the other hand, it is, to my mind, not a game that ought to be turned into a sort of athletic whist with endless rules and complications. What makes the game, in my opinion, is the celluloid ball, at once so light, so lively, and so controllable; that is to say, you can control it if you are skilful enough. Personally, I consider the game extremely fascinating, though my skill is so mediocre that I doubt if I could make one point a game against a swell player; sufficient for me that I can defeat all the members of my own household, and am champion of my own dining-room. Those of my readers who do not know the game, or who are afraid to know it intimately, I confidently advise to obtain a proper table, and enjoy themselves. To experts I do not presume to offer any advice.

There seem to be two schools of players: those who take all returns they can back-hand on the half-volley, and those who prefer to take the ball mostly fore-hand at the end of its bounce. I belong to the latter class. I admire the other style, but can't do it. I fear I am no true player of table tennis; rather am I a ping-ponger; for I prefer longish rallies of moderate pace to scientific, invisible sudden death. I don't like opponents who hit the ball so hard that I can't see it; give me the gentle art of placing and the linked sweetness long drawn out of ringing parchment and echoing celluloid. Oh yes, and, on the whole, I

prefer a tight parchment racket with a short, thick, stubby handle, though I am not averse to the new fish-tailed battledore, the aluminium, the cork-faced, the cloth-faced, the gun-metal, the hair, the straw, the whalebone, or any other sort. In fact, other things being equal, I find it enjoyable to play anybody with anything, provided he is not too much of an ex-champion smasher, and provided the ball is celluloid. That is all I know about it. This personal point of view is, of course, between



RECEIVING SERVICE.

myself and my readers. I do not pose as an authority on Ping-Pong. Bless it!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H.—A correspondent, signing himself thus, is kind enough, *apropos* of some remarks about training which have appeared here previously, to send me the following information:—"With reference to 'Old Racer's' remarks (see back), the following word or two may be found useful: The question at issue is what really constitutes training; and this is generally considered to be a matter chiefly of the development of proper size and strength in the right ventricle of the heart. The heart consists of two chief compartments, separated from one another, called the right and left ventricles. By its contraction the right ventricle drives the blood through the lungs, where it receives oxygen, and passing thence into the left ventricle is forthwith distributed to all parts of the body, giving up its oxygen to the muscles, and enabling them to perform their work. Now, during increased work, running, for example, the muscles require a larger supply of blood and a larger supply of oxygen; the first is obtained by enlargement and greater

strength of both ventricles, the latter by a similar development of the right ventricle only. As more oxygen must be given to the blood, the lungs expand more rapidly, *i.e.*, breathing is quicker. If, then, a man out-of-training runs a severe race, he gets absolutely 'done'; this means that his right ventricle is full of exhausted blood, which it cannot drive into the lungs. Here, therefore, is the danger in racing untrained. What is called stitch is probably cramp of the diaphragm, due to unaccustomed rapidity of breathing. Gradual training causes gradual enlargement of the right compartment of the heart, quite a healthy enlargement, just as proper dumb-bell work causes enlargement of the biceps." I am not quite sure whether my correspondent is correct in speaking of enlargement of the heart. But there is no doubt that a gradual increase in the working power of the heart is the most important point gained by gradual training. And about the worst effect of indulging in very severe athletic exercise when you are untrained is that you give your heart more work to do than it is safely and conveniently capable of. As a matter of fact, "Old Racer's" point did not exactly concern the heart, but rather the proper method of breathing air into the lungs in order that when the blood is forced through the lungs it may find in the lungs a regular and sufficient supply of the oxygen it is in search of. It is quite obvious that unless by proper breathing you keep your lungs supplied with oxygen, the blood cannot collect as much as it needs of this all-important stuff. Hence the vital importance of proper breathing. "Old Racer" maintains, and I believe rightly, that the proper way to breathe is through the nose, with long, deep breaths through the mouth shut, and not through the mouth in a jerky, gaspy fashion. I hope later on to give the best information obtainable on this very important point.

R. M. R. was playing not long ago in a football match, when the following incident happened:—At about ten minutes from time, one side was leading by a goal to nil; then one of the opposing forwards ran right through with the ball, the goal-keeper ran out, but missed his man; the forward shot, but what seemed a certain goal was spoilt by the goal-keeper's young brother, a spectator, who rushed on to the field and punched the ball away. The incident caused argument. The referee gave a penalty-kick (unfortunately not at the kid, who suddenly had an engagement "elsewhere.") The penalty-kick failed, and the match ended in the defeat of "R. M. R.'s" side instead of in a draw. What do I think? I think the referee was quite wrong; if the ball would have gone through but for the younger brother's interference, he ought undoubtedly to have awarded a goal.

Monkey Brand.—Yes; Ranji has really gone to India. He expects to be back at the end of April or early in May. Yes; I have caught myself playing ping-pong sometimes, and also billiards; casually, you know. I agree with you in your high estimation of the game of cricket, and of the cricketers you mention. Many thanks for your kind remarks.

A Very Old Reader.—It is delightful to discover that someone who actually owns a great-grandson is a constant reader of this magazine. Also it is delightful to receive from you so kind and so interesting a letter. The best advice I can give about your boy's bat is this: Let him stand upright, with his arms hanging full-length at his side, then measure on an upright stick the distance from the ground to his wrist-joint. That distance is the proper height for his bat. As to weight, it should be as light as can be for a bat of that height. If you write to Mr.

Alfred Shaw, of Shaw and Shrewsbury, Victoria-square, Nottingham, telling him the height of the bat you require, and that you want it as light as possible, he will, I expect, send you exactly what you want. You had better mention my name in writing to him. I hope your boy will grow up a good cricketer, and a fine fellow. He certainly ought to, with his family traditions, and with your wise sympathy. Please let me hear from you again. I shall be proud to accept your advice and suggestions.

H. A. W.—It is rather difficult to describe the whole art of half-back play in so short a space. You do not say whether you play centre or wing. Perhaps a description of the play of Needham and Raisbeck, and some other great half-backs, which I contributed to the *Strand Magazine* for February, might help you. One great secret of good half-back play is to watch your opponents' movements very closely, and to go for the ball not after but before it reaches its destination. You need to make an art of anticipating. In tackling you should worry rather than rush; you should stick to your man even though he beats you. You should aim at making things easy for your back, providing him with as many free-kicks as you can by judiciously keeping off your opponents from him. When you get hold of the ball, endeavour, unless close pressed near goal, to pass it accurately to one of your forwards—along the ground if possible. Keep close up in touch with your forwards when they are attacking.

E. Lewis.—If the position of goal-keeper is scorned by the rest of the team, all I can say is that the rest of the team is "a hass." In good football, it is recognised that no man is more important than the goal-keeper. If you buck-up, and become a good goal-keeper, a really good one, I will guarantee that many a club will jostle for your services. You are, I see, a bit of a joker. Nevertheless, I am obliged to you for your letter. I take it you do not want answers to all your questions.

G. S. J. K.—It is impossible to say which is the better of two bowlers, both first-rate, and each different in style from the other, like Trott and Rhodes. Both would play for a picked eleven representing the British Race. Trott's merit comes out best on hard, fast, true wickets; Rhodes excels on wet, sticky, or crumbled wickets.

Flip.—Please don't apologise for being a girl; we like them. If you have been playing hockey twice a week regularly since the beginning of the season, you ought to be pretty fit by now. But everyone is a bit stiff after a hard game. Even a highly trained professional footballer feels stiff after a cup-tie. Personally, I always feel a bit stiff the next day, but am all right the day after, unless very badly bruised; then it takes two days. Though you, like others, will probably doubt it, there is nothing to equal walking exercise, fast walking for from four to six miles, three or four times a week, for keeping one in condition. And there is nothing like a good walk for working off stiffness. Glad you took my hint about wearing a sweater after games. It beats me why the use of such a remarkably valuable article of attire as the sweater is confined to males, and males who play games.

C. C. Gover.—Of course, if you suddenly start off running quarter-miles without any previous training, you will feel stiff afterwards. Your muscles were not strained; they were simply sore and stiff from unaccustomed exercise. If you keep up your training your muscles will become used to the extra work and your stiffness will disappear. The best cure for stiffness is to have a quick hot bath immediately after your exercise, followed by a thorough good

rubbing and kneading, massage, in fact, of all your muscles, especially the muscles of your legs and of the small of your back. There is heaps of advice on training in back numbers of **THE CAPTAIN**. You ought to be able to jump well over 4 ft. Some jumpers can jump higher than their own heads.

A. R. Courtenay.—I do not know any book containing directions about the making of marl wickets. But you might be able to obtain information by writing to Mr. H. B. Daft, Nottingham, or to the Groundman, Mr. Bates, I think it is, Warwickshire County Ground, Edgbaston. There is no difficulty about it, except getting the right kind of marl. If you use local marl, you must be careful that there are no stones in it. I think the proper way is to dry the marl, then pound it, and then pass it through a fine sieve. Then the marl is spread over the turf in winter or early spring; the frost crumbles it, the rain washes it in between the root fibres of the grass, and when the time for rolling comes the whole surface rolls out smooth and hard. It is an excellent method of treating poor and friable turf.

O. H.—It is, of course, nonsense to say that Mr. MacLaren's team in Australia is a weak one. It is not fully representative of English cricket, and it is somewhat short of bowling, but it is quite a strong team, as strong as any team that is likely ever to go out there. You may gather my opinion of ping-pong above.

C. I. Hunt.—So far as I know there is no rule forbidding the goal-keeper to hold the ball as long as he likes, provided he doesn't take more than two steps carrying the ball. The referee was quite wrong, to the best of my belief, in awarding a free-kick. The phrase, "two clear goals," simply means an excess of two goals, e.g., a side winning by three goals to one is said to win by two clear goals.

Cliftonian.—I used to do some cross-country running at school, but not at Oxford. I am afraid I cannot speak as an expert. But, if I had your job on. I should train as follows:—Twice a week I should run from two to three miles across country at a good pace; once a week I should run, say, five miles at a very easy pace. I should try not to run two days running, but in between I should put in a couple of longish walks of from six to ten miles, going the first four miles as fast as I could and strolling the rest of the way. But I am not sure that this would not be too much for you. From what you say, I fancy your half-holiday runs should give you quite enough training. My school, sir, I am proud to say, was Repton.

R. L.—I am very glad to hear that you like my article on "Games Girls Can Play." It was very proper of you to read it to your friends, and it is pleasant to hear of their appreciation. No: tell your young brother that if he wants to be a good athlete he must not smoke until he is fully grown, which won't be for a long time yet; and even then he will be better without it. There is no reason why he should read Scott's novels if he doesn't like them: but he ought to read good books by good authors, and certainly not penny dreadfuls and that sort of trash. Still, I cannot imagine a boy not liking "Ivanhoe" and "The Fair Maid of Perth."

W. Bonghey and J. E. W.—From your descriptions of yourselves I should say that you were simply rather over-grown. You ought to take as much outdoor exercise as possible without overdoing it, and eat plain, wholesome food. I fancy bicycling would be very good for you.

Sport.—Ordinary running shoes, which you can get from any athletic outfitter, will suit you. But be careful to get a pair that fit you like a glove. You do not want any spikes in the heels; the usual number in the sole is four. Certainly the centre forward should pass to his outside men when he sees they are unmarked, except, of course, near goal, when the ball should be kept as much in the centre as possible. When the ball is being thrown in from touch, the centre forward should endeavour to place himself unmarked within reach of the throw.

H. Osborne.—Though I sympathise most heartily with your desire to qualify in stature for the South Notts Hussars, I am afraid I cannot furnish you with any specific for putting on more inches. I have been told that he who would grow should sleep with his legs straight out and not curled up; but I cannot vouch for the truth of this. You ought, of course, to get as much outdoor exercise as possible.

R. M. O. C.—Certainly it would not be bad play for the forwards on one side to run back and endeavour to deprive the other forwards of the ball near goal. Also it is better to give a corner or to kick into touch than to allow a shot at goal; but, of course, neither of these things should be done if danger can be averted otherwise. Young cricketers ought always to wear pads and gloves, both in practice and in matches. There is no way of becoming a good wicket-keeper except by practice. You must learn to stand close up to the wicket and to stand still. You must keep your hands wide open, with the fingers pointing downwards; you must not snap at the ball, but let it come right into your hands, so that the force of the ball causes your hands to close upon it. Of course, you must watch the ball very, very closely.

Table Bay.—I hope you received the picture safely. You will find some excellent advice on lawn tennis in the book on that subject by H. W. W. Wilberforce, in the "All England" series, and also in a little book on "Squash-Racquets," by E. H. Miles, in the same series. Then there is "Lessons in Lawn Tennis," also by E. H. Miles, published by Upcott Gill. The great secret of learning lawn tennis is to learn how to use your feet, and how to stand for the strokes. I liked South Africa very much when I was there. I did not play against the last South African team. No; I do not find writing these answers tedious work; if I did, I shouldn't do it. You see, the "Old Fag" and myself, and everyone else connected with **THE CAPTAIN**, take a genuine interest in our readers, and make a point of doing all we can for them. That is why our magazine succeeds.

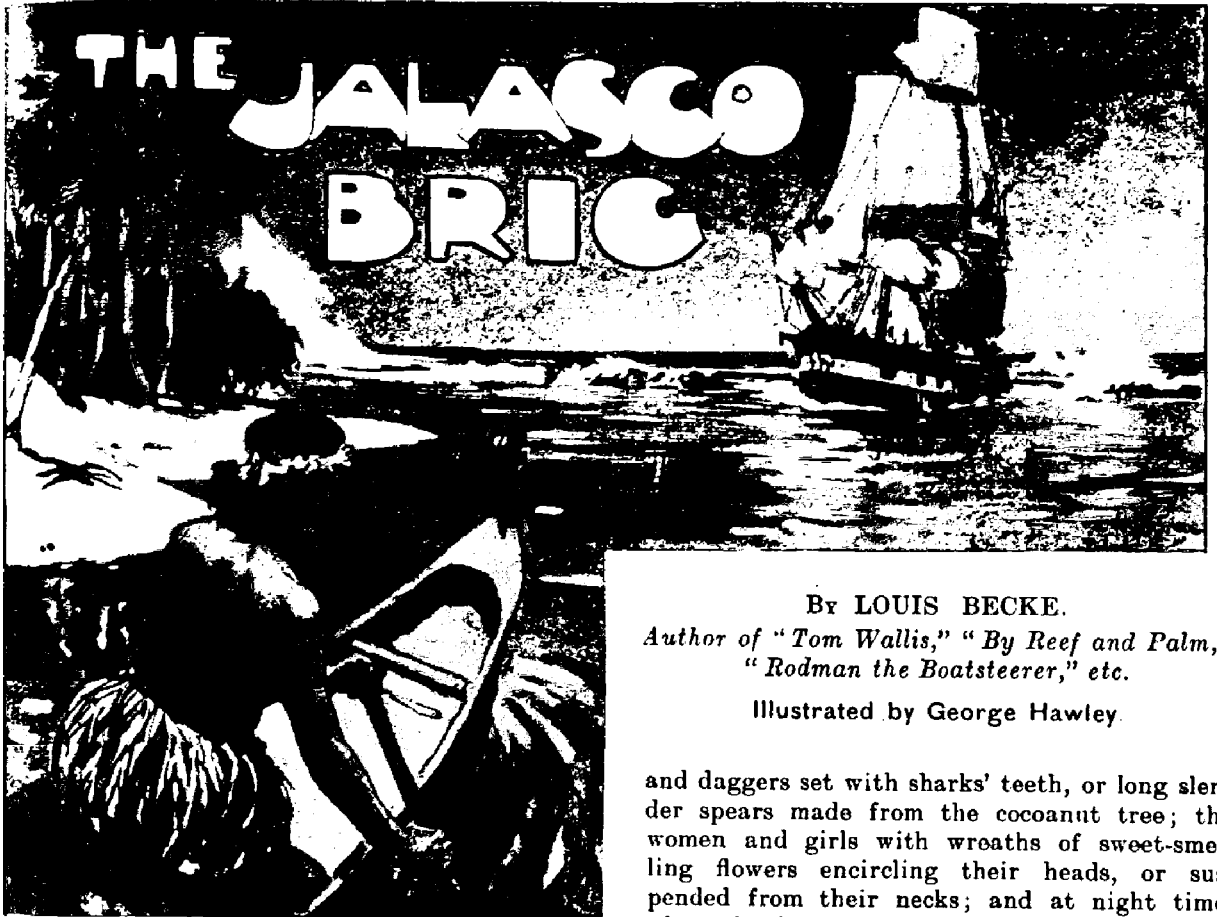
J. H. C. P.—The muscles belonging to growing boys are very variable commodities: it is impossible to give measurements that might be called normal. If you take my advice, you will abandon the heavy dumb-bells that you are using in favour of some weighing 1 lb. or 1½ lbs. each. Ten minutes or a quarter of an hour per diem is quite long enough for this sort of exercise. The great point is to work on a systematic course of exercises, so as to develop yourself uniformly all over. There are plenty of small books that describe the proper exercises.

W. J.—I know of no good book on Australian cricket of the sort you require. Still, you might like "With Stoddart in Australia." There is also a book by George Giffen, the exact name of which I forget.

C. B. F.



THE DAGOES VIVA'D BOTH EL CAPITAN ROWLEY AND SEÑOR KINGSTON MOST ENTHUSIASTICALLY.



CHAPTER I.

NUKUFETAU.

NEARLY a thousand miles north and west of Samoa, in the South Pacific, is a cluster of seven-and-thirty lovely palm-clad islands enclosing a spacious lagoon, marked on the charts as De Peyster's Island, but called by the people who dwell there Nukufetau, which signifies "the land of the *fetau* * tree," for of all the scores of groups and isolated clusters of low-lying coral islands in the North and South Pacific, Nukufetau excels in the size and beauty of its *fetau* trees, which there thrive well on the rich and soft but shallow soil, formed by the falling leaves of many hundreds of years mixing with decayed coral detritus, and continuously moistened by the warm tropical rain.

In the days of which I write—not much more than sixty years ago—a full thousand of vigorous, healthy and warlike brown people lived on the thirty-seven islands, and all day long canoes, with great lateen sails of mats, sailed to and fro across the lagoon from one island to another, carrying visitors from village to village, the men armed with heavy iron-wood clubs and swords

* *Calophyllum inophyllum*.

By LOUIS BECKE.

Author of "Tom Wallis," "By Reef and Palm,"
"Rodman the Boatsteerer," etc.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

and daggers set with sharks' teeth, or long slender spears made from the cocoanut tree; the women and girls with wreaths of sweet-smelling flowers encircling their heads, or suspended from their necks; and at night time, when the houses were in darkness, long lines of fires could be seen on every beach as the people of each village brought out their mats and spread them on the sand to sit and watch the young men and women dance their wild dances of the merry old heathen days, and hear the tales of those who, ten years before, had sailed with the great Foilape in his fleet of fifty canoes to the island of Nui, where he slew six hundred people, men, women, and children, and brought their skulls home to Nukufetau to adorn the temple of the god Erikobai. But now Foilape was dead, and his name might be spoken by even the lips of a child, though in his life even his most trusted warriors dared not speak to him but in a whisper, and with head bent low. And so now, because a new chief, who was less cruel and avaricious, reigned in his stead, the people of the thirty-seven isles made merry, though ever prepared for war with those of their race on Nui to the north, and Funafuti to the south.

To-day all is changed; the rattle of the wooden war drum has given place to the sound of the mission school bell, calling them together in the big white-walled church built of coral lime and stones, taken from the reef; and the remaining people of the group, especially those of the younger generation, know nothing

of the heathen laws, customs, and mode of life of their savage forefathers. All they do know is that those were the times of the *po uli uli*, i.e., the old heathen days, when men's lives were held cheaply, and when the whispered word or the open frown of the chief, and the ill-will of the priests of the god Erikobai, meant swift death by club or spear.

* * * * *

One morning, soon after daylight, and about eleven years after the despot Foilape had fled for his life to the neighbouring island of Vaitupu, a weather-worn brig made her appearance off the entrance leading into the lagoon, and, to the astonishment of the natives, without waiting for a pilot, sailed confidently in through the dangerous passage, and dropped her anchor off the principal village, which was situated on the fertile island of Teanamu. In a few minutes she was surrounded by a number of canoes, each trying to get alongside first, when the captain, who was standing on the poop, called out to them in English not to be in such a hurry. There was plenty of time, he said, as the ship wanted wood and water, and would remain in the lagoon for at least ten days. Could any of them speak English, he asked.

"Yes," replied a fine stalwart young native named Fonu (The Turtle), "I can speak English, and there are some more men here who can speak it, but not speak it good like me."

"Well, you and those with you come aboard, and tell the others that they can have a look at the ship some other time. I don't want my decks filled with people to-day. My crew are tired, and need rest, for we have had bad weather, and the ship is leaking so much that I may have to put her on the beach here."

This was good news for the natives, who knew that in all probability their services would be required in beaching the brig; and that they would be paid for their assistance in firearms and ammunition, tobacco, and fiery rum—the staple articles of trade in the South Seas in those wild days. That the brig was no ordinary trading ship they could see, for she carried ten guns, though manned by a very small crew. With such ships it was the custom—similar to that observed in the Society and Marquesas Islands—for every man of the crew to choose some particular native for his *soa* or friend.* When the time came for the ship's departure, a mutual interchange of presents took place. The seamen would give their *soas* such useful and greatly desired articles as sheath-knives, nails, metal buttons, etc., and would receive in return mats, native head-dresses, turtle shell, and other curios.

* Synonymous with the Tahitian *taio* and the Samoan *uo*.

The moment Fonu stepped on board, he shook hands with the captain, and then looked around him in admiration, for the brig, although heavily armed, and despite the small crew she carried, was in such excellent order that her decks and guns equalled in their smart appearance those of any man-of-war he had ever seen.

"Is this ship man-o'-war?" he asked.

"No," replied the master of the brig with a laugh, "but she was built to be a man-of-war, and was fitted out as one—that is why she has so many guns. When I bought her I bought the guns as well. Now come below, my friend, and have a glass of grog, and I'll tell you what I want done."

The native followed him into the main cabin, which was handsomely fitted up. Bidding him be seated, the captain called for liquor, and poured out some brandy into his visitor's glass. Then in a few minutes he told him what he required.

"I shall want wood and water, as I said. But first I need a lot of men—fifty at least—to help my crew take the guns from the decks and all heavy things from the hold on shore, so that she can be put upon the beach. We struck on a reef many weeks ago, and I think she's pretty badly hurt. Can you get the men for me?"

"The chief will do all you want," replied Fonu, who, however, went on to say that before the chief could undertake such an operation, he would have to consult Potiri, the head priest, who was practically the ruler of the whole lagoon. The priest, he explained, would, after the captain had made his requirements known, consult the oracle in the temple, and if the shades of certain deified ancestors of the people gave a favourable answer, the work would be at once proceeded with. But, the young native ingenuously added, it all depended upon what presents the captain made to Potiri, independently of what he paid the people for their labour.

"Ah, I see," said the captain, stroking his beard thoughtfully, "what do you think this chap Potiri would like?"

"Guns, powder and ball, red cloth, knives, axes—all such things."

"Well, he shall have four new muskets with bayonets, a keg of bullets, a keg of powder, and a lot of knives. I have no red cloth, but can give him two red shirts. Will you tell him this for me?"

Fonu's dark eyes sparkled at the mere mention of such a gift, and said he would at once go on shore, and speak to Potiri privately, before the captain paid his visit to the king. Then he inquired how it was that the brig was so easily able to enter the lagoon.

"One of my officers, who was here a long time

ago in a whaleship, told me he could pilot me in, and that the people here would not try to capture my ship and kill us. But there was a ship cut-off here once, wasn't there?"

Fonu replied frankly that the captain was correct. The ship was cut-off, and everyone on board killed. But that was long ago, when he was quite a little boy. Since then no further attempt had ever been made, for the people now

nished gold lace. Then, promising to meet the captain on shore, and conduct him to the chief, the young man took his departure.

As soon as he had left the cabin, the captain called the Chileno steward.

"Tell Mr. Merrill I want him."

A few minutes later, Merrill, the mate of the brig, entered the cabin, and, carefully closing the door, seated himself opposite the captain.



THE CAPTAIN MADE HIM A PRESENT OF SOME TOBACCO AND A NAVAL UNIFORM.

desired only to trade, and not fight with and kill white men. There were, he said, three or four men among them who could speak English. They had been to sea in whaleships; he himself, he added proudly, had been eleven years in English and American whaling and trading ships, and had been to Sydney, London, and New Bedford.

As an indication of his good-will, the captain then made the native a present of some tobacco and a naval uniform much ornamented with tar-

CHAPTER II.

A CHANGE OF FRONT.

NO two men more unlike in personal appearance and manners could be imagined than Captain Benjamin Rowley and his chief mate, Thomas Merrill. The former was tall, stout, broad-shouldered and bearded, talked volubly and was careless, almost dirty, in his dress; Merrill was short, slender, clean-shaven, particularly neat in his clothing.

which fitted him perfectly, whereas Rowley's garments looked as if they had been cut out with a knife and fork and fitted by a one-armed tailor.

"Well, Ben," said Merrill, with an unmistakable American accent, "how did you get on?"

"First rate, first rate, Tom," replied the captain, leaning back in his chair and squaring his huge shoulders, "take a drink, and I'll tell you all about it."

The American helped himself sparingly to some brandy, and then, lighting a cigar, listened carefully to Rowley's account of his interview with Fonu.

"So you see, Tom, we'll get along all right with these people here; and what Kingston said he had heard of them is true, so he has played fair with us. What is he doing now?"

"Nothing particular. I was waiting to see what you wanted done."

The captain considered for a few moments, and then turned his ruddy, rather pleasant-looking face to his officer, and said, as he laid his hand upon the table:

"Look here, Tom Merrill. You and me have been together a long time now, and you know the kind of customer I am, and that I've done some queer things in my time—tougher jobs than collaring this brig, as you know—and my conscience is pretty elastic; but I *don't* like—no, I'm hanged if I like the idea of treating him badly. It 'goes agin me,' as you Yankees say."

Merrill nodded. "Well, what are you going to do? I reckon I don't bear the chap any ill will. He's as good a sailor man as ever chewed dead horse meat and wanted to buy a farm."

"We *must* make him come in with us, Tom. I'll try him again."

"Guess you might as well try to teach a buffalo how to make buckwheat cakes. He won't do it. If it wasn't for the girl he'd have more sense."

"Ah, that's it. I didn't act square with him in the first place when I met him that night in Arica, and then, as you say, the girl is always in his mind. But I'll try him again, Tom. I can't bring myself to put him ashore on any of these islands; besides, he's useful. We must have someone to navigate."

Something like a smile flickered across the American's face. "We're a mighty poor pair of pirates, Ben. What you ought to have done in the first place was to have sounded him carefully, and when you found he was not the sort of man we wanted, looked for someone else. But you didn't, and so there's no use talking about it. And unless we put him ashore somewhere between here and the Bonin Islands—at some island where ships are few and far between—we'll make a mess of things. And what is more, if he

gets a ghost of a chance to recapture the ship, he will try to do it."

"He will, Tom," said Rowley gloomily, "but I think the men know you and me too well to let him try it on."

Merrill's hard, saturnine, yet handsome features relaxed, and a grim smile moved his lips. "They do, and they well know, too, that none of them can put foot ashore again anywhere between Valdivio and Callao. No, Ben, the men are all right. Kingston, I am pretty sure, has tried to sound them, once since the nigger disappeared and once since we lost the steward, although they have said nothing about it to us."

Rowley made no remark. He was thinking deeply. Then, after helping himself, he pushed the decanter of brandy towards Merrill. They drank together in silence. Then the mate rose to go on deck.

"Set the hands to unbend sails, Tom," said the captain, "the sooner we get her on the beach, the better. I'll fix up matters with the natives, and be back before dinner time. Now tell Kingston I want to see him. I'll try him once more."

Captain Rowley sat waiting impatiently, drumming on the cabin table with his fingers. Then, as the man he was expecting entered the cabin, he motioned him to a seat.

The new comer was a man of about thirty years of age, dressed in the usual style of merchant officers of those days. His face, neck, and hands were tanned a deep reddish-bronze by long years of exposure under torrid suns and wild skies, and his features, though handsome, were somewhat too lined and stern for a man of his years. As his grey, deep-set eyes met those of Rowley, the latter, who had plenty of assurance and bulldog pluck, felt something like a blush creep up to his temples.

"Won't you take a glass of grog, Mr. Kingston?" he began, somewhat shamefacedly.

"No, I won't. I'd rather lend the mate a hand. He tells me you are going to unbend sails."

"Yes, I am. And then I'll put the brig on the beach; but first I want to talk to you, Mr. Kingston."

"Well, go ahead, but don't spin it out too long," said Kingston, looking him squarely in the face again.

"Look here, Kingston," said Rowley, rising from his seat, and placing both hands on the table, "I ask you for the last time—won't you join us? A third share of the plunder, man."

"And I tell you for the last time that I'll see you and your fellow pirate hanged—and, by heaven, you deserve to be hanged—before I will have anything to do with you and Merrill

and your Chileno gaol-birds, or share any of your plunder."

Captain Rowley's face purpled. "Stop," he said hoarsely, "for your own sake don't try me too far. Look here, man . . . I mean well to you, by heaven I do. You saved my life in the Paumotus, and——"

"And you have ruined mine," retorted Kingston fiercely. "I was a fool to do it. I should have let you drown."

"Don't drive me to desperation, breathed rather than spoke Rowley, "I am not in a mood to be trifled with. For your own sake——"

"Do what you please!" and with a defiant glance, Kingston strode from the cabin and went on deck.

Shortly afterwards Rowley appeared, followed by one of the Chileno seamen, who was carrying a number of articles intended as a preliminary present for the chief. One of the quarter boats was lowered and manned by half-a-dozen sailors. Captain Rowley having taken his seat, she set off for the shore.

At the landing-place the boat was met by Fonu, and some of the leading men of the island, by whom the captain was conducted to the *fale kaupule* or council house, where the head chief and his *kaupule*, or councillors, awaited him. After the usual florid compliments—which all Malayo-Polynesians are fond of paying and receiving—had been exchanged through Fonu, who acted as interpreter, Rowley made his request for assistance to enable him to repair his ship, and named the number of muskets, etc., which he would give in return. As Fonu had told him, the chief replied that he and his people were quite willing to do all that was desired, but that the head priest, Potiri, would first have to consult the oracle of the gods; the captain, however, should have an answer by sunrise on the following day.

This finished the interview, and Rowley, whose



"I ASK YOU FOR THE LAST TIME—WON'T YOU JOIN US?"

herculean proportions were greatly admired by the people, returned to the ship, accompanied by Fonu, quite satisfied, for the young native informed him that he had seen Potiri, who would not fail to tell the people that the gods wished them to render every

assistance and hospitality to the white men.

So, as soon as he reached the deck, he instructed Merrill to send down the royal masts, topmasts, and upper yards, and have all ready to haul the brig in to the shore early on the following morning.

At supper time, much to his and Merrill's surprise, Kingston seemed to have quite forgotten the morning's brief altercation between the captain and himself, and conversed freely with them both, displaying an interest in Rowley's account of his reception by the natives, and of Potiri's priestly power. Then he inquired if he (Rowley) had been told by the natives which was the best spot to beach the vessel.

"They want me to haul her in right abreast of the village," replied the big captain, "but I

don't like the place at all; it would suit them, of course, and that's all they care about, but there's not enough 'fall' from the water's edge, and I'm afraid we can't get at her keel if we put her there."

"What about that flat stretch of reef in front of those two little islands," suggested Kingston, with unusual affability, "it was quite dry when we anchored this morning, and at high water there must be a good eight or ten feet of water on it."

"The very place!" exclaimed Rowley. "I'll go and look at it in the morning."

Just before sundown the captain again went on shore, and returned rather late in the evening. Kingston was walking the deck, smoking his pipe.

"That was a good idea of yours, Mr. Kingston," said Rowley, "even the natives, though they wanted me badly to put the ship on the beach right in front of the village, say that the place you saw is the best; it is hard, smooth rock, and we can work better at her there than on soft, sandy mud."

Then he paused, and said with a certain affected bluntness.

"I think I'll have a tot and turn in. Won't you join me?"

"Thank you, I will," replied Kingston promptly, and secretly delighted at the second officer's change of demeanour, Rowley led the way into the cabin, where the two remained for quite half-an-hour, talking on various matters, but each carefully avoiding any allusion to the cause of the disagreement between them.

Then, bidding each other good night, Rowley retired to his state-room, and Kingston, whose mind was full of a project which had come to him but a few hours before, went on deck to think it out undisturbedly.

And as Kingston paced to and fro on the quarter deck, Rowley tapped at the mate's open door, and Merrill sat up in his bunk.

"I think he's coming round, Tom," said the captain in a whisper.

"Maybe," said Merrill, pessimistically, "reckon we can't tell till we know for certain. Good night."

CHAPTER III.

KINGSTON DRAWS HIS PAY.

THE night was wondrously bright and calm, and Kingston, as he paced to and fro on the quarter deck, busied as he was with his own thoughts, could not but gaze upon the beauties of the scene before him. The brig lay motionless upon the sleeping lagoon, which, save

for the occasional ripple or splash caused by a fish coming to the surface, was as smooth as a sheet of glass, and reflected upon its bosom the steady light of myriad stars.

Astern, and within half a mile, the clustered houses of the native village stood out sharp and clear, with a background of tall palms lifting their plumed heads against the western sky. In front of the village, on a beach of snow white sand, lay a long row of canoes, on which women and children sat and talked and sang, as they waited for the men to come forth from the houses and launch their frail craft for the night's fishing out beyond the white line of tumbling surf which forever beat upon the barrier reef a mile away. And then, on either hand of the brig, as he turned his face for'ard, were the curving, palm-fringed beaches of the other isles encompassing the lagoon, with here and there a faint glimmer of firelight showing through the groves of some little village nestled therein.

Less than two years before that evening, Kingston had thought himself one of the luckiest men in existence, for, after sixteen years of seafaring life in all quarters of the globe, beginning as an ordinary seaman, and working up to chief mate, he found himself master of a fine brigantine employed in the West Coast of South America trade.

The brigantine was named the *Rosa Forestier*, after one of the daughters of the owner, a Captain Forestier of Valparaiso, one of the wealthiest merchants of that city. Kingston had joined her by the merest chance.

Mate of a leaky coal-laden ship which had arrived at Valparaiso from an Australian port and had been condemned after survey, he found himself unable to get another berth unless he liked to sink his dignity and ship before the mast.

One day, after three weeks' idleness, he went to his lodgings, which were over a combined grocer's, ironmonger's, bookseller's and stationer's shop in the Almendral. The proprietor was an Englishman who had been long settled in the country. He would often ask Kingston as he passed through the shop to sit down and smoke a cigar. On this occasion, however, the young man saw that there were customers being attended to by his landlord—a gentleman and three young ladies, who were, he could see at a glance, English people, and indeed, as he passed by them, after raising his hat, he heard them speaking in English. A few minutes after he had entered his room, he was surprised by his landlord coming to his door with a smiling face.

"You've just arrived at the right time, Mr.

Kingston. That is Captain Forestier. He owns several vessels sailing out of here and Concepcion. I happened to mention that you wanted a ship, and he says he should like to see you. So come along."

Kingston needed no pressing. He at once followed the landlord, and was introduced to Forestier, a tall, keen-eyed, business-like man of sixty, and in five minutes he was practically engaged as master of the *Rosa Forestier*, whose captain had died suddenly the day previously, just as the vessel was on the point of sailing for Concepcion.

"When can you go aboard?" queried Forestier, in his sharp, abrupt manner, as he looked Kingston up and down.

"At once."

"Ah, that's right. I'll go with you, and we'll call at the Custom House on our way. Speak Spanish?"

"Pretty well."

"Good. Now, sir, we'll go. Ah, I forgot—Mr. Kingston, my daughters. Your new command is named after my second daughter, Miss Rosa Forestier. Now, girls, drive home; don't wait for me."

Kingston enjoyed but one brief glimpse of Rosa Forestier's face. She was very lovely, he thought, lovelier than her two sisters, and he wondered whether he would see her again. Most probably not, he reflected. Her father did not look the sort of man who would be likely to invite one of his captains to visit his house, and, anyway, what business had he, a man without a dollar, to let any woman come into his thoughts?

With Forestier he boarded the brigantine, and was well satisfied with his first command. On the following day he sailed for Valdivia, with which place his employer did a large trade, always sending there every few months one of the six vessels he owned.

From the very first Kingston met with good luck, returning to Valparaiso much sooner than Captain Forestier expected, and was duly complimented upon the quick passage he had made. His next voyage was to Callao, where Forestier had a branch of his business, and on this occasion the merchant himself came with him as supercargo.

During the voyage there and back he watched Kingston closely. Himself a seaman of great experience, and used to the controlling of rough and mutinous crews, he could not but admit to himself that in Edward Kingston he had found a man who, though so young, was every whit as capable and resourceful as he himself was in times of emergency and danger. When they returned to Valparaiso after a highly successful and profitable voyage, he invited Kingston to his

house, introduced him to his friends, and eventually desired him to consider that house his home whenever the *Rosa Forestier* was in port.

For Captain Forestier never for one moment dreamt that Kingston, privileged guest as he was, would presume to lift his eyes to one of his daughters; had he entertained the slightest suspicion of such a thing, he would, in nautical parlance, have brought that daring young man up with a round turn, and curtly told him that his services were no longer required. Always busied in his money-making, he never noticed that Rosa and Kingston were very often together; her mother and sisters, who all liked the handsome young sailor, giving them every opportunity of meeting. Before he had been a year in Forestier's employ, he had told Rosa of his love, and she had promised to be his wife.

It so happened that, on the very day he had told Rosa of his affection, her father returned home in a more than usually good temper, and informed Kingston, who was just on the point of returning to his ship (which was to sail on the following day), that he wished to see him at his office in the morning, as he thought he should have "some pleasant news" for him.

"And I too wished to see you, sir, to-morrow morning," said Kingston, as he bade his host good-bye, and went off, wildly elated.

At eleven o'clock he found his employer in his office. He was smoking a cigar, and looked the personification of good humour and business contentment.

"Ha, here you are, Kingston. Sit down. Take a cigar. Just got definite news about a certain matter. You have heard of the *Jalasco* brig?"

"Yes, sir; I have been told she is one of the fastest brigs on the coast."

"Well, I've had my eye on her for a long time. Just the vessel for the Chiloe and Patagonian trade, new, well-armed, fast and of good carrying capacity. Moreno Brothers, I knew, wished to sell her, as they are in a tight place, but they wanted too much coin. However, to make a long story short, I made them an offer for her some weeks ago—thirty thousand dollars—and this morning Diego Moreno came and accepted it. And you are to have command of her. Riecke (Kingston's chief mate) shall have the *Rosa*. The *Jalasco* is on her way down from Callao now, and ought to be here in a few weeks; so you can wait for her, and I'll send the *Rosa* to sea. Hope you're satisfied?"

"Indeed I am, sir," said Kingston gratefully, "she is a beautiful vessel; and though I am sorry in one way to leave the *Rosa*, I shall be proud to command her," and then, without further ado, and thinking it a fitting moment, he bluntly told

his employer of his love for Rosa, and asked his consent to their engagement.

Captain Forestier heard him in silence; then he rose from his seat, and his face was set, stern, and cold.

"I thought," said the old man slowly, as he bent over towards Kingston, and almost scowled at him from under his thick, bushy eyebrows, "that you were a man whom I could trust. I have done much to advance you. You have returned my confidence in you by ensnaring the affections of my daughter in an underhand and clandestine manner. You are a dishonourable scoundrel, and from this moment are no longer in my employ. Attempt to see my daughter again at your peril. . . . Stop!" and he raised his clenched hand passionately, "I will hear no excuses—your conduct admits of none. I will thank you to at once remove your effects from the brigantine. My cashier will pay you whatever is due to you."

Then stepping to the door that opened into the main office, he called the cashier.

"Mr. Thompson, Captain Kingston has left my service. Pay him whatever is due, together with three months' extra money."

Too stunned to attempt any further protest, yet burning with mingled shame and anger, Kingston followed the sympathising cashier into the outer office, drew what money he was entitled to, but refused to accept the extra three months' pay.

Then he went to his friend the English store-keeper, who readily promised to be the means of communication between himself and his sweetheart. So he sat down and wrote a long letter to Rosa, telling her all that had occurred, and saying that he would never give her up.

"I shall leave here to-morrow, dearest," he concluded, "for Callao, where I am in great hopes of getting a berth in one of Lorimer's vessels trading along the coast. But I shall have to begin as second mate again, I fear. Let us hope that your father will receive me differently when I ask him for you again. If he does not—well, then, I shall take you."

CHAPTER IV.

A DEAD MAN TELLS A TALE.



ON the following day Kingston took passage in a small Spanish vessel bound to Arica, from where he was pretty sure of getting to Callao. But in this expectation he was disappointed when he reached Arica, and was told that he might

have to wait a month or more before any vessel would leave Arica for that port. However, he had no choice but to wait, so resigned himself to the inevitable.

He took up his quarters at a house much frequented by the captains of English and American ships. It was kept by an ex-American whaling captain, a man named Vigors, whose wife was a Spanish woman. It did not take Kingston long to learn that both Vigors and his pretty little wife were engaged in smuggling operations, which were connived at by the port authorities, who shared in the proceeds.

Almost every day and night, Vigors was visited by numbers of ruffianly looking characters, with whom he would hold long conversations in private. They all, of course, Vigors included, spoke in Spanish, and did not seem to care whether Kingston, who, as Vigors knew, understood that language, overheard them or not. However, as they were always perfectly civil to him, and Vigors himself tried to make him as comfortable as he could in his so-called hotel, he endured their presence in the evenings with patience. In the daytime he contrived to pass the time fairly well, making excursions into the country through the fertile Azape Valley, returning at dusk to the Hotel La Serena, as Vigors's establishment was called. Sometimes the host, when he was not engaged with his smuggling friends, would play a game of cards with him for moderate stakes, and on one occasion, when Kingston had lost, and handed a gold coin to Vigors, the latter frankly advised him not to display his money too freely in Arica, especially in his house.

"These friends of mine you see here are a pretty tough lot, and the sight of gold would be a bit too much for them. And I guess I don't want anything to happen to you through any fault of mine."

Kingston thanked him for his candour, said he would be careful, and from that time took rather a liking to the man.

One evening, on his return from his usual ride into the country, he found that Vigors had a visitor, a big, florid-faced man whom he introduced as Captain Rowley, and who had, he said, just arrived from Callao in a coasting vessel. He and Vigors were evidently old acquaintances, and the *habitues* of the house also seemed to know the new comer very well, for he addressed most of them by their Christian names, and was very liberal to them in the way of refreshments. He seemed pleased, "as a brother Englishman," to make Kingston's acquaintance, and before half-an-hour had passed the two were on very friendly terms, telling each other of their sea-faring experiences in various parts of the world.

Rowley seemed much interested when he learned that Kingston knew the South Sea Islands and the China Seas pretty well—having been second mate of a Hobart Town whaler for several cruises, as well as having had many years' experience in trading vessels.

"And so you're going to Valparaiso to look for another ship?" he said meditatively, after Kingston had told him practically all his story—for he somehow felt attracted to the big, voluble, red-faced captain—"there's not much in that, is there? I know the Lorimers—mean lot, I can tell you. Forestier isn't any better, or he wouldn't have served you as he did. Why, does he think he's going to marry the girl to a prince of the blood royal? It was a dirty kick-out for you, I must say."

"It was," said the young man, his face flushing with anger as he thought of the old merchant's insults.

"Now, look here," said Rowley, with sudden confidence, "you chuck up this idea of going to Callao. There's nothing in it, and it'll take you a month of Sundays to make any money. Come with me. You're just the man I want. You know the South Seas and the China coast; I don't, and neither does my mate. I'll give you rattling good money if you'll do second mate's duty, and help us in the navigating work; for, to tell you the truth, neither Merrill—that's my mate—nor myself are good navigators, though we're right enough along the coast."

"Where is your ship?" asked Kingston in surprise.

"Not far off by this time," replied Rowley, with a laugh. "Now look here, I'll tell you the whole truth. I've got a fine brig, and I've been making a pretty penny in the contraband line between Panama and the southern ports, but when I was ashore in Callao a few weeks ago a friend of mine there told me that my brig was to be seized within a few days, and that I was being watched. He helped me to get away into the country that night, and took a letter from me off to my mate telling him to slip his cable and skip, and pick me up at Arica. I'm safe enough here, as I'm among friends, and I expect Merrill every day now. He won't come to an anchor, but there's a couple of men on the top of the morro on the look-out for him day and night, and Vigors has a boat ready to put me aboard. Now, what do you say?"

"First of all, I want to know where you are bound to?"

"China. I'm sick of this trade; it's too risky, though there's a lot of money in it. The brig

is well armed, and just the right sort of 'ship for the opium trade."

"I don't particularly care about leaving South America," said Kingston, who was thinking of Rosa.

"No, I dare say not. But look here," and Rowley bent forward with an eager light in his staring blue eyes, "I want you badly—that's the truth. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will see us safe into Macao harbour, I'll give you two thousand dollars."

"You *must* have made money," said Kingston with a laugh.

"I've done pretty well, pretty well, and mean to do better. Now, is it a deal?"

"Yes, I can't resist such a good offer. Two thousand dollars means a lot to a poor man like me."

"Come here, Jimmy, my buck," cried Rowley gleefully to Vigors, "bring us some writing gear. Mr. Kingston here and me are doing a bit of business."

Vigors brought writing materials; in a few minutes Kingston had signed an agreement to navigate the brig *Blossom* to Macao for two thousand dollars, and Rowley paid one quarter of the sum down in gold.

That night he wrote a long hopeful letter to Rosa, telling her of his good fortune, and saying that with two thousand dollars added to what he had previously saved, he would at least be able to buy a share in a small vessel on the South American coast, and, all going well, would be back in Valparaiso within twelve months. The letter with the money he confided to the care of Vigors—whom he felt he could trust—to send to Rosa *viâ* his friend the storekeeper in Valparaiso.

Two or three days after he had signed the agreement with Rowley, the latter suddenly left Vigors's establishment. He took with him eight or ten of Vigors's smuggling friends. They were all armed and mounted, and Kingston saw the party ride off in the direction of the Azape Valley.

On joining Vigors and his wife at breakfast, he found a note from Rowley, telling him to hold himself in readiness, as, all going well, he (Rowley) expected that the brig would be off Arica that or the following night, and that Vigors would have a boat in readiness to convey him on board.

"Why could not he wait here till the brig was off the port?" asked Kingston, naturally enough, of Vigors.

The American shook his head, and said that that would not do—the authorities of Arica,

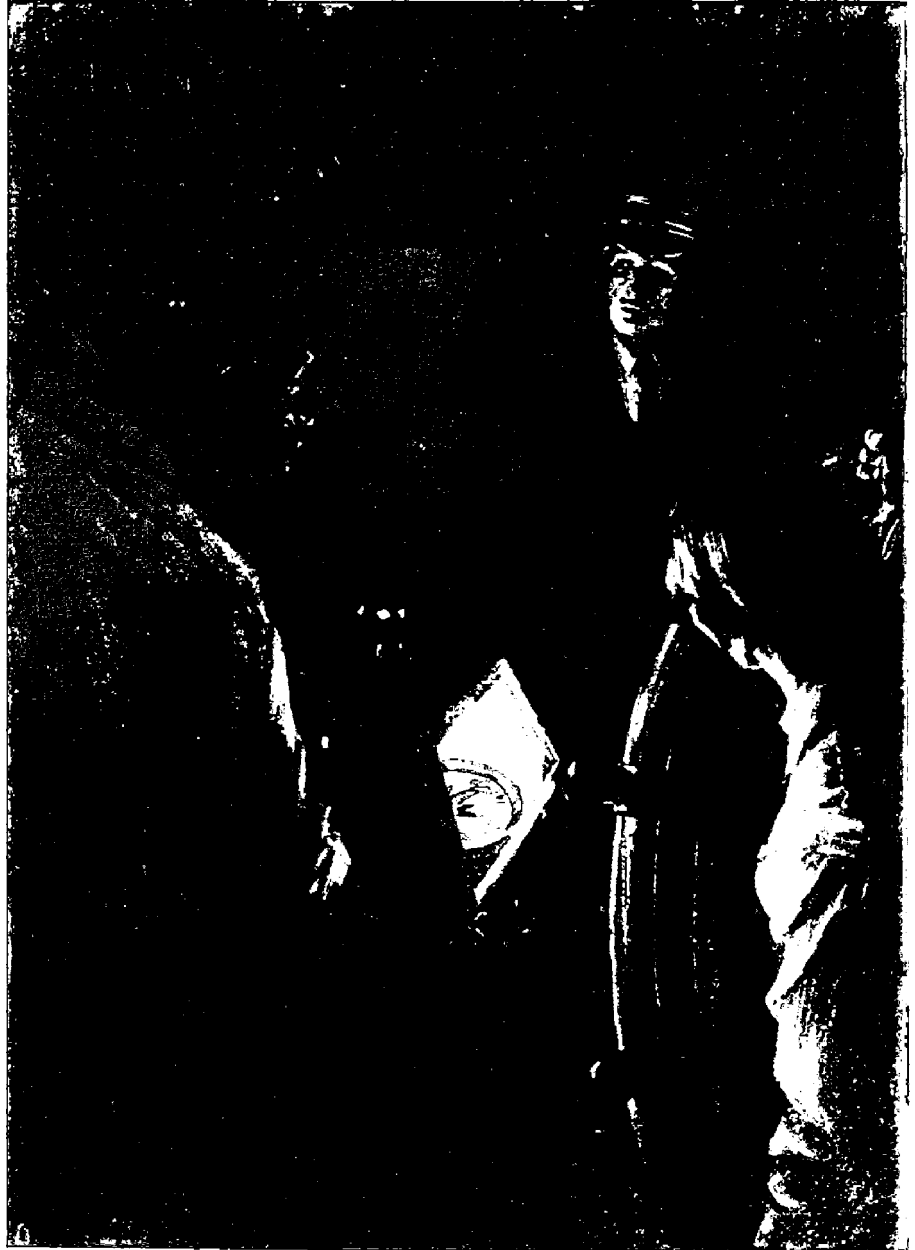
although they were actually concerned in many of his and Rowley's transactions, dared not wink at his openly leaving the country under their very eyes, when a price was offered for his apprehension, and the Government had given orders for the seizure of the brig. Therefore, he added, Rowley had gone off with his party along the coast to a rendezvous arranged with Merrill, where the old crew, of whose trustworthiness he was not assured, were to be put ashore, and the men who had ridden away with him put in their places.

This sounded reasonable enough, and Kingston was quite satisfied when, after his usual game of cards with his host, he turned in. It was then about midnight, and, the night being cool, he was soon asleep. He had not slumbered, however, for more than an hour, when he was awakened by the sound of galloping hoofs on the dusty road. They stopped at the courtyard of Vigors's house, and presently he heard the American and his wife talking to someone in the adjoining room; a few minutes later Vigors came to his room and called to him to dress.

"Hurry up, Mr. Kingston. Rowley is lying to outside. The boat is all ready."

Dressing himself as quickly as possible, and pitching his few belongings into a bag, he went into the other room, where Vigors was awaiting him. Bidding Señora Vigors a warm good-bye, he followed his host along the deserted sea front to the waterside, where a boat manned by two men was lying. They passed close beside the guard-ship lying in the centre of the port without being challenged, and, rounding the

northern arm of the harbour, saw the brig lying to about a mile away under the dark shadow of the beetling morro. No lights were visible on board. Taking up a lighted lantern, which was standing in the bottom of the boat, partly covered by a coat, Vigors held it aloft for an instant.



"SHALL I GO FOR'ARD, SAH, AN' SEE DAT DOSE FELLOWS DON' KICK UP TOO MUCH BOBBERY!"

"She sees us," he said, as the brig, in response to the signal, at once filled and stood towards the boat, "pull, Miguel, pull, Pedro."

The boat was soon alongside, and Vigors and Kingston clambered on deck, where they were

met by Rowley and his mate, who shook hands with them.

"Ha, Mr. Kingston, welcome on board the *Blossom*," said the big captain effusively. "Now, will you please come on the poop with me, and take charge of the ship, as my mate and myself have to transact a little business with our good friend Vigors before he goes ashore. I'll call the hands aft first, however, before I go below, and 'talk some' to 'em, as my mate would say. Just to introduce 'em to you," and he laughed boisterously.

"Come aft, men," he bawled in English, "I want to speak to you for a minute. Show a leg, you yellow-hided Dagoes."

The crew trooped aft, and then Rowley addressed them vigorously in Spanish, telling them that the man who stood beside him was not only a personal friend of his, and a gentleman, but their new second mate as well; and also that he (Kingston) was able and willing "to knock the eyeballs out of any one, or the whole lot of them, if they didn't move along slipper." Then he wound up by telling them that he (Rowley) had no doubt that Señor Kingston, to show his good will towards his new shipmates, would allow both watches to drink his health in good French cognac, and that the steward would bring them up half a dozen bottles presently.

The "yellow-hided Dagoes" viva'd both el Capitan Rowley and Señor Kingston most enthusiastically, and Rowley, who seemed to be in most exuberant spirits, again shook hands with his second mate and went below, leaving Kingston in charge.

The steward brought up the bottles of brandy, and in a few minutes the entire crew gathered around the fore-hatch and about the windlass, and Kingston hoard them laughing and talking as they opened the bottles and drank freely of their contents.

Presently, a huge American negro, who was standing beside the helmsman, came up to the new officer and saluted.

"Good evening, sah. I'se de bos'un, sah. Shall I go for'ard, sah, an' see dat dose fellows don't kick up too much bobbery?"

"Just as you please, bos'un," replied Kingston, with a smile at the word "bobbery," which brought up old memories of East India "country ships" to his mind.

The business which Vigors had to transact with Captain Rowley and his mate did not take long to complete, for in less than a quarter of an hour the three came on deck together, all evidently in high spirits.

"Good-bye, Mr. Kingston. I wish you all good luck," said Vigors, warmly shaking the new officer's hand. "Good-bye, Ben; good-bye, Tom," and with two very large and heavy bags of dollars he went over the side into his boat, which at once pushed off and pulled shoreward. Then Rowley and Merrill again went below.

As Kingston paced to and fro on the poop, he became aware of a fact that, when he first stepped on board, he had not noticed—the decks had been washed down, and were not yet dry. No rain, he knew, could have fallen at that time of the year, and it was a strange thing to wash decks late at night.

Presently, as he passed the skylight, he glanced down and saw that Rowley and Merrill were engaged in the agreeable task of counting money. Quite one half of the cabin table was covered with bags of silver coin, piled three or four deep, while the contents of five or six bags lay in a loose heap before Merrill. Rowley had before him long rows of gold in piles, the amount of which, as he counted, he called out to Merrill, and then entered on a slip of paper.

"Very pleasant occupation," thought Kingston, as he turned away somewhat enviously, "smuggling must be a very lucrative business. If I had one twentieth part of that money, I would drop sailorising pretty quickly."

He walked to the fife-rail, and, leaning across it, looked for'ard, placing one foot on the edge of the waterway. Then he felt something soft against the toe of his boot. He stooped and touched it, and then shuddered.

He had touched a hand, and from the hand depended a body—held swinging there by the grim death-grip of the cold fingers.

Kingston sprang to the skylight, and looked down.

"Come on deck, Captain Rowley," he cried, "and tell me what sort of a craft this is; there's a dead man hanging to the rail here!"

Rowley glanced up swiftly, and Kingston saw that the burly skipper's face had gone as white as that of the dead sailor.

(To be continued.)

although they were actually concerned in many of his and Rowley's transactions, dared not wink at his openly leaving the country under their very eyes, when a price was offered for his apprehension, and the Government had given orders for the seizure of the brig. Therefore, he added, Rowley had gone off with his party along the coast to a rendezvous arranged with Merrill, where the old crew, of whose trustworthiness he was not assured, were to be put ashore, and the men who had ridden away with him put in their places.

This sounded reasonable enough, and Kingston was quite satisfied when, after his usual game of cards with his host, he turned in. It was then about midnight, and, the night being cool, he was soon asleep. He had not slumbered, however, for more than an hour, when he was awakened by the sound of galloping hoofs on the dusty road. They stopped at the courtyard of Vigors's house, and presently he heard the American and his wife talking to someone in the adjoining room; a few minutes later Vigors came to his room and called to him to dress.

"Hurry up, Mr. Kingston. Rowley is lying to outside. The boat is all ready."

Dressing himself as quickly as possible, and pitching his few belongings into a bag, he went into the other room, where Vigors was awaiting him. Bidding Señora Vigors a warm good-bye, he followed his host along the deserted sea front to the waterside, where a boat manned by two men was lying. They passed close beside the guard-ship lying in the centre of the port without being challenged, and, rounding the

northern arm of the harbour, saw the brig lying to about a mile away under the dark shadow of the beetling morro. No lights were visible on board. Taking up a lighted lantern, which was standing in the bottom of the boat, partly covered by a coat, Vigors held it aloft for an instant.



"SHALL I GO FOR'ARD, SAH, AN' SEE DAT DOSE FELLOWS DON' KICK UP TOO MUCH BOBBERY?"

"She sees us," he said, as the brig, in response to the signal, at once filled and stood towards the boat, "pull, Miguel, pull, Pedro."

The boat was soon alongside, and Vigors and Kingston clambered on deck, where they were

met by Rowley and his mate, who shook hands with them.

"Ha, Mr. Kingston, welcome on board the *Blossom*," said the big captain effusively. "Now, will you please come on the poop with me, and take charge of the ship, as my mate and myself have to transact a little business with our good friend Vigors before he goes ashore. I'll call the hands aft first, however, before I go below, and 'talk some' to 'em, as my mate would say. Just to introduce 'em to you," and he laughed boisterously.

"Come aft, men," he bawled in English, "I want to speak to you for a minute. Show a leg, you yellow-hided Dagoes."

The crew trooped aft, and then Rowley addressed them vigorously in Spanish, telling them that the man who stood beside him was not only a personal friend of his, and a gentleman, but their new second mate as well; and also that he (Kingston) was able and willing "to knock the eyeballs out of any one, or the whole lot of them, if they didn't move along slippy." Then he wound up by telling them that he (Rowley) had no doubt that Señor Kingston, to show his good will towards his new shipmates, would allow both watches to drink his health in good French cognac, and that the steward would bring them up half a dozen bottles presently.

The "yellow-hided Dagoes" viva'd both el Capitan Rowley and Señor Kingston most enthusiastically, and Rowley, who seemed to be in most exuberant spirits, again shook hands with his second mate and went below, leaving Kingston in charge.

The steward brought up the bottles of brandy, and in a few minutes the entire crew gathered around the fore-hatch and about the windlass, and Kingston heard them laughing and talking as they opened the bottles and drank freely of their contents.

Presently, a huge American negro, who was standing beside the helmsman, came up to the new officer and saluted.

"Good ebening, sah. I'se de bos'un, sah. Shall I go for'ard, sah, an' see dat dose fellows den' kick up too much bobbery?"

"Just as you please, bos'un," replied Kingston, with a smile at the word "bobbery," which brought up old memories of East India "country ships" to his mind.

The business which Vigors had to transact with Captain Rowley and his mate did not take long to complete, for in less than a quarter of an hour the three came on deck together, all evidently in high spirits.

"Good-bye, Mr. Kingston. I wish you all good luck," said Vigors, warmly shaking the new officer's hand. "Good-bye, Ben; good-bye, Tom," and with two very large and heavy bags of dollars he went over the side into his boat, which at once pushed off and pulled shoreward. Then Rowley and Merrill again went below.

As Kingston paced to and fro on the poop, he became aware of a fact that, when he first stepped on board, he had not noticed—the decks had been washed down, and were not yet dry. No rain, he knew, could have fallen at that time of the year, and it was a strange thing to wash decks late at night.

Presently, as he passed the skylight, he glanced down and saw that Rowley and Merrill were engaged in the agreeable task of counting money. Quite one half of the cabin table was covered with bags of silver coin, piled three or four deep, while the contents of five or six bags lay in a loose heap before Merrill. Rowley had before him long rows of gold in piles, the amount of which, as he counted, he called out to Merrill, and then entered on a slip of paper.

"Very pleasant occupation," thought Kingston, as he turned away somewhat enviously, "smuggling must be a very lucrative business. If I had one twentieth part of that money, I would drop sailorising pretty quickly."

He walked to the fife-rail, and, leaning across it, looked for'ard, placing one foot on the edge of the waterway. Then he felt something soft against the toe of his boot. He stooped and touched it, and then shuddered.

He had touched a hand, and from the hand depended a body—held swinging there by the grim death-grip of the cold fingers.

Kingston sprang to the skylight, and looked down.

"Come on deck, Captain Rowley," he cried, "and tell me what sort of a craft this is; there's a dead man hanging to the rail here!"

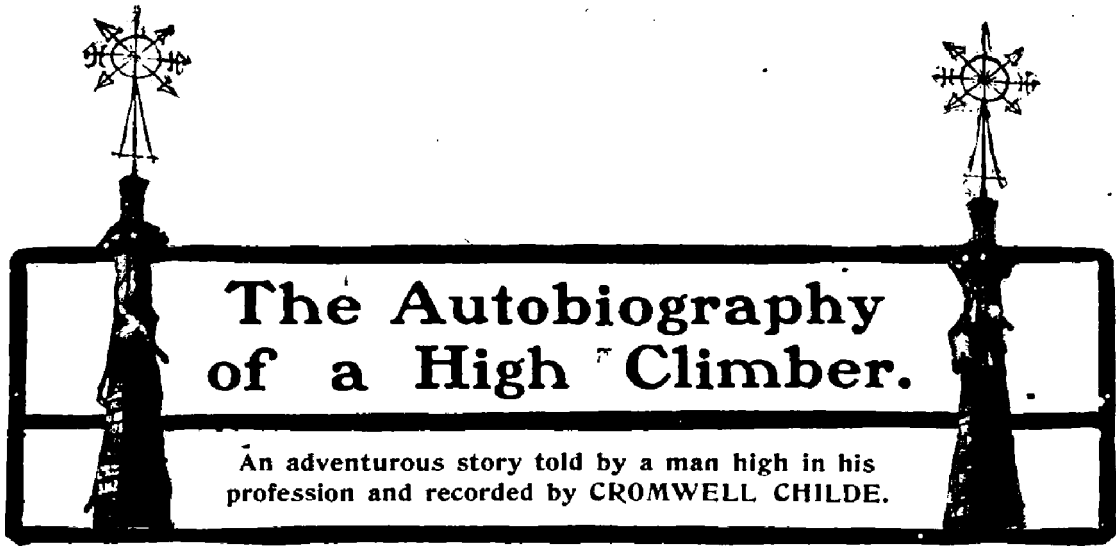
Rowley glanced up swiftly, and Kingston saw that the burly skipper's face had gone as white as that of the dead sailor.

(To be continued.)



JACK IN OFFICE.

From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.—Photo Woodburytype.



AUTOBIOGRAPHIES, as we know them, are recollections set down at the close of a successful life, dug, for the most part, out of memories of a distant past, frequently dry as dust and spiritless, of a day that is gone. The present memoir of activity differs from these. I came across its actor at a time when he was at the height of his career. Our acquaintance, begun in a commercial establishment of a large American city, just after his descent from the flag pole of the building, was finally cemented into friendship on a steeple, through my open-eyed admiration of his daring and skill. Thereafter we had many talks in my High Climber's little parlour, and unending was the series of stories he told. They are his autobiography.

"I was always supple," said John William Fletcher. "Tell about me from the beginning, and remember I am more than a 'Steeple Jack.' I don't like that word."

"That's why I am calling you a 'High Climber,'" I said.

The little man—at that moment, in his light blue shirt and white duck trousers, looking barely nineteen, though close to thirty—assented. "It's not only steeples with me—it's chimneys, brick and iron, 'stacks,' flag-staffs, domes, crosses, clock faces, windmills, water towers, weather indicators; gilding, painting, pointing, repairing, taking off from chimney tops and lowering heavy iron caps (caps that sometimes weigh six tons—I've handled them as heavy as seven and a half), down 200 and more feet, putting new caps up again, bolting iron bands round chimneys—everything

that's high up; yes, and I even straightened out a steeple once that was eighteen inches out of plumb."

"Do you never get 'leary'?" I asked; for a few hours before I had seen him 250 feet high in mid-air, his toes touching the cross on a steeple, a flimsy bit of rope and a scrap of "board" (his "boatswain's chair") being all that held him. "Can you look down when you are up so high? Most men who climb heights say you must never look below you."

The little man laughed. "I look wherever I please," he said merrily; "down, up, anywhere. I can tell you whatever is happening below me. I could keep track of what you were doing on the ground. Trouble me? No!"

I thought how, within the week, I had seen with my own eyes the High Climber take his pretty young wife, handicapped though she was by her skirts, up upon the gilded cross of a metropolitan spire; of how I had photographed him two days before, he on a steeple, I in a great lofty belfry across the street—and I believed.

"To see how I do it you must go 'way back,'" he said, "to when I was a boy of seven. Start there."

Then followed, in this and other talks, this string of romances and daring deeds aloft over the house tops, of surprising anecdotes, of which I am merely the historian.

* * * * *

"I started gymnastics when I was seven," said the High Climber, "in a circus. But there's a difference, I tell you, between the athlete of one o' those gymnasiums and a performer in a circus. What they do in a

circus came natural to me, though hundreds of men call themselves Steeple Jacks. Any man can call himself one. I am much more, because I was a circus gymnast who could do twisters, somersaults, the slack rope, contortion. That's why I can climb without stagg-ing, with hardly any rigging at all, with a little short piece of wood instead of a big



JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER AND HIS ASSISTANT.

clumsy chair, with only two coils of rope and a brace and bit, up to the top of anything. While some other fellows I know are working to put up their rigging, I climb up and do the job. It's the time that counts, and the thinking out how to do it.

"But at first, of course, I never thought of this business, or of the circus either. My people lived in Pennsylvania, at Manyunk, and then at Camden. When I was ten I was in a mill at Camden, tending a machine. One day 'Pugsy' O'Brien's circus came along. Like all the other boys, I went. Afterwards I said to a fellow who went with me—a fellow who always had his pockets full of money, 'Say, I could do better than all of those.' He knew I could, too. 'What?' he says. 'Yes,' I answered him. 'Let me have some money to get a suit and I'll show you.'

"The next day I went to the tent and saw 'Pugsy.' It was a little ten-cent circus, and 'Pugsy' was a big man with a gruff voice. When I'd told him what I wanted he said fiercely, 'Well, what can yer do?' I was just about to show him when his wife came in. 'Mr. O'Brien,' she said, 'what are you thinking of? I've waited for you over an hour now. The proper thing to do is to let the boy go in the ring to-night.' 'All right, boy,' said 'Pugsy' O'Brien. 'Come then.'

"That was just what I wanted. I was in the ring that night, you may be sure. The

regular performers made me dress in a pas-sage-way; pushed me in first. Everybody knew me; the whole town knew each other. They cheered me and called me by name. I was out of practice, but I never get stiff. I did everything. I went on the ladders, and I did a trick at balancing. I threw twisters and turned somersaults. After two nights of it 'Pugsy' took me on at the circus at twelve dollars a week (I'd been getting three a week in the mill), and later, with Barnum, I made as much as forty dollars.

"I have to laugh," went on the High Climber, "when I see all the heavy rigging that is used, four times too much on nearly every job, and not alone the jobs of my kind, but in all sorts of heavy weight raising. Every job I get I study out to do it in some simple way. My kit that I carry about with me is my two coils of rope—half-inch rope—a lot of short ends of rope (for tying), my brace and bit, and eighteen to twenty spikes. The board I use for a seat (about nine inches wide by fourteen long) I can pick up in any town, and also the ladders I need. The kit goes in a box that when packed does not weigh over seventy-five pounds. That's the way you learn to handle high work after you've been a circus performer.

"High climbing as a business came to me gradually. It was not long before I left 'Pugsy' O'Brien for Barnum, and for three years I travelled with that show as a gymnast. After I gave it up I went round giving exhibitions at state fairs and making balloon ascents. Meantime I was picking up all sorts of climbing work, and I saw that there was a small fortune waiting for me.

"The first job of this sort I had taken was after I had been travelling with Barnum about a year. The circus was showing in a little town, and a man who had seen me the night before and had thought I was pretty good, offered me ten dollars to climb his flag pole and put back the rope that had been pulled out. It was easy for me to shin that pole—easy money. 'But say,' said the man, when I came down the same way, 'why didn't you slide down the rope?' Now, that first set me thinking. I got fifteen dollars more for painting that flag pole, and after that every town we came to I used to hunt about for a flag pole to paint. I found lots of them, too.

"By that time I was a kid of nearly four-teen. It was not until another two years had gone that I got into the next branch of the



business. Then I happened to see a man painting a stack (an iron chimney, you know). I talked with him, and made up my mind that I could paint stacks, too. But all this time I was figuring on simple rigging. I began to hunt for stacks as well as flag-poles, and found them. A year from that time I was doing crosses.

"A High Climber, as you're calling me, doesn't get proper credit, sir. Do you know what high work means? It isn't playing monkey tricks on top of a steeple, doing a few fancy capers and getting in the newspaper. A man has to learn to be a mason, a mechanic, a copper worker, a carpenter, a painter. He must do everything high in the air that other workmen can do on the ground or up a little way. I have had to learn slating, too, gold leaf laying, soldering, sign writing, the principles of clocks. It is easy to climb, to show yourself off, but it's another thing to work at all these trades, in your little bo'sun's chair, and be spry with your rigging. It's something a man has to plan out different for every job."

Fletcher's pungent explanation of jobs of high work needs little comment. There is only to be said that while this High Climber makes no demur to expounding the puzzles of his kit, yet he holds as his little secret just how he gets down from a difficult perch. He has put the last leaf of gold on a steeple's cross. He lowers the "tent" that has sheltered him during the job (for no man can stick gold leaf on a surface 200 feet in the air exposed to every wind that blows). He slides sensationally down the last remaining rope, made fast to the top of the spire. He lands on the edge of the topmost window. A short, quick pull, and the rope made fast to the top of the spire-weight comes tumbling down as though never a knot had been tied in it. There is not a vestige of rigging now on the steeple.

"How in creation——" I began.

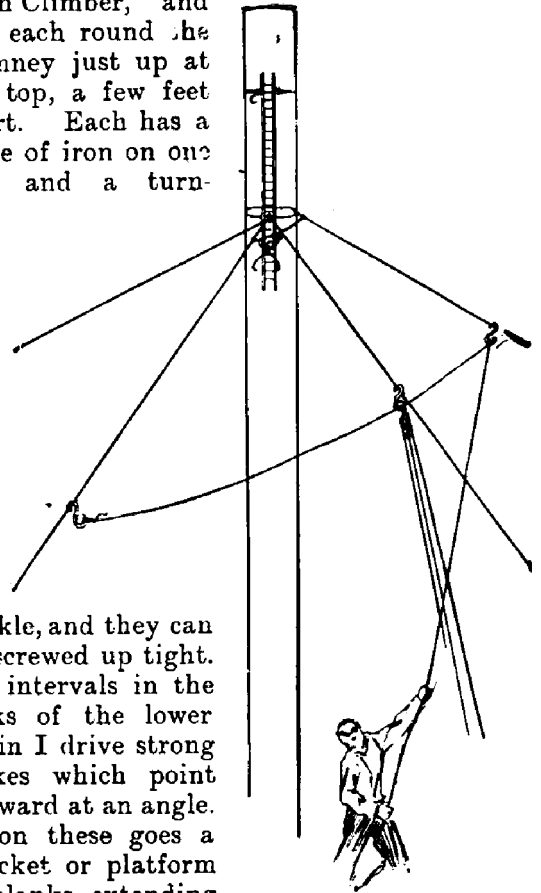
The High Climber only purses his lips and looks wise.

In all the annals of high work the present aerial historian has found nothing more remarkable than the way Fletcher contrives, almost single-handed, to lower the iron caps of several tons weight from the tops of lofty brick chimneys. Chimneys of to-day are sometimes mammoth towers. Some measure nine feet through, with a circumference of twenty-seven feet. Occasionally it falls to the lot of a High Climber to lift off the cap

of iron that is set atop of this. Therein rests a pretty problem in mechanics, truly a task for a latter-day Steeple Jack.

I shall explain later how a High Climber runs his ladders up a smooth surface of brick. This man can, indeed, climb to any height without ladders, or with a single ladder, used over and over again as he ascends. But for a complicated job like this a string of ladders run up to the top at the beginning is the simplest method.

"Once the ladders are in place, I carry up two chains," says the High Climber, "and put each round the chimney just up at the top, a few feet apart. Each has a piece of iron on one end and a turn-



THE RIGGING.

buckle, and they can be screwed up tight. At intervals in the links of the lower chain I drive strong stakes which point outward at an angle. Upon these goes a bracket or platform of planks, extending out about four feet and supported by ropes from the upper chair. This is my 'stage.' Now for the cap. I pass round the chimney two more chains, lower down, and when they are tight, slip into them a gin pole—a slender pole some forty feet long, and nine inches in diameter at the bottom, sloping up to five at the top. This pole has two hooks that fit into the links of the chains, and when a heavy weight is on it the hooks press down and hold the pole steady. My block and tackle goes at the top of the gin pole, and there you are for hoisting down. We crow-

bar the cap out until it swings clear, push it out until its end rests on the 'stage,' and let it carefully down. If the weight is very heavy I rig up two gin poles, join them at their tops by a beam, and fasten my block and tackle on the beam, directly over the cap.

"Getting up ladders is easy," went on the High Climber, "I can run them up a chimney 125 feet an hour. You start in with spikes and use a string of ladders about twenty feet long. You lash the ground ladder to the first spike, and to another spike near its top, always driving the spikes in firmly between the bricks. Then climbing to that first ladder's top, you drive in another spike as high up as possible. To this your block and tackle is fastened, your assistant hauls away from below, and the second ladder is pulled up. Set in place, its lower end is lashed to the first ladder; and now I go up it, though it's dangerous work, fasten its top to the top spike, drive in one more spike above, pull up a third ladder, and so on, to the top.

"But you don't need a ladder to get to the top of any chimney ever built. All chimney-scaling needs is a man who is not afraid, 'an all round performer,' as they say in the circus. With two pieces of rope and two poles about fifteen feet long each, with hooks at the end, and a man to help me, I can climb without difficulty. Each piece of rope has a loop on one end and a hook at the other, with another hook made fast in the middle, and another bit of rope hanging from it. The first of these pieces of rope we put round the chimney close to the ground, but as high up as we can reach, fastening the loop in the hook. Then standing on this and buckling the second piece of rope round the chimney, we shove it up with the two poles. My assistant, who is on the other side of the chimney, jerks down the rope that hangs from the middle hook of the upper buckling rope and fastens his bo'sun's chair to it. The weight on this rope tightens the rope round the chimney. Meantime I have hitched on my own bo'sun's chair to the same circle of rope on the other side, and, undoing the lower circle, we pull ourselves up to the upper, carrying our poles with us, and repeating the process over again.

"Remember," said the little man, "that the first part of the trick is to get a line up. You must change your ways according to circumstances. Here's how I once climbed a 250 foot chimney with never a ladder. The chimney was working full time at that mo-

ment, and the draught was a big one. I went in through the little door at the foot—say, it was hot!—and sent up five paper bags filled with gas with a string hitched on to them. Gee! how the draught did whirl 'em up to the top and outside!

"At the end of the cord there was a wire, at the end of a wire cable. It was dollars to doughnuts that a few moments after those bags were up they would bust and the cord and wire would fall somewhere on the outside. That's exactly what did happen. That gave me a line up and I could hoist my block and tackle easily.

"Say," he went on, "I fool people great sometimes. High Climbing takes originality. There was a stand-pipe in the water works of a Pennsylvania town, and its indicator got out of order. They sent for me and asked me what I would charge to get a rope up. 'Forty dollars,' I says, as soon as I understood the game, 'and I'll do it to-day. . . . want from you is to lower the water in your stand-pipe to ten feet from the bottom for a moment when I give you the word.' 'What's that for?' the boss says. 'Never mind,' says I, 'just do it. You can let it go right back to the top again.' The boss had thought that it was going to cost them over a hundred, and he was so tickled at the idea of getting it done for forty that he never said another word.

"Then I went and got a life-buoy and a monkey wrench. I slipped the life-buoy on, and gave the word to lower the water. Then, when no one was looking, I unscrewed the little door near the foot of the stand-pipe, stepped inside, told my assistant to screw up the door again and tell them to raise the water. Say, I floated up to the top in that pipe as nice as you please. I had my rope with a hook on the end of it with me. I fastened it to the top and came down it hand over hand.

"'When are you goin' to start, young feller?' said the boss when I saw him a few moments later, 'I see you haven't begun with your rigging yet.'

"'The rope's up now,' I says, 'I'm through.'

"'Bless me, how did you do it?' says he. 'Do you want to know?' says I. 'Well, don't tell any one, but in this little bag here I have a suction machine with leather straps. This machine goes around, the straps catch on to the pipe and pull me up!'

"Say, I think that fellow believed all I told him.

"You know, I went to Scotland several years ago, and while I was there I showed those foreign chaps some new things. They called me the Yankee Kid, and when I struck a job on the biggest chimney in Glasgow, what do you think was the first question they asked me? It was, 'What kind of a kite are you going to use?' Say, those fellows had been trying to get their lines up by flying kites! Three men had already tackled that job. One took seven days to get his line up, and had worked six weeks on the job without doing much; another fellow had taken five days of kite flying; I don't remember about the third, but, at any rate, the job was still to be done.

"That chimney, they say, is the largest chimney in the world. It is certainly a whopper, 375 feet high, 25 feet through, 75 around at its base, and 18 feet through at its top. The job was to put iron bands around it because it was cracked. I had my iron bands in two pieces, and, sitting in my boss's chair, bolted them together on each side, screwing up with a monkey wrench. I ran up ladders, as I've told you, to the top, and the very next morning after I'd put 'em in place the crowd stood around and said, 'Where'd he get that long ladder?' I had two blocks and tackles rigged up on that chimney, and hoisted my iron that way.

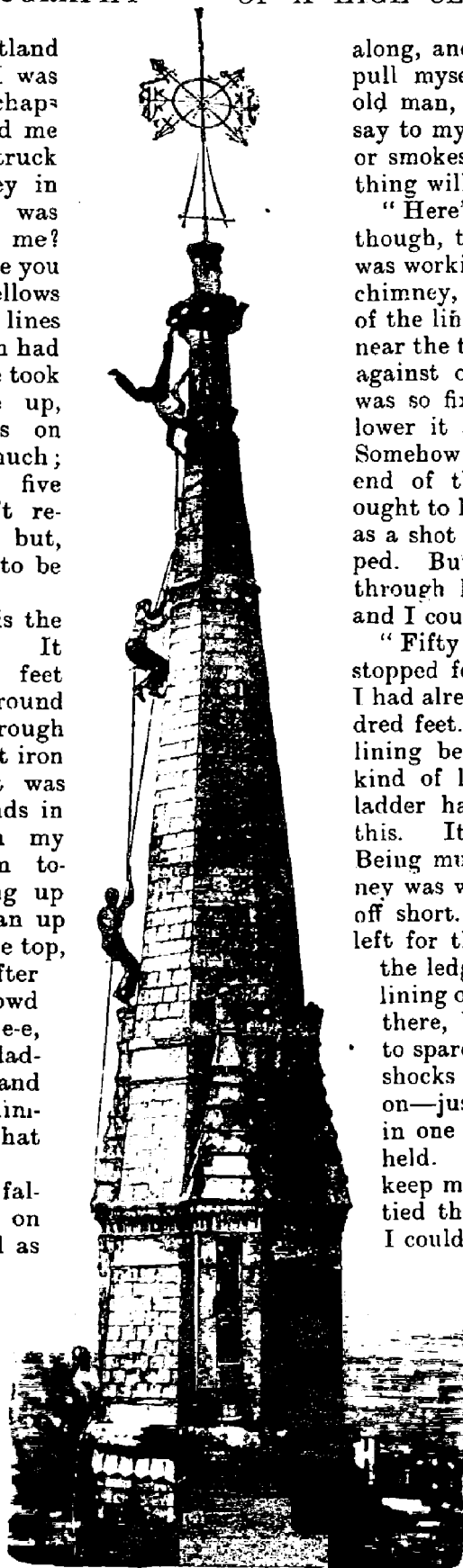
"Accidents? Sure! I've fallen 125 feet. A rope broke on me. And once a man I had as assistant tried some funny business instead of staying where I had told him, and he was killed like a shot. But there's no danger in high work if a man doesn't drink or smoke and always keeps his head clear. The main trouble I have when I'm up high is in keeping my mind on what I'm doing. Sometimes I get thinking of other things while working

along, and suddenly I find I must pull myself together. 'See here, old man, this won't do,' I have to say to myself. If a climber drinks or smokes, though, some day something will happen to him.

"Here's a queer accident, though, that I did have once. I was working on the inside of a high chimney, bolting together sections of the lining, and I was pretty well near the top. I was on a ladder up against one side, and the ladder was so fixed that I could raise or lower it and myself as I wanted. Somehow I took hold of the wrong end of the rope, letting the one I ought to have held on to go. Quick as a shot that ladder and me dropped. But the rope it was passing through kept it close to the wall, and I could hold on.

"Fifty feet from the bottom it stopped for a second, with a crash. I had already fallen nearly one hundred feet. A new and extra inside lining began here, which made a kind of ledge all round, and the ladder had struck on the side of this. It fell across the chimney. Being much longer than the chimney was wide the upper part broke off short. But there was enough left for the broken end to fall on the ledge made by the top of the lining on the other side. It rested there, but there wasn't an inch to spare. Through all the three shocks I had managed to hold on—just. If they had all come in one shock I could never have held. But I just managed to keep my grip—and the rope. I tied this to the ladder as well as I could and let myself down.

"Chimneys, you see, sir, are the great things to do after all. Church steeples look more dangerous, but they're only one end of the business. Getting up a church steeple is easy. Here's how I do it. If the spire is of wood I climb up inside as far as I can and bore a hole from inside to outside with my



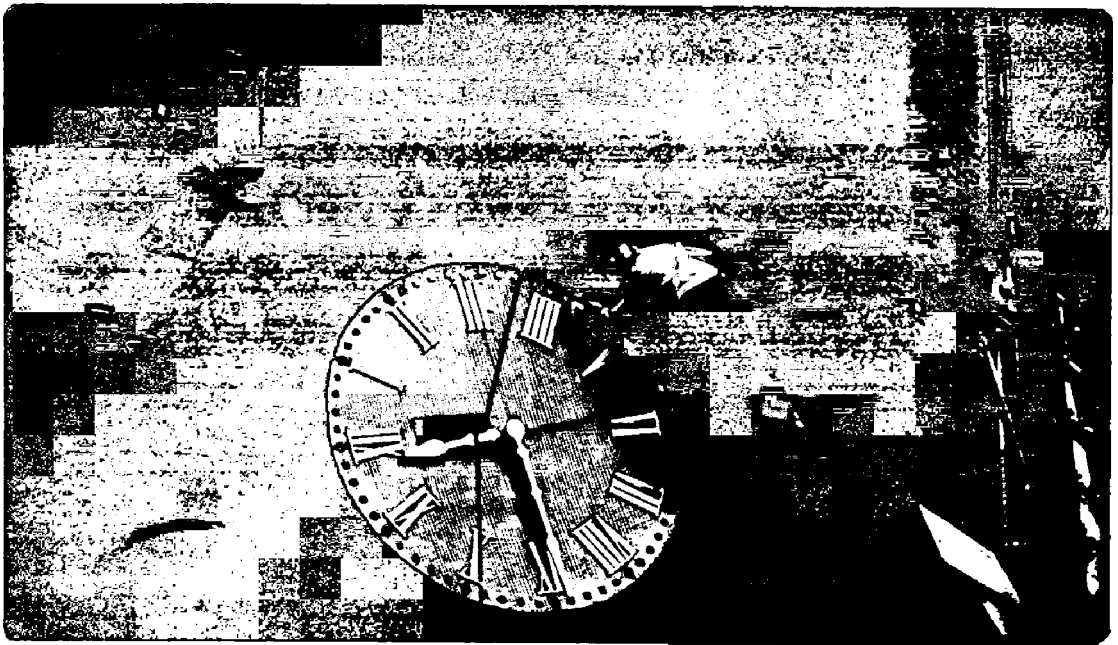
THE HIGH CLIMBER IN HIS ELEMENT.

brace and bit. I pass a string through this, fasten it inside, and then it's simple to pull up my block and tackle. If the spire is of stone I run up ladders (only short ladders) just as I do on a chimney. Or I can even climb up to the top without ladders, putting myself up in my bo'sun's chair, throwing loops in my rope over pinnacles, passing it a little further up, as far as I can reach, tightening it, getting a purchase with my toes and fingers.

"The straightening of the steeple that I told you about was done by placing iron rods

now I pulled myself up to shift my hook round to the fourth. My bo'sun's chair swung down from this hook, you understand.

"It was hot enough anywhere on the top, but round the cap on the fourth side where the wind was blowing out the smoke and heat, it was awful. I dropped my hook down and walked round to the cooler side to rest a bit. Round the cap I had a space of about a foot's width to walk on. In a moment I went back and put my hand on the hook to slide down the rope to my chair. Gee! I thought the hair would come out of my head. My shoes



THE STEEPLE JACK'S METHOD OF TAKING DOWN THE FACE OF A CHURCH CLOCK

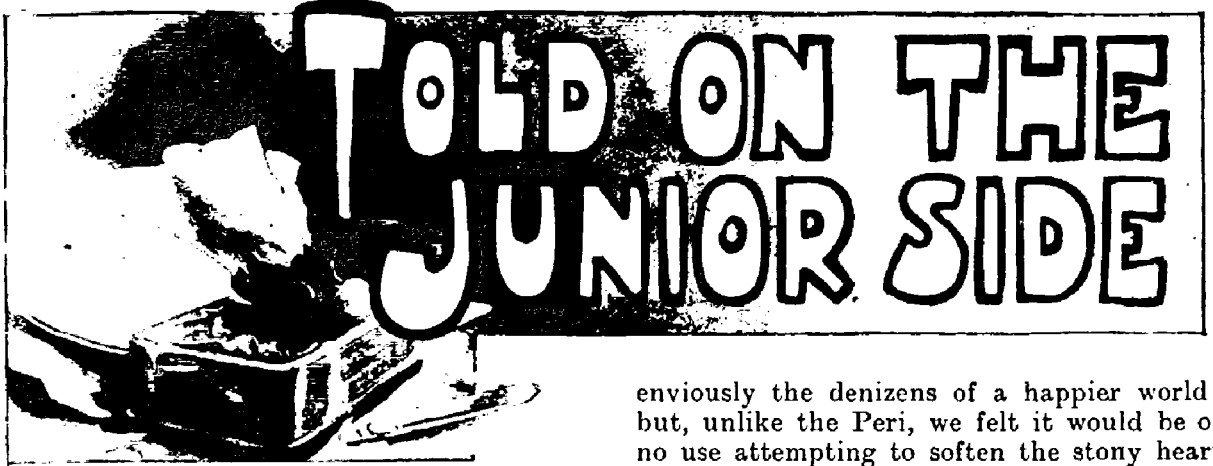
from one side to the other. A turn-buckle was put in the middle of each, a man stationed at each turn-buckle and all the rods tightened at the same time. Thus the steeple was drawn gradually perpendicular.

"If you want to know what heat is," finally said the High Climber, "you must be at the top of a chimney when the furnaces are going at full clip below. I was pointing up the sides of one high chimney in Massachusetts one hot summer day. I was up about one hundred feet. I had done one, two, three sides;

frizzed. The hot iron of the hook blistered my hands. I could stay nowhere near it.

"Again and again I went back to that hook. Each time I was driven to the other side. There in the sun and the furnace heat pouring up, blowing this way, the hook got hotter and hotter. There was no other way of getting down even. I was caught there.

"Finally, in desperation, I took off my undershirt and grabbed the hook with it. Blistered and burned, I half fell into my chair, and managed to let myself down."



IV.

SOMEBODY'S CLOTHES.

IF any of you young fellows are under the impression that excursions were especially invented for your delectation, all I can say is that you are very much mistaken. There were other sieges before that of Troy, and, strange as it may appear, there were, and are, other boys besides those who peruse this magazine. For instance—as I once overheard a junior, ætat fourteen, explain of himself—I have been a boy myself; and although the schools of my time did not descend to teaching English grammar, or any other useful subject, we were all convinced that “excursion” was an exceedingly proper noun. In this view the masters did not invariably concur. You see, excursions were of two kinds. There was the duly authorised semi-state function, which took place once a year in the summer term. There were also divers unauthorised excursions which, from time to time, a few adventurous spirits made on their own, and which took them out of bounds, over the hills and far away, when they thought that their absence from the school would remain unsuspected. It was when we made a miscalculation on the latter point that we found ourselves in painful conflict with the authorities on the merits of excursions.

It was a fine, bright summer afternoon which discovered Carter, Bannister, and myself looking disconsolately over the playground wall at the fields, where the remainder of the school were busily employed in cricket and other delightful occupations. Like the Peri at the gate of Eden, we stood watching

enviously the denizens of a happier world; but, unlike the Peri, we felt it would be of no use attempting to soften the stony heart of authority with a tear. Young Lewis of the angelic countenance was the only boy who ever tried that trick with success. You see, we had been “gated” on account of some trifling, innocent escapade, of which the masters had wholly declined to take a proper view. Masters always are so unreasonable. It being the third week of our detention, the monotony of the thing had begun to pall, whilst the undoubtedly striking manner in which the head master had impressed his view of the matter upon us had begun to be forgotten. So there we stood, a moody and disconsolate trio, feebly wondering what we were to do to get rid of the long hours which intervened before lock-up.

“Isn't it beastly warm?” said Carter, aimlessly swinging one leg across another. Bannister and I looked at him reproachfully. We had always regarded Carter as a boy of original genius, and we felt that his remark was obviously inadequate to the occasion. “Warm?” growled Bannister, viciously. “I call it hot. That's what I call it.” “As hot as old Grumpington,” interpolated I. Grumpington was our pet nickname for the head master. And then ensued a sombre silence.

“I was only thinking how jolly it would be to have a dip in the round pool,” continued Carter, presently. Bannister surveyed him attentively. “And old mother Williams' apples would be a fair treat,” said I. “But old Grumpington is hot,” added Bannister, pensively. And then ensued another pause for reflection.

Carter picked up a stone and took careful aim at an imaginary cat. “Some fellows are funks,” said he. “I am not a funk,” retorted Bannister, indignantly. “What's the use of getting a licking for fighting?” quoth I, “when we might just

as well——” “That’s what I think,” interposed Carter, eagerly. “I made no suggestion,” said I.

By this time, Bannister, who, despite my efforts to check him, was always leading us into mischief, had clambered on to the top of the wall and was taking a careful survey of the situation. “No one in sight,” announced he, and straightway dropped to the other side. What could Carter and I do but follow? Stooping carefully, we ran past the wall, and then along the hedges of the fields, taking advantage of every cover until we had put a fair distance between ourselves and the school. Then we bore ourselves erect and trotted off cheerfully, with a keen sense of rejoicing in our recovered freedom after so long a restriction to the confines of the school.

Old mother Williams’ apples certainly were delicious, and the fruit being plentiful, a very small toll procured us permission to take as many as we pleased. We did please, and, heavily laden with the spoil, we presently made our way to the round pool, solemnly munching as we went. “You keep *cave*, Carter,” said I, “and Bannister and I will have first dip.” “Oh, that’s all jolly fine,” grumbled Carter. “I kept *cave* last time. Let Bannister have a turn.” “Suppose you two toss for it?” said I. “Last to undress keeps *cave*,” suggested Bannister. “Done,” cried Carter. There was a tearing of clothes and a rending of buttons, a kicking-off of boots and then, with a simultaneous splash, three forms struck the water together, leaving no one on the bank to guard their belongings.

Oh, how delightful that bathe was! So cool and delicious was the water that I believe we might have remained there indefinitely, oblivious to the flight of time, when suddenly a startled exclamation broke from Bannister’s lips. “Old Slowcoach!” cried he, and sure enough there was the senior classic advancing in our direction with rapid strides. Carter and Bannister made for *terra firma*, and disappeared, the one up a tree, the other behind a convenient bush. I, the last to take the alarm, had no time to gain the bank, and making for a clump of weeds and water-lilies, immersed myself in their midst. Would the short-sighted master pass us? Had we but taken care to hide our clothes before bathing, we might have escaped, but Bannister’s rash suggestion proved our undoing. Even the senior classic could not miss that litter which lay in full view on the bank; and with an exclamation of astonishment the master came to an abrupt

halt, and gazed about him for the owners of the garments.

A dead silence reigned, and the master, observing no one, stooped down and began to gather the clothes in a heap. What on earth was he going to do? We were not kept long in suspense.

Producing a ball of twine from his pocket, he neatly tied the bundle together; and then, standing erect, took another survey of the scene. No one appeared, so, taking up his burden, the senior classic trudged off in the direction of the school. For once in his life old Slowcoach had been a match for us.

It was a very mournful trio that met in consultation as soon as the master had disappeared from view. “It is all your fault for not keeping *cave*,” cried Bannister angrily to Carter. “Why, you silly chuckle-head,” responded the latter, “what could I have done, I should like to know?” “At least he has been kind enough to leave us a few apples,” said I, munching as I spoke. “Much good they will do us,” growled Bannister; but he took one nevertheless. “Five miles from home if we are a step,” murmured Carter, ruefully, “and how are we to get back in this state, I should like to know?” “Wheels!” cried I; and we all pricked up our ears.

Yes; certainly there was some vehicle coming down the road. “It’s old Joey out with the doctor’s brougham,” exclaimed Bannister excitedly, “let’s ask for a lift.” Away we scampered across the fields, cutting off a huge corner so as to intercept the brougham at the bend. Now the coachman was well accustomed to the wiles and ways of “them dratted boys,” but even he looked astonished as he reined in his horses in response to our fevered shouts. “And what have ye been a doin’ of now?” exclaimed he. “We’ve been bathing, Joey,” explained Carter, breathlessly, “and we’ve lost our clothes.” “O, have ye? Then ye had better set to work and find ’em again. Gee! whoa!” “Stop a bit, Joey, there’s a good chap. We want you to give us a lift.” “Not me; I’m not goin’ to be mixed up with your little play tricks. It’s as much as my place is worth; and ’taint likely.” “Will this make it worth your while?” commenced Bannister, and made as if to thrust his hand in his pocket. The astonished look of the youth as he realised the absence of his nether garments sent Carter and me into a fit of laughter; and even the stolid driver relaxed into a grin. “Look here, Joey,” said I, with as much dignity as, under the circumstances, I could

muster, "we can't get back like this, you know; and the doctor won't thank you for leaving us in this pickle." "That's true," said Joey, reflectively, "but mind ye, I make no promises. Get along in with ye." We got.

We had covered a good two miles of our journey, and were debating what to do when we reached the school, when suddenly a well-known voice summoned the brougham to halt. Peering out cautiously we found to our dismay that we had overtaken the senior classic, who, encumbered with his burden, had also conceived the idea of enjoying a lift. "Under the seat, quick," said Carter, and under we went. "I thought I was used to being sat on by old Slowcoach," said I, "but really this would be the first time——" "Shut up, you silly idiot," muttered Bannister; and the brougham came to a halt.

Old Joey proved much more amenable to the master's request for a lift than he had been to our entreaties; but our rough-tongued, tender-hearted ally had no idea of turning traitor. "It's a pity to miss a breath of



THE SENIOR CLASSIC TRUDGED OFF IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SCHOOL

a day like this, sir," quoth he. "Suppose you take a seat along o' me?" "I think I will take your advice, coachman," said the senior classic, pompously, "but I may as well put this bundle inside." We held our breath in suspense as the master opened the door; but, suspecting nothing, he flung his bundle on the seat, shut the door with a bang, and mounted the box. The brougham drove on, and we breathed again. Saved!

It was a difficult matter in the confines of the brougham to find our right clothes, and to struggle into them without making a noise; but we managed to accomplish the feat. Would Joey again befriend us? He did. As the brougham drew near the school, its pace slackened sufficiently to enable us to alight with safety. I opened the door cautiously and peered out to see if all was safe. The senior classic was engrossed in expatiating to the bewildered coachman on the rustic knowledge of Maro. One by one we slid to the ground, the last to alight noiselessly closing the door behind him. Dearly should we have liked to follow and see the look on the master's face when he discovered his loss; but we felt that we had run enough risks for the day. We returned by a circuitous route

to the school, and reached our quarters without further adventure.

And in the evening it was reported that the senior classic was making the round of the dormitories—"Though what on earth he wants," said Lewis, "I don't know." We thought we did, but adjudged it better to say nothing. No. 6 was the last room on his round. "Has any one here lost his clothes?" enquired he. A look of blank astonishment was his only answer. "Have you, Carter?" said he sharply. Carter regarded him with round, open eyes of innocent amazement. "No sir," said he, in an injured tone, "I haven't lost no clothes." The master was either too much relieved, or else too much of a classic, to be offended at the double negative. "Oh, all right," said he, "I have had a bundle stolen from me, and feared it might belong to some of you boys. That is all." And thereupon he quitted the room.

Carter and Bannister regarded each other with ill-disguised glee, and then turned with a grin to me. I shook my head in melancholy wise.

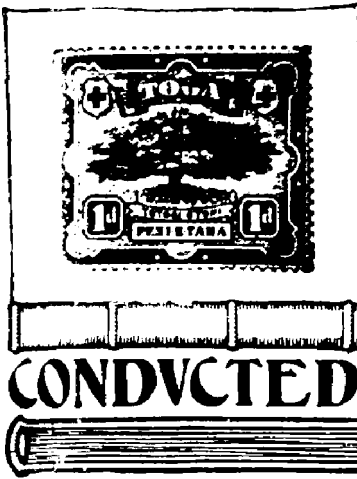
"Now I understand," said I, "why Shakespeare always couples excursions with alarms."



And now there came both mist and snow And it grew wondrous cold.

The Ancient Mariner.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR



CONDUCTED BY

E. J. NANKIVELL



RPG

The Stamps of Lagos.

LAGOS is the youngest of our four Colonies on the West Coast of Africa. It was not annexed till 1861. The Colony takes its name from an island in the Bight of Benin. It was at one time a thriving centre of the slave trade. Kosoko, the native king, who had acquired a knowledge of the slave trade in Dahomey, devastated the mainland in his raids for victims. Eventually the British interfered, sent Mr. Kosoko about other business, reinstated a former king, Docemo, and pledged him to put down the slave trade. In 1861 King Docemo ceded the port and island and territories of Lagos to the British. For a few years the new territory was governed as a separate Colony, then, in 1866, it was placed under the Governor-in-Chief of Sierra Leone. In 1874 it was incorporated with the Gold Coast, but in 1886 it was once more converted into a separate Colony. In the re-arrangement of the Niger territories Lagos was awarded the whole of the Yoruba country, which now gives the protectorate of Lagos a total area of 22,000 square miles, and a population of over 3,000,000. It can also boast of the largest town on the West African Coast, the capital town of Lagos having a population of 35,000. The leading product of the Colony is palm-oil.

The philatelic life of the Colony of Lagos commenced only in 1874 on its incorporation with the Gold Coast. Why it should under that incorporation have had a separate issue of postage stamps we are not told. Even the recently issued work of the Philatelic Society of London is silent on the point. Despite its comparatively short philatelic life, Lagos is regarded as a somewhat expensive little country, but the beginner or general collector need not

make it so, if he will be content with the more common perforations, and a blank or two which can only be filled with expensive stamps. With these exceptions the Colony is not out of reach. It has had only one design from the start, and it has only one provisional, and that one is still low priced. Taking the issues in their order, I will set out the various perforations and watermarks with their respective catalogue values for unused and used; readers of *THE CAPTAIN* can then make their own choice as to what they will collect.

1874.—This, the first issue, consisted of six values, designed and printed by Messrs. De la Rue and Co., on wove paper watermarked Crown and C.C. This same design is still in use. At the base of the design is a straight white tablet, upon which was printed the value in *sans serif* capitals. This printing of the value I premise was from a separate setting, and also a separate printing. At all

events in the one shilling there are two varieties in value line. In one case the words "one shilling" measure $15\frac{1}{2}$ mm. in length, and in the other $16\frac{1}{2}$ mm., and in the shorter length there is no cross bar to the final letter G, and further, Gibbons catalogues the 3d.



and 4d. as bi-coloured, i.e., the general design in one colour, and the value in a separate shade. This first issue is further distinguished by its perforation, being perforated $12\frac{1}{4}$. All the stamps of this first issue are more or less scarce, and therefore highly priced.

WATERMARK CROWN AND C.C. PERFORATED 12½.

	UNUSED.		USED.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
1d., lilac	10	0	10	0
2d., blue	15	0	7	6
3d., red-brown	25	0	15	0
3d., red-brown and chestnut	—	—	15	0
4d., carmine	25	0	15	0
6d., blue-green and yellow-green	30	0	10	0
1s., orange	—	—	18	0

1876.—This issue differs only from the foregoing, or first issue, in the matter of perforation, being perforated 14 instead of 12½. The general collector will of course be satisfied with the cheaper perforation, seeing that there is no other difference, design, watermark and colours, all being repeated. In this second issue there is only one variety of the length of the words of value in the 1s., viz. 16½ mm.

WATERMARK CROWN AND C.C. PERFORATED 14.

	UNUSED.		USED.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
1d., lilac	7	6	6	0
2d., blue	6	0	6	0
3d., red-brown	45	0	7	6
4d., carmine	—	—	5	0
6d., green	12	6	4	0
1s., orange	—	—	30	0

1882.—In this issue the watermark is changed from Crown and C.C. to Crown and C.A., and there is no sixpenny stamp; presumably the stock of 6d. C.C. was not exhausted. Design, perforation and colours continue as in the previous issue. The catalogued rarity in the previous issue is the 3d. In this issue it is the 4d. Gibbons catalogues the colour of the 1d. value as a "lilac-mauve." Mauve I understand to be differentiated from lilac by a clear and distinct tinge of red, which the lilac does not show, but I am at a loss to understand what is meant by "lilac-mauve."

WATERMARK CROWN AND C.A. PERFORATED 14.

	UNUSED.		USED.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
1d., lilac	3	6	4	0
2d., blue	—	—	8	0
3d., chestnut	10	0	3	6
4d., carmine	40	0	10	0
1s., orange	4	6	4	6

1885-7.—Colours all changed; the 3d. and 1s. values are omitted, presumably because a sufficient stock remained on hand, and a halfpenny and three new high values are added to the set. These high values had a short life of a few months only, i.e., from October 1886 to March 1887, when they were superseded by bi-coloured stamps with colours changed. Hence the very tall catalogue prices for these three high values. Despite their high price they are, however, very popular, and always give rise to

considerable competition when offered for sale at stamp auctions.

WATERMARK CROWN AND C.A. PERFORATED 14.
COLOURS CHANGED.

	UNUSED.		USED.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
½d., dull green	0	1	0	1
1d., rose-carmine	0	2	0	1
2d., grey	10	0	3	6
4d., bright lilac	25	0	2	6
6d., sage-green	3	0	—	—
2s. 6d., olive-black	105	0	—	—
5s., blue	150	0	—	—
10s., lilac-brown	250	0	—	—

1887-94.—This is the current series, known as the bi-coloured stamps, the main design being (except in the case of the 2½d., which is all blue) in one colour, and the value in a separate colour. Several new values are added, but the ½d. and 1d. are not included, as they are continued unchanged in their 1887 colours, which conform to Postal Union requirements.

WATERMARK CROWN AND C.A. PERFORATED 14.
BI-COLOURED.

	UNUSED.		USED.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
2d., lilac, value in blue	0	3	0	3
2½d., blue	0	4	0	2
3d., lilac, value in chestnut	0	5	0	5
4d., ,, ,, black	0	6	0	6
5d., ,, ,, green	0	7	—	—
6d., ,, ,, mauve	0	8	0	8
7½d., ,, ,, carmine	0	10	0	10
10d., ,, ,, yellow	1	1	1	1
1s., green ,, black	1	4	1	0
2s. 6d., ,, ,, carmine	3	3	—	—
5s., ,, ,, blue... ..	6	6	—	—
10s., ,, ,, brown	12	6	—	—

1893.—In August of this year the supply of halfpenny stamps seems to have run short, for a provisional of that value had to be provided. For this purpose a number of the current 4d. lilac and black were surcharged with the words "ONE PENNY" in small Roman capitals, and the value, "Fourpence," was obliterated by two bars or rules, which in heavily printed specimens run together into one thick heavy bar. The supply seems to have been a pretty liberal one, for though issued in 1893 it is still catalogued at 9d., the price at which it was catalogued so far back as 1896.

SURCHARGED IN BLACK.

	UNUSED.		USED.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
½d. in black on 4d., lilac and black... ..	0	9	1	6

In conclusion, I would advise readers of THE CAPTAIN to secure the current issue of this Colony while it is to be had at a little over face. The set is a long one, and some at least of the values can be very little in demand. In such a set some one or more stamps of the lot

generally ripens into rarity when the issue is superseded, as this set will be by the King's head issue ere long.

Notable New Issues.

The really interesting new issues chronicled this month are not many. Unpaid Letter stamps are somewhat conspicuous. It is an open question whether these are really worth collecting. Some collectors believe they will some day be relegated to a separate catalogue and reduced to the rank of Locals. Personally, I scarcely think them worth very much attention, and should not advise readers of THE CAPTAIN to spend much money on them. The news of the special design for the Orange River Colony 2½d. value is ominous and decidedly interesting. The Colonies are evidently bent on having distinct stamps of their own.

Austria has issued a set of Unpaid Letter stamps for use in post offices in the Turkish Empire. They are made by printing some of the values of the current set in green and then overprinting them in black with the Turkish currency. Perforated 12½.

UNPAID LETTER STAMPS.

10 para	on	5 heller	green.
20 "	"	10 "	" "
1 piastre	"	20 "	" "
2 "	"	40 "	" "
5 "	"	100 "	" "

Bahamas.—It is stated that 2s. and 3s. stamps in the design of the Queen's Staircase, illustrated in our January No., and 1d., 2½d., 4d., 6d., 1s., 5s. and £1 values with the King's head will shortly be issued.

Bosnia.—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send a new value to add to the current set, a 35 heller, as illustrated. It is a bi-coloured stamp, the figures of value in the corners being printed in black and the rest of the stamp in blue.



BOSNIA.

Bulgaria.—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send me some values of a new series of Unpaid Letter stamps as illustrated. They are on wove paper, unwatermarked and perforated 11½. The values are 5st. rose red, 10st. green, and 30st. mar one. Other colours will no doubt follow to complete the set.



BULGARIA.

Dahomey.—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send us the following new colours of current stamps for this French possession.

- 1 cent., black on azure.
- 10 cents., carmine.
- 15 cents., grey lilac on greyish.
- 25 cents., black on rose.
- 25 cents., blue on bluish.
- 50 cents., brown on pale blue.

Dutch Indies.—Low values similar in design to those of Holland have been issued for this Colony. They are inscribed "Nederlandsch-Indie." The values and colours are as follow:—

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| ½ cent., violet. | 2½ cents., green. |
| 1 cent., olive green. | 3 cents., orange. |
| 2 cents., brown. | 5 cents., red. |

Holland.—We illustrate a new value of ½ cent. added to the current set of Unpaid Letter stamps for this country. The use of such a low value for indicating unpaid postage wants explanation. I am indebted to Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. for the copy illustrated. It is perforated 12½, and for those who go in for minor varieties it may be noted as Gibbons Type I.



HOLLAND.

Leeward Islands.—It is rumoured that the islands of this group, which formerly issued stamps of their own, and which are now supplied with the Leeward Island stamps, will shortly issue separate pictorial sets. It has always been a matter of surprise to me that the separate groups should have ceased to issue separate stamps, seeing that the sale of the separate sets to collectors accounted for an appreciable item in each of their accounts.

New Zealand.—I noted last month the new perforation of the new machine sent out from England. Since then I have received from Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. specimens of the ½d. and 1d. (Universal Postage stamp) with the compound perforation of 11 × 14½, which is the result of running the stamps through the new machine to do the vertical perforations and through the old machine to do the horizontal perforations.

Will some New Zealand reader of THE CAPTAIN kindly inquire for me whether the 1d. White Terrace design has been permanently discontinued in favour of the Universal Penny Postage stamp?

Orange River Colony.—It is stated that the design of a new 2½d stamp has been prepared and sent out to this Colony for approval.

It bears the King's head in a very small oval, value at top 2½d., and a picture below of a springbok and a wildebeest, with typical veldt scenery in the background. The whole is in blue, the Postal Union colour.

Roumania.—Two new values—30 bani, violet type of the current 10 bani, and 75 bani, brown and violet, type of the current 50 bani—have been issued.

Tunis.—We have from Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. two more values to add to the current set—35c. pale brown and 2fr. lilac. Also a full set of Unpaid Letter stamps, similar in design to the current French Unpaid series, perforated 14 × 13½. The values and colours are as follow:—

UNPAID LETTER STAMPS.

- 1 cent., black.
- 2 cents., orange.
- 5 cents., blue.
- 10 cents., brown.
- 20 cents., blue green.
- 30 cents., carmine.
- 50 cents., lake.
- 1 franc, olive green.

Victoria.—This Colony has issued its long talked of £1 stamp with a portrait of the King. Such a portrait! Quite local. A school tyro at drawing would be ashamed to own the work. It was issued on the 18th November, 1901.

• Reviews.

We have received Stanley Gibbons's catalogue, Part II., Foreign Countries, for 1902. Like Part I., British Colonies, reviewed in the December CAPTAIN, Part II. has undergone considerable revision. Many important countries have been re-written, such as the later part of Austria, Bosnia, French Colonies, Portugal, and even Portuguese India, which has always received special attention. The Transvaal and Orange River Colony being now British Colonies, are no longer included in this portion of the Gibbons' catalogue.

Altogether eighty-one pages have been added to this volume. Every year there are fresh issues, and every year as a consequence our stamp catalogues increase in bulk. Envelopes, wrappers and postcards have been relegated to a separate volume, and some day, we believe, official stamps and Unpaid Letter stamps will have to follow suit.

The publishers claim to have made "vast reductions," more especially in used. The price of used will always be a more or less unstable item, but unused are naturally subject to less fluctuation. The cutting price at which new issues were quoted in the 1900 catalogue has

been slightly altered in the upward direction. Gibbons still holds out against fractions of a penny even for farthing stamps, and there are now several, but a concession is made to those collectors who buy the commoner stamps in quantities.

Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send us their *Annual Price List for 1902 of Packets and Sets*. For the beginner and general collector it is a very useful list. The countries follow each other in alphabetical order, and under each head the sets in stock are set out in series of issues in their chronological order.

Stamp Competition.

Under THE CAPTAIN Competitions in this number is included a Stamp Competition (see No. 5). In the advertisement pages will be found an illustration made up of several stamps which have been cut up into a patchwork. Our competitors will kindly rearrange the separate pieces into their original stamps.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. B.—Whitfield King & Co., Ipswich. You could have found the address in the advertisement pages.

Pidnem.—In the 1885 issue Cape of Good Hope, wmk. cabled anchor, the 6d. and 1s. both have the outer line. In Gibbons' catalogue there is a note to that effect. Bright's should have had a similar note. In Gibraltar the designs of 1887 as reissued in 1899 are to be distinguished by slight variation of shade only; the ½d. is greyer, the 1d. brighter and deeper, and the 2½d. is much brighter. The other values are bi-coloured in the reissue. Best plan is to secure 1887 issue of ½d., 1d., and 2½d. with dated cancellations.

J. J. H.—English stamps are used by British soldiers in South Africa. The cancellation showing their use in South Africa makes them interesting souvenirs of the war, nothing more.

Florrie Dutton.—Costa Rica, Venezuela, and Argentine Republic are all right. I should not include them in a black list with Nicaragua, Salvador, Honduras, &c.

G. F. L. (ABERYSTWTH).—Your question was answered last month. A thin leaf of good linen paper as sold by typewriting companies would do to interleave an album. But you will find albums recommended in my special article on Albums in THE CAPTAIN for last May best for your purpose. I use no other.

W. Frank.—You will find at Bright's, 164 Strand, a very good selection of albums. Stanley Gibbons' new Imperial Album in two vols.—vol. i. British Empire and vol. ii. Foreign Countries—takes in all countries up to date, and leaves some space after countries still issuing stamps, but not for twenty or thirty years! Such a requirement can only be met by a movable leaf album. Why not try the albums recommended in THE CAPTAIN last May. I use no other.

J. H. C. (REPTON).—Stanley Gibbons's catalogue for advanced collecting and Whitfield King and Co.'s for beginners.

L. W. (LONDON).—The value on Brunswick stamps was never expressed in pennings. Your dark green is probably the ½ sgr. of 1863.

PAPA IS WORRIED BY WORKMEN.*

BY HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

PAPA, I must tell you, dear Mr. Editor, is a very *suspicious* man. When he was engaged to Mamma, Mamma says, he was exceedingly jealous. Aunt Mary says that jealousy is a bad *trait* in a man's character. Mamma disagrees with Aunt Mary, and says that she did not at all object to Papa being jealous. Uncle George says that he supposes it added spice to their engagement. Papa merely changes the subject when we talk about it. If you want to know what I think about men and jealousy, dear Mr. Editor, I'm afraid I can't tell you, because, you see, I've had no experience of jealous men, except of course— Oh, I *must* go on and tell you, firstly, about Papa and the sweep.

Now, you needn't think Papa has been trying to sweep the chimneys himself; as Uncle George remarked, he has no bent *that* way. Uncle George says that a householder (like Papa) only turns his attention to the chimneys when there is no garden to dig, no pictures to hang, no walls to paper, no ceilings to whitewash (Papa having tried his hand at all these hobbies), and no dog to poison when you mean only to medicine him. Papa has poisoned three dogs when he meant only to medicine them. Papa is also very fond of prescribing for his family, and administering cures of his own invention for coughs, colds, and things, but Mamma *invariably* sends for Dr. Scoggin when there is anything at all serious the matter with any of us. On the nursery wall there hangs a big card headed "Home Nursing," giving hints on the treatment of children's ailments. Uncle George read the "hints" through his eyeglass (smiling in his superior way), and observed when he had finished that the card was evidently drawn up by a doctor who had the interests of his own profession at heart, rather than those of his patients. When Uncle George goes up into the nursery and says things like that, Nurse (who is rather young) smiles and blushes, and looks at me as much as to say: "Oh, Miss, *isn't* he a funny gentleman?" although she doesn't quite understand what he means.

Well, it was while Papa was telling Bubbles "giant stories" that Mamma (whose mind is always full of some domestic matter) informed him that the chimneys were to be swept on the following morning. I must tell you about Papa's "giant stories"—which the children like very much, and I don't mind adding that we elder ones always listen to them even now, although we heard them over and over again when we were little—and about the way he reads *Robinson Crusoe* out loud, in another letter.

Papa looked up and frowned, at which Bubbles tugged at his waistcoat and said, "But, Papa, wasn't Jack *dreadfully* frightened when he heard the giant say, '*Fe-Fi-Fo-Fum*'?"

"Yes, yes," said Papa, still frowning; and then, addressing Mamma: "Is it absolutely *necessary* to have them cleaned just yet awhile, my dear?"

"The cleaning has been put off far too long as it is," said Mamma coldly.

"Go on, Papa," put in Bubbles; "never mind the chimneys."

"Er—and so when the giant said, '*I smell the blood of an Englishman*,'" continued Papa absently, "he—er— I shall superintend the operation myself," he concluded, glancing towards Mamma, "as I don't want any more things to be *missing* after the sweep's visit."

"We never knew for certain that the sweep took them *last* time," replied Mamma. "How suspicious you are, Henry!"

"Go on, Papa," said Bubbles, giving the waistcoat another pull; "you got to '*I smell the blood of an Englishman*.'"

"Er—I'll finish it to-morrow, darling," returned Papa; "run away to bed now." So Bubbles retired poutingly, and for the rest of the evening Papa brooded over the iniquities of chimney-sweeps. On the following morning he descended at 6.30 in dressing-gown and carpet slippers. The sweep should have arrived at that time, but he was very late, the consequence being that when I went into the drawing-room at eight o'clock the sweep was hard at work there, and Papa

*From "The Papa Papers," by R. S. Warren Bell. By kind permission of Mr. Grant Richards.

was striding up and down and keeping guard over him like a sentinel. The sweep was evidently in a talkative mood, for he kept addressing remarks to Papa. The conversation appeared to be rather one-sided, however.

"'Mornin', Miss," he said, as I entered. Of course I said "Good morning" back to him quite politely, dear Mr. Editor, and then he said to Papa—

ain't as payin' a game as it yoosed to be—no, not by a long 'arf. It don't fetch nothin', don't the soot. Bob a sack: yoosed to be 'arf a dollar, it did."

Papa said, "Indeed."

"Yuss. I sells all mine to a farmer in Hesse; puts it on 'is land—never seen it goin' along in der train? Yuss, 'underd sacks to a field. He's a mean cove, is that farmer. *Mean!* Touch that chap for a



"WOT I SAY IS, GOV'NOR."

"Wot I say is, gov'nor" (Papa coughed irritably), "wot I say is that when a man's getting on in years—getting into the sere an' yell'er leaf, so to speak—it's a comfort to have grown-up daughters to look after him."

"True, true," returned Papa shortly.

"Ah, I yopes my gals 'ull grow up to be as fine an' nice-lookin' as your daughter, sir, beggin' 'er pardon for so saying."

Papa cleared his throat.

"You sees," the sweep went on, "this

hextry penny a sack, and you 'it him on der raw, you do indeed!"

"Dear me," said Papa, with an effort to be sociable.

"Yuss, there's mean folks all the world over, but that chap takes the 'Untley, he do. Starves 'is cows till their boneses sticks outer their skins."

As Papa made no rejoinder, the sweep blinked at me with pinky-black eyes, wiped his face with his coat-sleeves, and went on

scraping up the soot. After a time he turned to Papa, and said, "'Ow goes the henemy, gov'nor?"

"Ethel, run and sec, will you?" Papa said to me.

When I came back, the sweep was giving Papa a long and detailed account of his sister-in-law's consumption. Papa was coughing at short intervals, looking out of the window, and in other ways endeavouring to show the sweep that he was taking no interest in his narrative.

"She was in the ballit," the sweep was saying, "yuss, in the ballit; an' it was through dressin' an' undressin' by a open winder in the cold weather wot done it—as sure as little apples, that was wot done it."

"Oh!" said Papa.

"Yuss, they're wicked things, them ballits, for ruinin' the 'ealth. Tearin' abaht with nex' to nothin' on, practisin' in the day and performin' at night. Don't you ever let your daughters go on the stage, gov'nor; it's a deloosion an' a snare, as my poor brother oft-ing says, now 'is wife's down on 'er back for good. Ah! I pity 'im! Cabnian, workin' der Strand, with two small children, and a stiff leg."

The sweep sighed and went off to another chimney, Papa stalking after him. While he was doing the other chimney he discussed—as Papa afterwards told us—politics, the drama, horse-racing (giving Papa several excellent "tips"), and religion. Papa saw the whole sweeping from beginning to end, and at the end of it declared that he had never met such a garrulous scoundrel as that sweep in his life. When, two days later, he discovered that a china shepherdess and two very pretty photograph frames were missing from the drawing-room mantelpiece, he declared that *next time* he would engage a policeman to watch the sweep; but when I told Papa that it was *I* who moved the shepherdess, and Mamma the frames, the night before the sweep's visit, Papa said that it was ridiculous of us to be always moving the things off the mantelpiece, and that women are never of the same mind about the position of ornaments for two minutes together.

And then there were the painters! Papa has been greatly annoyed by *them* quite lately. Of course all the painting should have been done while we were away at the seaside in the summer, but it wasn't, and so now the house is full of the British Workman.

We have been driven from one room to

another, until we now find ourselves breakfasting in the drawing-room. It is not very nice for Mamma and me having Papa always with us. You see, the study and the dining-room are being done now, and so Papa has carted all his papers into the drawing-room and sits at a little table by the window. Here he writes letters and bemoans his unhappy lot. Meanwhile the stair-carpet is up, and some of the workmen are repapering the walls and doing other things which necessitate their standing on planks laid across step-ladders. When we go downstairs we have to creep under the planks in fear and trembling lest paint or whitewash should tumble on to us.

You know, we ought really to be away, staying with somebody, but Papa sternly refused to go *himself*, so of course we had to stop and keep him company. He said, in an injured tone, when Mamma suggested that we should go away for a short time, that *he* was *quite* willing to remain by himself in the house and cook his own meals and make his own bed. He added, sarcastically, that he should ask one of the painters to sit down to dinner with him when he felt lonely.

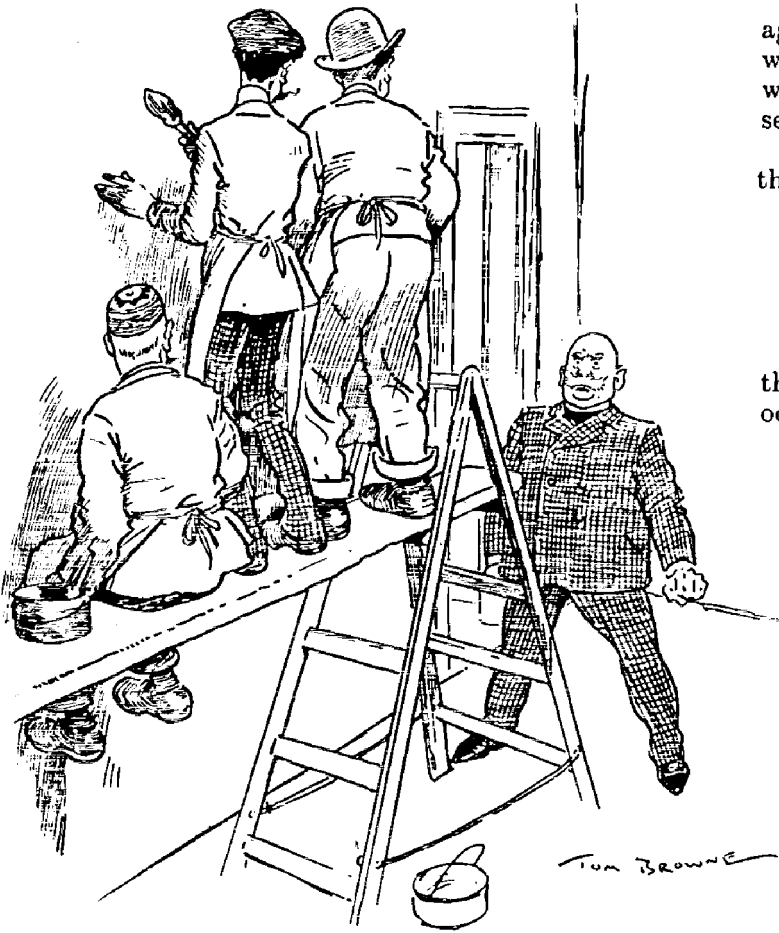
"Very well, Henry," said Mamma, "we will stay here. But you musn't mind being put about a little."

"Don't bother about me, my dear," said Papa, evidently pleased at having got his own way. "*I* can rough it. It's the discomfort that you and Ethel will suffer that is troubling me."

Mamma and I exchanged smiles, Papa having but a minute before refused to make us comfortable by going away. But Papa is under the impression that his life is one long act of sacrifice on his family's behalf. I believe he feels so sorry for himself sometimes that tears of self-pity come into his eyes.

I daresay, dear Mr. Editor, you know what painters are like. Uncle George says that they are the most leisurely class of *workmen* he knows, and the happiest. Those who are now in possession of our house are nearly all young, and several are quite good-looking. They all seem to sing, and then to whistle, and then to sing again. One of them occasionally shuffles his feet about on his own plank in time with one of the other's whistling. They seem to do it unconsciously, steadily painting away all the time, and not to be aware that they have an audience a few yards away. Papa is particularly annoyed with the way they lighten their labours.

He had settled down to write some import-



TREATED THE PAINTERS TO A FEROCIOUS SCOWL.

ant business letters yesterday afternoon, and just after he had started (the painters had arrived at the landing just outside the drawing-room, I should explain) one of them delighted me with the full chorus of a very popular song, the air of which I have often heard on the barrel-organs:—

“Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you,
 Tho’ it breaks my ’heart to go—
 Something tells me I am needed
 At the front to fight the foe—
 See, the soldier boys are marchin’,
 And I can no longer stay—
 ’Ark! I ’ear the bugle callin’,
 Good-bye, Dolly Gray!”

“It’s perfectly outrageous!” exclaimed Papa, throwing down his pen and rising from his chair.

“The poor men are only amusing themselves,” said Mamma, soothingly. Both Mamma and I were very much entertained by the sudden way the painters started a song and left off.

Papa sat down and took up his pen again. One of the other workmen whistled another popular song, and went on whistling in a subdued, absent way for half an hour, quite.

Then one of his mates rendered the whistling in words:—

“You are my ’oney, ’oneysuckle,
 I am the bee.
 I’d like to sip the ’oney sweet
 From those red lips, you see—

“Pom! Pom! Pom!” interpolated the comic man, ascending by half octaves.

“I love you dearly, dearly
 And I want you to love me
 You are my ’oney, ’oneysuckle,
 I am the bee.”

Every now and again Papa would observe, “I shall have to speak to them about it”; but he didn’t. He wasn’t exasperated enough, I suppose.

Presently we were treated to a song of a less modern order. This proceeded from a blue-eyed delicate-looking young man about twenty-one. Aunt Mary had remarked on the beauty of his hair more than once, to, I believe, Uncle George’s secret annoyance, as Uncle George is *very* bald. The young man sang,—

“Come hinto ther garden, Maud—
 For ther bleck bet noight ’as flown.
 Come—”

“This is monstrous!” Papa almost shouted, tearing his letter into little bits, “I—I—it’s beyond all bounds!”

“Come hinto ther garden, Maud—”

went on the blue-eyed young painter, in a high, drawn-out moan,

“I ameer at ther gite alone.”

“Stow that, Charlie, boy,” growled one of the others. “Cawn’t yer pitch us summat a bit livelier?”

The comic man immediately struck up,—

“Yes, it’s sprahntin’, fairly sprahntin’;
 It’ll be of a milit-ary so-ort.”

Then dropped into a whistle, did a double

shufflc on his plank, and changed the tune to—

"Since Jack Jones come into a little bit o' splash, 'E dunno where 'e are!"

Papa all this time was gazing ferociously at Mamma, evidently thinking she was the guilty party, seeing that she had made apologies for the painters.

"I must speak to the foreman!" Papa thundered, turning angrily to his writing again. But just as he took up his pen the delicate, heavenly-looking painter broke into a wild wail—

"I ameer at thergite alo-ho-hone,
I ameer at thergite alone!"

"Gets it awf 'is chest, don't 'e?" observed a man with a croaky, deep voice, who seemed to be the low comedian of the party.

Then there was silence, and we could hear the industrious swish-swish of the paint-brushes.

Papa uttered what seemed to be a cross between a snarl and a groan, seized a fresh sheet of note-paper, jabbed his pen angrily into the ink, and proceeded with his writing.

But he soon flung his pen down and began to stride up and down the room, because the painters, tired of singing, now began to talk, the subject of their conversation appearing to be "'Erry's ole woman," who was in the

hospital. After this one of them whistled and then danced a little, and then they began to discuss, in a very animated way, the chances of certain football teams on the following day.

Mamma and I quite enjoyed it all. It was such a novel experience for us, you see, sitting there quite quietly and hearing all these sounds proceed from the landing. And whatever they did, whether it was singing, dancing, whistling, or talking, the swish-swash-swap of the paint-brushes continued without any pause.

Presently, whilst Papa was savagely gazing out of the window, one of the men said,—

"Say, Jim, did you 'ear that tale abart—"

"'Ere, steady on," growled the low comedian, in what was intended to be a whisper, but which we could hear quite plainly; "the ole feller's in there, yer know."

Papa right-about-turned in true military fashion, strode across the room, wrenched the door open, treated the painters to a ferocious scowl, and then, closing the door again, returned to his little table, and went on with his writing.

There was dead silence, only broken by the swish-swashing, for some moments, and then we distinctly heard a voice mutter—

"Bill, I believe 'e 'eard you!"

And Bill replied, in a smothered croak, "Yo're right; *I believe 'e did!*"

SLANG OF H.M.S. WORCESTER.

(By "Two Old Worcesters.")

scragg *steal.*
dangler *suet pudding.*
slush *hash.*
duff *plum pudding.*
hungy *indiarubber.*
slack *cheek.*
slew *'walk.*
Case, Oh *friendship.*
yarn (to) *impose on.*
scauff *food.*
stow jaw *cease talking.*
ponto pri *steak pie.*
cowshed *petty-officers' cabin.*
cowboy *cabin attendant.*
jibe *joke.*
wreck *weak fellow.*

nib *a smart fellow.*
galley fug *sculleryman.*
scouting *prying.*
ratty' *angry.*

SOME CUSTOMS.—Every cadet, until he has been a year on board, can be fagged by those who have been on board more than one year.

No cadet under a year on board may wear a "stick-up," nor may he turn his trousers up, nor walk arm-in-arm with other cadets of less than one year's standing.

Every new cadet has to sing before the ship's company.

No one but petty-officers may have trouser pockets.

TOM GRIFFIN'S FIRST TIGER.

BY ALFRED THOMPSON.

Illustrated by John Macfarlane.

SINCE his return from India Tom and I have come into frequent contact, and so firm is my conviction of the unusual interest of many things which I have learnt from him, that I cannot rest until I have given publicity to certain parts of his narrative. For the present I shall confine myself to his remarkable encounter with a tiger. Though not the only encounter of the kind he has had, in certain particulars it stands out as the most thrilling; and then, as Tom remarked, "It was my first tiger." I shall give the story, as nearly as I can remember it, in his own words.

"Of course," began Tom, "I didn't go to India to hunt big game, but my new surroundings were hardly calculated to crush out that sporting instinct which had been steadily and strongly developed in the old home and the old school. I confess I had a hankering after quarry a little more formidable than centipedes and scorpions, and I asked my friend Guthrie what prospect lay ahead of getting a glimpse of elephants, tigers, panthers, and the like."

"'Funny folk, you fresh griffins from home,' said Guthrie (my name was certainly a bit unfortunate in the circumstances); 'I believe you picture us out here as sitting down in a kind of Zoological Gardens, with elephants trumpeting all round us, with hyenas grinning behind every bush, and every species of the cat tribe prowling round for prey; I wonder how many of you at home have seen a weasel, a hedgehog, or a fox?'

"'I for one have seen all three,' said I.

"'No doubt, but then you are a bit exceptional, old chap. No, I don't mean to lay it on with a trowel, but I know you have all the sportsman's characteristics—observation, coolness, precision, courage, agility. Well, look here, Tom, come with me to the Asamboo Hills next week—I have to go about some tea business—and I can promise you a view of some fine bison, and a shot or two if you like.'

"'Good,' replied I, 'I'm game.'

"'Bison! Yes, we certainly saw several very fine herds, but unexpected and royal sport of another kind quite eclipsed this part of our adventures. We set out at sunset early in the following week, and having travelled thirty miles by bullock-bandy,

found ourselves at daybreak on the margin of a broad, shallow river—the Masuputti. We crossed with some difficulty, including a good deal of splashing, and, having pitched our camp on the other side, breakfasted luxuriously in one of the most beautifully festooned forests I have ever seen. After breakfast Guthrie lit a cigar, but knowing my non-smoking propensities, did not press one on me, and then suggested a ten minutes' stroll before starting for the final part of the bandy journey—as far as the Khaligay-sam River, some three or four miles on, after which we were to have a 2,000 feet pony climb to our destination.

"'I should rather like to carry my rifle, if we are going into such a primitive labyrinth as that,' said I, pointing to the forest.

"'Not the least danger,' replied Guthrie. 'See, the sun is now full up, and nothing is likely to disturb us. I have gone alone within earshot of our little encampment many a time before. Come, I will show you a grand waterfall where flood, boulder, and tree-trunk are mingled in the wildest confusion, and where the white spray is singing and dancing like steam.'

"'All right, old man, you always knew your way about, but . . . if you don't mind, I should like—just for the fun of the thing—to carry my rifle. I shall feel quite an old shikari.'

"'Guthrie laughed assent. I took up the rifle; we strolled away; and I felt happier. After proceeding about a couple of hundred yards in the same direction as the river, Guthrie stopped short, pointed to a tree-trunk just in front of us, on which I noticed several long scorings of the bark, and then remarked casually, 'Funny, yes, funny; quite fresh, old man—don't you see the sap oozing out?'

"'What of that,' said I, 'gum?'

"'Gummy!' retorted Guthrie.

"'I began to be mystified (at that time I did not know that these were feline scratches) and was about to speak, when a low roar, a sort of *woo . . . oof*, greeted our ears. Each looked at the other. Neither spoke a word. Then Guthrie, with a somewhat grave smile, quietly placed his half-finished cigar on the grass, tilting it, I noticed, so that the

unburnt end was clear of the ground (I recall this as an evidence of his consummate nonchalance). He then, in the calmest and most imperious manner, took my rifle from my hands, walked forward a few paces in the direction of the sound—I following—and, stooping down, poked the muzzle into a

The game was going a bit hard against our side, and I was at the bottom of the scrum with the ball under my arm, but couldn't see daylight. Then, feeling a fearful kick on the shoulder, I opened my eyes. I was lying in the long grass; the sun was blazing overhead. As I moved to rise, a couple of paws were



IT ROSE HIGH ABOVE GUTHRIE.

thicket. The next moment I saw a huge tiger bound into the air. It cleared the thicket from the other side, rose high above Guthrie, and all in a flash I was aware of two luminous monster eyes, a brilliant striped head, fierce open jaws, and then—no more. My next recollection was of an awakening from an exciting but not unpleasant dream. I was in a football 'scrum' at the old school.

dumped down on my face, and a young tiger cub about twice the size of an ordinary cat leapt on my chest and as quickly leapt off again; whereupon I saw that another cub was gambolling close to me. I moved uneasily while both began a series of leaps over my body and over one another. Then they would lick my face and hands, pull at my clothes and hair with their teeth, but all in

the most playful mood and without giving me more than an occasional twinge. For some seconds I did not at all realise the horror of my situation, but when the position of affairs dawned on me, I began to be anxious. At that moment I had no thought of home, no fear of death, but I realised a predicament, and with a view to a way out of it I stealthily raised myself to take stock of my surroundings, the long grass having prevented this while I had lain still. By degrees, notwithstanding a painful numbness of the left shoulder, I got into a half-sitting posture. Every moment I feared to meet the terrible gaze of the tigress. Instead, however, I saw beside me a litter of bleached bones, a dead pig whose hind quarters had been eaten away, and at my foot part of a human skull. I felt sick; a nameless horror began to creep over me; I tried to leap to my feet with the intention of running, but, in the act of doing so, I heard a *woo . . . oof*, and, looking sharply round, I saw the fierce old tigress charging down on me from behind. It may seem cowardly, but in those circumstances, with no other weapons beyond a pocket knife and a toothpick, I did not deem it advisable to act on the defensive. The only weapon of any use was presence of mind, though I confess that in the situation I had not much faith in it. Seeing the tigress coming on I threw myself quickly to the ground, burying my face in the grass that I might not see the fall of that fatal blow which at the moment I firmly believed would be the recompense of my recent rash movement. The old beast came and sniffed around me, gave me a sort of friendly pat on the back, and then—delirious joy!—I heard the switch of her tail steadily receding in the long grass. My joy, however, was short lived. This maternal visit seemed to be the signal to the cubs to take me in hand themselves. They renewed their play in a very rough fashion. I had already turned round again on my back. Several nasty slaps on the face and some mauling of the body tried my temper and my nerves sorely. Still, as I recall the scene, I had compensations even in this treatment, for, being constantly on the *qui vive* for the next tug or blow, I had no time to worry. Once or twice I feared my patience would fail me. I even got out my pocket knife and opened the big blade, and contemplated the possibility of plunging the knife into one beast while I gripped the other by the throat and strangled it. But that, I reflected, would

be an almost impossible task, and even if successful in the initiation, could not be carried through on account of the proximity of the tigress, whose motherly vigilance was, I felt sure, never for one moment relaxed. Once more, but very cautiously, I ventured to raise myself. This time I was successful in locating the tigress on a ledge of rock about fifty yards away. I then saw that I was near the extremity of a strip of open ground about a hundred yards long, and fifty or sixty wide, with the forest all round. The tigress lay quite still on the shady side of the projection. The roar of the Masuputti River, so distinct when we were near it, could now be heard but faintly. I must have been carried quite a distance, perhaps half-a-mile, perhaps much further. The ground on which I lay sloped slightly towards the jungle, situated not more than twenty yards from me, and I saw that every yard I could move downwards would be a yard further away from my fierce enemy. While these thoughts were in my mind the cubs forsook me for the pig-flesh, which, I was glad to see, they contented themselves with licking, as though their teeth were unequal to tearing. With the greatest caution I began, on hands and knees, with my face in the direction of the tigress, to back by inches down the slope. The cubs seemed to take no notice; the mother also seemed quite unconcerned. Escape now appeared certain. Stealthily, almost imperceptibly, and without quickening my pace, I got within a couple of yards of the jungle, when *woo . . . oof!* the tigress with lightning speed was down on me. Sick and faint I lay still, and in a moment was in the monster's mouth being carried back to my prison. A prison! Yes, under heaven's blue sky. Unhurt, but terrified and in a stupor, I was dropped down on the abominable carcase of the half-devoured pig. My whole muscular system was paralysed. I could not have stirred if I would. I had not dared if I could. By this time, too, my throat was parched, my tongue and my palate felt like leather. My eyes burned in their sockets. My whole being seemed to be sinking into an abyss. It was an awful moment. My tormentor, satisfied with having brought me back, retired to a distance once more. For a time the cubs became increasingly aggressive; they tore my trousers in shreds, and began to try their teeth on my legs. I had no power to resist, and for a time was but dimly conscious of what was happening. Then this action seemed to operate like

a message, gradually restoring my vitality. Desperate, maddened, with awful forebodings of being slowly eaten alive, I determined once more to try to effect my escape. I adopted the same tactics as before, only selecting what appeared a more favourable direction. For a while the cubs worried me during my retreat, but afterwards drew off. I was now within half-a-dozen strides of the trailing bough of a large tree. Perceiving this I sprang to my feet. In a second or two

except when acting on the defensive—but alas! she had timed her chances only too nicely.

“All this torture seemed an eternity; yet I saw by the sun's position that it was still far from mid-day. My condition was not improved by my last desperate and exhausting effort. I was dying with thirst: scarcely a shred of clothing remained to me, the muscles of my legs and body were badly mauled, but as yet, heaven be thanked, no blood had



THEY NOW BEGAN TO DO THEIR WORST ON ME.

I was on the end of the bough, and was clambering up to a safe height, when a wild roar! and my pitiless enemy had sprung forth. Down, down she swooped towards me, and though I was now ten feet from the earth she dislodged me at one bound and restored me to my awful quarters. Another five seconds, and I should have been safe on a higher branch, beyond the reach of my foe's mighty powers of leaping, for she would hardly have ventured a climb—a most unusual proceeding

been drawn. Nevertheless I now made up my mind that escape was hopeless, unless for some reason the tyrant into whose clutches I had fallen should have her attention diverted. But, judging from what I had gone through, that was unlikely. Fortunately I was again left to the mercies of the cubs, whose ability to worry me was painfully enough evident, but whose power to destroy me I certainly doubted. They now began to do their worst on me, and I was forced from

time to time to hit out at them with my arms. Knowing, however, that their cries might bring worse evils upon me, I confined these defensive measures within the narrowest limits. But on one occasion I was goaded to fury and had to drive away one of the cubs, who, taking advantage of a soft swollen bruise on my thigh, had torn a wound in it and drawn blood copiously. I seized my puggaree, which I had hitherto succeeded in keeping round my forehead, and tied the wound tightly, spending many anxious seconds afterwards in defending the part from attack. At length, being quite exhausted, I lay back and made up my mind that I must die. For aught I knew I might be miles away from Guthrie; possibly he him-

to many dearly cherished hearts. And then to die by slow torture! To be eaten alive. I recalled visits I had paid to the Zoo in London. I remembered how the tigers put their teeth into the flesh, and, instead of biting it, drew it up in shreds. No, I would not die like that. I would sever an artery and bleed to death. Ah, but then I could not with certainty locate an artery. The flow of blood would whet the appetite of the tigress, and if my operation were a clumsy performance! . . . Oh, the horror of it! At that moment my eye rested on a long strip of my drill trousers. I took it, tied it tightly round my neck, and slipped my penknife through to make a tourniquet. Now, thought I, if the worst happens, a quick resolute twist of this

will suffocate me and spare me the worse tortures of a lingering death. But in taking out my penknife I had drawn from my pocket a silver matchbox given me as a parting keepsake by a wise English friend who had urged me never to be without wax vestas in my foreign travels. I immediately removed the cloth from my neck, opened the matchbox, and took out a match. Five more remained. Without another moment's hesitation I rolled the cloth into a rough ball, struck the match, and, lighting the ball of cloth, dropped it in the grass. Cautiously and quickly, on hands and knees—having rolled up another ball—I lit the



ONCE AGAIN SHE TOOK ME TO HER OLD LAIR.

self had been killed; our two 'boys' and the bullock-drivers would not on their own initiative be likely to attempt rescue. My heart sank: I perceived clearly that death was now only a question of hours. In this extreme moment I uttered a prayer to heaven and commended my soul to God. Then for the first time my thoughts flew to my home, to the anguish my fate would cause

grass in a fresh place. Then another and another, till I had but two matches left. In a minute or two the dry grass was hissing and crackling; a breeze was carrying the fire in wild fury everywhere. The cubs had made off, but the tigress, undaunted by the flames, rushed upon my position. I flew under cover of a great cloud of smoke and dashed into the forest, but, the

wind veering, my path of flight was disclosed and the tiger was after me; though by this time I had reached a steep embankment down which I headed, and finding to my joy a deep stream of water at the bottom, plunged heedlessly in. I had no sooner done so than I heard a growl behind me, and the next moment the tigress was beside me in the water. She lifted me in her mouth as easily as if I had been on dry land, and, carrying me to the bank, shook me as a housewife does a duster—the most miserable sensation I ever experienced. Then once again she took me to her old lair, by this time free of fire. For the moment I sank down in utter despair and wretchedness; but the cool water had slaked my parched throat and had generally revived me, while the grip of the beast had become by this time sufficiently familiar as to save me from paralytic stupor. The mother ran about frantically in search of her cubs, periodically returning to me and uttering a growl of rage. A sense of impotence against this fiendish brute made me desperate; a sense of renewed vigour made me defiant. I had still two matches left—if I could but reach the unburnt grass! But I was now under close surveillance, my enemy devouring me with her eyes at a distance of about ten paces. I rose to my feet, but as I did so the tigress gave an upward spring as if to pounce upon and finally crush me. While she was yet in mid-air a report of firearms was heard, the massive brute turned a complete somersault, and then fell in a heap

across me, her huge body pinning me to the ground, where I lay senseless.

"Briefly, what had happened was this. Guided by the fire I had kindled, Guthrie and his servant had reached me—as the event proved—only just in time. He had been left unhurt after our encounter, the tigress having carried me off instanter, leaping, Guthrie said, a thick bamboo scrub of some eight feet with me in her mouth. What appeared to me an endless day of torture proved to have been a period of some fifty-five minutes—that being the exact time which had elapsed between my capture and rescue. My second period of unconsciousness ended at Asambo, where I awoke to find myself in comfortable quarters, and to learn that after reaching Khaligaysam in the bullock-cart I had been carried by bearers to the hills. After a week's nursing I was quite fit again.

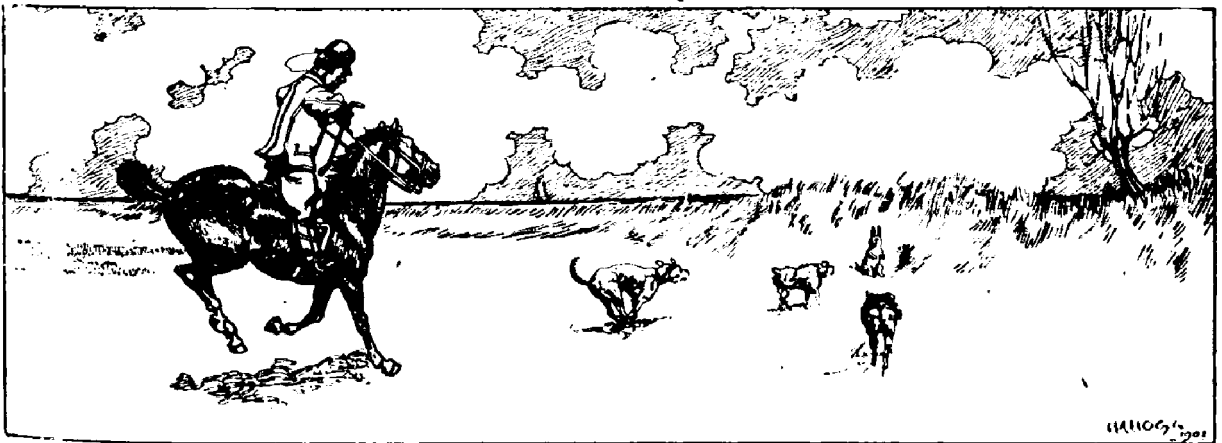
"The bison are thick under the ridge," said Guthrie.

"Thank you, old man, but don't you think——"

"Yes, I do," replied Guthrie. "I understand, exactly. You have had your first tiger, and feel content to rest on your laurels. I quite agree. My business here is done, and we ought to be getting down. We will return to the bison on another occasion."

"Thank you, old man, and may I also thank——"

"Here, Panda, Griffin Sahib is thirsty. Bring him a glass of cocoanut water."



A DAY WITH THE PIMPLETON SCRATCH HARRIERS—OR, NOT FINISHED YET.



J. O. Jones

And How He Earned His Living.

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CHAPTER I.

J. O. HAS AN IDEA.

THE family of Jones was a large, handsome and clever family. The head of it, the Rev. Peter Jones, was vicar of a rural parish containing a thousand souls, which, thousand souls—or as many of them as were of an age to—had for seven-and-twenty years taken a deep and abiding interest in the fortunes of their pastor and his brood.

The living was a good one, but when a man has ten children even a good living does not go very far. It is extraordinary how school bills, and butchers' bills and tailors' bills, and the bills for the young ladies' frocks, hats and boots, will devour the fattest of livings. Hence it was that the Rev. Peter Alfred Jones—a sound Churchman, a scholar and a gentleman—counted himself a poor man in spite of the fact that he received ample payment for his parochial services.

It is not good to be a youngest son. Although often the darling of a mother's or a father's heart, the youngest son has scant reason to congratulate himself on his late arrival in this world. John Onslow Jones, youngest son of the Rev. Peter, had particular cause to bear out the truth of our statement. From the earliest period he had had to submit to the bullying of his five elder brethren, to don their cast-off apparel, to run errands for them, to sleep in whatever bed happened to be left over after they had suited them-

selves in that respect, and to feel, with peculiar bitterness, that he had been brought into this world to be sat upon. Having survived the perils of infancy, and the several diseases which seem, with a certain undue malignity, to mark out small girls and boys as their especial prey, J. O. took to himself height and girth at a far greater pace than had been the case as regards his brethren; and it was not long before he began, in a stubborn way, to resent the tyranny of those young gentlemen.

True, he had to wear their clothes, but that was the maternal decree—not theirs. Otherwise, however, he succeeded in holding his own in a way that won him their respect, though hardly their affection. At the age of ten, J. O. could thrash his immediate senior—who was twelve—and give a very good account of himself when he engaged in a bout of fisticuffs with the brother of fourteen. It was not to be expected that he could battle successfully with the sixteen one, so him he obeyed. And he also rendered service unhesitatingly to his two eldest brothers, of whom, however, he saw very little, as they were seldom at home.

In due course, J. O. went to Greyhouse, where, having proved to his fellows that he was not a person to be tampered with, he passed a solitary existence, for his nature was not gregarious, and he made few friends. Meanwhile, the other sons of the house of Jones were winning scholarships, taking degrees, walking hospitals, and proving to examiners all and sundry that they were hosts to be reckoned with. Briefly, the Joneses possessed brains and used them; and they had, moreover, healthy bodies and pleasant ways, which latter recommended them wherever they went.

One by one the Rev. Peter planted them out in the world, and set them in a fair way to earn honest livings. His girls, too, he educated well, and thus he did his duty by his family and had no cause to complain of his offspring save in one instance—and that was J. O. For J. O., though he slogged away incessantly, achieved very small results.

Nor was he a social success, for though he had inherited his share of the family looks, he had not the winning manners that helped his brethren over many a stile in the course of their early careers.

Though not precisely a dunce, J. O. was, intellectually, a failure. He would have loved to have been a doctor, but he couldn't pass the examinations. He went on trying to get through the first stages of a medical man's qualifying process until he was twenty-one, when he gave it up as a bad job, and went out to Ceylon, where he hoped to make his way as a tea-planter.

After a year of ups and downs he wrote an account of his doings, and the hopelessness of his prospects, to his father, who promptly sent him a draft and told him to spend it on his passage home. So home came J. O., and for several months trudged about in an old Norfolk suit, shooting rabbits and catching fish, until the Rev. Peter called him into his study one day and asked him whether he still entertained the idea of earning a living. J. O. meekly replied that he was quite willing to try his hand at anything his father cared to suggest.

Mr. Jones cast his eye meditatively over his youngest son. He was a good enough father in his way, and had meant well by J. O., but, attribute it to ill-fortune or lack of brains, as you will, J. O. had failed to back him up. As the Rev. Peter surveyed his boy he saw in that boy the makings of a first-class policeman, or game-keeper; and he sighed. His eldest son, a doctor, was in possession of an excellent practice, married, prosperous, a distinct credit to him. His second son, drawing good pay in the Indian Civil, was also a feather in the paternal cap. The third son was a curate; the fourth was at Bart.'s; the fifth at Oxford. The sixth, the biggest of the batch as far as body went, sat before him, two large hands set on two large knees, great muddy boots on great feet, a living letter to the Times on "What Shall We Do With Our Sons?"

If he could get this big Benjamin of a fellow settled, thought the Vicar, his mind would be at rest. His daughters he had no qualms about. One was married, another's steps were being gently guided altar-wards by a wooing swain; the other two, quite girls, were passing their time as such girls do, and their father had no wish to

part with them. They were good-looking girls, and no doubt in time Heaven would send them husbands. Until then, there was a comfortable home for them.

But it is the lot of girls to stay at home. This hulking giant of six feet, however, should by now have found other paths to tread than those in and around Middlebury, the Rev. Peter's parish.

"Your career hitherto," said the Vicar, slowly, "has hardly been a success."

J. O.'s silence was an acknowledgment of the fact.

"You did nothing at Greyhouse."

Oh! worthy sir, 'twere well for you no other Greyhouse boy heard you speak in that wise. J. O. Jones did nothing at Greyhouse? Oh, sir, the school bards speak of it yet! What of the Great Door—what of that awful night when your son—J. O.—did, by himself, unaided—save from a terrible death a close-packed staircaseful of boys—when, by his great strength, he wrested from its leviathan lock and hinges an oaken door, thus freeing the way for that fast-suffocating throng? *Did nothing at Greyhouse!* Oh, sir! what of that gold watch, subscribed for by all Greyhouse—from Head to smallest fag—whereby that magnificent achievement of your boy's was commemorated?

J. O. had that watch in his pocket now—it was his one possession, bar his gun, that was of any value; his one trinket, the one testimony he could display in proof that he had not lived in vain.

But the good Vicar was thinking of matters entirely distinct from physical might.

"You struggled by some mysterious means into the Upper Fifth, and there, at the bottom of it, you stuck till you left."

"I'm afraid there's no denying what you say," sighed J. O.

"One of your brothers was senior classic of Greyhouse."

"Yes—Tom," said J. O. "Clever chap."

"A fine scholar," said the Vicar (Tom was the curate). "Yes, a fine scholar. He took a double-first at Oxford."

J. O. looked at his boots. Tom, he recollected, could just about hit a sitting hen at twelve yards' range.

"However," said the Vicar, "that's neither here nor there. The question is: what are you to do? You've tried medicine, and failed; you've tried tea-planting, and—well, you drew a blank. What would you like to do now?"

"I've been thinking," said J. O. slowly, "that I might fill up my time doing a bit of school-mastering."

"Teaching! But you have no degree—no qualifications."

"I can play games rather well," said J. O. quite humbly.

There was a certain pathos in this remark, but the Vicar did not notice it. After all, J. O.'s intellect—such as it was—was none of J. O.'s making. This did not occur to the Rev. Peter, who was inclined to be impatient with the lad because he was not as clever as his brethren.

"True, you can play games," said the Vicar, "and if you were a Blue you could doubtless obtain a very good post. As it is, you are not a University man, and have passed no examinations. If you did get a post such as you suggest, it would be a very poor one."

"Better than nothing," said J. O.

The Vicar mused awhile. "Well, well, it may fill up your time. As you say, such a post would be better than nothing. Look through the *Guardian*. You'll see the scholastic agents' advertisements there. I'll write to some of my friends and ask them if they know of anything."

"Thanks, pater," said J. O., and removed his large carcass to the outer regions, where he breathed more freely.

Thus and thus it came about that, one cold January day, J. O. Jones found himself journeying up to London to see what he could do by way of furthering his new ambition.

CHAPTER II.

AND SECURES A POST.

ARRIVED at Paddington, Jones refreshed himself with some beef sandwiches and a glass of beer and climbed on to a 'bus which was to pass through the fashionable thoroughfares of the West End; for his present destination was a street branching off from one of these thoroughfares, his especial objective being the office of a scholastic agent, named Paine, whom Jones hoped to interview with regard to employment. A scholastic agent, we may explain for the benefit of those who do not know, is a man who provides headmasters with assistant masters and parents with private tutors, arranges the sale of schools, and the forming of partnerships, and, on occasions, advises parents where to send their boys.

When Jones entered the office he found half-a-dozen gentlemen waiting Mr. Paine's pleasure.

"Mr. Paine can't see you for a long time," said a clerk.

Observing that a very small chair was vacant, Jones promptly sat down in it, quite hiding it with his bulky person.

Presently a glass door was opened, and a short, stout, cross-looking man of about forty came half into the room, glared wolfishly at the assembled schoolmasters, and as quickly withdrew.

A few moments later an electric bell rang, and the clerk ushered one of the waiting men into Mr. Paine's presence.

Jones sat stolidly while all the men who had come before him were accorded interviews. At last he found himself alone in the outer room; his turn had come.

"Mr. Paine can see you now," said the clerk.

Jones got on to his legs and walked into Mr. Paine's sanctum.

"Morning," said the agent without looking up.

"Morning," said Jones.

Leaving J. O. standing where he stopped, Mr. Paine wrote out a telegram, hurried into the outer office and held a short consultation with the clerk, hurried back and wrote out another telegram, and at length was good enough to come to a standstill opposite Jones with "Well, what is it?"

"Come about a post," said Jones, who had now been in the office an hour and a half.

"Oh, a mastership, I presume?"

"Yes," said Jones.

"You are on our books? No? You might fill up this form, then, and I must trouble you for half-a-crown—initial expenses."

Jones laid down half-a-crown. Mr. Paine gave him a form, which J. O. filled up. Among other things he stated that his name was John Onslow Jones, that he was twenty-two years of age, six feet high, and had been educated at Greyhouse School.

When Jones had finished, Mr. Paine ran his eye over the form and then proceeded to take down some further particulars.

"Ride—fish—shoot?" he said to Jones, stringing the words together in a rapid manner that made one mouthful of them.

"Yes," said Jones, wondering what this had to do with teaching Latin grammar.

"Dance—sing—play?" enquired Mr. Paine in the same quick tone.

"No, I can't offer to teach that sort of thing," said Jones, much mystified. "It is just an ordinary post I want. The usual subjects, you know."

"It is just as well to put down everything you can do," said Mr. Paine, "because I might hear of a private tutorship which would suit you, and social accomplishments appeal to people who want private tutors. German?"

"No," said Jones, "I don't know German."

"Very useful thing. Helps a man if he is able to teach a little German," explained Mr. Paine: "often turns the scale in his favour. I will put down German: you can keep a lesson ahead of 'em. Shorthand?"

Jones shook his head.

"I had better put down shorthand," said Mr. Paine. "You can get up Pitman's 'Teacher' in a fortnight, and school shorthand is very elementary going. Book-keeping?"

tubes and retorts, or odours that caused the weak-throated fellows to cough and seek fresh air at the window.

"I won't put down chemistry, then," said Mr. Paine, "not being a thing to play with. Mechanics?"

Again Jones shook his head. The agent snorted.

"Well, I'll see what I can do for you. What address?"



A LIVING LETTER TO THE "TIMES" ON "WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR SONS?"

"No," said Jones.

"Pooh! I'll put down book-keeping. You can learn it in an hour—learnt it myself in half. Chemistry?"

Jones shook his head despondently. At Grey-house he had presumably studied this subject, but he had never taken any interest in it save when the science master, in making experiments, had produced lurid effects with the aid of test-

"Middlebury Vicarage, Bucks."

The agent stood up. Jones stood up, too, and they looked at each other.

"You're a big fellow."

Mr. Paine had an eye for a man. It was part of his business to study faces, figures, and attitudes, for he could learn a good deal from the shape of a client's chin, from his walk, and from the way he sat his chair.

"I am rather," said Jones, modestly.

"Strong with it?"

"Fairly."

"What do you weigh?"

"Fourteen stone."

Again the agent snorted. He was beginning to like J. O. The average man without degree or experience he would have dealt with very summarily, but this large, simple-spoken fellow rather appealed to him, and the wolf side of him was softening for the moment.

"In sum," he said, picking up the form Jones had filled in, "you are capable of taking a junior mastership. You play games, teach the usual elementary subjects, with shorthand, German and book-keeping——"

"I would rather not say I can teach those," said Jones.

"All right," said Mr. Paine, unwillingly striking them out, "it's best to be honest, I suppose, though a good many men profess to teach these things—and do teach them—who know about as much about them as Adam did. Oh, I forgot—drilling?"

"I might be able to do that," said Jones, who had a lively remembrance of forming fours and performing other clumsy tactics in the upper field at Greyhouse, though he had never, it may be added, troubled about joining the cadet corps.

Mr. Paine had inserted "drilling" before J. O. had done speaking.

"Right! I daresay I shall be able to find you something. You must not expect to get much salary, you know. I should advise you to read up for a London degree—matriculation is something. We will send you on notices of vacancies. Good morning!"

And without paying any further attention to his visitor, Mr. Paine sat down at his desk and proceeded to write a letter.

Jones stirred uneasily, and at length managed to say, "I forgot to tell you that I have travelled a little and have done some tea-planting."

"Tea-planting not being a subject taught in schools," said Mr. Paine acidly, "I don't think I need make a note of the fact," and went on with his letter.

Again Jones stirred uneasily as he said: "I suppose you cannot tell me of anybody I can go and see?"

"No," replied Mr. Paine without raising his head.

"Thank you," Jones said, and made his way slowly to the door, "Good day."

Mr. Paine's reply was a snort.

Jones passed out into the street feeling that he was the sort of man that no one particularly

wanted, and wondering whether it would not be just as well to go and enlist. He had only travelled, however, some dozen yards, when the clerk came flying after him.

"Mr. Paine would like to speak to you again," he said to Jones, and Jones went back, wondering whether Mr. Paine was going to ask him to be so good as to shut the door after him, or, possibly, to leave it open.

"Oh, Mr. Jones," said the agent, as J. O. reappeared, "it has just occurred to me that you might like to have a post which I have been instructed to fill on my own responsibility. Sit down a moment, will you? I will tell you about it."

Mr. Paine had received notification of the fact that there was a vacancy for a master at Adderman's School, Ardenwood. Mr. Paine had quite expected this letter, as masters went to Adderman's and left Adderman's with lamentable frequency. The exact reason for this Mr. Paine knew perfectly well, Adderman's being a very peculiar institution.

It was a private school containing about ninety boys, many of whom had been expelled from other places, the result being that Adderman's contained as undisciplined a crew as you could well find in these islands. Any self-respecting parent knowing the truth about Adderman's would never have thought of sending a son there. People wondered how the headmaster kept up his numbers, but keep them up he did, the principal reason being, perhaps, that the people who sent him pupils could not afford to be too particular in their choice of a seminary for erring Willie or refractory Samuel. So Adderman's went merrily on from year to year, quite the blackest sheep on Mr. Paine's list. In a few words Mr. Paine told Jones all about Adderman's.

"It's one of the worst schools in England," he said. "The headmaster, though good at business, is in other respects a weak, irresolute fellow, with very little control over the boys. He wants a *man* there now, and I believe he is at last going to make an effort to purify the place, as he is willing to pay a good salary to a thoroughly good disciplinarian. Now, Mr. Jones, I can give you this vacancy. Perhaps I am not conferring a special favour on you by offering it to you. You say you have done a bit of tea-planting—that meant looking after niggers, didn't it?—then you are accustomed to keeping order and to being obeyed."

"Yes," said Jones, "I may say I am."

"Then you shall have the job," said Mr. Paine, in a tone of great relief, "the salary is a hundred pounds per annum, with board, lodging and laun-

dress, and let me tell you that that is double the money you would get at any other school, with your qualifications. Anyhow, you can but try it. Have I your permission to write to Mr. Adderman and say that I have selected a man?"

"Certainly," said Jones, remembering that recent interview with his father. "I am very much obliged to you, sir, for your kindness."

"Then that's settled," said the agent. "I must ask you to put your signature to this paper. I charge five per cent."

The form Jones signed authorised Mr. Adderman to pay the agent five pounds, this sum to be subtracted from the money due to the new master for his first term's services.

"An iniquitous commission," said the Rev. Peter, when, on getting back to Middlebury that night, J. O. told his father of his appointment.

CHAPTER III.

ADDERMAN'S

It appeared that the school had already returned, and so Jones had only a day or two in which to get his belongings together and make all arrangements for a fresh start in life.

The Vicar's family, as is often the case in large families, was split up into pairs of chums, J. O.'s particular friend being the youngest girl but one, by name Estelle. She was nineteen, and a capital little sort, being the only feminine member of the family who cared to accompany J. O. on his shooting and fishing expeditions; and she did this not so much from a love of sport as out of affection for J. O.

Estelle, therefore, with womanly thoughtfulness and deft touch, helped J. O. with his packing. Hence it was that in the course of the day she informed her mother, with almost tearful anxiety, that "Johnnie had not got half enough clothes. And you know what Johnnie is, mother," she added, "he never asks for anything and never seems to want anything."

"I hardly think it advisable to mention the matter to your father just now," returned Mrs. Jones. "as he is much worried by his new year's bills; and I am afraid Harold is proving a little expensive at Oxford. William, too, has to be kept in London."

Estelle said no more. She went quietly out of the room and returned to her classifying of J. O.'s articles of apparel. Estelle was sometimes jokingly referred to as "the heiress," an aunt with whom she had been somewhat of a favourite having died some six months previously

and left her a hundred pounds. Estelle had hoarded this sum with scrupulous care, but a new bicycle had made rather a hole in it. Her father had gravely warned her "not to spend it, as one day she might be in need of such a nest-egg—who could tell?"

Estelle was an affectionate little soul. In her heart of hearts she had hoped, long before this scholastic business came about, that Johnnie would get something good to do, so that she might keep house for him until such time as it should please God to send Johnnie a wife. The possibility that it might also please God to send Estelle herself a husband did not occur to Estelle to any great extent. She was a fresh, healthy girl, sweet-looking rather than good-looking, and her mind did not run much, as the minds of so many young ladies do, on the absorbing topic of marriage.

"Johnnie," she said, as she bent her head a little lower over J. O.'s portmanteau, "you really ought to have some more vests—and things."

"Oh, I think I have got enough," said J. O. carelessly. He was scraping the mud off a football boot.

"And, Johnnie, you want a quite nice suit for Sundays. The blue one you wear now has got quite shiny."

"Oh, it'll do," said J. O., "I am not particular, you know, and I don't suppose old Adderman will care much what I wear."

"Go into my room," said Estelle—she was packing up in J. O.'s bedroom—"and put on your dress suit. I am sure it is too tight for you—you are so dreadfully big, you know."

"I hardly think they dress for dinner at Adderman's," said J. O., grimly.

"But a man must always have a dress suit with him: he may be asked out. Now do as I tell you," she added imperiously, and she seized the garments and pressed them upon him with such vehemence that Jones could not but obey.

"I am afraid you are right, Essie," he said, returning a little later; "I absolutely daren't bend, and I hardly dare breathe."

Estelle made him stand by the window, and when she had looked him well over she felt seriously inclined to cry.

"Couldn't it be let out?" said J. O.

"Johnnie," said Estelle very quietly, as she began to brush some specks off his sleeve, "you know as well as I do that you want some new things. Papa is very worried with bills, and so you can't ask *him* for anything."

"I shouldn't in any case," muttered J. O.

"Don't be silly," said Estelle, "you must have money, you know."

"When I am paid at the end of my first term

I shall be a comparatively rich man," said J. O., squaring his shoulders, "I shall have thirty-three pounds, six and eight-pence." He forgot Mr. Paine's commission for the moment.

"Yes," said Estelle, quickly seizing this opportunity, "you will be quite well off, but until then, you see, you will want money; and so, Johnnie dear, as I have eighty-five pounds in the bank, and a dress allowance from papa, I want to lend you something. You can pay me back at Easter," she went on rapidly, as she saw he was about to object, "you will be able to pay me back quite easily. Shall I lend you ten pounds, Johnnie?"

Johnnie put out his hands and placed them round his sister's waist, and then, without any great effort, he lifted her up until her head was level with his, when he gave her a brotherly kiss on the cheek. Then, still holding her with perfect ease, he said "Not a farthing," and put her lightly down.

It is not the most easily accomplished thing to lift a healthy country girl with a good figure at arms' length. The muscles of the back are brought into considerable play, and J. O.'s brotherly hug proved fatal to the dress coat, which went by the board, as it were, an ominous splitting of seams being heard in various places. As Estelle burst into tears at the same moment, the combination of events beat down J. O.'s resistance, and a woman's wish prevailed.

J. O. saw that it would be rank unkindness to refuse his sister's offer, and so he accepted a loan of ten pounds from her. As he still had a little money left from the draft his father had sent him when he was in Ceylon, he was able, after he was settled in his post, to buy a new dress suit and some more vests and things.

The Rev. Peter, it may be added, never knew of this transaction, and we will say that had he heard of it he would have insisted on refunding the money to Estelle. As it was, being absorbed in the task of meeting all his bills, he gave J. O. and his new appointment very little thought.

"Good-bye, John," he said, when the morning of departure came, "I hope you will succeed in your new work."

They shook hands, and J. O. climbed into the gig. Estelle was going to drive him to the station and bring the gig back.

Unenviable is the fate of that man or woman who has not a friend in the world. When one goes on a journey it is the truest comfort to know that there is somebody who feels one's going. The Jones family parted with J. O. as it parted with all its other members, wishing him well, and feeling as certain as people can feel in this uncer-

tain world that it would see him again in three months' time. With Estelle it was different, and J. O.'s big heart was very thankful for the love of this little sister when, as the train was beginning to move out of the station, she kissed him on both cheeks.

"Good-bye, Essie, old girl," he said.

"Good-bye, Johnnie," was the tearful reply. "You promise to write and tell me all about how you get on—promise, now!"

"I promise faithfully," said J. O.

The small country station was soon left behind. J. O. caught a glimpse of Estelle driving the gig back to Middlebury Vicarage, and he saw the flutter of her handkerchief. Then the train disappeared between high banks, and the little handkerchief's fluttering were finally hidden from view.

Brothers and sisters, I hope that among many of you there is love like that which made Essie hide her face in the little handkerchief when she could no longer see J. O.'s train. The old pony knew the way home, so she had no need to guide him. Brothers and sisters, some of you quarrel and some of you are inclined to be selfish. Let me warn you, then, that a day may come when something will happen to make you bitterly repent these things. Forgive and forbear; remember that you are only young together for a few years, so, while you have time, be really brotherly and really sisterly, giving way to one another and loving one another as your hearts tell you that you should.

J. O. gulped something down and mechanically felt in his jacket pocket, wherefrom he drew a well-coloured bull-dog pipe. At the first important station he bought a newspaper; and thus, smoking and reading, he beguiled the time until, about two o'clock, he reached the town of Ardenwood, a mile and a half out of which was situated the blackest sheep on Mr. Paine's list.

"Adderman's," said the porter, grinning at the cabman as he handed J. O.'s portmanteau up. The school's bad reputation was known even to this corduroyed railway servant.

J. O. watched with some curiosity to see what sort of a place this Adderman's might be, and agreeable was his surprise when he caught his first glimpse of it. The building itself was by no means ill-looking, being a large white mansion of the Queen Anne type, standing two or three hundred yards back from the road. It had all the appearance of having been the residence of a country gentleman of considerable means in days gone by.

The drive from the road ran through two fields, a gate, which was kept open, and a fence, form-

ing the dividing line between the fields. At the top of the drive was another gate, also open, and twenty yards of gravel brought one to a stately front door.

When the cab came quite close Jones saw many things which evidenced the fact that no country gentleman lived here now, the mansion's surroundings bearing every indication that the place had suffered a good deal of wear of the roughest kind.

In the upper field an extremely muddy football of the "rigger" type was wearily rising and falling, some dozen fellows being occupied in desultory attempts to drop goals. Others, to judge by the sounds which came through open windows, were having a right merry time in the class-rooms. The uproar, indeed, was astonishing. As the cab stopped, the window on the right of the door was thronged with faces. In answer to Jones's ring, a dilapidated-looking man in shabby evening dress appeared.

He exchanged a wink with the cabman.

"Mr. Jones?" he enquired.

"Yes," said Jones.

"Gimme a 'and with this 'ere portmanteau, will yer?" said the cabman, who was wheezily tugging at that somewhat weighty article, to the dilapidated individual. Meanwhile the faces at the window looked on with interest. The portmanteau was at length conveyed into the hall, where half-a-dozen boys were lounging about in an aimless way. They gathered together in a group and watched the new master with contemptuous curiosity. Evidently the arrival of a new master at Adderman's was only too common an event.

"Please come this way," said the school porter, butler, factotum, or whatever anybody pleased to call him. There was no qualifying "Sir." He, like the boys, had lost all sense of respect for the new masters who came to Adderman's. He had seen so many come and go, in the latter event often after a fierce altercation with the headmaster.

Jones followed him, leaving the boys in the hall gathered round his luggage, the name on the label appearing to have a special attraction for them.

The butler, whose name was Johnson, opened a door and silently ushered Jones into the headmaster's study.

Mr. Adderman sat at his desk. He wore his gown, and his cap lay on the desk 'mid a litter of documents which looked like tradesmen's accounts. He stood up on J. O.'s entrance.

"How do you do, Mr. Jones?"

They shook hands, and Jones inspected his first

scholastic employer with considerable interest. He saw before him a man of medium height, whose hair was turning grey and whose face bore marks of incessant worry. His eyes were small and of a weak blue colour, his lips thin, and his beard straggling. A student of character, accustomed to reading faces, would have said that this man was hard-working, and not at all bad-hearted, but quite without that resolution which distinguishes one who has a will and means to make it felt.

"I am glad you have come," said Mr. Adderman, "as term started on Monday. Had there been time I should have liked to have had an interview or some correspondence with you, but time pressed and I had to tell Paine to send me a man at once. He has given you full information regarding the post, I presume?"

"He told me a good deal about it," replied Jones.

"What I want, Mr. Jones," said the headmaster, "is a disciplinarian."

"I understood as much from Mr. Paine," said J. O.

Adderman looked sharply at his new master.

"Did he give you many particulars about the school?"

"He said," was J. O.'s tactful answer, "that the man for this post must be able to keep order."

"He was right, quite right," said Mr. Adderman, fingering his pen nervously. "I have had a succession of bad masters, Mr. Jones. The agents have sent me down some terrible fellows, whom I have had to dismiss within a month of their coming here, or in the middle of the term. I have had masters, Mr. Jones, who were not fit to black the boys' boots, much less to teach or preserve discipline. The school has suffered in consequence."

Suddenly the headmaster started from his seat and opened the door.

"Get out of this passage, will you!" he shouted. "How many times have I told you not to play here?" Then he shut the door and returned to his seat. Directly he did so the noise recommenced. The headmaster ran to the door again.

"Did you hear what I said, you boys there?" he shouted again. "What do you mean by not obeying me? Go out of this passage at once!"

There was silence for the nonce in the passage, and the headmaster reseated himself at his desk.

"I don't know anything about you, Mr. Jones, save the little Paine told me in his letter. What experience have you had?"

"None," said Jones.

Mr. Adderman looked surprised.

"Paine said he had engaged a competent man. But, surely, one without experience——"

"I hope," said Jones, "that I shall not prove unsuitable. With your assistance I have no doubt I shall be able to do my work satisfactorily."

"With my assistance!" exclaimed Adderman, "my dear sir, I have too much to do as it is."

"I mean," said Jones, bluntly, "that I shall get along all right here if you back me up, Mr. Adderman."

"Oh, of course, of course. I shall support your authority in every way possible. But, really—no experience! Er—what have you been doing with yourself since you left—er——"

"Greyhouse?" said Jones, "I read medicine for a time and then went to India."

Already the pattering of feet had recommenced outside, in spite of the headmaster's injunctions.

"As——?" enquired Mr. Adderman.

"Oh, I did a bit of tea-planting."

The headmaster began to see light. This was an unpleasant joke of Paine's. The agent, as a last resource, had sent him a man who had recently been in charge of negroes!

Mr. Adderman looked vexed.

"That is hardly a qualification for a scholastic post, Mr. Jones," he said, curtly, "I presume you walked or rode about all day with a whip—and used it?"

"Occasionally—on my horse," said J. O.

Mr. Adderman still looked troubled.

"Well, Mr. Jones, you are engaged by me—that's the long and short of the matter. I hope we shall pull well together. You must have something to eat, and then I will introduce you to your——"

Again he leapt out of his chair and snatched the door open.

"Melrose, do fifty lines. Did you not hear me tell you to go away just now? Get out of this passage at once—all of you! If I find any boy playing in this passage again I shall punish him severely."

Again he shut the door. He seemed to take it quite as a matter of course, shouting down the passage in this undignified manner; and the boys seemed to take his rebukes as a matter of course, too. There was silence outside for a few moments. Then there were subdued footsteps, then somebody gave a wild whoop, and then there was a wild scuttle and scramble. Mr. Adderman rose from his chair, only to sink back into it with a sigh of exhaustion, as he said to Jones: "When you are on duty I particularly wish you to see that the boys do not play in this passage."

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE COMMON ROOM.



MEANWHILE the new master was being discussed with much freedom in playground and class-room. Speculation was rife as to the amount of sport he would yield, and one Sixth Form boy had already offered to lay half-a-crown that the fresh arrival would not survive half-term.

"I take you," said Oliphant, captain of football, who came into the Seniors' room as the wager was being proclaimed, "is it a bet, Bull?"

"It is a bet," said Bull, as both booked it, "and I'll further lay you three-half-crowns to one that, even if he stays all this term, he won't come back next."

"You'll have to give me longer odds than that, my Bully-boy," laughed Oliphant, "fives, at the very least."

Bully-boy being unwilling to commit himself so far, no business was done in connection with the second offer.

"Have you seen the animal?" enquired Bull, wondering why Oliphant had snapped him so readily.

"I have," said Oliphant. "I was at the station getting a *Pink 'Un* when he arrived. I spotted him by his luggage label. It's a well-grown beast, Bully—wonder if he plays rigger!"

"Hope not," said Bull, "spoils all the fun of out-matches if a master's with you. Chops is hawful hentertainin' when you rag him, but even he's in the way. Don't encourage any of 'em to play this term, Dicky. We're strong enough to do without masters."

Bull was speaking with a truth that was not usual with him. Adderman's had a tip-top fifteen, chiefly, perhaps, because Dick Oliphant was such a keen captain; and, again, because not a few of the seniors at Adderman's were—for school-boys—ripe in years. Being an unruly set, their parents knew not what to do with them, and consequently, while making up their minds, let the lads stay on at Adderman's.

Oliphant, a tall, handsome fellow, did pretty well as he pleased. He perused more novels than school books, and was regarded with considerable respect by masters and boys alike because he had already played several times for the county, and could have represented it frequently had he been less loyal to the school. Bull was a fairly useful forward, and would have been a really reliable player had he kept himself in better condition by eschewing spirits and tobacco.

While seniors and juniors, in their own way, indulged in cheerful anticipations of the fun they would have with poor Mr. Jones, the masters in

the Common Room were evidently not indifferent to J. O.'s possibilities.

Sitting at the small table with which the room was provided, correcting exercises, was a man whose age might have been anything between thirty-five and forty. Although of a decidedly Jewish cast of countenance, his collar and the cut of his dark-hued costume proclaimed him to be a clergyman. His face was flabby and white, his nose long, his hair black, curly, oiled, and

and took the second form in general subjects when he was not otherwise engaged.

Mr. Atkins's neglect of his aspirates was possibly attributable to the fact that he was a pure Cockney. In his early youth he had been an organ-blower in a South London church. As he developed musical talent, the organist had coached him with that unstinted enthusiasm which is characteristic of most musicians, the result being that at eighteen Mr. Atkins could



"DID YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID? GO OUT OF THIS PASSAGE AT ONCE!"

abundant. This, the Rev. Adam Samuels, was the senior assistant-master of Adderman's School.

"The new man has come, hasn't he?" he enquired of the room, as he delicately selected a gold-tipped cigarette from his case.

"I heard a cab drive up," languidly replied an elegant young gentleman whose trousers were turned well up, showing a prodigious quantity of striped sock. Mr. Huntingdon, the speaker, recently of Cambridge, was second master. He was the one member of the staff in possession of a University degree.

"I hope 'e's a nice sociable feller," observed a third man, of apparently some twenty-eight years of age.

The speaker, Mr. Harry Atkins, taught music,

conduct a service. Since he came of age, Mr. Atkins had been wandering from school to school, teaching music and "elementary subjects."

His father, we may add, was a waiter in the House of Commons' dining-rooms, a fact which unfortunately became known to the school at large when the music-master had been at Adderman's a bare month. Hence his nickname—"Chops"—was at once decided on, and it was seldom that Mr. Atkins, whilst performing his duties, was allowed to forget the manner in which his fond parent earned his bread-and-butter.

Mr. Huntingdon glanced disdainfully at Mr. Atkins.

"It'll be a change," added the latter, staring defiantly at the Cantab, "I 'ate your stand-off,

'aughty sort," he concluded, as he proceeded to roll a cigarette with not over-clean fingers.

Seated near the window, deep in a book, was a subdued-looking youth named Green. Mr. Green held the unenviable post of junior master at Adderman's. Hardly more than a boy himself—he was about twenty—he, like many another junior master, by virtue of his tender years and meek disposition, was regarded, by the other masters, as a sort of dumping-ground for unpleasant tasks. Even the good-natured, easy-going Atkins "put upon" him, getting him to take his preparations and correct his exercises when he (Atkins) was desirous of going into Ardenwood to play Mr. Huntingdon a hundred up. For the superior Cambridge man and the Cockney second-form master were not bad friends, in spite of the fact that they sneered so openly at one another.

Mr. Samuels had been at Adderman's three years. Huntingdon and Atkins had received their appointments in the previous October, so that they were just one-term-wise in the turmoil of the place. Mr. Green had come to Adderman's half-way through the last term, *vice* a junior—a spirited public school boy—who had wound up a stormy six weeks by trying conclusions with a member of the Sixth Form in a stand-up fight. Having mauled his man pretty severely and punched the heads of half-a-dozen other big fellows who had treated him, at various times, to gross insults, he had then and there collected his belongings and taken himself off without troubling to draw the amount of salary due to him.

Whereupon agent Paine had despatched Mr. Green to fill the suddenly-created vacancy.

When J. O. Jones had refreshed his inner man, Mr. Adderman conducted him to the Common Room. His future colleagues must have been in a peculiarly slack mood that day, for, though it was past three o'clock, they were still lounging over pipes and books when the headmaster entered.

"Gentlemen, this is Mr. Jones," said the Head, (alas! how often had he performed such introductory ceremonials!)

Then Mr. Adderman named each one, and Jones shook hands all round, finishing with the pale-faced junior by the window. Having done his duty, the Head retired, and the voluble Atkins proceeded to make Jones feel at home by talking to him as if he had known him all his life. In the course of their somewhat one-sided conversation, he gave Jones a vast amount of information regarding himself, his "people" (refraining, of course, from any mention of gastronomy at the House of Commons), and the

complaints his sisters suffered from. The other three, being only too familiar with the Miss Atkins' sufferings, had by this time gone heir several ways.

Mr. Atkins asked J. O. a great number of personal questions, to which Jones replied mainly in stiff monosyllables. Finally, the second-form master brought up at Adderman's, which he tersely and fervently described as "an 'ole."

"There's a sayin'," he concluded, "that Adderman studies, firstly, 'is dogs, then 'is servants, and then 'is masters. What I say is, he doesn't study 'is masters at all. Well, there's five of us, and 'e gives us 'this den to sit in. Very often the meat isn't fit to eat, and well—*walls 'ave ears*," he added, mysteriously dropping his voice, "or I could tell you a good many more things that you'll find out for yourself quite quick enough."

"Does not Mrs. Adderman endeavour to make you comfortable?" asked J. O.

"There isn't a Mrs. Adderman—he's a widower," explained Atkins, "there's a matron—Miss Peters—a stiff old stalk about fifty, and she, bless you, don't care a 'ang about us."

"Has Mr. Adderman any family?" queried J. O.

"He's got a long-legged boy—in the Fourth—and —"

Atkins stopped speaking and chuckled.

"I say," he presently continued, "you wouldn't call Adderman exactly 'andsome, would you?"

"Well, not exactly," admitted J. O.

"Nor would I. Yet he's got a fair peach of a daughter."

"Indeed!" said Jones, indifferently.

"Ah! you don't seem to care, but wait till you see 'er. She's just 'ome from a swell school in Paris. I will say that for Adderman—he's kept his girl out of the way and given 'er a good education. Well, she's back now. By George! she's a bit of *all* right, I can tell you, and Adderman's as proud as Punch of 'er."

Mr. Atkins again indulged in a series of chuckles.

"Oh, it'll make you *larf* to see Samuels and old 'Untingdon. They're fair struck on 'er. She comes into meals and sits at the top table with Adderman and Samuels and Miss Peters. The rest of us sit at ends of the boys' tables. It's rather rough on you as your back's toward the top table, but I face it and so does 'Untingdon."

Mr. Atkins again chuckled.

"It's a play to watch Samuels leaning over to speak to Miss Adderman, and 'Untingdon glaring up from 'is end of the Hall with his hair brushed

and a new tie on almost every day—it's better than a play. She's not my sort—comes it too much of the cold and supercilious for my liking. Give me your fluffy little girl, with plenty of larks in her."

"What about duty?" demanded J. O., who was not feeling very interested.

Mr. Atkins pointed to a foolscap sheet that was fastened to the wall with stamp-paper.

"There you are. Samuels doesn't take duty. It's split up among 'Untingdon, Green, you and me. It's the same as last term—only you take what's put down to Eliot—the man whose place you're filling. It's your duty to-day. We thought you'd be here last night, but as you didn't turn up, Green's been doin' the needful. Nice, 'armless sort of chap," concluded Mr. Atkins, somewhat contemptuously, "but no schoolmaster. Can't keep order for toffee."

Mr. Atkins might also have added that he was no great guns as a disciplinarian himself, but for the fact that, in his sublime self-conceit, he imagined himself to be a martinet, at the very least.

"Then if it's my duty," said Jones, rising, "I'd better make a start."

"Don't 'urry yourself," said Atkins, soothingly, "it's a mistake to 'urry yourself 'ere. Young Green'll see 'em in. You'd better begin by taking prep. to-night."

"Still, I don't want another man to be doing my work—"

Mr. Atkins laid a restraining hand on J. O.'s arm.

"Don't you bother yourself. You can pay him back by doing a bit of 'is duty another day. My tip is—lay low till after tea. Unpack your things and then come for a stroll into Ardenwood. You'll find prep. quite duty enough for your first day 'ere. They'll take it out of you in prep., mark my word!"

CHAPTER V.

IN THE LONG ROOM.

TEA for the boys was served in the Hall at six, but the masters were provided with that cheering beverage at five o'clock, in their own room.

When the dilapidated Johnson limped in—for he suffered from tender feet—only Mr. Green was there, he having skipped up from the field for a few minutes.

"As usual," muttered the butler, dumping the tray down on the table, "only one 'ere to 'ave it, and 've fagged along enough for five. Why

can't they say they're going out!" he concluded, in an irritable snarl.

"They may be in soon," suggested Green, mildly.

The butler wiped his hands on the tails of his seedy dress-coat.

"That's the third tea I've served this afternoon!" he cried, "the first to that old cat Peters, the second to the gov'nor and Miss A. in the drorin'-room, and the third 'ere. Why can't they all 'ave it at wunst, with the boys! My life's a burden to me at this 'ere rate!"

Atkins and Jones walked in an hour later, Johnson grudgingly supplying them with a fresh pot of tea. Neither Huntingdon nor Samuels had returned so far, but it was quite possible that one or both were taking afternoon refreshment in the "drorin'-room," where they were frequent visitors.

The boys went in to tea—the patient Green floating in with the tide—while Jones and Atkins were still at work on the cake.

At six-thirty Mr. Samuels bustled into the common-room.

"Now, Mr. Jones, as it's time for preparation I will ask you to come into the Long Room with me. The master on duty," he added, as they walked up the corridor, "is assisted by two monitors. They sit at each end of the room, and are supposed to preserve order and to appeal to you in the event of any insubordination. Bull and Bradley are on duty this week. I will make you known to them."

As the two masters approached the Long Room it seemed as if a sort of Donnybrook Fair were in course of procedure. Yells, whistles, and cat-calls, the clatter of feet, the banging of desk-lids, lazy bass expostulations from the monitors, and shrill replies from junior fry accused of misdemeanours—all combined to make a din the equal of which J. O. Jones scarcely remembered to have heard at Greyhouse—that home of much noise—except, perhaps, on the occasion of the Great Rebellion.

When the two masters entered the room there was very little cessation of the row, and Mr. Samuels had to hammer on the middle desk repeatedly with a ruler and call sharply for "Silence!" before anybody deigned to notice his presence. They simmered down gradually, many mischievously speculative glances being directed towards the new master.

"Preparation lasts till eight, and then those boys who want it may have bread-and-cheese in the Hall," said Mr. Samuels, hurriedly beckoning to the monitors on duty.

The second master briefly introduced Jones to



HE LIFTED HIM BODILY FROM HIS SEAT AND CARRIED HIM DOWN THE LONG ROOM.

the two seniors, who seemed rather surprised when Jones shook hands with them.

This over, Mr. Samuels left the room with alacrity, for he had neglected a big pile of French exercises in the afternoon in order to dance attendance on Miss Adderman. Besides, Miss Adderman had consented to play his violin accompaniments after supper.

When the door had closed behind the second master, J. O. took a couple of turns up and down the Long Room. It seemed to him evident that the fellows were a pretty rowdy lot, but he foresaw no great difficulties in keeping them under. He took this sanguine view of matters because he

did not know Adderman's, nor was he aware of the thorns that crop up in an assistant-master's path when he has to fall back for support on a weak headmaster.

As Jones promenaded the room the boys under his charge scanned him closely. It was fortunate for him that he possessed no facial peculiarity; or some very pointed caricatures would soon have been circulated by the draughtsmen of the Academy. The school treated Jones to a long and stealthy scrutiny, and, finding nothing to make derisive capital out of in his appearance, promptly set in motion the various experimental tests which they regularly applied to new masters in order to discover what manner of men they might be.

Jones had seated himself at his desk, and was idly turning over the roll-book, when a Lexicon met the floor with a thud. An answering thud came from the other end of the room, followed by a third in Jones's immediate vicinity. A mild titter ran up and down the desks. Jones did not remove his eyes from the roll-book.

It being apparent that the new master required further rousing, a number of thuds now took place in quick succession. Jones was perfectly alive to the malignant purpose in this series of dictionary-droppings, but he went calmly on with his inspection of the roll.

As the new master did not jump at the bait, Adderman's thought of another good old wheeze. Some one at a distance, by means of a piece of elastic and his teeth, fired a pellet of paper in such a fashion that it fell close to the middle desk. Another pellet hit the front of the desk, and another smote the wall with a sharp sound some six feet above J. O.'s head.

Jones, however, appeared to be absorbed in the list of names. A pellet even fell on the desk in front of him, but he appeared not to notice it.

The new master's seeming indifference to their inhospitable behaviour caused the tormenters-in-chief to sharpen up their wits. This man *must* be roused.

While, ever and anon, a dictionary thundered on to the floor and pellets flew dangerously near the centre desk, the conspirators were getting up a fresh disturbance. Before each boy was a desk lid which opened and shut. Of a sudden it seemed that half the boys in the room were seized with a desire to ferret for new books, such a clap-

ping of lids taking place that the noise began to be deafening. Jones glanced at the two monitors, but both seemed to be occupied with their work; it seemed to him, however, that they were displaying a little more assiduity in that respect than was altogether consistent with their monitorial duties. When Bull looked up, J. O. detected a covert grin on his face. J. O. made a mental note of this fact. At intervals, it is true, both Bull and Bradley administered mild reprimands to the boys in their neighbourhood, but for all the order they kept they might just as well have stayed in their own class-room.

Jones took another walk up and down the room, and the lid-bangings ceased with suspicious alacrity. As Jones halted by his desk and treated the room to a general survey, his eye fell on a weedy-looking, long-legged boy, of some fifteen or sixteen years of age, who was sitting some three rows from the front. From the first the attitude of this boy had been particularly insolent; throughout the evening he had not made even a pretence of working, being occupied chiefly in annoying the boys around him or watching the new master.

As Jones halted, this youth took a paper from his pocket, spread it on the desk in front of him, and then, after grinning at the fellows near him, began to read.

Jones sauntered up and observed that the paper was a peculiarly vulgar specimen of the cheap and nasty "comic" class. As Jones came to a pause, the boy crumpled the paper up and thrust it into his pocket.

"Let me see that paper," said Jones.

The boy stared at him defiantly. The other fellows delightedly nudged each other. Jones had by chance lighted on the one boy in the school who proved most troublesome to the masters.

"Give me that paper," said Jones, sharply.

"Why should I?" was the answer, "it's not yours." Jones leaned forward, drew the paper

out of the pocket in which it had been stowed, tore it into fragments, and deposited the pieces in the fire.

Then he returned to the boy.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Adderman."

"You are the headmaster's son?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Jones, quietly, "go to your father and say I have sent you to report yourself for disobedience and impertinence."

The boy smirked, but did not move.

"Go," said Jones, sternly, pointing to the door.

The boy remained in his seat.

Then J. O. acted. Stooping quickly, he seized the boy's two wrists with one hand and one of his ankles with the other. Having rendered the fellow helpless, in spite of his struggles, he lifted him bodily from his seat and carried him down the Long Room.

"Open the door," he said.

A small boy jumped to obey him.

J. O. then bore the wriggling form down the passage to the swing door, sent that portal flying open with a lusty kick, and conveyed Adderman to the headmaster's study.

The door was ajar. As J. O. entered with his burden, a girl, who was writing at the desk, started up in astonishment. J. O. released his hold of the boy, who, directly he found himself at liberty, turned on the master and, choking with rage, kicked him savagely on the shins.

"Take that, you brute, you cad!"

Jones stood motionless, but with a swift movement the girl darted between master and boy.

"Tom, you coward!—don't kick, whatever you do!"

"I will—he's a cad—he's a bully—I'll get him sacked—I——"

A sound of footsteps caused all three to turn towards the door. The headmaster had come in while his son was speaking.

(To be continued.)

THE TIGER'S JACKAL.



Written and Illustrated by
E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS.

SOME day when accident has forced from our eyes the scales of arrogance, which learning has taught us to wear with so much complacency, we shall be humiliated to find that some of the meanest of nature's creatures possess faculties that any human being would give a fortune to enjoy—faculties which we once possessed in long forgotten ages and which we have allowed to die of neglect and disuse when we commenced to live in communities and the struggle for existence became less and less, until highly civilised men know them no longer by name even, and would doubt their existence in the lower animals. Yet one sees migratory birds assemble on a certain date from all parts of the country to undertake an aerial journey with a definite destination. One admits it is strange, and, as one cannot understand it, half contemptuously calls it instinct—a word we have coined to hide our ignorance—and dismisses the subject, little dreaming that the world is awaiting a re-awakening of a like faculty in ourselves. The first step has already been taken; it has been proved that electric currents need no wires; therefore let us hope the day is not far distant when kindred minds may commune across the breadth of the world unaided by apparatus. In that day the face will no longer serve as a mask for the insincere, and deceit and crime will die a natural death. That man is capable of such a power I have satisfied myself, for Jungly was possessed of

it, as I shall show you in the following tale.

One day I watched the gathering of a vast number of crows, uncountable thousands, that came together from all points of the compass as if by some preconcerted arrangement, for there was not half-an-hour between the arrival of the first flock and the last, and yet many crows must have come hundreds of miles to the meeting, for such a great number would need a very large area of land to subsist upon. When they had all arrived they set upon certain members of the congregation and killed them, after which they again flew off in the directions from which they had come.

I had watched the proceedings with great interest, but it seemed incomprehensible to me, so I said to Jungly:

"What crime could those birds have committed for them to be put to death before such a great assemblage of their fellows?"

"The greatest of crimes in the eyes of nature, for they have developed an incurable disease. See, sahib," and Jungly turned over with his foot one of the birds, which showed a great tumourous growth beneath the wing, "it is their only way of preventing the evil from spreading amongst them."

"I am glad human beings don't resort to such severe measures," I said.

"Say sorry rather," answered Jungly "for had disease been stamped out so thoroughly in the early days of mankind, there would have been no need of hospitals to-day."

"I doubt that," I rejoined.

"But the proof is before our eyes," said he. "The sahib has been many years in the jungle—did he ever see a sick animal?"

I could not say I had.

"But how could all those birds have known of the sick ones, and how could they arrange to arrive here at the same hour? Did they send messengers round?"

"There was no need, sir, for among the jungle folk there exists a power of communicating with their own species over great distances, and the assemblage was thus arranged."

"I wish human beings had the power," I remarked.

"A few have still," answered Jungly. "I was two miles from here this afternoon when I felt you had need of me. Therefore I came."

The simple, matter-of-fact way in which he made this statement staggered me. To think that this child of the jungles possessed such a wonderful faculty and that he was capable of reading my thoughts miles away produced an indescribable sensation within me. I felt I was on the eve of a great discovery which would benefit mankind greatly.

"Have you always been able to read my thoughts thus?"

"When I am near you, sahib, I know all you think about, but not when at a distance, except when your thoughts are directed towards me."

"Could you teach me how to read your thoughts?" I asked, and eagerly awaited his answer.

"Such things cannot be taught," replied Jungly. "I think it is the constant dread in which wild things live that has made them so sensitive to invisible influences, and I, living among them from a child, have acquired their perceptions."

Often just when I had been wanting him, Jungly had appeared unexpectedly on the scene, and I had put it down to a lucky coincidence. But it had happened so frequently that now, after his statement, I wondered I

had not suspected before that it was due to some strange power he possessed. Nevertheless, I determined to put him to a severe test, and an opportunity occurred soon after. A friend of mine whom I met when out hunting asked me to lend Jungly to him for a week or two. This I did, as we expected to meet again in a fortnight, and I thought I could easily spare the man, while my friend was very much in need of a good tracker. A few days after this I was encamped near the village of Gureebpore. One morning there came into my camp the head man of the village with a request that I would come and kill a man-eater which preyed upon his villagers. I asked him a few questions, and he thereupon unfolded a tale which seemed almost incredible, but for the fact that similar cases had been heard of—though, happily, they were very rare.



IT SEEMED INCOMPREHENSIBLE TO ME.

This particular tiger had depopulated an entire village of one hundred inhabitants a few miles away; then it had come on to the village of Gureebpore, and within the last two years it had killed upwards of 120 of the inhabitants. The curious thing was that no one had ever seen the tiger, since it only attacked single individuals and never

approached a couple or more people. Many had tried to shoot it, but it had invariably killed the shikarees. One was an Englishman, who, dying, had written his name in the cave of the tiger. Of course I had heard in a remote way of man-eaters that had run up a frightful record, one of them having accounted for over three hundred victims before it was killed. But it is one thing to hear these tales seated comfortably in an armchair at your club, and another to be on the spot where the systematic murders have gone on unchecked for two or three years.

The head man took me round his village. Once Gureebpore had been large and flourishing, with cultivated lands which spread far to the north and south, but now the huts were all in ruins and the jungle had devoured the fair fields one after another till nothing but a few vegetable patches remained to the twenty odd villagers who still hung together, awaiting, with dumb despair, the fate they knew was in store for each of them.



HE SAW ME SEATED ON THE MACHAN, AND SLUNK OFF.

I tried to rally the head man on the apathy of his people.

"We have tried everything, Protector of the Poor. The whole village used to turn out with clubs and torches (and in those days there were a great number of us), but the tiger retreated into his cave, and as there is a labyrinth of passages connected with it we could never smoke him out. We set fire to the jungle several times, but that never drove him away. So my people believe it is the spirit of one we have injured in some long forgotten time who now takes his revenge in the shape of a tiger, and if it is the will of Permashur that we should be so punished, what avail to try and escape! Every week he takes one of us unless a stranger, passing this way, is struck down instead. In another five months the end will come, and the last of us will die—why struggle against fate? Yet people tell me that Englishmen are not affected by spirits of any kind and that many have slain tigers who were thus possessed. But this place is many hundred miles out of the way of the sahibs, and we have never seen any except yourself and the sahib who was killed, who, dying, wrote his name on the walls of the cave, where it is now to be seen if the Providence desire it."

I was very curious to know what unfortunate Englishman had been killed in this out of the way place, so I promised to go to the cave next day with the head man. As we were speaking we came out on the other side of the village and sauntered up the road leading from it to the river, which was some five hundred yards distant. In the middle of the road sat a small miserable-looking jackal. At sight of it the dignified head man flew into a violent rage.

"Die! Thou dog of ill omen!" he yelled, as he sent a stone whizzing through the air; but the piece of rock he flung only tore up the ground alongside the animal, and the jackal escaped.

"Ever since that ill-omened beast took to haunting our village has our fatal bad luck been," said he. "Never does

a bamboo cutter go into the jungle with that sneaking dog at his heels but he returns no more. This we have seen often. Next to the tiger I would desire the death of that jackal."

That evening about sundown another of the villagers had been killed between the village and the river, which was a favourite place of execution of the tiger's. Word was brought to me of the occurrence next morning, and I determined to sit up for the tiger, which would, doubtless, return on the following night for the body. So I put off visiting the cave that day, as I did not want to disturb the animal. In a tree close to the spot where the remains of the man were found was an old machan, or platform constructed amongst the branches from whence some shikaree had tried to shoot the tiger in days gone by. I had the machan strengthened with some fresh poles and ropes, and, taking a couple of rifles with me, made ready to spend the night in the tree, if necessary. The moon shone brightly. About eleven o'clock I heard a strange, weird cry, quite unlike any of the jungle cries I was accustomed to. It was repeated once or twice, but I could not conjecture from what animal it proceeded. I waited long hours, but no tiger put in an appearance. A little jackal came and would have fed off the corpse, only his sharp nose detected the taint of a human being near by, and looking up he saw me seated on the machan and slunk off.

I was now sorry I had parted with Jungly, who could have been of great service hunting the invisible tiger. Remembering what he had told me, I thought I would put him to the test. I chose a sentence, "Come to me, Jungly, I am in great need of you," and for a whole five minutes I concentrated my brain in an effort to project this idea into space. I found it very exhausting, and as I was pretty tired doing nothing I felt disposed to descend the tree and go back to camp; yet for some reason I altered my mind and remained where I was. It was lucky I did so, or I should have gone to swell the list of the shikarees the tiger had killed, as I found out afterwards.

It was almost daylight when the head man and villagers came to see what my luck had been, but as they had no great expectations they were not disappointed. Again the head man went into a passion at finding a jackal seated at the root of the tree on which I was. He declared it was the same animal, and hurled a spear at it. I got off the tree, and, after breakfast, accompanied the natives to

the cave where I was to see the Englishman's name. The place was situated in a ravine where the rock was literally honey-combed with holes and caves. Into the mouth of one of the largest the natives now stepped in a perfectly callous way. None would have thought they were entering the abode of the dread man-eater. The cave was about sixteen feet by twelve. At the farther extremity it narrowed into a dark passage into which a man might have crawled on hands and knees, and which the natives told me communicated with a number of passages with other openings into the ravine. The stench was fearful, and there were other indications in the shape of bones that the tiger still frequented the cave.

On the yellow sandstone rock facing the entrance were scrawled some words in a dark brown stain, evidently written with a finger in a liquid the nature of which was, alas! only too evident. The writing had been done with great difficulty. I could not decipher it, so I copied it as correctly as I could. I give a facsimile of it here:—

*first kill
Pheoul*

I came to the decision, eventually, that it was no name at all, but a communication. The first two words appeared to be "first kill," but beyond that I could not go, "Pheoul" having no meaning that I knew of.

About three days after this visit to the cave I was sauntering along the road from the river to the village, about seven o'clock in the evening, when I heard a cry of terror a little way ahead. A bend in the road hid the person from me. I rushed forward, rifle in hand, and saw a man lying on the road. The bushes alongside him were shaking to and fro, as if some large animal had plunged into them, though I saw nothing further except a little jackal slinking away into the shadows. The man seemed stunned, but soon came round. I got him to narrate what had happened.

"I was going down to the river, sahib, for I had forgotten to draw water before dark,

as we all do because of the tiger. As I went down the road I saw, seated in the middle of it, a jackal, which I thought was an unlucky sign, but there was nothing else to see, and I needed water badly. As I drew near, the

sat outside my tent that evening, I arrived at the conclusion that the message had failed. I was startled next moment by Jungly's voice behind my chair.

"I has not failed, sahib," said he, "only, as we had moved fifty miles in the opposite direction from yourself, I had a hundred miles to cover. And the sahib, your friend, would not believe at first, but when I told him your life was in danger, then he let me come, saying I was a strange animal."

I was astonished at Jungly's sudden appearance, also to learn that he must have been nearly a hundred miles away when I sent my message, and as he apparently did not travel over the same road as I did he must have been guided to me entirely by one of those imperceptible currents of force that he alone, of all men, was able to feel. Still more was I astonished to hear my life had been in danger.

"What danger do you speak of?" I asked.

"I do not know, sahib, yet when you called me I had a feeling that your life was threatened at the moment."

"What hour was that?"

"Three nights ago, about four o'clock in the morning. I slept and I heard your voice call me. I awoke, and there was no sound, only a noiseless message which came many times, 'Come to me, Jungly, I am in great need of you.'"

These were the very words of the message I had sent, and I doubted Jungly's powers no longer, and so I told him.

"But there was no danger to my life," I added. "I was safely perched on a machan in a tree at the time."

"That you were not conscious of the danger, sahib, makes no difference. I feel sure it was there, but cannot say what it was."

I now told Jungly all I had heard about the depredations of the tiger and of the man I had saved from its clutches, who seemed to be the only one that had seen the tiger and escaped the fate of its long list of victims. He seemed much interested to hear about the jackal, but would not give any opinion on the matter.

One morning the head man came to me, saying a traveller had been killed by the



SOME WORDS IN A DARK BROWN STAIN.

jackal gave a cry, and I saw the bushes ahead shake gently, as if some animal was behind them. Knowing it is useless to try and avoid one's Kismet I moved forward, and, as I came abreast of the bushes, the jackal, coming close to me on the opposite side, cried again, and at that a large tiger leaped out of the jungle and struck me down, and would, without doubt, have been eating me at this moment, if the sahib had not come running; but directly it heard your footsteps it fled."

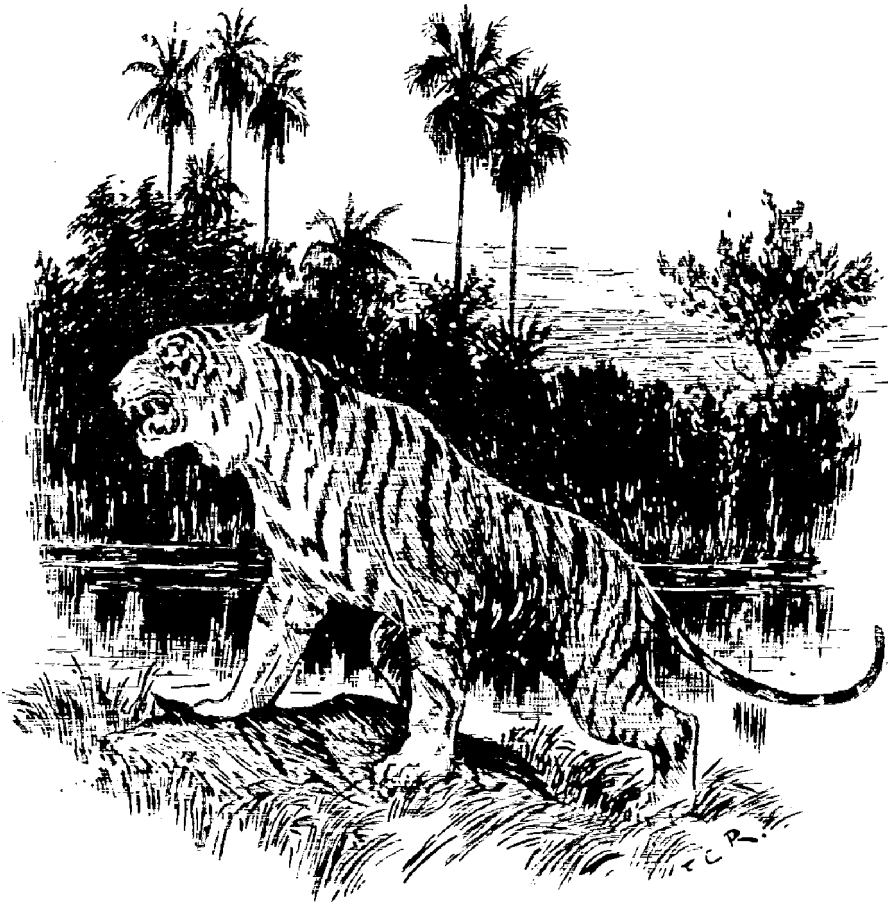
Jungly had not arrived yet, though he could not have been more than fifty miles distant. True, he did not know in what direction I had gone, yet it would have been simple work for him to follow my tracks. So, as I

tiger near the ford, but, others coming up, it had retired, having scarcely eaten anything of the body. I again had a machan erected, and Jungly and I sat up hoping to get a shot at the tiger, which Jungly said would certainly return to its kill. Again I heard the weird cry that had puzzled me that first night, but Jungly was not surprised at it.

"It is the cry of a Pheoul, the jackal that hunts with the tiger. This I have been suspecting from all you told me, and it is the reason why the tiger is never seen, for he has a good scout and watch dog. In such cases you must first kill the Pheoul before you can kill the tiger."

the jungles, for few Englishmen know about the Pheoul, and it is a rare thing for a jackal to attach himself to a tiger in this way; and then it is often because the tiger is getting old, and his sense of hearing and smell is not so acute, that he makes partnership with a jackal. Of course the jackal would never feed so well hunting on his own account as when the tiger lets him feed off the prey he has killed. So the jackal places his keen senses at the service of the tiger, and makes him so good a hunting dog that it is hard to kill such a tiger."

"But the cry is quite unlike the cry of any jackal I have heard," I said.



LASHING HIS FLANKS OVER THE DEAD BODY OF THE JACKAL.

"First kill the Pheoul." I seemed to have heard that advice before. Suddenly it flashed into my brain—that was what the poor Englishman was trying to write when he was dying. Now it was clear this was the message left for the next shikaree who followed in the same quest. I explained this to Jungly.

"Of course that was what the sahib meant, and he must have learned a great deal about

"That is the little animal's cunning, for only when it serves the tiger does it cry 'Pheoul.' So that, although it runs far ahead of the tiger, and the jungle may be full of jackals, the tiger can always tell the cry of its scout a long way off."

We heard the weird cry twice more that night, but saw neither jackal nor tiger.

"The keen nose of the jackal has scented danger from afar and he has warned his lord.

There will be no tiger to-night," said Jungly.

After we had waited another couple of hours, I said, "Let us return to camp, for it is weary work sitting here for nothing."

"That would not be wise," said Jungly, "for I feel the tiger is close by and has been for more than two hours."

"Then that was the danger that menaced me on the night I sent the message," I said, as the thought suddenly occurred to me.

"It was most likely, sahib," replied Jungly, "and this is how it has killed so many shikarees and escaped itself."

When the villagers came early the next morning we got down from the tree, and Jungly examined the ground round for some distance, till he came to a spot that seemed to interest him.

"It is lucky we did not get off our tree till daylight came, sahib," said he, "for the jackal had arranged a little trap for us, as I can see by his footprints and those of the tiger. You didn't think they were so close to us all night long!"

That day Jungly promised we should outwit the jackal—if I did not mind lying in wait for the tiger on the ground itself. I promised, being very sure that Jungly would not let me endanger my life unnecessarily.

He spent a good deal of the day searching for a strong smelling root, very much like khus khus grass, which, having found, he boiled over a fire, and extracted from it a soupy-looking liquid. In the evening we bathed ourselves and then rubbed our bodies all over with this decoction, which Jungly said would prevent even the keen nose of the jackal from detecting our presence. Wearing nothing but a loin cloth each, we took up our situations for the night in some long grass, taking care to have a couple of dense thorny bushes at our backs.

After waiting what seemed to be an interminable length of time we heard the cry of the Pheoul in the distance. It was past midnight, but the moonlight made all things

clear. At last the jackal crept silently into the open ground before us, looking round suspiciously and sniffing the air in every direction. Unlike any other animal, he raised his head and seemed to peer into the branches of all the trees near the spot. It was quite some time before he was sure there was no danger to be apprehended by his master, then he gave a low cry and immediately a huge lanky tiger left the shadow of the jungle and crept towards the dead body. I raised my rifle and the glint of light on the barrel must have caught the eye of the wary jackal, for immediately he gave a cry of alarm and the tiger sprang back into the bushes. Vexed at having lost my opportunity, I took vengeance on the unlucky jackal, and before he could reach cover I sent a bullet through his shoulder-blades, and he rolled over with a death cry. At the sound of its voice the tiger, with a terrific roar, charged out into the open and stood lashing his flanks over the dead body of the jackal, turning his head from side to side, as if looking for his enemy. Yet, although the smoke still hung about our heads and was stealing out of my rifle barrel, he did not seem to observe it. He was so close that I could see his eyes, and I was astonished at their dull white colour. All this, however, passed in a moment, for in the next I had bowled him over with a bullet through the brain. He must have once been a fine animal, but, although of great size, his skin was not worth the taking, as it was mangy and almost denuded of hair. Jungly opened its eyes, and we saw to our astonishment that the creature must have been quite blind, apparently through a rifle shot that had ploughed its way across its face years ago.

Had it not been for the jackal it is impossible it could have existed at all. They must have been inseparable companions for years, and it was only the dying cry of the jackal that made the cautious tiger so recklessly face the death it had eluded so many years.

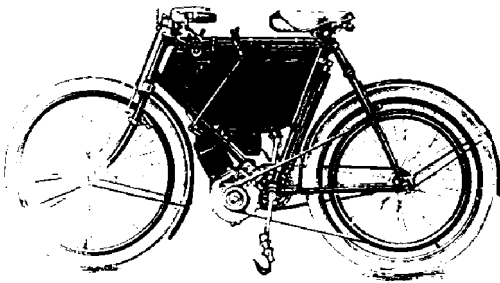


THE UP-TO-DATE MACHINE.

THE cyclist of a few years' experience does not need to be told that it is very difficult, and, indeed, in most cases quite impossible, to judge of the merits of an unknown machine by merely looking at it. But the novice very often entertains an idea that such judgment can be passed, and when going to choose a mount he will ask some

that vitally matter are out of sight. At the same time, while high external finish is no guarantee of good materials in the working parts, yet, on the other hand, a slovenly exterior is often good ground for the suspicion that the parts out of sight are not of the very first quality.

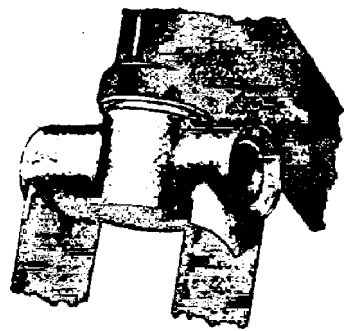
There are certain faults, it is true, which the old hand will be able to "spot," but which would probably escape the novice. I will instance one. It sometimes happens that a frame is not so constructed that all its parts are so true a fit that they will just go together like the separate parts of a puzzle. In such a case it is the practice in careless workshops to force the tube into its lug with a slight bend. This leaves an almost imperceptible angle, so very obtuse is it, as between the tube and the lug. An experienced eye will detect



BRADBURY MOTOR CYCLE.

cycling friend to go with him, on the ground that "So-and-so knows all about it, you know." I have myself been asked to do this service scores of times; but the fact is that I could in nearly every case give as good advice while sitting here at my desk as I could after accompanying my friend to the dealer's.

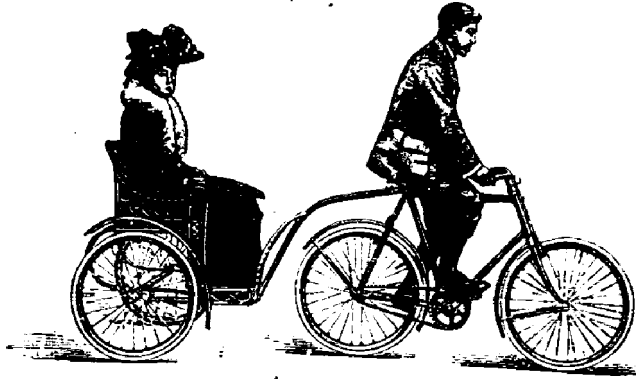
There is one thing in outside appearance, however, which will enable the veriest novice to pass judgment at a glance. I refer to the name on the transfer. If that should be the name of any firm whose wares I have recommended in the past there is no need for hesitation. You need have no fear of going wrong for a great reputation is more easily lost than won, and the firm possessing it will place too high a value upon it to run the risk of turning out mounts that are in any way unsound. When it comes to unknown makes, external appearance is very little to go by; for, as I have explained before, most of the parts



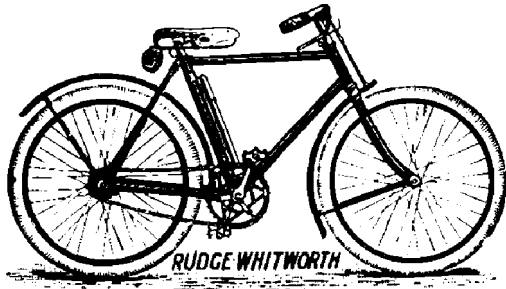
"RALEIGH" FORK-HEAD.

it, and will mark it as a flaw. But although I have on one occasion seen a defect of this kind rather pronounced in a machine bearing a good name, as a general rule no such fault need even be looked for in the better class of material.

It may be as well, as the riding season proper is still young, to mention a few makes of machines that may be bought with confidence by such as are still in the position of not having secured a mount for the summer's work. It is impossible, of course, to go over the whole list. Those who have a chat with me in this corner every month know that the lists I have previously given have sometimes been long, and that I have never pretended that they were complete. There are in these days so many really good makes of bicycle that the task of forming a complete list is one that



PIGGOTT'S TRAILING CAR.



I would not undertake. If I first make mention of the Humber, it is not only because it is one of the very best on the market, but also because cycling generally is indebted to the firm that makes it, inasmuch as that firm was in the early days the pioneer of thoroughness in details of construction.

The Humber designs still include the duplex front fork, and the duplex chain stay, while the cross frame Humber is still one of the best in appearance to be had. It is strong in form, and of the two main tubes, which cross just as they ought to be made to cross, that going from the head to the crank bracket is made duplex, so that it passes on either side of the one going from the seat lug to the crown, no brazing being required at the crossing point. The Quadrant firm still have great faith in their cross roller gear, though I am bound to say that my own faith in it is not sufficient to make me forsake the old method of chain driving.

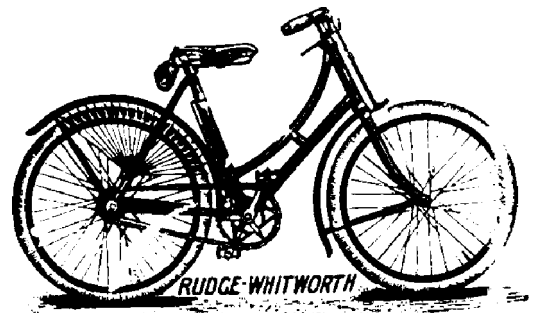
One achievement the Quadrant people can pride themselves upon this season is the introduction of an improvement in motor cycles.

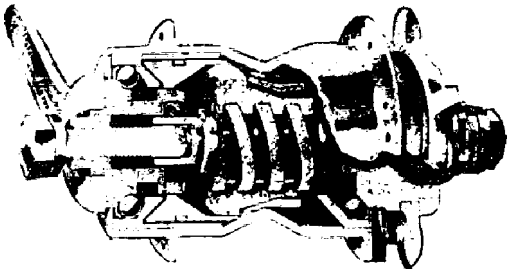
These are at present rather costly luxuries, the standard price for a motor bicycle being about £50. Any reader with as much as that to spend in this way may rely upon getting good workmanship and finish in anything bearing the Quadrant

stamp. The special improvement to which I refer consists in the fitting of a combination lever, so designed as to do with one motion several things connected with the act of driving. This greatly simplifies motor bicycling, as it saves the rider the trouble of adjusting various taps and levers in relation to one another, according to varying speeds and circumstances.

The firm of Bradbury and Co., of Oldham, are also giving considerable attention to a form of motor bicycle which they have invented. It may be relied upon as a thoroughly trustworthy machine, and one that is calculated to enhance the well-deserved reputation the firm has long enjoyed. A path racing machine of novel design is another of the firm's specialities this year. The novelty consists in the form of the head, which, together with the front forks and steering wheel, is carried further forward than is usual, and allows of the bent position of the racing rider being assumed without any undue curving of the handlebars. Indeed, it would be possible to have these quite straight, and yet let the racing man crouch over as far as he liked.

The Lea-Francis machines, of Coventry, and the "R. and P." bicycles made by Messrs. Robinson and Price, of Liverpool, maintain their high standard of quality. Both of them have always enjoyed a reputation for external





CINCH COASTER HUB.

finish of a special kind, which, in these particular cases, is not a cloak whereunder to conceal unsuspected imperfections. The "R. and P." cross frame is one of the most sensible on the market, and errs, if at all, in the direction of being too strong.

There are many others that could be named—the Raglan, the Triumph, the Rudge-Whitworth, all of Coventry. The Rudge-Whitworth Company make a leading line of boys' and girls' bicycles at £7 each, which, bearing as they do the hall-mark of an old-established and reputable concern, must be regarded as a very attractive figure. The Eadie Manufacturing Company, of Redditch, have a novelty in what they denominate their "Invincible cross frame." There is in this case no top tube. Instead of it there start from the steering tube two additional tubes, one going from the fork crown to the seat lug, the other from the head direct to the bottom bracket. Then the tube which usually runs from the crown to the bottom bracket is brought a trifle nearer the horizontal, so that it crosses the one last-named, and makes junction with the main down tube a little above the bracket. A short stay from this point to the point whence the back forks branch off completes the triangulation of a very strong, if scarcely a very pretty, frame.

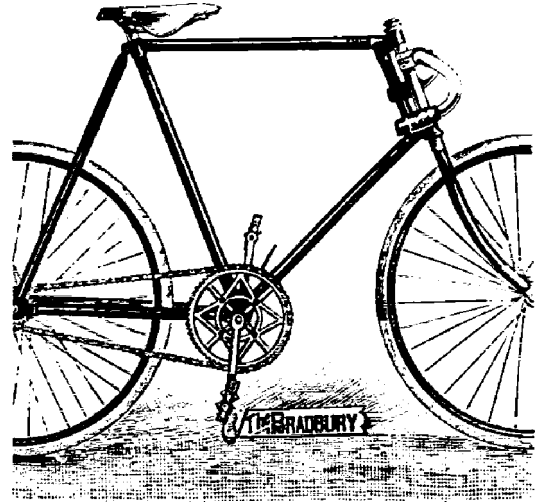
Another machine I should like to name as being one of the very best is the Raleigh. The cross-frame variety of this mount is a very fine one as regards common sense design. You have only to look at the fork head of the Raleigh to see how splendidly it has been designed, and its hub is one of the neatest things on the market. For good workmanship and fine finish this machine is right in the first flight. Turning to the subject of trailing cars, which you will of late have noticed to be more



and more in evidence, a useful novelty is offered by the firm of Piggott, who

are always ready with the up-to-date requirements of the cyclist. Riders do not often want a trailer; but in circumstances where such an accessory is a desideratum Piggott's trailer is well worth examination. It is light, simple, and has all the appearance of being fast; and when one has said that, there seems little else that need be said in recommending it.

If any of my readers has a fancy for a two-speed gear, I would draw attention to the merits of what is now known as the "Hub" two-speed gear and free-wheel at will. It is a genuine two-speed gear, the higher of the two gearings being just short of one-third more than the lower. The change is effected by means of a simple trigger arrangement fixed to the top bar. When the trigger is up you get the low gear, and when it is down the high one, while the intermediate position



THE BRADBURY: SHOWING RACING HEAD.

leaves the wheel perfectly free. The change from one state to the other is made instantaneously with a push or pull of the finger, but of course it is necessary to remember to accommodate the action of the feet to the change the moment you cause it to occur. For example, it would be dangerous to free-wheel a long steep decline, and, as soon as a high speed had been attained, switch the low gear into operation, unless you were thinking about what you were doing, and were prepared to chip in with some very fast pedalling.

As for tyres, here, as in every other department, it is well to have the best of everything if you can afford it. But there are several cheap tyres on the market now that may be trusted not to be of rubbish. One of the cheapest is the Radax, a pair of which I not long ago had fitted to an old machine. They

have since behaved admirably, and I am able unstintingly to give them a good name. The Swain tyre—an invention of a somewhat similar class, and made at Horwich—now appears in three forms. The first grade tyre is as before. It can either be had rubber covered in the usual fashion, or with only the tread rubber shod. For all weather riding I do not think this a good plan, although it is right enough for fine days and smooth roads, or on the track. The new form of the Swain is a little less in weight, a little less in quality, and cheaper in price.

Messrs. Joseph Lucas, Ltd., of Birmingham, are still to the fore with all sorts of useful accessories. One of this season's specialities is a rim bell which, besides being a shilling cheaper than their rim bell of last year, namely, 4s. 6d., possesses several advantages of its own. It has a loud continuous ring when in operation, and is started and stopped by the pull or release of a cord which can be attached to any part of the handlebar desired. There is no lever to get out of order, and, indeed, the little bell has all the appearance of a neat and wearing article.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M. C. (WANDSWORTH COMMON, S.W.)—Am sorry that it is not possible to give replies through

the post. You are wise in renewing your mount before it becomes too antiquated. The free wheel by all means. For the sum you name there are now a number of reputable firms that will supply you. Of your nominees I should recommend either No. 3 or No. 4. Two brakes are in my opinion essential on any free wheel machine, and you should have an extra brake fitted if you select No. 3. **G. F. S.** (LEYTON).—You may with confidence try the contrivance in question. **THE CAPTAIN** does not take advertisements indiscriminately, and although no official guarantee is given, you may take it from me that only firms of repute are approached by our advertising department. To measure the pitch of a chain, notice the rhythm of form in its construction; the distance from the point where any special form is observed, as, say, the rivet, to the next place where the same form is observed, is the pitch of the chain. In this country there are practically only three pitches—1-inch, $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch, and, more rarely, $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch. **E. R.** (ISLINGTON).—Your selection is a good one. As to the other question, ask the firm of Gamage. **G. W. B.** (W.C.)—See the reply given above to J. M. C. It is inadvisable to buy anything new in the bicycle line for so little a sum as £5. Your best plan is to look out for something good second-hand. In this way you might succeed in suiting yourself nicely for the money. The size of frame you require depends less upon your height than upon what is called fork measurement. Stand erect without any shoes on, and take a measurement inside the leg from the fork to the ground. If you will tell me what that is I can prescribe for you at once. **R. F.** (HULL).—The name of it is the Cinch Coaster Hub. **"Scorcher"** (HERTFORD).—I hope you are not what your name implies. Benetfink will suit you in shoes. **H. P.**

THE CAMERA CORNER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. C. Ashby.—There are several books on lantern-slide making, and we gave a few hints in **THE CAPTAIN** for November, 1901. The following are good books: "How to Make Lantern Slides," by S. L. Coulthurst, a little illustrated manual published at a shilling; also a sixpenny book, "Lantern Slides: their Production and Use," by J. Pike; No. 9 of the "Photo. Miniature Series" also deals with this subject. We are not aware that any of these books deal with colouring slides, but a series of articles on this subject commenced in the *Amateur Photographer* not long ago.

C. H. Craig.—Pleased to see your photographs. Nos. 5, 8, and 9 are very good little pictures; No. 7 is spoilt by distortion due to pointing the camera upwards (in architectural subjects the plate should always be vertical). No. 10 appears to be under-exposed or under-developed, and might be improved by intensification; in No. 11 you allowed the yacht to get too near before taking the photograph; No. 4 seems to be under-exposed; Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 6 appear to be under-printed; and No. 12 is a very poor stained print.

H. J. Powditch.—We know of no simple method of ascertaining the lengths of exposure given by the shutter of a hand camera. The usual method, however, is to have a wheel—a bicycle wheel, for instance—rotating at a known speed in a good light. Fixed to a point in its circumference is a small bright object such as the bulb of a thermometer, or a bright silver button. A plate is exposed on the revolving wheel by means of the shutter, and the length of the arc travelled by the button gives the speed of the shutter.

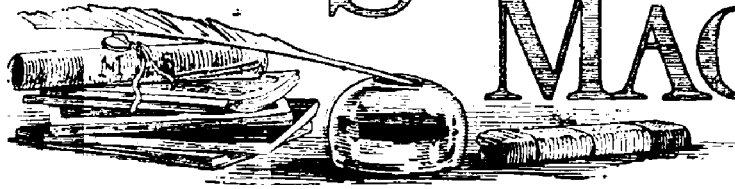
Colin A. Arrol (RIDING-MILL-ON-TYSE).—Water containing manganese is certainly not desirable for making up a toning bath. Under the circumstances you had better use distilled or boiled rain-water. You do not say what kind of toning-bath you are using.

Harold Marchant (WALTHAMSTOW).—We should say that of the cameras you mention the "Sanderson" is decidedly the most serviceable, and would advise you to decide on that. It is moreover, the only English-made camera on the list.

The Photographic Editor.

Next Month's Article will be "On Dark Rooms."

SCHOOL MAGAZINES



"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

A **BERDEEN GRAMMAR SCHOOL Magazine** (October and January).—Two excellent features are the "Notes About Old Boys," and the extracts from the minutes of the Debating Society. "Remember the Days of Old" is an interesting article by an old boy on the school as it was from 1868 to 1873.

The Academy Magazine (Greenock Academy).—Not at all bad for a start, even if it does not quite satisfy "its editor of the sixties." No doubt succeeding numbers will show an improvement, and it should not again be allowed to drop.

Allan Glen's Monthly (December).—This is a bright little magazine, and contains some readable verses, but the advertisements on the cover and elsewhere might be dispensed with.

Alperton Hall Magazine (Alperton Hall, near Harrow).—A creditable production; an index of contents is wanting, and there should be particulars as to price, and how often it is published.

The Arvonian (Carnarvon County School).—We still look in vain for the editorial announcements; in other respects everything is satisfactory, and the balance-sheet shows a good profit.

The Barrian (Barry County School).—We hope the editor will receive the support he asks for to enable him to fill his pages. The cover is not very artistic; it would be much better if it were quite plain, as fanciful edgings are apt to give a cheap appearance.

Bede Magazine (Bede College, Northumberland).—Our hearty congratulations on this first appearance in print, and the number of excellent contributions the magazine contains. It is refreshing to find such an abundant supply of that literary material for which so many editors of school papers sigh in vain.

Blackpool High School Magazine (November).—It is a capital idea to have an article on Hobbes. This number contains one on "Repousse, or Beaten Metal Work"; in addition there is a stamp page, and the illustrations are numerous and good.

The Boltonian (Bolton Grammar School Magazine).—besides the usual school notes, contains an interesting account of a climb in the Alps. The publication might be advantageously enlarged on the present lines.

The Borlasian (July).—The school news is comprehensive and well arranged; an absence of articles and letters from old boys, however, rather spoils the magazine's completeness.

The Boys' and Girls' Colonial Magazine (August, September, October, November, December) is a monthly paper published in Pietermaritzburg. It is strange to us to find the

editor wishing his readers "A Cool Christmas" (!), but the difficulties of editorial work must be considerably enhanced with the thermometer registering 100 degrees in the shade.

The Bramptonian (Brampton Park, Huntingdon).—An interesting production, good within and without.

Brighton College Magazine (July, December).—A very fair example of what a school magazine should be. The article entitled "Scouring the Country," gives an insight into some of the hardships cheerfully borne by our troops in South Africa.

The Camaraderie (November and January).—Under this title has been started a promising paper giving a monthly record of the doings of the Bournville Works Youths' Club. We hope this novel little venture will prosper; it certainly deserves to do so.

Canadian Boy (Patriotic Number).—Contains much entertaining reading.

The Clactonian (Clacton College).—We like this, but would suggest that a prettier colour might be chosen for the cover, which is rather too dull at present.

Clavinian (Weymouth College).—Excellent, as usual. It is a good plan to give, under the names of boys who have left, a short enumeration of what they have done for the school in games and sports. The idea might be followed in other quarters with advantage.

The Cliftonian (November).—A first-rate magazine. "Tubbing on the Cam" brings back one's own experiences, when one splashed up the waters of that turbid river for the first time, and when one's rowing was decidedly "variegated."

Colchester High School Magazine (December).—The school events are carefully recorded, but, apparently, the paper is only issued half-yearly, so that some of the notes are rather ancient history. Why not bring it out once a term? It is quite worth it.

The Cottonion (Bishop Cotton School, Simla, India).—Very good for a start, but an index of contents should be given on the front page next time. It is curious to read of a football match commencing at five p.m.; the post of goal-keeper is probably a more enviable one than in our climate.

Christowe Record (Cheltenham College).—This is quite the best "house" magazine we have come across. The old boys have romped up with their articles right merrily. F. Jacob (an English Rugby international) writes on "A Tuscan Horse-Race." This is the first time a detailed account of such a race has been published in this country. Commandant Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army, contributes a paper on "Life Crises." The Commandant, by the way, is an old Cheltenham boy,

who actually threw up a good post in the Indian Civil Service to join the Salvation Army. He is, we may add, a son-in-law of General Booth. Very interesting is the photo of the Christowe Football XX. in 1868; several of the players have incipient whiskers! Altogether this "house" magazine reflects great credit on its editor.

The Day School Gazette (South-Western Polytechnic), an interesting publication, prints the following witty definitions under the heading of "Parsing Up-to-Date":

Pickpocket.—Abstract noun; police case.

Girton.—Adjective; qualifies "girl"; has no degree.

Potato.—Common noun; derived from an American root.

Durban High School Magazine (September).—Still going strong. The school rifle corps appears to have made a capital show on the occasion of the Royal visit.

The Elizabethan (Elizabeth College, Guernsey).—Tidy and painstaking. Everything seems to be chronicled that can be of interest to old boys and new.

The Epsomian (November).—The editor displays good taste. Sir Herbert Maxwell's address on Speech Day contains much sound advice. He strongly urges the encouragement of Natural History, and the love of open-air pursuits; for, as he truly says, nothing but good can come out of it.

Esmeduna (Liverpool College Magazine).—There is just enough of tuis to make one ask for more. We observe that the Debating Society has decided "That a hostile landing in England is probable." Will our War Office and Admiralty please note!

The Framlinghamian (December) is remarkable for an excellent editorial. The magazine is, moreover, exceedingly well arranged.

Fulneck School Magazine.—It is the editor's proud boast that three times a year his blue-coloured magazine speeds on its way to the Philippines, New Zealand, Jamaica, and various parts of Europe. It is pleasant to observe old boys keeping so much in touch with their school.

Glasgow Academy Chronicle (October).—Conducted in a very business-like and practical way. We are glad to read that a Cadet Corps is to be started. Soon every school of any note will have its corps; a grand thing for our rising generation.

Hulmeian (Hulme Grammar School, Manchester).—We are not quite clear how often this is published, but take it to be once a term. It is quite satisfactory as far as it goes; there are, however, no articles of any kind, and the editor does not acknowledge the receipt of "contemporaries."

Ipswich School Magazine (September, November, December).—This is another well-edited magazine, with full reports of school matters.

The Irish Blue (King's Hospital, Dublin).—It may interest some of our readers to know that this school, like Christ's Hospital, has a distinctive uniform. In this case there are two uniforms, one to be worn on Sundays, outside the grounds and on special occasions, the other for daily use. The best uniform, we are told, consists of a blue tunic of military cut, with brass buttons, on which is stamped the crown with date 1670; trousers of the same material, and dark leather waistbelt. The sleeves and neck-band of the tunic are faced with yellow. The undress uniform is a Norfolk jacket of blue serge, with waistcoat and trousers of the same material.

The Kendalian (October).—Good all through from start to finish, though we do not entirely agree with "F. D. S." in his comical depreciation of cold baths. "F. D. S." would have us believe that most people quietly turn on the hot tap—whatever they may say to the contrary—whenever the temperature is below 60 degrees. Well, perhaps some do; but, for those who can stand it, the cold plunge and the after-glow are among the things which make life worth living.

The Lorettonian (December 14th and February 1st).—Very readable.

The Loughtonian (January).—We can find no hint as to its price, or how often it is published; in other respects there is nothing to grumble at.

S. A. P.

(Reviews of M—Z next month)



"CAPTAIN" CLUB

• • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

ONE YEAR'S Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is awarded to LUKE J. CLANCY ("ELJAYSEE") 50, Ronalds Road, Highbury, N., for his essay on "Poetry and Prose."

The Difference between Poetry and Prose.

WITHOUT a doubt poetry must be placed upon a higher scale than prose, for some of the choicest parts of our literature are found in its poetry. One of the finest offices of poetry is its power to refine and raise one's whole being. It is owing to this fact that poetry, most assuredly, triumphs over prose, although to some extent good prose fiction possesses the same influence; but the poet, by appealing more directly to the imagination, gives, as it were, wings to

away one's thoughts to the sublime. Grim old Carlyle's prose sometimes reaches the height of poetry. Hear his words describing the parting of lovers after an idyllic interview: "The sweet heaven-bird shivered out his song above him. The gracious glory of heaven fell on his soul. He touched her hand, not moving his eyes from her, nor speaking, and she, with a

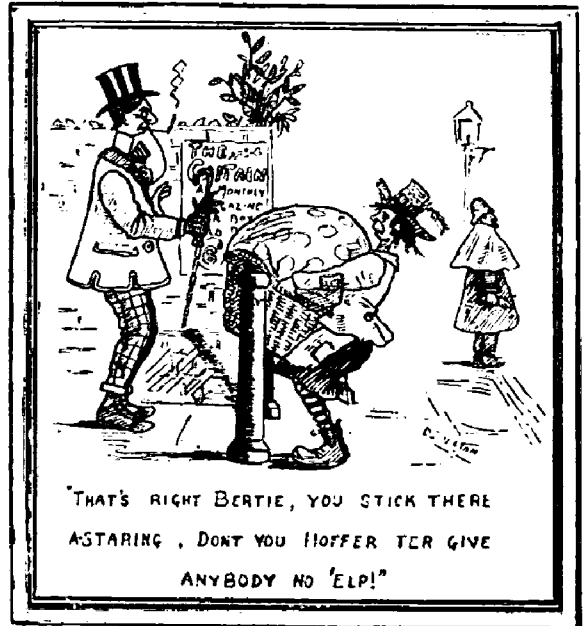


LAUNCH OF THE *Meteoro*, THE FIRST STEEL STEAMER BUILT IN CHILE (UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF BRITISH ENGINEERS). THE PHOTO SHOWS THE SHIP AT THE MOMENT OF TAKING THE WATER.

Photo by S. Langlois.

the soul, and thus enables one to soar into higher regions of thought than is possible even when reading the most eloquent prose.

In some cases, good prose writers have put such a depth of feeling into their words that they sound as sweetest music to the ear, and carry



Drawn by D. Buxton.

soft word of farewell, passed across the stile, and up the pathway through the dewy shades of the copse."

There is a great difference, however, between prose, even at its best, and poetry. Macaulay, one of the world's greatest prose writers, thought that in the "Lays of Ancient Rome" he had written very pretty poetry. Very fine are these lays; superbly balanced diction, strong and ringing words, but—*prose*. Ruskin and Lecky, great prose masters though they be, are failures as poets. On the other hand, was not Southey a common-place poet; did not Tennyson and Byron sometimes write rubbish; and are not some of Wordsworth's "poems" extremely prosy?

Fully Explained.

A COCKNEY was once in Yorkshire, staying at a farmhouse.

One day he was standing with the farmer and his son, and a girl went by. The farmer said to his son, "Wheerz oazer?"

The stranger, much puzzled at this question, asked the farmer's wife later on what her husband meant. "Whoi," said the lady, "he meant whoar washa." The stranger still seeks enlightenment.

I may mention that "wheerz oazer" means "who owns her?" and "whoar washa" "who was she?"

SIDNEY WHEATER.

Japanese Streets.

IN Japan, houses are not numbered according to their sequence, but according to the order of their erection. That is to say, No. 73 may adjoin No. 1, with No. 102 on the opposite side. No. 2 is possibly a mile down the street.

The city of Tokio is made up of 1,320 streets, in which are 318,320 houses. These houses are



DEAR OLD LADY: "Could you see me across the road, Mr. Policeman?"

PICCADILLY BOBBY: "Why bless you, mum, I could spot you a mile off!"

By Dudley G. Buxton.

As a medium of expressing the human passions and emotions, poetry is supreme. A writer strives to picture an idea in strong, forcible prose. The poet, with one vivid, flashing thought, embodies the same idea in living words, and brings it home to the imagination, as no prose writer, however noble, could. Prose clings to earth; poetry flashes heavenward. When prose is pitched in a key to stir men's hearts, and create a wild feeling of delight within them, it is prose no longer, but poetry.

Poetry may be said to be the highest pitch of human language. It is akin to music, and with music it touches the sublime—nay, the divine! Yet there are dull, prosaic minds which fail to see beauty in any verse. It is to them Wordsworth refers when he says:—

"In vain, through every changeful year,
Did nature lead him as before.
A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Prose holds the world's ear; so much the worse for the world. If a nation wants to keep its life blood from ebbing away, let it see to it that poetry be not forgotten. Noble verse brings all that is good in man to the surface. Poems are "the landmarks of a people's thought, and the beacon lights of popular sentiment."

"ELJAYSEE."



ABRAMS: "Cohen ish going to retire from petshness for five yearth."

ISAACS: "I've heerd him say dot pefore."

ABRAMS: "Yeth, but dis time de judge of de court said id."

Drawn by C. L. Reinmann.

again divided up into fifteen wards. If, however, a street passes through more than one ward, the houses are then numbered according to the wards in which they are; that is, a street passing through six wards will possess six No. 1's.

Therefore, when setting out to find a certain house, it is something like hunting for a needle in a haystack, considering the number of houses of the same number and also their distance apart. But if you were to write the name and address on a piece of paper and give it to a ginriksha driver, he would at once take you down alleys and back streets until you reached the right house, for they know the position and number of almost every one of the 318,320 houses in Tokio, and also the names of every one of the 1,500,000 inhabitants.

These men are coolies who have never had any mental training at all. Ask them the easiest question and you will get no answer. They have purely and simply made their profession the one study of their lives.

W. J. C.

Talk About Dogged!

AT 11.30 on Tuesday, August 13th, 1901, my brother was fishing on the Conon River with a large party. He cast his fly just under some rapids; it was not a good cast, so he was going to throw the fly again, but he found his line was caught in what seemed to be a rock. The keeper over the other side of the road shouted to him not to pull too hard at his line, as he must have hooked a fish, there being no rock just there.

At 2.30 my brother was so tired of tugging at the line that the head-keeper, a very experienced fisherman, took the rod for him.

When evening came the fish was just as game as in the morning, so the party made up their minds to stay the night on the river bank. Lamps were sent down to them, and a huge fire was built.

Morning came and still the salmon was not tired out; several of the party were unrecognisable by then from midge bites, their faces being frightfully swollen.

Soap, towels, porridge, eggs, etc., were sent down to them in the morning at about seven.

By this time a crowd had assembled on the opposite bank, shouting encouragement and advice. At 6.30 in the evening everybody was beginning to be rather sick of the whole affair, and so a boat was sent in with the head-keeper in it, and a long gaff tied on the end of a stick; but no sooner did the salmon feel the gaff than it gave a jump and snapped the line.

From the weight on the line the head-keeper said the salmon must have weighed from 40 to 50 lbs.

All this time the fish was in 15 ft. of water, and first drifted about 12 yds. down stream, then up again, the whole of the thirty-one hours.

DOROTHY ENGLISH.

Some Sussex Centenarians.

SUSSEX people may be "barndoor savages," as they were once called by a certain London alderman, but they undoubtedly require a lot of beating in the matter of longevity, and many instances might be given of centenarians in this healthy southern county. In Salehurst Churchyard, for instance, there is a tombstone to the memory of one Peter Sparkes, who died Oct. 26, 1564, aged 126 years. The Wadhurst register also records the death of this patriarch in the following words: "This day died old Peter Sparkes, of Salehurst, being 126 years old by his own computation." There is a probably more authentic centenarian buried not fifty yards from Peter Sparkes. This is Elizabeth Willsher, who



ONE TO HODGE.

TALKATIVE STRANGER: "You see how it is, farmer. You sow the seeds and I reap the benefit."

HARRASSED HODGE: "Very likely. Oi be a-sowin' hemp."

Drawn by H. Keyworth.

died on the 29th of January, 1820. Any visitor to Battle can see, close to the east wall of the parish church, a tomb to the memory of Isaac Ingall, who died April 2nd, 1798. This remarkable old man was for over 90 years in the service of the Websters, who owned Battle Abbey. He was a very irritable old man, and on one occasion,

being offended by his master, started to walk the ten miles to Hastings in search of a fresh situation. He thought better of it, however, and returned. Coming to quite recent days, quite a modern patriarch died on May 17th, 1900, namely, one John S. Head, whose tomb is to be seen close to the entrance of Etchingham Churchyard.

L. J. HODSON.

On Climbing Down.

SOME months ago I mentioned in a short essay the great necessity of possessing at least one special friend, and on that subject I do not think there is any more to say.

Let us take it then that you have your great chum; and in your estimation he is naturally the best fellow in the world, bar none.

For a time all goes well; then, suddenly, you differ. It may be about some trifling thing (I was told of two men who nearly parted on the subject of tobacco), or perchance it is some weightier matter. Anyhow, there's the rupture. Your first feeling is one of anger; this is quite natural, and for a while you pose (to yourself only) as an outraged martyr. This does not last long, and is soon eclipsed by a sense of loneliness. You may have been victorious, but there is nobody to witness the victory, and you realise how the Roman Emperors of old would have felt had their triumphal entry been bereft of prisoners and a shouting, clamouring populace. Then you start thinking it over (this probably for the first time), and it soon dawns upon you that there was as much against your opinion as for it; and very likely your friend was right altogether.

This may be a bit humiliating, but you are on the right tack.

Now comes the struggle, and your pride fights with your knowledge of what is right. You are proving the metal of your better nature. Will it come out, not only unscathed, but also hardened, from this terrible ordeal? It will—aye, it *must*. There are no two ways about it. Whether your friend was right or wrong, the course of action is clear. You seek him out and meet him half-way coming on the same errand.

And then——? A few words and a hearty handshake. You know the old proverb, and now its truth is realised.

Between you and me, I don't quite believe in your friend who never quarrels. When all is said and done, you want a man who is not afraid of mentioning your faults and little failings. At first, of course, you are a bit wild with him, but if you are worth anything you will soon recog-

nise his generosity, and finding your lofty perch slightly lonely and very ridiculous, will gracefully, or otherwise, climb down—and thus the breach will be healed.

A. H. EUSTACE JONES.

"Captain" Club Criticisms.

R. C. Tharp.—I do not like parodies of "The Lost Chord," or songs of that nature. **Carolus.**

—There are glimpses of humour in your essay on "Materials." The sitting-down-on-the-drawing-pin episode is not at all funny. Try again. (You ask me to send back your effusion, but you don't enclose a stamped envelope. On receipt of the latter, I will return the manuscript). **L. J. Hodson.**—Your article on Bodiam Castle is accepted. Like a good many others, you must wait your turn as regards publication. **Dick Loutet.**—I'll remember what you say about cypher competitions.

W. H. Thomson.—(1) Your advice is sound, but I don't think fellows regard competitions as tasks, nor do I think any of our competitors enter half-heartedly. You should just have seen the beautiful things sent in for the "Handiwork" Competition! The miniature suite of furniture made out of chestnuts and bits of straw was the most ingenious thing of its sort I have ever seen. (2) Sorry no space for your "medley." **J. W. Anderson.**—It is very difficult to write a good historical story. Yours is deficient in plot. Still, you have made a very fair attempt. **C. P. D. White.**—The "boss of this mag." is sorry he cannot give you the prize. **Geo. A. Duff.**—I have no room for your article, but I have sent it to Mr. Fry to read, and he'll probably give you a few lines next month. **M. T. Dodds.**

—Sorry cannot use your friend's Nagpur article. It is the sort of thing that interests one's people in a letter, but hardly appeals to the general public. He should send something more out-of-the-way. **N. Weill.**—Make every letter distinctly, and never cramp yourself. If you write as well as you can, people ought not to "call you over the coals." Your writing will "form" into something better as your age increases. **F. S. B.**—I should say you would do well to grow a little older before you again tackle a story of that length. **H. Proudfoot.**—The anecdote is remarkable, but rather unsavoury. **Noyl.**—Clubbed. See reply to "F. S. B." **Wiggins Major.**—If the Fighting Editor behaved like that to a visitor I would punch his—— I mean, severely reprimand him.

"Xaja."—Get a little more "body" into your next essay. You describe how you saw a kingfisher, and that's about the sum and substance of your contribution. You must give more information than that if you wish to earn the honour of print. I like to hear from you young people who take an interest in birds and insects. **J. W. Lewis.**—Can't you tell us how to make something of more practical utility than a paper box? The description should be quite short, and accompanied by a few diagrams, drawn in ink, on pieces of Bristol or other board. **Mary Gilbertson.**—Hope to use your New Year Essay in our next January number. **Nobody Much.**—I do not think it is quite fair to attribute the bad manners you speak of to the "Average Boy."

The A. B., I am sure, does not regard politeness as "bosh." His bad manners are often the result of forgetfulness. And then, of course, there's his bringing-up to be considered. The average boy who reads THE CAPTAIN never (I trust) allows a lady to stand in a tram, train, or 'bus, and I hope he doesn't omit

to take his cap off when occasion requires such a salutation. The substance of your essay is good, but the tone is too sharp; your little lecture should have been expressed in a more kindly and temperate manner. **G. C. Scrivenour.**—I shall endeavour to use some of the Rugby snapshots during the coming summer. **Gold-Nib.**—Your sketches are strong, but not altogether suitable for publication. **J. W. Johnson.**—None of the sketches you sent is quite suitable. **Morris Perrott** (S. AUSTRALIA).—Athletic sketches a great improvement. You will put too many small lines in your work, which prohibits reproduction. **Bert G.**—Your first attempt at

animals is successful, as far as copying goes. You want heaps of practice; write again. **Kenneth M. Davies.**—Your two pen sketches are fairly clever; that entitled "Oh, I love society," being the best, but we cannot reproduce them as the subject is not suitable. **C. Parsons.**—The Old Fag has not played footer, or in a cup-tie, for many years. No room for sketches. **N. R. Carryer.**—Your quaint sketches certainly show merit, but as you are only thirteen, I hope it will not discourage you if I say that you require a great deal of practice; I think your pater will agree with this criticism. (A number of criticisms held over.)

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —,
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

IRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, "THE CAPTAIN,"
12, Bunleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by April 12th.

The Results will be published in June.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified.*

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"**Hidden Books**" (THIRD SERIES).—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe the title of a well-known book. Write the title of each book under each picture, fill in your name and address, tear the page out, and post to us. There will be three prizes, viz., first, £1; second, 10s.; third, 5s.; and twenty consolation prizes consisting of books by CAPTAIN authors. In

the event of a number of competitors sending correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. No age limit.

No. 2.—"**Telegram.**"—THREE SANDOW DEVELOPERS will be awarded for the three best telegrams announcing the result of a test match between England and Australia. The words of the telegram must begin with the letters in "Captain Comps.," that is to say, the first word in the telegram must begin with "C," the second with "A," and the last with "S"; thus you have twelve words in your telegram, which need not be addressed to any one or signed. You are requested to use post-cards.

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"**If I were King.**"—Send an essay, not exceeding 400 words, saying how you would behave if you were King of this country. Tell us how you would spend your time and your money, and what you would do to improve the condition of your subjects. Three prizes of 7s.

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III.	Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 4.—"**The Twelve Most Popular Outdoor Pastimes.**"—Send a list, on a post-card, putting them in their order to the best of your ability. Prizes will be THREE HALF-GUINEA TABLE TENNIS SETS.

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	Age limit: Twenty.
Class III.	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"**Stamp Competition.**"—For particulars see "The Stamp Collector." The prizes will be TWO STAMP ALBUMS, specially selected by Mr. Nankivell.

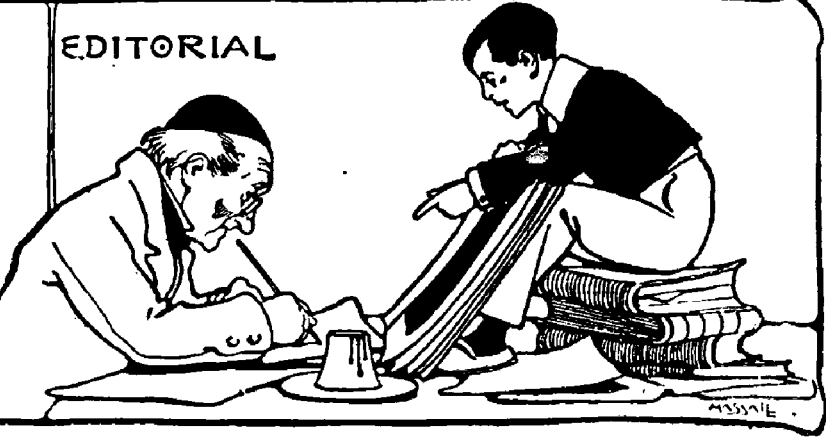
Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"**Parody.**"—Send in a parody of a well-known song or poem. No hymn or sacred poem is to be parodied. The prize will be 7s. 6d.

One Age limit: Twenty-five.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

This April sees the beginning of a new volume and new serials; it witnesses the beginning and the end of your Easter holidays and the commencement of the summer term—the most delightful term, to my thinking, of the year. By the time our next number is out the spring flowers will be with us in all their fresh beauty, the sunshine of May succeeding the showers of April, brightening our land and bidding us be glad that we are alive. I am not in agreement with those young writers who opine in various essays that Winter is a better season than Summer. Winter has its delights, but give me the glorious summertime, when the trees are decked in leaves, when our gardens are fragrant with many flowers, when we don lighter raiment and have done with the coughing and sneezing and all the woes that bitter weather brings in its train. How much pleasanter is it to loll at ease and watch a county match—say, Sussex v. Yorkshire (save when Yorkshire stone-wall so tediously, as they did last year), on the jolly little Hove ground—than to huddle together on a wet football field gloomily contemplating the victory of some eleven “muddied oafs” from the Midlands over—shall we say?—Southampton! And then the river, the sea-shore, the green country, the shady lanes—my Winter champions! I must decidedly register my vote in favour of Summer.

It seems rather curious to be writing like this when the March winds are roaring round the office windows, when the office-boy is repeatedly being ordered to “keep that door shut,” when the Art-Editor is hobbling about with chilblains on his toes, and when the Idea Merchant crawls in looking as if he hadn't seen a fire for a week! But there is

much good joy, my friends, in anticipation. When it is high Summer—when the Summer is really here—when fat gentlemen (no, I'm not one!) walk up and down the Strand mopping their faces with red bandannas (as they do in the dear old-fashioned novels), and every window in the office (as well as the door) is *open*—why, then we shall be sighing for a cool breeze and thinking of that nice cold snow which we considered such a nuisance in February. So I am enjoying *my* dog-days NOW. When they arrive, and we bake and boil and simmer in the heat of August, I shall turn up this paragraph and read the first part of it while I sip iced lemon-squashes.

Three years ago to-day (the 22nd of March), a new magazine appeared in piles upon every bookstall. I myself went and peered gravely over my spectacles at the people looking at it. That magazine was No. 1 of THE CAPTAIN. I think you will agree with me—at least, you tell me so in your letters—that we have never looked back since that day. Our cry has been “*Excelsior!*” Well, our No. 1 came out on the 22nd of March, 1899. On the 23rd of March public attention was switched on to another notable event—viz., the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. By way of advertising our young selves, and giving the crowd something to go on with, as it were, before the “Here they come” episode, we hired a ten-ton launch and surrounded her with huge red lettering, on white bunting, which gave the observing world to understand that we were representing a Magazine for Boys and Old Boys, called “THE CAPTAIN.” We carried about fourteen passengers, seven of them fair to look upon, the other seven not at all fair to look upon and of no particular interest to each other. In addition to the men attached to

the launch in a professional capacity, the crew included the O.F. as skipper, and the Art-Editor as mate. The office-boy was instructed to regard himself as a stowaway—and he did, too, when he saw the lunch!

I found the "Mayqueen" lying off Hammersmith Bridge, and went aboard about 11 o'clock, to find my passengers making merry in the saloon over an early tiffin. Going to my post I telegraphed to the engineer, "Full speed ahead."

"Full speed ahead it is, sir," sent back the engineer, and as he spoke the bonnie launch shot down the river Thames towards Putney amid the mad cheers of the crowd, and chased by one of the Conservancy launches coming hard up on our starboard quarter. With our red and white favours fluttering gaily in the breeze, our river greyhound raced down to the starting-place. We put the good "Mayqueen" through her paces pretty severely, but her engines and boiler stood the test well. On our return journey we shot Hammersmith Bridge at something over twenty knots an hour, and by most careful seamanship escaped running into several other launches and a number of excursion steamers. As we slowed down and proceeded at a more leisurely pace towards Barnes, I called the mate up and said, "Now, Mr. Mate, what we have got to do is to get first down the river with the result."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the mate.

"You have got the dark and light blue ensigns ready to run up?" I enquired of him.

"Aye, aye, sir," said he again, touching his cap as he walked aft.

After this we went for another cruise up and down, wriggling our way with remarkable skill in and out the maze of barges which will insist upon intruding their presence in the middle of the river on such occasions. We anchored about five cables' length below the winning post, and a slender, snaky-looking little craft stole by us and stopped some twenty yards ahead. Along its side, in large letters, was writ "THE SPORTSMAN."

"Keep an eye skinned, Mr. Mate," I observed, "I suspect yon craft of harbouring the same designs as ourselves."

"She looks a bit saucy, sir," said the mate.

"Watch her, then," said I.

"Aye, aye, sir," said he.

So there we waited, the CAPTAIN eyeing the SPORTSMAN, and the SPORTSMAN

eyeing the CAPTAIN. We had been lying there for some thirty minutes when a distant roar told us that the crews were approaching. It was all hands on deck then with a vengeance—even the engineer coming up to see the fun; the only person who didn't come up was the stowaway, who did some exceedingly rapid work among the eatables during the next five minutes. Along came the crews, and it was soon evident that it was Oxford's day, for the dark blues swung by several lengths ahead of "the men from the Cam," as the SPORTSMAN calls them. I observed unwonted activity on the SPORTSMAN'S boat long before the 'Varsity eights were near us. No sooner had they gone past than the propeller of the snaky little craft on our port bow began to churn the muddy waters, and then she hove round into the river. Our engineer nipped below in a hurry. "Full speed ahead; give us every ounce of steam you've got," I signalled to the engine-room, and my instructions were so well obeyed that we fairly whizzed through the water after the SPORTSMAN. Down the river we followed her full tilt, and it was only because she got off a few seconds in front of us that she was the first to tell the expectant crowds that Oxford had won the boat race for 1899. However, we were a good second.

About two o'clock we returned the good ship "Mayqueen" to the owner, paid off the crew, hoisted the stowaway ashore with a crane, and wished our fair friends "Farewell."

"It's been a great day, Mr. Mate," said I, "but next year you will kindly see that we are first down with the result."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the mate, confidently.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Would-be-Author.—People do not enter the journalistic world when they leave school, unless they become junior reporters on newspapers. Posts of this kind are obtained through interest with the proprietors and editors. Your aspirations, I judge, are of a more literary kind. Well, literary talent asserts itself in spite of one's usual occupations and surroundings. Send your efforts to editors, and you will succeed if you have real talent. If your present occupation brings you in a living, you must not throw it up till you are certain you can live by literary work. You cannot live by odd-job literary work until you have worked up a connection with papers and magazines. A literary "free-lance," even with a good connection, does not always have an easy time of it. There are so many in the field, and so many good writers sharing the spoil. Go on quietly with your present work, and make literature your recreation. The only way to make money by writing is to attract the attention of editors by sending them consistently good work. Find out what you can write best about, and make

that your special subject. Always be artistic—that is to say, do whatever you set yourself to do as well as you possibly can.

A Constant Reader (Gisburne, New Zealand), takes exception to Mr. Havelock Jerram's statements in the story "Wanted, a Preserved Head," which appeared in *THE CAPTAIN* for September, 1901. The writer, it seems, speaks of the Waikanae district as being almost as wild a few years ago, in 189—, as it was in Captain Cook's day. My correspondent says that he has visited the district, and can assure me that a railway runs through it, the Maoris selling baskets of strawberries at the stations to the passengers. This does not sound very wild. "New Zealand," our friend adds, "is as highly civilized as any country in the world. Schools are spread all over the islands, and the children are taught free. Railways run to every important town, while the towns themselves are provided with cable, horse and steam tramways. Bicycles are as common as flies, and nearly everyone owns a horse."

A.L.—I have always understood that "David Copperfield" contains many autobiographical facts about Charles Dickens. He was, for instance, a very poor boy and had to suffer many ups and downs; later on he became a reporter in the House of Commons, and then a novelist. These facts coincide with Copperfield's career. Of course a very great deal of the book is sheer imagination, but it may be said that Dickens took his own early career as a foundation upon which to build his story. The character of "Micawber," I am told, in many respects resembles Dickens' father, who was a clerk in the Paymaster's Department of the Admiralty.

M. E. Bennett.—(1) You can only get school magazines from schoolboy friends. Such papers are only printed for private circulation, and not sold to the public. (2) I really cannot say whether mermaids ever existed. I hardly think so. If they did I do not think they were the pretty creatures that are depicted by artists. Dame Nature is very wise, and always has a use for everything and everyone. Why should she make a creature which is half fish and half woman? Of what use would such a creature be?

Hindoo (BOMBAY), as a testimony to the "widespreadness" of *THE CAPTAIN*, tells me that, after his name appeared in *THE CAPTAIN CLUB* list, he received letters from *CAPTAIN* readers living in Cambridge, Yorkshire, Somerset, Brighton, Fife-shire, Paris, British Guiana, Canada, Jamaica, and New Zealand! Owing to want of time, he was unable to promise to correspond with this host, and I am not surprised to hear it. It does show how the old CAP gets about, doesn't it?

P. M. Rowbotham (CLUBBED) sends me a right breezy letter from Port Elizabeth, telling me about all the sports he and his fellow Port Elizabethans go in for. They seem to be a hard, athletic lot out there. I have handed his query *re* Mile to Mr. Fry, who'll probably give him an answer next month. Personally, I don't see why he shouldn't go in for it, so long as he doesn't overdo it.

Longest Word.—"A. D. R." and another reader have sent me a terrible word from Aristophanes, containing, roughly, 150 letters. This beats our recently-published longest word "hol'er." It begins: λεπαδοτεμαχοπελαχ—the rest of it you can look up in your Liddell and Scott! It is the name of a dish, composed of a good many dainties, which was in great favour at Athens.

Worried.—Don't bother about your height. Get all the fresh air you can, and live an absolutely healthy life. Thus, if Dame Nature means you to grow, you will be helping her to shape you into a

good article. You fellows who are not very tall often have the pull over tall fellows in the matter of strength and endurance. You have plenty of time yet in which to grow taller.

Velo.—I think your "Lament" is unnecessarily dreary. Although you are in an office you can get a good deal of exercise after hours. One cannot go on being a schoolboy for ever, but one can keep up one's games. I am glad to say that the last two lines of your poem are in a more manly strain. I trust you never will drift with the tide, but will ever be "up and doing."

L.S.F. obliges me with the *correct* spelling of that small Welsh place with the very long name, as follows: Llanfairpwllgwygillgogorechwyndrobwl-saintysiliogogargoch. I am glad there is no station with a name as long as this on the Twopenny Tube. It would tire out the most eloquent conductor.

J. Rae.—Your chest measurement is all right. Write more carefully, and give yourself more space everywhere. Your letter would have been much better written if you had used all four sides instead of two, without, of course, increasing the number of words.

Chilblains.—"Muldares" begs to inform Parora and Orsha that she has tried almost everything under the sun for chilblains, and finds that whiskey is the best thing for them—applied externally, of course. It ought to be well rubbed in, says our correspondent.

A. Pauline.—(1) Your writing might be better, certainly. (2) Glad to hear St. Paul's School has now 150 cadets. (3) My birthday comes on the date of the King's Coronation. Awkward that two such notable events should clash, isn't it?

Young Engineer.—Write to Messrs. Macmillan and Co., 34, Mar-street, Alloa, N.B., for their price-list. They are skilled engineers, and manufacturers of the models of the kind you describe, viz. model battleships, submarine boats, etc.

Autographs.—I do not value autographs. I trust you do not contemplate selling those you have. It is not very upright to get a famous general's autograph and then sell it. He sends it to you because he thinks *you* want it for your collection.

Facey.—How to become a sailor? Follow our series, "A Boy's Life at Sea." No. II. article will appear soon. We have answered your question before. Look through your back numbers. See a doctor about the noises in your head. Clubbed.

C. T. Hunt.—Send another stamped envelope for another batch of *CAPTAIN* stamps, if you've got through the first lot. Although we have sent out over seventy thousand of them, there are plenty left.

Dan (BOSTON, U.S.A.).—Go on pegging away with those sketches. You're bound to win acceptance in time if they're good enough. As for the stage, I don't give advice on that, except "keep off it."

J. T. Hales (BARNSTLEY).—Write to the City Sale and Exchange, 90, Fleet-street, London, E.C. for their illustrated catalogue, in which you will find everything you require for your cricket outfit.

Fred Hales.—Send stamped envelope with autograph book. We dropped the Calendar because we found it extremely difficult to find new "Events," and didn't wish to repeat ourselves.

H.M.W.—That sunken place in my cheek denotes intense thought. Your cheek will have a similar appearance if you live long enough, think hard enough, and don't get fat in the face.

M.S.C.—Write and tell me what you want to do abroad. Your letter is very vague. Send a stamped envelope for my reply, as there is little space in this magazine for such answers.

Age Limit, 15.—There is a Stamp Con-

petition in this number. There are very few possibilities in the stamp-competition way, you must remember.

G.O.—If you send a stamped envelope, I can give you the addresses of a few scholastic agents through whom you can hear of vacancies in schools.

Maggie Barlow.—Your writing is clear and will improve in time. I don't see why it should be considered a disgrace to the family. Shall be very pleased to receive the flowers. As for "sick persons"—well, all the London Hospitals are most grateful if you send them flowers.

J. Okoski.—No, you need not tell us every time you change your abode. THE CAPTAIN stamps are to stick on your letters, or on anything else you like, even on the soles of your boots if you are in the habit of sitting with your feet out of the window when you are in a ground-floor room.

One of a Litter.—I was very much amused by your description of how you all waylay Smith's boy when he brings THE CAPTAIN. For goodness' sake, if you ever write again, please write a little larger. Now for your questions: (1) Try "Bamboo Work," price 7d., post-free from Hobbies Publishing Department, 12, Paternoster-square, London, E.C. (2) No, thanks, no room for the "Corner" you mention. (3) I think Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare's plays.

Boss.—Try it on other papers of a similar kind.

Gladys.—I'll bear that in mind next time, my dear.

C. H. Craig.—Certainly, if you send a stamped envelope for its return. **Doubtful.**—Under the circumstances, you may continue to be a member.

The Discoverer (CLUBBED).—What a sharp fellow you are! We don't value coins. **Jack**

Fisher (ONTARIO).—Glad to hear from you. Sorry, but it's against my rule to put readers in communication with one another. **F.H.N.**—The "discovered" gent's best respects. **A Selfish Boy.**—Hope to print your letter next month. **D'Artagnan.**—

Have digested your suggestions. **T. C. Thorpe.**—Your writing is very neat. **Florrie Dutton.**—

Only one of you can be a member. **Wil-**

fred Arnold.—If you are thinking of competing for a Higher Government appointment, you cannot do better than take a course of preparation with Messrs. Gibson and Loly, Quernmore, Bromley, Kent. **A. F. Cowan.**

—(1) Clubbed. (2) If you will send the "Merchistonian," I will certainly review it. (3) Send stamped envelope for reply *re* crests. **W.H.K (CLUBBED).**—

Badge optional. **L.M.E.**—The transparent films are the best. **Frank Hibberd (S. INDIA).**—Your

competitions arrived too late. You should enter for the special competitions set from time to time for foreign and colonial readers.

Mr. Nankivell will reply to your stamp queries.

Walter Jackson.—(1) CAPTAIN volumes (I-VI.) are all obtainable, price 6s., or 6s. 6d. post-free, from the Publisher. (2) The "Folding Pocket Kodak" will suit your requirements admirably; it is an excellent camera for cycle-touring. **Love-**

Fifteen (WEST HAMPSTEAD)—You can get a good, strong table-tennis set from Mally and Co., 15, Gos-

well-road, E.C. **Cæsar.**—The photograph in the Christmas *Strand* is not of THE CAPTAIN office, but of Messrs. George Newnes' main building in South-

ampton Street. **A. E. Beill.**—Apply to the Auctioneers' Institute, Chancery Lane, W.C. **G. L.**

Austin.—*Re* left-hand writing competition (December). Your name was included in Class III. by an error; it should have been placed in Class II.

Mater.—Your son will receive first-class tuition for C.S. exams. at Clark's College, Fleet Street, E.C.

Etching Glass.—J. W. Brisbane writes: "If hydrofluoric acid is applied to glass, by means of a clean quill, for a short time (five minutes or so), the etching will not be visible when dry, but will appear when breathed upon. The glass should afterwards be well washed and dried. "Pueramans."—(1)

"Conjuring for Amateurs," by Professor Ellis Stanyon, Price 1s 2d. post-free, from L. Upcott Gill, 170,

Strand, W.C. (2) As friends, yes; not in the silly way you mean. **J.M.C. and A.J.R.**—

Change of address noted. **J.H.T.P.**—You can obtain a mountaineering rucksack and a folding

pocket-lantern from Benetfink and Co., Cheapside, London, E.C. Mention this magazine if you

go there or write to them. **One-To-**

Three.—The Navy List is published monthly, at 1s. 6d., and can be obtained at any bookseller's.

A.K.H. de W.—It is not necessary to belong to THE CAPTAIN Club in order to go in for the comps.

J. V. Garland (JAMAICA). Clubbed.—I am no hand at puzzles, so I do not think I will tackle the one you send me. **R.L.F. (PUTNEY).**—I fear your

letter must have been mislaid. Will you write again?

G. Daybell.—Will tell you about medical students' fees next month.

Official Representatives appointed:—

G. V. Warry-Sibley (Southend and neighbourhood);

R. C. O. Bingham (Weymouth); J. Rae (Aberdeen);

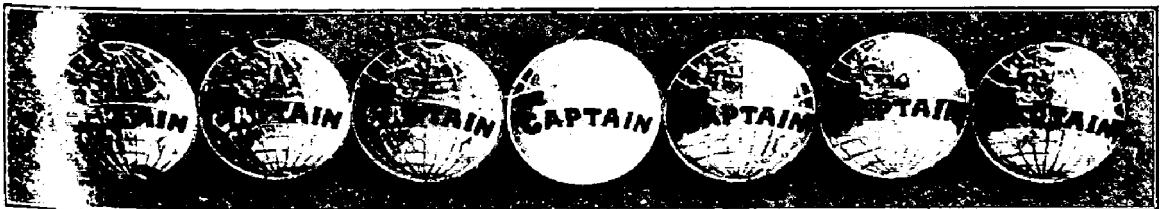
A. H. Patten (Redhill); Daniel Kehoe (Dublin); R. K. Hitchcock (York).

Letters, etc., have also been received from:

"One Who Wants a School Story," "Young Far,"

"A. Taylor," S. M. Ridgway, "Ramsay Laird," G. Ledward, "A Reader" (suggestion noted *re* Emigration), Frank M. Cundy, Alfred Smith (Clapham), H. Proudfoot, and many others whose communications will be acknowledged next month.

THE OLD FAG.



"CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

Badge purchasers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB. See previous numbers for further particulars. Readers are informed that "The Captain" Badge may now be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying, please state which kind you require, and address all letters to: Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Buryleigh Street, Strand, London. The Badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.

Results of February Competitions.

No. I.—"Hidden Books" (FIRST SERIES).

WINNER OF £1: EGBERT S. ROBERTSON, Afton, 78, Thornlow Road, West Norwood, S.E.

WINNER OF 10s.: ELSIE RAYNES, 37, Twisden Road, Dartmouth Park, Highgate, N.

WINNER OF 5s.: JACK H. GAMBLE, Holmleigh, Brook Street Hill, Brentwood, Essex.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: W. A. GRIEVE, 61, Alley Park, West Dulwich, S.E.; ERNEST SMITH, South Lodge, Enfield Chase, Middlesex; VICTOR HERRICK, 16, Waterloo Road, Leyton, E.; B. L. JONES, 6, Brunswick Street, Carlisle; GEORGE WILKINSON, 9, Caithness Drive, Liscard, Cheshire; JAMES BEAHAN, 14, Grosvenor View, Blackman Lane, Leeds; M. V. HARDY, 8, Mosella Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.; STANLEY COURTNEY, 7, Calais Street, Camberwell, S.E.; G. B. B. JOHNSON, 223, Brickstone Hill, London, S.W.; ERIC A. NEWTON, 11, Trelawny Road, Cotham, Bristol; G. C. POCOCK, Stoneleigh, Streatham Place, Streatham Hill, S.W.; R. W. EVANS, Lansdowne House, Welshpool, North Wales; F. T. CLARKE, Midland Railway Station, Hucknall, Torkard, Notts.; W. E. ORGAN, 13, Alala Road, Canonbury, N.; MAT. PROSSER, 236, Park Road, Cwmpark, Treorchy, Rhondda, South Wales; E. B. WILLIAMS, 25, Dalmore Road, West Dulwich, S.E.; ERIC C. PEARCE, The Colloge, Maidenhead, Berks.; H. WATTS, 25, St. John's Road, Clifton, Bristol; REGINALD FOLKES, 262, Devonshire Road, Forest Hill, S.E.; and OSWALD C. BUSH, 1, Clarence Villa, Perry Hill, Catford, S.E. (These are requested to send post-cards naming the book—by a CAPTAIN author—they would like. *Vote* advt. in this number.)

No. II.—"Words in Names of Places."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: E. W. STILES, 2, French Gate, Doncaster. A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: JOHN W. LEWIS, 1, Rhydney Cottages, Taff's Well, near Cardiff.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. E. G. FREEMAN, Stanley Courtney, Maggie Elliott, H. R. MORRIS.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: MARY LEWIS, 1, Rhydney Cottages, Taff's Well, near Cardiff.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: LEONARD BOHN, 115, Kensington Avenue, East Ham, E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. J. ROMERIL, M. Behrman, John Tennant, H. Hockley, Vincent Griffith, H. Stanley.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: M. SPENCER, 161, Lincoln Rd., Peterboro'. A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: MARRICE G. OSBORNE, The Hive, Parkstone, Dorset.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank Whittle, C. J. Newman, Albert Sandwell, R. H. Brown.

No. III.—"Map of the Mississippi."

CLASS I (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 7s.: A. MCGREGOR, 81, Buccleuch-st. Edinburgh. A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: FRED INESTER, 14, Viewforth Square, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alan Leslie Snow.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: T. STREET, 23, Lauriston Gardens, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James Hall, Harold Sommerville, L. E. V. Tiffen, C. Hargreaves.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: HERBERT EDWARDS, 31, Haverstock Road, Malden Road, N.W.

No. IV.—"Anecdotes of Dogs."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: JAMES H. WALKER, 21, John Clay Street, Westoe, South Shields.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: FLOBA MACDONALD, 31, Mount Park Crescent, Ealing, W.; GERTRUDE STERLING, The Rowans, Fleet, Hants.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the books by "Captain" authors advertised in this number.

COMMENTS ON THE FEBRUARY COMPETITIONS.

I.—There were a great many entries for this Competition. The correct list will be found on an advertisement page. Neatness was taken into consideration, as most of the prize winners only got one book wrong. Only four competitors guessed "Eric," so, although they had two others wrong, they were awarded consolation prizes.

II.—The six places according to the majority of the competitors are:—1. Wolverhampton. 2. Haverfordwest. 3. Weston-super-Mare. 4. Doncaster. 5. Middlesbrough. 6. Kidderminster. No one had more than four out of the six right.

III.—The maps sent in Classes I. and III. were below the average, only those in Class II. being up to the usual standard.

IV.—The Anecdotes were excellent and original. Of course we had a few "imported from America," after the style of the small dog which broke its leg and was taken in by some kind person, who set it for him. Some days afterwards there was a

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. Wolferstan, Frank A. Garratt, Wm. Aitken Oldfield, Rosalind F. Bridge, W. J. White, Mand M. Lyne, H. J. Henderson, R. Alsop Hamer, Myrtle Francis.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: CHARLES BRADSHAW, Ward 8, Christ's Hospital, E.C.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: LILIAN WEBB, Highfield, Glentworth Road, Redland, Bristol; A. KENNEDY WILSON, Beech House, Castleford, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Wignall, Dorothy Bruorton, E. Kleinjung, W. S. Holt, G. G. Dowding, Jack Lelen, J. R. Leslie, Alexander C. Adams, Albert Wells.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: F. MARTIN, 23, Albany Road, Coventry. A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: PERCY H. MCCORMACK, 85, Richmond Road, Dalston, N.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Henry L. Hunt, J. E. Barnes, J. Iba Sutherland, Muriel S. Clay, Reggie Chapman, Dorothy Payne.

No. V.—"My Twelve Favourite Songs."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: WINIFRED D. ERAUT, Belleville, S. Saviour's, Jersey.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: EDGAR J. ERAUT, Belleville, S. Saviour's, Jersey; ARTHUR J. LUTLEY, 6, George Street, Wellington, Somerset.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. H. Overton, H. Russell, H. R. Bishop, Ernest A. Taylor, R. A. H. Goodyear, George R. G. Lynas, Stuart Farr, Kathleen Startin.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: T. R. DAVIS, 6, Thurlby Road, West Norwood, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: G. W. IVEY, 171, Barking Road, West Ham, Essex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John L. Turner, Gertrude Sterling, A. C. Hodgson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: EDGAR PEBBS, Church View, Stapenhill Road, Burton-on-Trent.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: H. W. POTTER, 2, South Green Road, Grantchester Meadows, Cambridge; ROBIN JACKSON, Bardykes, Blantyre; G. BAINES, Summerfield, Morley, near Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dora Laredo, Geo. T. Vale, H. Schofield, Kathleen Brinsley, P. Battye, H. Hinson, Walter S. Leeming, Fred. Hales, Dorothy Fremlin, James Campbell, Alex. C. Adams, H. J. Hodgson.

No. VI.—"Black and White."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-three.)

WINNER OF 7s.: THOMAS ALLWORK CHAPLIN, 81, Azenny Square, Peckham, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: EDITH WINIFRED FROWD, "Brent Knoll," Mayow Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. M. Cardale, Violet Horley, Winifred D. Eraut, Elsie Smeaton Munro, E. E. Wildish.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: GEORGE A. BELL, c/o Blackwell and Thompson, Halford Chambers, Halford Street, Leicester.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: L. MACDONALD GILL, "Strathmore," Bognor, Sussex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: L. McDonald Gill, James A. Ramsay, Dudley G. Buxton, C. L. Reinmann, C. H. Leigh, W. B. Huntly, F. B. D. Stalker, David Pryde, Ethel M. Sheppard.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: JOSEPH TAYLOR, Northgate, Baildon, Shipley, Bradford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. V. Laferla, Sidney J. Edwards, F. J. St. Aubyn, Richard Caparn, J. Ineson, J. Grosvenor Herd, Ralph Etherington, Logan Hook, Mimi Langer, Charles Bellamy, Kenneth Denton Shoesmith,

scratching heard at the door, and behold! the same small dog, bringing a comrade with a broken limb, hoping that the same kind office might be performed for him!

V.—The list of songs, decided by vote, is as follows:—1. Home Sweet Home. 2. The Lost Chord. 3. The Holy City. 4. Auld Lang Syne. 5. The Old Folks at Home. 6. Soldiers of the King. 7. The Bay of Biscay. 8. Tom Bowling. 9. Rule Britannia! 10. Queen of the Earth. 11. Annie Laurie. 12. Robin Adair.

The prize winner in Class I. had eight right, in Class II. seven right, and in Class III. six right. In several cases prizes were awarded to the senders of the neatest lists.

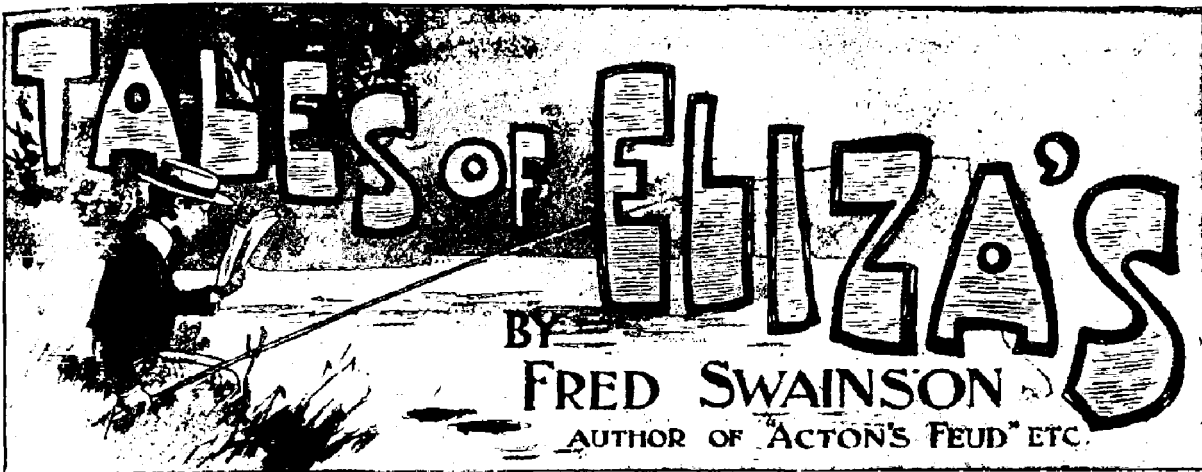
VI.—We hope to reproduce the prize winners in Classes I. and III., but that which received the prize in Class II. is not quite suitable, although an excellent study from the antique.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.



"LET HER DRIVE, SIR! LET HER DRIVE!"

(See page 119.)



No. II.—THE ELEVENTH PLACE.

I.

RICHARD CROOME, *aetat* XV., a bright and shining light among the Junior Ancients of Smith's House, had hurried down to the Lower School nets early after tea, accompanied by his inseparable chum, John Major, also a Smither, to the end that he might obtain a favourite bottom net. Croome and Major, as experienced warriors, knew how much an end net—especially a bottom-end net—contributed to peace of mind whilst they took their usual half-hour spell of batting. In this way. Suppose you had, through mere sluggishness or unforeseen causes, come upon the Lower Field ten minutes after the ruck of the Juniors, you would perforce have to content yourself with a middle net—if even one thereabouts were vacant—and then have, in your proper turn, say, twenty minutes of "mixed" batting on a broken turf, with one fellow in the next net cutting his balls hard in the direction of the small of your back, and the fellow on your right crashing his leg slows within inches of your nose. And suppose the net "leaked," and let particularly well-smitten balls occasionally loose in your direction? Well, you'd think more of arnica than cricket. Your twenty minutes with the bat would be in a horrible light, when you could no more differentiate between a fast yorker and a long hop than you could between a Jap and a Jap. And, probably, if you were keen about your batting, you'd find the best bowlers would be sending you up perfumery "drops"—for no fellow can bowl two hours on end, and then do it decently—the "mediums" would be weirdly medium, and the "slows" fooling with underhands. Then, probably, you'd be so waxy with things in general that you'd go in for

slogging—not like Jessop—and that rots a fellow's cricket more than anything. Croome and Major had learned much of these things by bitter experience, and that's why they had cut short their tea. This being understood, you can see that, when the pair saw the bottom net—their marked prize—occupied, they stood at the gate and lifted up their voices in unison.

"Who is the brute, Jack?"

"Who is he?" said Major, surveying with sulphurous looks the enemy, unsuspectingly playing forward to imaginary balls.

"It's that fat ass, Wren."

"Wren!" said Croome. "George! it might have been worse. I'll move *him*."

"Keep him a few of those cherries, Dick. We must give him sops and wine to start with."

"Serene, Jack," said Croome, returning a handful to the bag. "He shall have some sops certainly. I know the animal."

The "animal" hailed the pair genially when they came within earshot. "Been pottering here quarter-of-an-hour, Croome. Send me down a few balls, there's a good fellow."

"Rather!" said Mr. Richard Croome, suavely, as he hung up his coat. "Have a cherry, Wren?"

Wren took the bag and helped himself generously. "Been expecting someone turning up for an age."

"Anyone bagged the net with you, Wren?" asked Major, nonchalantly.

"No. We'll have a family party, Maximus, eh?"

"We will, Jenny," said Major, who only allowed his chums to expatiate on his name. "The Wren's an early bird to-day, it seems."

"And bags the early net," said Dick, tightening his boots. "Cute bird."

Wren smiled complacently and ate his cherries.

Then Croome began to get his length, and Wren paddled about doing his uttermost with Dick's balls. Major joined in the fray, keeping them wicket-high and very fast. Those that didn't hit the wicket hit Wren, for Wren was no bat. Wren liked slow, off balls, which



HE DROPPED HIS WEAPON LIKE A RED-HOT POKER.

he could cuff under the ear somewhere in point's direction, but didn't like neat, straight bowling, which either kept him picking up his stumps or rubbing himself convulsively. He picked up and rubbed for half-a-dozen overs, and then a fast, rising ball from Croome took the unfortunate bat just on the wrist, where a rap stings like a hornet. He dropped his weapon like a red-hot poker, and paddled hurriedly round his wicket, his face red with emotion.

"Sorry, Wren," sang out Croome, cheerfully. "We want the roller down here."

"Wicket kicks like a mule, Jenny," said Major, soothingly. "Heaven knows when it was watered."

"It worketh," gurgled Dick, to his chum. "He won't stand another dozen."

Exactly two balls later Wren fell over his stumps in trying to dodge one of Croome's expresses and then the pair could see that the wretched youth was considering whether the game was worth the candle. This was the psychological moment, and Croome seized it.

"I say, Jenny, Sussex are all out."

Wren was a Sussex man.

"No," he said, coming anxiously down the crease, half forgetting his own woes. "Why, Fry and Vine——"

"Here's the paper, old man," said Croome. "Fry, c. Foster, b. Wilson, 0."

Wren clutched the sheet and hobbled off under the lee of the net, and Major philosophically donned his pads. Wren forgot his own batting in that momentous c. & b., and Jack was getting his eye in when the Juniors swarmed into the field. The pair invited a couple of their chums to join them, and a family party did indeed possess the end net in peace.

Dick Croome was, what I think is termed, a born bowler. He was a terror

to all small fry in junior house-cricket, had been "considered" as a candidate for the house eleven last year, had robust hopes of being one this, and was open, with his chum Major, to play any other pair in Eliza's at single wicket for love or for tea.

He had his little following of devoted worshippers, and was nice enough a fellow not to be spoiled by them. On this particular evening he was in rare form. Major, though a decent bat, could make nothing of his

chun—best ball, and the rest of the family party seemed to spend half their time at the wickets explaining how they had been beaten.

Then, as the climax to a successful night, Roberts, the school Captain, passed behind the nets, and came to anchor with his friend, Burke, behind their netted alley. Major was beaten for the *n*th time, and Roberts got interested. "The youngster sends down a decent ball, Rod."

"Which nobody can deny," said Burke, as he watched a seductive slow trim in from leg and hop over where a bail should have been.

"The root of the matter is in him."

"And he breaks from either side, too. Jove! that was a beauty! Well placed, young 'un," said Roberts, to Major, as that youth played his friend artistically through the slips. "Who is he, Rod?"

"Young Croome—Smither's, I fancy—and a great gun, I hear, among his own tribe," said Burke.

"Small bore, though," said the Captain with his smile. "I'll try an over from him, I think."

The Captain moved to the wickets in that quiet, solemn style peculiarly his own, no side, no hurry, no pretence. Major slipped under the net as Roberts took guard, and prayed that Dick might do the impossible. At the tenth ball Roberts was squarely beaten; his leg stump lay drunkenly across the others, and he turned quietly to Burke, who murmured, "Shade too late." Jack clutched his cap in an ecstasy of delight, and Richard Croome, as he retook the ball which the Captain trundled back to him, felt the joy of life. Roberts then straightened his stumps, and for a merry five minutes hit Dick all over the place. Then he came out again, and got into his coat.

"I'd like to see you, Croome, at the Sixth's nets to-morrow. About seven, I should say, will do."

"The Sixth's nets," gasped Major. "Dick, old fellow, you've done the impossible. What does it mean?"

"Mean?" said Croome, staring after Roberts and Burke. "It means that Roberts has sunstroked."

"My guess is that you're booked for the eleven, and ——"

"Don't rot, Jack, please, to that extent. Roberts is undoubtedly mad."

If anyone had told Croome a month ago that he should have a net allotted to him at the Sixth, that he should bowl at the Elizabethan eleven, and that he should take a not infrequent wicket, he would have considered that

someone was rotting him to an awful extent, and would have noted the same in the usual way. But that which a month ago would have seemed hardly a laughable absurdity, was now an accomplished fact. Roberts brought Lurgan, the house master, who knew a cricketer when he saw one, to witness Croome's bowling for ten minutes, and the two had compared notes. The school professional—a great light in his day—admitted that "Mister Croome's best ball was not a bad 'un." Then Croome began to believe that he must be able to bowl decently.

On a day when, as he lay on his back under the elms, a fat bag of cherries by his side, watching the cricket going on in the sunshine, Jack Major came running in his direction like a whirlwind.

"I say, Dick, seen the notice board?"

"No: anything special?"

"You're down to play for Roberts's side v. Burke's to-morrow."

"Honour bright?" asked Croome with a blush.

"'Pon honour."

"You're an awful brick, old man, to come and tell me. So's Roberts, to give me the chance. 'Everybody's aw—fly good to me.' And Mater's coming down to-morrow, and Kate and Flora. Won't she be cock-a-hoop!"

"Which of 'em?" said Jack, without enthusiasm, for he resented the intrusion of frocks into the sacred mysteries of cricket.

"Flora. Why, you know, she's no end jolly, and *she* knows something about cricket anyhow, whatever Kate and Mater may do. She'll be more than satisfied."

"Of course," said Jack laconically, "and so shall we, and that's got a heap more to do with it. I tell you, Dick, Smith's Ancients will give you a rare leg-up when you come out or when Roberts puts you on. We've scratched against Bultitude's crowd on purpose to shout."

"It will be awful if I make an ass of myself," said Croome, rubbing his moist palms together at the thought.

"Now look here, Dick," said Major, impressively. "You've got a chance that only comes once in a life-time, and you must jolly well take it. There's one place in the eleven that's open yet. Seton and you are for it."

"Seton's an awfully decent fellow, Jack," said Croome, slowly.

"Granted. But he's a bat, and I know old Roberts wants another bowler, rather than a bat. Do something smart, if you get half a chance, and Roberts will put you down against the Hussars as eleventh man. That's

the school's last canter before Lord's. And if you can get one or two of the soldiers' wickets ———"

"If!" said Croome, colouring as this rose-hued prophecy came from his friendly oracle.

"Didn't you fool old Roberts with your quick ball, you blushing cuckoo? And isn't Roberts as good as their best? If you get one or two of the soldiers' wickets," resumed Major with a solemnity befitting the occasion, "you are given your flannels; you go to Lord's as first change, and you ———"

"Oh! Cork the rest, Jack," said Croome, hardly daring to conjure up such ravishing prospects. "Whenever did a Junior Ancient go to Lord's?"

"Never," said Jack. "But there's one on the way now. Gentlemen," he solemnly apostrophised the unconscious cricketers flitting up and down the green turf—"this is a record-breaking age, and—er—er—Smither's Junior Ancients do their part."

"We will now have an ice," gurgled Croome.

II.

Croome had commissioned his friend to go to the station gates and wait the coming of his people. Jack had gone, but was secretly a trifle dissatisfied that Dick's relatives should choose such a momentous occasion in his chum's school life to pay an ordinary "how-are-you-Dick" visit. He escorted Mrs. Croome, Kate Croome, and Flora—Jack always forgot her surname, but associated her somehow with the hills and the heather—with cold politeness to the cricket field, explained with all necessary emphasis why Dick wasn't there to welcome them in person, and what might happen to Dick if he kept a good length. And they all seemed to understand, especially Flora. She waved her hand enthusiastically to Croome, fielding long leg, and he telegraphed his greetings.

One Elizabethan had contemplated the rapid rise of young Croome in cricketing estimation with very mixed feelings. Robert Seton was not a brilliant fellow in the school or out, and had realised with a kind of bitter resignation that when he should leave Eliza's his name would go with him. He was leaving at Midsummer—for he was on the verge of nineteen—and he felt a kind of pitying dissatisfaction with himself, when he thought of the drab-coloured, neutral record he was leaving behind. Nothing good, though certainly nothing bad. He was in the Sixth, exactly in the middle—oh, hateful mediocrity—poised

midway between the brilliant Roberts and the sleepy Burman; he was just *not* good enough for the footer eleven, but he had hoped that he might get into the cricket eleven by virtue of a straight bat. Since the wickets were first pitched in April he had toiled like a galley slave at the nets to improve his batting, but he had seen place after place in the eleven filled up until only the last was open. This, he thought, and all the school, too, was reserved for him. This was a month ago. Now his usual luck had attended him, and he found his last chance changed to a very problematical one indeed. Young Croome had arrived to upset the last of his school ambitions. He recognised, of course, that Dick was more or less of a young phenomenon with the ball, and knew, only too well, that, generally, his own cricket was merely average attack and defence, but he thought dolefully that Dick would have heaps of other chances to come, while his own sorry chance of leaving a decent name behind him was his last.

He had written his father that possibly he might be included among Roberts's chosen band, and his father, who had watched poor Bob's career with hope deferred from year to year, had come down to see how things were moving.

He received his son's forebodings in gloomy silence. He was almost inured to this missing of things at the eleventh hour, and, as the pair sat moodily down in a quiet corner, they were too busy with their own gloomy thoughts to notice that, well within earshot, Miss Flora sat absorbed in the game. She had begged to stay to watch the cricket rather than accompany her aunt and Kate on a how-do-you-do promenade.

"Who is this Croome, then?" asked old Seton, pushing his stick savagely into the turf.

"That youngster fielding long leg."

"Is he so superlative after all?"

"Oh, yes; there's no good saying he isn't."

"Why, Bob, he's got the cut of the Junior School about him."

"Not about his ball though."

"He fields decently, I can see," said Seton, watching Dick pounce on a low, swift glance deftly turned by Burke.

"Oh, he'll develop into something big one day, and he's a decent youngster too. George! I can imagine some of the little animals swaggering about in his shoes!"

"Well," said Seton, senior, watching the cricket in moody thought, "I believe I shall be as disappointed as you, Bob, if you miss your flannels."

"Sorry, pater. I'd like to get 'em, no end, if only to please you. I've had some beastly luck at Eliza's, and this is only carrying the thing to the bitter end. Here's the lovely programme for this last year. I was fifth out of ten for the Holden, second for the Seale Medal, just too mediocre for a Monitorship, just not good enough for footer, and now there's a kid just too good for me at cricket."

"Besides," said Seton, "I'm not out of the hunt yet. Who knows what I may do? Roberts wouldn't ignore a decent fifty."

"Well, get them, Bob, in the name of all the gods. Hallo! your young paragon's going on. Shall we see fireworks?"

"Hope not. Hear his chums whisper."

Croome took the ball from Roberts, and the Smithers let the world know, in general,



THEY WERE TOO BUSY WITH THEIR OWN GLOOMY THOUGHTS TO NOTICE MISS FLORA.

"But you're a bat, Bob. Why does Roberts prefer—?"

"No treason," said young Seton with a wholesome laugh. "Roberts will do the right thing. He thinks of Eliza's only, and he's as honest as the day. He has the choice between a fair bat and a good—very good—change. Which would you take?"

Seton looked at his son and smiled too. "Anyhow, Bob, you're true blue."

that he belonged to them. The fourth ball rattled down Burke's leg stump, and dissolved a stubborn partnership. Seton turned to his sire, and the latter shrugged his shoulders. "He caught Burke in two minds, Bob. That ball beat him all the way. The lad knows his business."

"I'm next, pater. Shall we stroll to the pavilion?" The pair got up and went slowly round the field.

"Hope I shan't hear you, Bob, under a couple of hours," said Seton, as his son turned in to put on his guards.

"I'd gladly talk on the scoring board till then, instead."

Five minutes later, the Setons, father and son, crawled dismally, side by side, silent as the grave. Croome had bowled the melancholy senior for a duck. When Bob spoke, it was about the holidays.

Croome's cousin had perforce to hear the major part of this conversation of father and son, and when they finally moved away she found herself wishing sincerely that Dick might have his average spoiled somewhat by the senior Elizabethan. The girl realised how much the eleventh place meant to the Setons, and how an appearance there would round off rosily a grey and unsuccessful school career. She could see that Seton was no jealous, envious fellow, willing to put down her cousin's success to luck or to Roberts's favouritism, as a meaner spirit might have done; he would take his defeat without a tinge of uncharitableness. She respected him for his intense desire to represent Eliza's, and more for the manly way he championed Dick against a testy, parental outburst. "And it is his last chance. And Dick has oceans before he leaves. If I could only make Dick see it—I wonder if. . . ." Flora thought about many things and forgot the cricket going on before her eyes.

The match was over before Croome's people caught their train to town; his mother beamed upon him, and Kate developed an unusual respect when he offered an opinion, but, as appeared wonderfully strange to Dick, Flora seemed to have a mind curiously distraught from cricket. At the station gates she wished him "good-bye" as though to make up for any lack of previous attention, and Major, who kept an observant eye, didn't fail to notice it.

As the pair cantered quickly back, to Eliza's, Jack jerked out: "I say, Dick, Flora's not quite sure what to make of your analysis. It has simply knocked her into a cocked hat."

"Don't believe she was in form this afternoon, Jack; didn't seem over and above pleased with things in general."

"Jove, she ought to! When has anyone got five for eighteen this last age?"

"Awfully glad I got Burke. He was set, I thought."

"And Seton, Dick. Why he simply 'mowed' at you."

Dick came to a full stop. "Jack, 'pon honour, I'm sorry I outed old Bob."

Jack laughed a little scornfully. "Don't blub, dearie."

"But——"

"All's fair in love an' war—and cricket. Man, you've simply to go for old Seton. It's you or he for it. And you're the man. Whenever did a Junior Ancient don whites? Think of the power and glory. . . Why, old Smith kept pulling his hairs out one by one while you were bowling, and now he's patently scraggy one side. And——"

"Don't sing like that, man," said Dick, blushing hotly at his friend's lyric outburst, "but come in and get Bultitude's work done, and, hang it, let's drop cricket!"

III.

It was agreed by everyone that such a public performance as Croome's—five for eighteen—could not be passed over by Roberts. It was evident that the captain had discovered a treasure, and for a week on end the school discussed the possibility or probability of Dick Croome—*ætat* XV.—getting his colours and playing at Lord's in the only match that really matters. Roberts gave no sign, but Dick was at the Sixth every night for an hour, until Roberts said he had done enough. Seton was always there playing his average game in his usual average style, but there was the air of the forlorn hope encircling his efforts. The week dragged on its weary length of uncertainty and doubt, and then on the Friday night a grave and anxious crowd clustered round the notice board under the clock. Roberts, punctual to the minute, came out with his list, pinned it up behind the grille, and went quietly away.

Against the Hussars on the following day Croome (R.) was the eleventh man. Seton (R.) was the reserve. The older fellows went away buzzing, the Juniors shouted out the news as they went patterning off, each Smithier scuttling for his house like a bolting rabbit, and ahead of all was Jack Major, cap in hand, fleeing like the wind. Seton heard the news and crawled back to his den; to the end his "luck" had held.

That fateful notice of the school captain's meant that after the match against the Hussars, Roberts would tell Croome to go and get measured for his flannels. From tomorrow the magic red line now ruled above

his name would be drawn below, enclosing Croome (R.) in that honoured band of cricketers—the St. Elizabethan XI. Within a week Dick would be Lord'sward bound.

Dick had hauled Major off to the river, immediately after the news, to see if the waters of the Lodden would not cool some of the ardours of his friend. When they came back, Dick espied a letter on the table.

"From Flora," he said, lifting his eyebrows.

"She can't know already," observed Jack.

Dick opened the letter, read it, and then gasped.

"What's the row?" asked Major, as Croome backed into a chair with a face as full of consternation as it had lately been of content.

"Oh! oh! Hang it; read the thing. See if you understand it."

Major clutched at the letter which his friend shied savagely on the table, and read it through to the end. Here it is:

Home,
July 3.

DEAR DICK,—

You will remember that I told you that I should be going down to Dormer's Court some time soon, and how you said you "jolly well wished you were going too." Well, Aunt Vivian and I are to go there to-morrow, and you are to come too. It is all arranged for. Aunt has written to Dr. Carver and your own Beak—isn't that the word?—and you're excused your call-overs, and are as free as the air until 9.30. Isn't that jolly? You see the value of a cousin now, don't you? While Aunt and Mrs. Dormer talk art and poetry—gossip—you're to pilot me round the place. Our train calls at St. Elizabeth's Cross at 11.50, and I'm not going *ever* to forgive you if you don't say "Adsum" when I open the window. We return from Dormer's by the evening train, and it will drop you down again at Eliza's (horrid word) safe and sound, among all your beloved majors and minors. I hope, young man, that you appreciate your privilege of being cousin to

FLORA M.

Jack dropped this letter like a red-hot



DICK READ IT, AND THEN GASPED.

coal, but he said with cool concentration, "Jove! the matter's simple enough. You send a wire and say you're not coming."

Dick writhed in his chair.

"You send a wire, and tell Miss Flora that Dormer's Court will have to do without you."

Dick sputtered angrily, "Oh! Hang my luck!"

"Luck!" howled Major, "why, you're wallowing in luck! Wire her that you're down against the Hussars to-morrow. Wire her that you're going to be put in the eleven. She'll see that—why, the Queen would!"

"Oh! What an ass I was to fall into the Dormer business! I'll wire, but she'll never forgive me," moaned Dick.

"She says she won't," said Jack, grimly; "but, hang it, man, what does that matter if you go to Lord's!"

This didn't comfort Dick much, but he went out and borrowed a telegram form. "Look here, Jack," he said, as he sucked his pencil in despair. "Will you go to Dormer's and——?"

Major moaned as he sank back into a chair. "Oh! Keep me out of it, Dick. I've been counting on to-morrow's show ever since you bowled Roberts. This is what it always means when there's a parcel of fuzzy girls in anything."

"Flora's all right, Jack. How was she to know?"

"Right, my dear, let her know now, then," said Major, grim as death.

"It would look better if I could send you to see her round. She'd not think so much about it then. It's awfully rough on you, old man, I know."

Major wriggled over this proposition as though he had been tipped into a cactus bush, but at last he blurted out: "All right, you silly ass, put that down."

"Thanks," said Dick, fervently. "She'll not think so much about it as she knows you pretty well. Her aunt isn't such a bad old dowager, either."

"Don't trot out the aunt, too," said Jack, dismally. "Flora's enough."

Dick prepared the momentous wire; the sentences were short, but they left nothing to the imagination—at least, he hoped not; and after handing in the message he and his chum talked themselves to sleep.

There was an orange envelope waiting for Croome in the morning, and with trembling fingers he tore it open. Here is the wire verbatim:

Shall be disappointed if you don't come. Never mind cricket for once. *Let Major play for you.*

Whilst Croome nearly blubbed with vexation, Major laughed a loud and bitter laugh. "This is the girl who knew all about cricket! *Let Major play!* What a gem!"

Croome crushed the paper in despair, but said nothing. Major looked at his chum with a kind of puzzled wonder.

"Face it, Dick, and be done with it. Oblige Flora, and wait till next year for your flannels. That's all it means."

"I'll think about it, Jack."

Major stared and then whistled a long, dry whistle.

"You see, Jack, I said I'd simply give my head to go to that Court. Flora arranges,

and then I refuse. That isn't form, is it? And yet——" Croome walked to the window and looked out for a long, silent five minutes. Major looked at the cricket without seeing the scores. Finally Dick said, "It's no good. I must keep my word."

"Is that it, Dick, really?"

"That's it."

"Well," said Major quietly, "you're a decent fellow, Dick, though I'm hanged if I'd do it. But it's your affair after all. And anyhow I feel I want some breakfast now."

As Jack got to the door he burst out viciously, "As for Miss Flora, Dick, just tell her what Lord's means to us. I mean, try to."

"I thought she knew," said Croome drearily.

Roberts, in the course of his captaincy at Eliza's, heard and discovered many things, but the thing which he, to this day, thinks the strangest, is that a Junior backed out of a match which would have put him in the eleven. Croome boggled the explanation. The Captain asked in his quiet way what was the matter, but he does not rightly understand things yet. He thereupon sent word to Seton that he was playing *vice* Croome against the Hussars. Seton went in fifth wicket down, and made exactly seventy-five runs. After the match, with all the usual ceremony, Roberts gave the so long unlucky senior his colours.

If any one had told Croome in the morning that his afternoon at Dormer's Court would turn out not unpleasantly, Croome would have felt like slaying him in his rage. But Flora simply dropped milk and honey over him from the time she met him until the train slowed up at Eliza's in the gathering dusk.

"Seton will get his colours, anyhow," said Dick, as though that finally resigned him to the inevitable.

"Is he a nice fellow?"

"Awfully decent fellow, Flo. He's been working for them for years."

"And you'll get yours next, Dick, so what does it matter? Seton hadn't another chance. *He'll* look back upon this day as the jolliest in the whole of his school days."

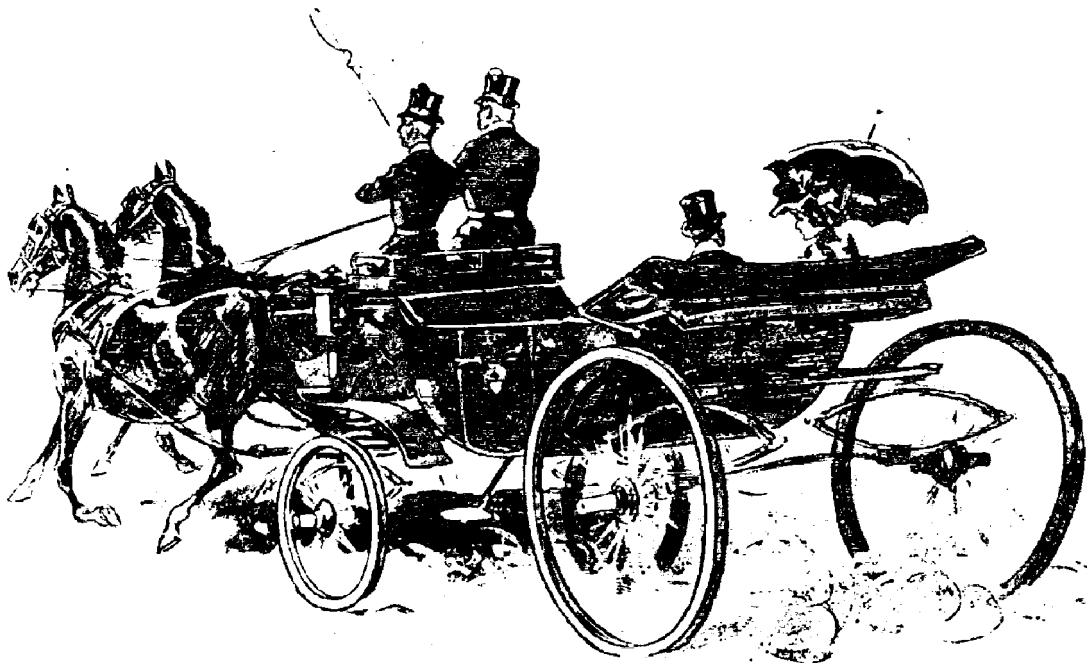
"But, Flora, I've missed the record. That's what made Major so wild."

And yet—and yet, Dick got his record. For if you turn to *Wisden* you ought to see something like this:—"There is no getting away from the fact that St. Elizabeth's narrow

victory was due to the efforts of two Elizabethans—to Croome, who bowled so well, especially in the second innings, and to Seton, whose memorable 40 *not out*, compiled on a wretched wicket, alone prevented the utter breakdown of the school's batting at their second attempt. It was not emotional

his eleventh hour substitute, young Croome, did for his side what he himself might have equalled but could hardly have excelled."

So much for *Wisden*. This you won't find in that stately volume. As Aunt Vivian's carriage rolled down Baker Street in the warm July drizzle after the match, Dick said joy-



cricket, but it served, and Seton can regard his score as worth treble the amount hit on a good wicket. And Burke, whose hand, injured at practice the day before the match, prevented his appearance for his school, must have felt peculiar satisfaction in seeing that

ously, "I got five, Flora, and you said I should have something if I got four. Fork out."

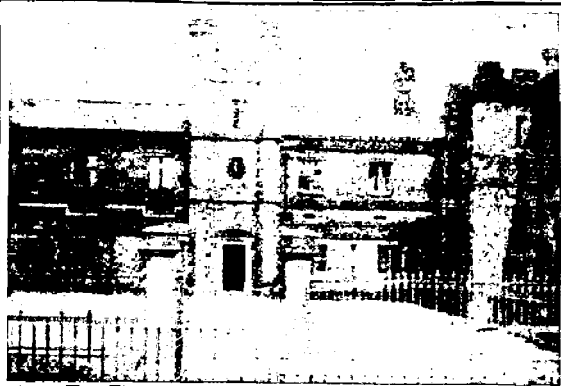
And Flora—she did *not* feel in her pocket —"forked out."

Fred W. Swanson

SOME ENGLISH SCHOOLS



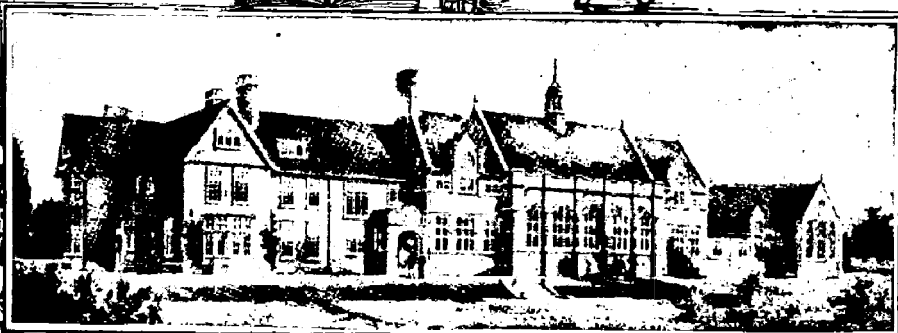
Hereford County College.



St. Bees
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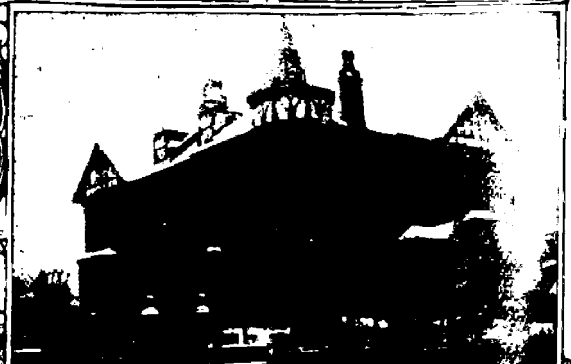
Stockport
Grammar
School.



Bridlington Grammar School.



Arvon School, Dublin.



Redland Grove College, Bristol.

OUR SCHOOL ARMY.

By A. E. JOHNSON.

Photos by the Author.

MARCHING TO THE FRAY.

"Pushing forward with expedition, the scarlet troops soon left the main road. . . . Already the distant crackling of rifle-fire, punctuated by the heavy thud, thud of the artillery, announced that the fighting had begun in earnest."



THE FIGHT ON THE FOX HILLS.

ONCE a year, in the windy month of March, the men of the Public School Volunteer Corps assemble at Aldershot from far and near to be exercised in field operations and military manoeuvres. That is not to say, of course, that only once a year are the Public School Corps exercised in field training: such a statement would be ridiculous. But the March Public School field day on the Fox Hills is equalled only in importance by the

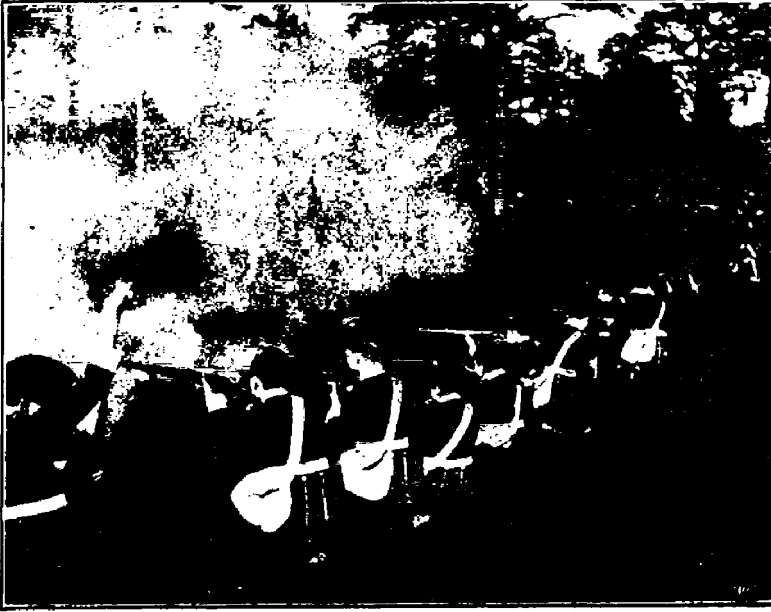
similar one held during November in the neighbourhood of Camberley. At both, every school corps of real importance and use is represented, and the strong muster permits of operations being conducted on a wide scale. The field day of March this year was no exception to the general rule. The schools mustered nearly 4,000 strong, and General Hildyard congratulated them upon the improvement noticeable in their work since he had last seen them, three years ago.

Some time before noon, when hostilities were to commence, on the eventful day in question, a train steamed into Brookwood Station and drew up at the platform. Inside, though the engine was not decorated, sat the War Correspondent of THE CAPTAIN. He alighted and looked about him. The surroundings seemed familiar. Drawn up a few paces away was the Harrow band. That in itself was sufficient to awaken many recollections of the past. How often had he travelled to Aldershot to attend a field day, and been met, so soon as he set foot upon the ground, by the same Harrow bandsmen—or at least by remarkably good reproductions of them. Then again, as he crossed the bridge over the railway lines, there stood the Charterhouse corps upon the opposite platform, a long, black line, which moved to the right in file almost as he caught sight of it, and marched slowly out of the station. And when he reached the roadway, he was not in the least surprised to find the band of the Highland Light Infantry, neat and smart in white jackets and breeks of that peculiarly æsthetic pattern affected by the H.L.I. which goes so far to compensate for the absence of the kilt, waiting to play the Carthusians down to the place of assembly. For the reader who



WINCHESTER ON CHAIR HILL.

"He looked at the prone and kneeling figures loading, presenting, aiming, firing."



HAILEYBURY'S ADVANCE UPON THE LEFT.

"The scarlet troops scatter in a twinkling, and prepare to give tit for tat."

happens not to be expert in the military minutiae of the public schools may take note that should he, at a field day or on a similar occasion, come upon a long black column merrily played on its way to the gay music of the H.L.I. band, he may set that column down as the Charterhouse Corps without more ado.

The black riflemen were still occupied with getting into their proper fours when the Correspondent set off with a swinging step down the well-remembered road, and dodging to the left through the railway arch, where the road bears rightward to Bisle, came to Dawnay's Hill, Pirbright, one of the two places of assembly. Here most of the schools forming the Eastern Force were in readiness. And a striking picture they made as they lay or stood at their ease upon the open heath, with arms neatly grounded or piled. Scarlet, black (or "invisible green," as the official mind likes to call it), and grey in various shades, with here and there a splash of dark blue—the uniform of Winchester's smart-looking cyclists—mingled, re-mingled, and intermingled in a picturesque confusion of colour ("turkey carpet" was the poetic simile of an imaginative bystander). Here was Eton, strong in numbers if in nothing else, clad in the honourable grey and light

blue; Harrow (shortly, it is said, to be a battalion unto itself, even as the E.C.R.V.) in the rival grey and dark blue; Berkhamsted in neutral, serviceable uniform; Charterhouse, Dulwich, Felsted, Forest, Chigwell, and Blackheath in sombre black relieved by red or green as the case might be; Haileybury, Winchester, Sherborne, Highgate, and Epsom in vivid scarlet and pipe-clay; while close by stood Felsted's familiar rabble (the word is used in no contemptuous sense) of bugles and drums. That Felsted band can make a noise when it likes: ask anyone who has marched behind it.

Now this Eastern Force was divided into three battalions, grey, green (*i.e.*, black), and red, composed as just stated. The grey was commanded by Major Somerville, E.C.R.V., the green

by Major Pollock, Somersetshire Light Infantry, and the red by Major Dickens, Highland Light Infantry; the whole force, numbering about 2,000, and augmented by a troop of cavalry, being under the leadership of Lt.-Colonel Simpson, of the 4th Middlesex Regiment. And the orders received by the latter at the commencement of operations were to proceed from Dawnay's Hill to Cove Common, holding the enemy, if met with in force, in position until the arrival of the main body. It should be mentioned here that later in



WITH THE WESTERN FORCE.

"In the thicket that fringed the crest of the ridge which the enemy were holding, were the rest of the Tonbridge Company, a numerous and lusty body."

the day Colonel Simpson received another troop of cavalry and a six-gun battery of the Royal Field Artillery, which, however, owing to the difficulty of finding a good position on the plain, was of little use. Accordingly, at about twelve o'clock, the Eastern Force commenced its advance.

Meanwhile, in Great Bottom Flash, in the valley where lies North Camp Station, a large Western Force was gathering. Theoretically—that is, according to the hypothesis upon which the scheme of operations had been drawn up—this force had bivouacked hard by the station on the preceding night. Practically, it was now (before noon) assembling as fast as special trains from different parts of the country could disgorge their congested freights of fighting men.

As in the case of the Eastern Force, the schools were divided into three battalions. Bradfield and Wellington, both wearing the Chinese dragon on their collars, formed with Eastbourne a scarlet one under Major Wilcox, Manchester Regiment; Malvern, the artillery corps, rare visitors at these field days, with Reading and Bath in workmanlike khaki, Cranleigh and Whitgift in black, and Marlborough in their light uniform which looks so attractive but soils so easily, made a second, under Major Lyon, of Malvern; while the fourth was composed of the three scarlet engineer corps, Cheltenham, Clifton, and Tonbridge, with Lancing and Hurstpierpoint, also scarlet. In addition there was a troop of Royal Scots Greys and the 10th Battery of the Royal Field Artillery. Lt.-Colonel Gethin, of the 3rd Manchester Regiment, in command of this Western Force, received in the course of the morning the following message: "The evacuation of supplies at Aldershot cannot be completed before 2 p.m. Delay enemy's advance from direction of Woking until that hour, if practicable, but do not endanger your own retirement, which should be commenced then by North Camp Station."

Thus we have the general idea of the operations: a Western Force retiring in a hostile country through Odiham, followed by an Eastern Force advancing from Woking. Turn we to details.

At the appointed hour, when the sun was in the meridian, or the solstice, or the doldrums, or wherever it should be at noon, the Eastern Force marched off at the "slope," with Winches-

ter in the van. The War Correspondent of THE CAPTAIN formed an unofficial rearguard. It was not long before the force divided, and the three battalions went their separate ways. Partly because it happened to be the leading one, partly because the corps of his old school happened to be included in it, and partly because its colour made it the easiest to keep in touch with, the Correspondent accompanied the red battalion, commanded by Major Dickens, H.L.I. Pushing forward with expedition, the scarlet troops soon left the main road, and ascended, by way of a narrow path, the slopes of Chair Hill. Already the distant crackling of rifle-fire, punctuated by the heavy thud, thud of the artillery, announced



THE ATTACK UPON EMPEROR'S HILL.

"Eton . . . were here blazing away at the enemy's strong position."

that the fighting had begun in earnest. And even as the red battalion halted for a few moments, there came from the crest of the hill a sudden banging. The enemy were in sight, then? The Correspondent climbed hastily to the summit. Arrived there, he found Major Dickens issuing instructions to the officers of his command. The position afforded a fine view of the stretch of country over which the fighting was to take place. On the other side of the undulating valley in front rose the wooded heights held by the enemy. The duty of the battalion, said Major Dickens, would be to bear leftward for another mile or so, and circumvent the enemy upon their right flank, making the fir-crowned eminence visible across the plain—Emperor's Hill, to wit—its objective. "Aye, aye, sir" (or words to that effect), said Major Hoare, and moved off at the head of his gallant Haileyburians and their comrades-in-arms.



THE ATTACK ON EMPEROR'S HILL.

"In the plain below were the grey and green battalions of the Eastern force, with a few Winchester men from the red battalion among them."

Then Major Dickens turned his attention to the section of Winchester men who had been keeping up a running accompaniment of rifle-fire to his instructions. He looked at the prone and kneeling figures loading, presenting, aiming, firing, and his eye roamed over the country in front. No sign of the enemy did he see. Neither did the Correspondent. But the sergeant was in no wise disconcerted. "Now what on earth," said the Major, "are those men shooting at? However ---" and he turned his horse and rode down the hill. "A fine example of an aposiopesis, that," observed the Correspondent, with the judicial air of a syntactical expert. "Shows the advantage of a classical educa—" but at this point he trod upon an ant-eaten tree-stump, and the rest of his remarks are suppressed in deference to the censor. And as he stumbled to his feet, he found himself behind one of the kneeling Wykehamists. He stooped and looked along the level barrel of the rifle. Half-a-mile or more away, but unmistakable against the dark background, were some moving figures. The enemy! Nothing escapes the eye of a Winchester sergeant.

Meanwhile Major Hoare and his men are well on their way. A slight dip in the land screens them, the enemy, apparently hotly engaged on the other side, are not to be seen, and all seemingly goes well. But it is the unexpected that happens. "Suddenly," wrote an eye-witness in describing a certain action in South Africa, "there is a distant sound ahead, which sends an electric

shock through all the lines of marching men. At home in London town we should know well enough what it was,—a boy on the trot drawing his stick along the area railings; but out here we know what it is too—a score of Mausers in action." Well, so it was in this case; only the sound was not distant, but remarkably close at hand, and the Mausers were vicious Lee-Metfords, barking in the hands of a company of the enemy, under cover not far away. The scarlet troops scatter in a twinkling, and prepare to give tit-for-tat; to which pleasing occupation the Correspondent left them, and with what agility he might, behaving most gallantly under a raking cross-fire, sped across the intervening space, and joined hands with the Western Force.

He found the wooded slopes occupied by the Tonbridge engineers, whose strong position afforded excellent cover. In this respect the advancing Eastern Force were at a sad disadvantage; for whereas the Tonbridge men were firing each from behind his own tree-trunk, their enemies were plainly visible, lying prone in extended order, in the open country. In the thicket that fringed the crest of the ridge which the enemy were holding, and against which the advance had hitherto been directed, the Correspondent found the rest of the Tonbridge Company, a numerous and lusty fighting body. And further along the arc-shaped ridge were more red men, Lancing and Hurstpierpoint. Even as he caught sight of them there was a sudden rush and tumult amongst their ranks. Some score or so of light grey figures charged gallantly up the bank. Eton! So the attacking force had come to close quarters. The Correspondent stung his camera over his shoulder and made tracks for the swaying bunch of scarlet and grey figures. But the dispute was amicably settled by the time he arrived. Neither side seemed to be quite sure which had suffered in this "regrettable incident," and drew off by mutual consent. But the Correspondent mentally marked off the too daring Etonians as dead; had Lancing and Hurstpierpoint been firing ball cartridges, very few of them would have reached the top of the ridge at all—or, for the matter of that, would have attempted to.

Descending once more into the plain below Emperor's Hill, the Correspondent came upon the

grey and green battalions of the Eastern Force, with a few Winchester men from the red battalion among them. Eton, Dulwich, and the rest of them were here blazing away at the enemy's strong position. Skirting the firing line, the Correspondent made his way up Emperor's Hill, from which point of vantage a couple of sections from Bath were making things unpleasantly warm for the attackers. Further away, Marlborough, with Whitgift and Cranleigh, were similarly engaged.

But by this time it was nearly two o'clock, at which hour, according to the instructions received by Colonel Gethin, the evacuation of supplies at Aldershot was to have been completed, permitting the retirement of the Western Force. The retirement was accordingly carried out, though not without sundry unexpected developments. For the Eastern Force having come, as it is difficult to avoid doing in field operations, too closely into touch with their opponents, were following close—very close—upon their heels. The public school cadet dearly loves a charge ("and, by jove, the beggars *can* charge," said a member of a distinguished corps which had been encamped next to the Public Schools Brigade at Aldershot one summer, to the Correspondent once), so it was not surprising to find a few rather too restive spirits among the advancing force pressing forward more eagerly than the conditions warranted. But these were trifling incidents, and the retirement proceeded.

Suddenly a bugle rang out loud and clear.

LET-EM-ALONE, it sang.

The clarion call was taken up and repeated by brazen throats on every side. From near and far, loud and faint, the "Cease fire" sounded from a score of bugles. The fighting was over.

Then the schools formed up on the hill above Great Bottom Flash, and while arms were examined, and "pull-throughs" produced, the officers assembled to hear what General Hildyard, fresh from active service on the veldt, had to say upon the day's work.

First impressing on them the necessity of thorough instruction in musketry, and of a care-



BATH HOLDING EMPEROR'S HILL

"A couple of sections from Bath were making things unpleasantly warm for the attackers."

ful and continuous study of ground of all descriptions, he went on to express his pleasure at the large muster, the spirit shown by all ranks, and the distinct improvement all round in the work of the corps; especially noticeable since the manœuvres had taken place over the most difficult ground in the Government area. Then, school by school, the troops defiled past the General, with varying degrees of smartness. Comparisons are notoriously odious; but a word of praise should be given to Highgate, a small but keen corps, who went by very smartly and steadily.

In Great Bottom Flash were tables, neatly labelled and set out in ordered rows, piled high with food and drink for the weary. And while the bands of Eton, Harrow, and other schools bade us behold El Capitan, or informed us that we were their honeysuckles, while they were the bees, the hungry troops fell to with a will. There followed a brief interval, while preparations were made for the return journey, and with bands playing the schools marched down to the railway station. Train after train steamed out, with windows blocked by cheering crowds in scarlet, grey, black, blue, and khaki, until the Correspondent stood alone in Great Bottom Flash, now an arid and deserted waste. The last of the Public School Corps had gone.

But they will be there next year.

VACCINATION IN THE JUNGLE.



A BROKEN CONTRACT.

"Here! you agreed to do this in ten minutes, and you've been fiddling around my packydermis two days, and haven't tickled me yet."

Drawn by Hall Thorpe.



KINGSTON, a skipper in the employ of Forestier, a wealthy Valparaiso shipowner, is promised the command of a fine brig, the *Jalasco*, which Forestier has recently purchased. Unfortunately, however, before taking over his new command, Kingston asks Forestier for the hand of his pretty daughter, Rosa. Enraged by what he considers the young skipper's presumption, Forestier dismisses Kingston from his service. A little later Kingston is rather mysteriously engaged to act as second mate on the brig *Blossom* (Captain Rowley). Kingston has not been aboard long when to his horror he finds a dead sailor clinging by one hand to the five-rail. He loudly requests Rowley to come on deck and explain this tragic circumstance.

CHAPTER V.

MERRILL EXPLAINS.

AS Kingston's angry call rang out, the negro boatswain rushed aft and sprang up the poop ladder, just as Rowley, red-faced and flustered, appeared from the cabin. Merrill came after him in a leisurely manner, cigar in mouth, and looking perfectly calm and undisturbed.

"What is the matter, Mr. Kingston?" said Rowley, "what has upset you?"

"'Upset' me, man!" cried Kingston sternly, and striding forward he placed his hand on the captain's shoulder and almost pushed him to the five-rail. "What the deuce does *that* mean?" pointing to the dead hand clasping the

By LOUIS BECKE.

Author of "Tom Wallis," "By Reef and Palm,"
"Rodman the Boatsteerer," etc.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

stanchion; "what sort of work has been going on here to-night?"

Merrill shot the captain a swift glance, commanding silence; then, stooping down, he unbent the stiffened fingers, and the body fell with a dull splash into the sea.

"Lay aft, some of you, and give the poop a better wash down," he cried out sharply to the crew; "away for'ard, bos'un! You, Captain Rowley, and you, Mr. Kingston, go below. I guess I'll take charge of this hooker for a few minutes." Rowley, clutching Kingston's arm, hurried his second mate below.

"Sit down, Mr. Kingston, sit down," he said pantingly, "I can explain everything presently——"

Merrill put his head down through the skylight.

"Put a stopper on your jaw-tackle until I come down, Ben," he said nonchalantly, "I guess Mr. Kingston can wait a bit. But, at the same time, so as to save you from coming on deck again just now, Mr. Kingston, will you kindly give us a course?"

"You shall get no course, nor anything else from me, until I know what kind of a ship this is," replied Kingston, looking up.

Merrill smiled and nodded, and then they heard him speaking to the man at the wheel.

"West by north, Antonio."

"Wes' by nor', señor," responded Antonio in English.

Then, as Merrill paced to and fro on the poop

and the crew scrubbed it down a second time, Rowley and Kingston sat facing each other, listening and waiting.

"You can come aft now, bos'un," called out Merrill, after a few minutes. "I'm going below for a while."

"Aye, aye, sah," replied the negro, in his deep tones, as he obeyed the order. The mate drew him aside out of hearing and spoke rapidly to him in whispered tones.

Then Merrill stepped into the cabin, cool and self-possessed, and took a seat at the table.

"Now, Ben," he said, as he took off his cap, laid it on a chair, and lighted a fresh cigar, "I guess you had better just sit quiet and let me tell Mr. Kingston what has occurred—you look too flustered to do anything more than take a drink."

Rowley eagerly assented to the suggestion, and, hurriedly rising, went to the sideboard and brought a decanter of brandy, some water and glasses. Merrill poured him out half-a-tumbler full of brandy and placed it before him; then, with an unmoved face, passed the decanter to Kingston and politely asked him to help himself.

"Thank you," said the new officer, rather coldly, as he poured out a very little and returned the decanter to Merrill, who helped himself more liberally.

"Now, Mr. Kingston," began the mate, as, after drinking his liquor, he leant back in his chair, "we did have a rather nasty mess on board, and of course meant to have told you all about it as soon as Vigors had gone. The fact is, our old crew did not like turning out of the ship, and before the captain and I could interfere, they and the new crew were at it hammer and tongs with knives, pistols, and hatchets. Then matters began to get pretty serious, I can tell you; for a dozen of them made a rush aft, and in trying to beat them back the captain got a graze from a bullet on his left arm, and a crack on the head at the same time which stunned him."

Rowley opened his coat, and Kingston saw that his arm was bandaged under the sleeve.

"Oh, it's nothing, nothing to speak of," he said nervously. "A man must expect this sort of thing sometimes on this coast and in such a business."

"Well," resumed Merrill, "the moment the skipper fell, matters became worse, for in an instant some of the old crew shouted out that they would either take the ship or some of the money which they knew was in the cabin—Ben's and my hard earnings. I had to let the captain lie where he fell, and help keep the poop from being rushed, and I can tell you, sir, that I found

these little things come in mighty handy," and putting his hand in his coat pocket he took out a pair of brass knuckle-dusters. "I daren't use my pistol for fear of shooting some of our own men, who had been dragged down off the poop and were being half-murdered by the fellows on the main-deck. Then it was that I saw one of our men who was standing near me make a slash with his cutlass at a man who was trying to climb up through the five-rail stanchions. Well, that about finished the row, for the old crew had had enough, and I guess some of them were pretty badly hurt."

"Did you manage to get clear of them all?" asked Kingston, as he raised his glass, and nodded to Merrill and the captain, who followed suit.

"All but four, who sided with us," put in Rowley, "so I've kept them. The others, bar the dead chap who kept such a tight hold of the rail—queer we didn't notice him!—we put ashore about ten miles up the coast."

There was nothing very surprising in Rowley's story, nor in the summary manner in which he had got rid of his former crew. In those days the West Coast of South America was a rough place, and the use of knife and pistol, even on an ordinary merchant vessel, was regarded as a perfectly proper and legitimate manner of settling either private disputes, or breaches of discipline.

After some further conversation, Kingston went on deck again, Merrill arranging to take the morning watch. The brig was slipping through the water very quickly, for the sea was smooth, and she was now under all sail except stun'sails. The watch were lounging about on the main deck, and only the boatswain was on the poop, standing beside the helmsman. He touched his hat to the new officer, and made some remark upon the fineness of the night, to which Kingston replied, and then walked over to the lee-side. Then for the first time the officer noticed that the negro had his head bandaged.

"Did you get hurt, too, bos'un?" he inquired.

"Yes, sah. Got a nasty cut on de top of de brain-box," the man replied with a laugh that showed his white teeth.

"Well, it might have been worse."

"Yes, sah. Dat's so. Dey was in a consider'ble muss, dey was. We had a mighty tough job to shift dose, dose—de ole crew, sah."

Kingston made no more enquiries. It was no concern of his, he thought, as he paced to and fro—the affair was over, and he would ask no further questions about it. Rowley and his men were evidently a rough lot, but that did not matter to him as long as he was treated as his



THE BRIG WAS TRAVELLING AT A GREAT RATE THROUGH THE WATER.

position demanded, and so far he had nothing to complain about, and, all going well, he might stay on a bit longer with Rowley in the brig after they reached Macao. Then his thoughts reverted to Rosa Forestier.

When he was relieved by Merrill, he went below to a very comfortable cabin, and in a few minutes was sound asleep.

During the following week, everything progressed very smoothly. The brig was remarkably fast, and, as the wind continued very steady, she made excellent progress. Merrill, too, knew how to make the best of her, though Rowley, greatly to Kingston's surprise, seemed almost a stranger to his own ship—did not seem to even know which was her best sailing point—and, furthermore, though he endeavoured to conceal the fact from his new second mate, certainly did not know what stores and spare sails and other gear were on board, until he saw them overhauled personally. Then, too, Kingston found that instead of he and Merrill being merely poor navigators, as Rowley had told him in Arica, they possessed scarcely any knowledge of navigation at all! As for their seamanship, however, no fault could be found with that, and they certainly had an obedient, if an ill-looking and lazy, crew, and it was easy to see that Rowley, with all his bluff good humour, was not a man to be trifled with.

Day after day passed under the same unvarying conditions of weather—a sky of blue, flecked now and then by a few fleecy clouds, a bright, warm sun by day, and a star-studded heaven by night, and a steady generous breeze which sped the brig swiftly along till a long, low line of trees, that seemed to rise from the sea itself, showed on the horizon right ahead, and Kingston, coming down from the fore-yard, told the captain that the line of trees fringed the sandy shores of a great lagoon, encompassed by a belt of roaring surf, and that it was the eastern outlier of the little-known but wide-spread archipelago known as the Paumotu Group, with many of the islands of which he was familiar.

"We shall have to keep a good look-out at night now," he said, "most of the Paumotu Islands are very low, and we shall need to be careful."

And a careful watch was kept, two men always being on the look-out at night, one being stationed on the fore-yard, the other on the top-gallant foc's'le, but even then Kingston was somewhat nervous, for with the exception of the negro boatswain, there was not a man among the crew whom he could trust. They were all, to a man, lazy, useless fellows, and the poorest seamen he had ever sailed with. Worcester, the black boatswain, on the other hand, was not only a splendid seaman, but a very intelligent fellow.

He had served for four years on the British frigate *Blonde*, so he one day told Kingston, but in consequence of an undeserved affront put upon him by one of the officers, had deserted at Panama, where he had met and taken service with Rowley. Of either Rowley's or Merrill's antecedents, however, he would say nothing, and plainly evinced his disinclination to answer any of Kingston's most guarded inquiries. Generally a good-tempered man, when not interfered with, he was liable to sudden and dangerous outbursts of passion, and even Rowley and Merrill, both men of the most determined courage, addressed him as their equal. His enormous stature and tremendous strength afforded a startling contrast to the slender, undersized Chileno and Mexican seamen, for whom he had the most supreme contempt as "sogers," and they, in return, hated him most fervently, though they were too cowardly to show it.

There was, however, another person on board besides Worcester whom Kingston rather liked. This was the steward, a young and extremely good-looking Peruvian, named José Pimental, who had formerly been one of Vigors's most trusted associates. He was always particularly civil and obliging to the new officer, and did much to make him comfortable when it was his watch below.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BLACK BOS'UN.

FOR the following three or four days, the brig ran steadily before the south-east trades, which were accompanied by continuous rain, and Kingston passed an anxious time, for they were now in the centre of the vast cluster of islands comprising the Paumotu Group; the land being continuously sighted on all sides, the utmost care was needed.

One night, as he lay smoking in his bunk, unable to sleep, and waiting till his watch was called, he noticed a pile of books and newspapers on a shelf in his cabin. They had evidently been left there as valueless by the former occupant of the cabin, and hitherto he had had no time to look at the collection and see if there was anything among them worth reading. He rose and took them down one by one, and then uttered an exclamation of surprise when on the fly leaf of one he saw written: "Thomas Merrill, Brig *Jalasco*." On several of the newspapers, which were New York publications, he saw the same name, with the address "Brig *Jalasco*, care of Moreno Brothers, Callao."

"This is very curious," he thought, "Merrill as well as Rowley has heard me talking of the *Jalasco* often enough, but has never even said

that he knew her! Perhaps, however, he had to leave her for a reason that he does not care to talk about. And he certainly is not a very communicative man."

He sat down, book in hand, and began to read. The brig was travelling at a great rate through the water, although under easy canvas, and he could hear the slat of heavy driving rain on the sides of the skylight overhead.

"I hope those greasers are keeping a good look out," he said aloud to himself, and then almost at the same moment he heard Merrill's voice cry out sharply:

"Hard down, hard down! Let go fore and main—"

The rest of the order he did not catch, for, ere he was half-way out of the cabin, the brig struck with a crash, and then heeled over on her broadside, where she lay for a moment till a heavy sea caught her and lifted her further on to the reef on which she had struck.

In an instant the wildest confusion prevailed, the Mexican and Chileno sailors at once becoming terrified, and paying no attention to the orders shouted by the officers. Rowley had sprung on deck at the same time as Kingston, and through the fierce driving rain they saw that the brig was lying in a white seeth of foam, and could hear her grinding and crushing the coral on which she rested. Then in quick succession three long combers came sweeping up astern and drove her, bumping, tearing, and shaking in every timber, further on across the reef, just as the boatswain cried out that he could see smooth water ahead.

"Let her drive, sir! Let her drive if she will," shouted Kingston to the captain, who was yelling to the crew to let go everything; "give her all the lifting canvas you can, and she'll drag over," and then, as another mountain sea loomed up through the mist astern, he cried out to everyone to take to the rigging, and, thrusting aside the terrified Chileno who was at the wheel, he and the negro boatswain grasped the spokes.

On came the grim grey wall of water, curling over and breaking with a dull roar on the edge of the reef. Lifting the brig on its hissing foam, it carried her, aided by the wind, clear across the reef into the smooth water on the other side, her stern post and rudder actually breaking off a portion of the inner edge of the coral barrier, as she ploughed into the deeper water beyond.

Hitting and kicking the cowardly crew off the poop, Rowley and his officers drove them to the braces, and in a few minutes the brig was brought to under the lee of the reef in five fathoms. After being given thirty fathoms of chain, she lay quietly to her anchor in smooth water, though the wind was blowing strongly

and there was a wild sea beating on the reef.

"That was a narrow squeak," said Kingston to the captain, as the men came down from aloft, "had she struck at low water, she would have been matchwood by now. Is she making any water, bos'un?"

"Very little as yet, sah; de pumps sucked in five minutes, and de water is very dirty."

Rowley gave a sigh of relief, for he had feared that the brig had sustained serious damage when she first crashed into the reef. Then he motioned to Kingston to follow him below, where he thanked him earnestly for his presence of mind in acting as he did.

"Only for you advising me to let her drag on, I should have no ship now," he said, extending his hand.

Kingston, sailor-like, made a light answer, and turned the conversation into another channel by expressing a wish for daylight, so that they could see where they were, for, as he said, the brig might have got into a lagoon from which there was no exit for a vessel of her draught—there were many such places in the Paumotu Group. Then he went on deck again, and busied himself in attending to various matters.

Before daylight the wind fell and the sky cleared; and when the mounting sun had dispelled the haze which overhung the lagoon, he and the captain to their delight saw that the brig was in an atoll of about four miles in length by two in width, and that on the opposite, or western side, there was a clear and apparently deep passage between two islets thickly covered with coco-palms. No signs of inhabitants could be discerned on any of the eight or ten islets, which, connected by the reef, enclosed the lagoon.

"We are all right as far as getting out again goes, captain. It would be a pretty bad thing for us if there were no passage out of this circle of land. Seven years ago, when I was in the Caroline Islands, I saw a fine big and new Liverpool ship lying abandoned in Namorek Lagoon. She had done exactly what we did—struck the reef at high tide on a dark night, bumped over it into smooth water, and brought up in a mill pond completely enclosed by a circular reef. She never got out again, and had to be abandoned by the captain and crew. The natives had some fine pickings, I can assure you."

Against this pleasurable discovery of an exit from the lagoon, however, was the fact that Merrill reported that the ship was now making water pretty freely, and would require half-an-hour's steady pumping in every watch. To a suggestion from Kingston that they should make

for Tahiti, where the brig could be examined by native divers, and, if necessary, beached for repairs, Rowley gave such a nervous and yet strenuous negative, saying it would cause them too much loss of time, that the second officer dropped the subject.

So, early that afternoon the anchor was lifted, and the brig sailed out safely through the western passage, and continued on her course till the great lagoon island of Hao, one of the Paumotu archipelago, was sighted three days later.

Shortly after breakfast, Kingston went aloft, as he wished to get a better view of the land. He had scarcely seated himself on the fore-yard when he heard the sound of a violent altercation on deck, and, looking down, saw the boatswain struggling with two of the Mexican seamen, both of whom had drawn their knives. Both Merrill and the captain were below at the time, so he at once went to the negro's assistance, just in time to prevent the rest of the crew from joining their shipmates in the attack on the boatswain, who had already stretched one of his assailants senseless on the deck, and had seized the other by the back of his neck in a grip of iron.

"Come aft, you lazy soger, an' see what de captain has to say 'bout dis," he cried, pushing the man, who still grasped his knife, before him, and followed by Kingston, who saw that mischief was brewing. The three reached the break of the poop just as Rowley came from his cabin and asked what was the matter.

As he spoke, the rest of the crew, their knives out, made a sudden rush to try and liberate their shipmate from the negro, but Kingston, whipping out a belaying pin from the rail, threatened to knock down the first man who tried to interfere, and they at once drew back. Then the boatswain, still keeping his grip on the man, addressed the captain in a voice thick with rage, and said that, while he was for'ard, he had overheard Antonio (the man he then held) tell another that he (Antonio) had been put on the look-out the night the brig struck, but had deserted his post, and gone into the galley to be out of the rain.

"Let him go," said the captain, curtly.

"Let him go, sah!" the negro repeated indignantly, "why, sah, I thought you'd kick him along de deck till yo' was tired. And den he an' his mate Matto drew der knives on me."

"That is true," said Kingston, coming forward. "I was aloft and saw the pair of them rush at the boatswain with their knives."

Rowley shot a quick glance at the crew, who were grouped on the main deck, and then again ordered the boatswain to let the man go. It

was evident to Kingston that the skipper feared to incur the crew's resentment.

"But he drew his knife on me, sah," again protested the negro, "an' he'll put it into my back de fust chance he gets. I don' trust a mongrel like dat."

"Bah!" said the captain contemptuously, "don't be such a cur. Let him go, I tell you."

The negro's lips twitched convulsively, and for the moment he was unable to speak, and seemed as if he were choking with the violence of the passion that filled his mighty bosom. Then, suddenly drawing the wretched Antonio towards him with his right hand, he struck him with the left on the arm with such terrific force that the bone snapped like a carrot, and the knife fell upon the deck. He then threw him clean across the deck against the bulwarks on the port side, where he lay like one dead, doubled up in a heap.

"Dat's fo' de man, brack, white or yaller, dat draws a knife on John Worcester," bawled the negro in a voice thick and guttural with fury, and, ere Kingston could stay him, he sprang up the poop ladder and faced Rowley, "an' the man dat says I'm a cur is a liar; an' if he don' take it back, I'se goin' to ram de lie down his throat."

"Stand back!" cried Merrill, springing to the captain's side, and pointing a pistol at the negro's head. In an instant Worcester tore it from his grasp and hurled it overboard, only to find another presented at him by Rowley, whose hand, as he pulled the trigger, was knocked up by Kingston, the bullet flying high into the air.

"Shame, Captain Rowley!" he cried, thrusting him back, "shame! Would you murder an unarmed man!" and then, as the crew again made a rush aft to get at Worcester, he sprang to meet them.

"Back, you dogs! I'll kill the first man that puts foot on this poop, if he attempts to touch the bos'un!"

There was a dead silence. Rowley, empty pistol in hand, and face flushed purple, was looking at the negro, who stood before him with folded arms with such dignity and sudden self-restraint that even Merrill eyed him in silent admiration.

"Yo' would have killed me, Captain, yo' would. But fo' all dat, sah, I'm a man . . . an' I let it all pass if you take dose words back."

"I take them back, bos'un," said Rowley, sullenly.

The negro touched his cap, and without a word turned away, and descended to the main deck. For a moment he stood looking at the crew, who were slinking forward; then, in a voice that was utterly devoid of temper, he called out:

"Take a pull on de lee fore brace dere, some of you."

The watch obeyed him in silence, and then Merrill and Kingston brought Antonio into the cabin, and set his arm, neither of them making the slightest allusion to the fracas. Rowley, who watched the operation, did so in silence, and by tacit consent the matter was not again openly discussed by any one aft.

Worcester went about his duties as usual, but he took occasion that night to grasp Kingston's hand, and mutter his gratitude, and the officer whispered to him to be on his guard with the crew. The negro nodded—he could do no more, for the man at the wheel was evidently listening.

One day, when the brig was almost clear of the Paumotu Group, a low, sandy islet, covered with short, thick *toa* trees, was sighted, and as the brig was short of fuel, Rowley hove to, and, with Kingston and two seamen, went ashore to cut firewood. The landing was somewhat dangerous on account of the surf running on the reef; the boat, too, was heavy, clumsily built, and steered with a rudder, which latter, Kingston saw, would be useless in a swiftly-running and breaking sea, especially when there were but two men to pull. However, the captain was determined to land, but allowed the second officer to take an oar.

After lying on their oars for a few minutes outside the belt of surf, watching for a favourable opportunity, Rowley gave the word, and, under the three oars, the boat was headed for the reef.

"Bend to it, men, bend to it!" cried Kingston, who, looking astern, could see an ugly-looking green sea, with combing top, that threatened to break before the boat was over the edge of the reef. The seamen responded to his call all they could, but, just as the boat was within a few feet of the coral barrier, the back-wash from a preceding roller poured down its face like an avalanche, and Rowley, with one look at the

towering sea astern, foolishly gave the order to back water, with disastrous consequences, for as the boat lay deep in the foaming trough right under the edge of the reef, the mighty wall of incoming water fell on her with a thundering crash, and rolled her over and over.



"STAND BACK!"

As soon as he came to the surface, Kingston, who was a powerful swimmer, shook the water from his eyes and instinctively swam out away from the reef. Looking back, he saw that the boat was badly stove, and had been carried ashore, and the two seamen with her, for he could just see their heads and shoulders as they stood up in the shallow water covering the reef.

"Where is the captain?" he shouted.

They threw up their hands, which meant either that they did not know, or that Rowley had disappeared; and neither of them made any effort to come to the officer's assistance.

Raising his head as high as he could as he swam, Kingston shouted again and again in the hope that the captain, who was but a poor swimmer, was somewhere near him; and then, as the back-wash again poured down the reef and

left it bare, he caught sight of Rowley clinging to a jagged edge of exposed coral rock with the blood streaming down his face in torrents. Shouting encouragement to him, Kingston swam to his aid and reached him just as a sea went over his head, for the unfortunate man clung tenaciously to the rock as his last hope of life, as the blood which poured from a deep wound in his head had completely blinded him.

"I'm done, done," he gasped, as the water sank down from the rock, and he regained his breath.

"Not a bit of it," cried Kingston, "quick, hold on with one hand while I get your coat off," and before another sea reached them he had managed to free first the captain's left, then his right arm from his heavy pilot coat, shouting the while to the seamen to throw them an oar or a line from the edge of the reef. But there was no response to his cries—they were too afraid to venture out again for fear of being swept away by the back-wash.

"Let go now, and swim," he cried, "I will keep you up; we can't stay here."

Rowley obeyed, and, supported by Kingston, struck out seaward, away from the smothering surf, which would have soon exhausted him, and five minutes later they heard a loud cry from Worcester, who, with four hands, was quite near them with a second boat.

"Hurrah! Dere dey are, boys!"

The boat swept up, and both men were pulled in, Rowley so done up that he was almost unconscious. As quickly as possible he was taken on board the brig and carried below, where brandy was given him, and then Merrill sewed up the gaping wound in his head. In half-an-hour he was sufficiently recovered to sit up and thank his rescuers, and acceded to Kingston's wish to go ashore again, and get at least one load of wood cut and brought off.

On this occasion the boatswain, who was used to surf work, accompanied the second officer, and the boat reached the beach safely. Here they found the two seamen, who, after being vigorously rated by Kingston for their cowardice, were given axes and set to work with the rest of the men. After an hour's labour enough wood was cut and carried to the boat, but as the tide was now low, and the reef bare, the men were told to get their dinner and do what they pleased for the next few hours.

Then, after eating a biscuit or two each, Kingston and the boatswain started off to have a look round the island and see if they could discover some turtle eggs.

The moment they were well out of sight of the men, the negro placed his hand on his officer's

arm, and said he had something important to confide to him—something that he had determined to tell him for many days past, had an opportunity been given him.

"Let us sit down ober dere, sah. I'se got a long story to tell you," he added.

They sat down, and the first words he uttered were sufficiently startling.

"I suppose, sah, you think dat dat brig is de *Blossom*?"

"Isn't she, then?" said Kingston, in surprise.

"No, sah," replied the negro slowly, "dat is de *Jalasco*, and de skipper and Merrill pirated her de day before you come aboard. I had a hand in it myself. But I'se goin' to make a clean breast ob it, and if you want me to help you to capture an' carry de ship back again, I'll do it—dat is, if I ain't murdered before de time comes."

Then in as few words as possible he told his story, which was grim enough.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SEIZING OF THE BRIG.

WHEN he met Rowley in Callao, he (Rowley) was without a ship, but, taking the negro into his confidence, he told him that he intended to seize a fine new brig, which was about to sail for Valparaiso, where she was to be handed over to her new owners. Merrill, who was second mate on board, was to gain over some of the crew when near Arica, seize the captain, mate, and those of the crew who would not join them, and await Rowley, who would be expecting the brig at an agreed-upon rendezvous. There were on board over sixty thousand dollars, consigned to Moreno Brothers' Valparaiso branch, and it was the cash more than anything else that tempted Rowley and Merrill to the venture, though the vessel herself would be a great prize, as she was almost new, well-armed and found, and could easily be sold in the East Indies or China for a large sum of money, it being unlikely that any unnecessary questions would be asked by the purchasers.

Worcester consented to join, and through Merrill's influence was shipped on the brig, while Rowley, who was well supplied with money, left Callao almost immediately in order to get to Arica, where he could easily, at the proper time, find a fresh crew among the smuggling fraternity who made Vigors's house their headquarters, and

who had long been associated with Rowley and Merrill in their questionable ventures.

Merrill, so the boatswain said, was the real instigator of the enterprise. He and Rowley had known each other for many years, and had had many desperate smuggling adventures together on the Venezuelan and Mexican coast. But once, during a hot pursuit of them by the guarda costas, they had to part, and did not meet again for over a twelve-month. Merrill, who was a man of the greatest daring and resource, had made his way to Callao, where he had succeeded in getting into the employment of Moreno Brothers as second mate of their new brig. Rowley was then in hiding in Panama, but Merrill wrote to him to come to Callao, as he thought they might do a good stroke of business.

At this time, however, he knew nothing of the intention of Moreno Brothers to sell the brig to Captain Forestier of Valparaiso, and had formed no definite plans beyond thinking that with Rowley's assistance it might be possible to quietly surprise the captain and chief mate, when they were asleep, and run off with the ship. But when he learnt that the vessel was sold, and, furthermore, that she would be conveying sixty thousand dollars to Valparaiso, he and Rowley set to work promptly and studied out their scheme in detail. The latter was possessed of three or four thousand dollars, and some of this was used by Merrill in gaining over certain of the brig's crew—men whom he knew could be depended upon to assist them.

The brig did not sail for nearly a fortnight after the specie had been sent on board by the owners, and thus Rowley had ample time to get down the coast to Vigos.

Both the captain and mate of the brig were Spaniards, but, although very careless regarding discipline, they were both courageous men, and never for one moment dreamt that there were traitors on board—Merrill, Worcester, and five seamen. All went well till the brig was within a few miles of the place where the attempt was to be made, and where Rowley was to put in an appearance.

"Dere's one thing, sab, dat I mus' say 'bout de skipper and Mr. Merrill. Dey did not want to hab any bloodshed if dey could help it; but dey was both powerful determined to get dose sixty thousand dollars. An' dey just worked me up properly, too, an' I reckon I was just as keen on handlin' my share ob de plunder—a thousand dollars—as any one else ob de gang."

Merrill and Rowley had laid their plans too elaborately for them to go astray, and one day, towards dusk, the former told Worcester to keep

a bright look-out for a light. The brig was then running down the coast, close in to the land, with only a light air filling her sails.

The Spanish captain always turned in early, and both he and the mate were good sleepers.

"The moment we see the light, bos'un, you know what you have to do. If the breeze should freshen up a bit, all the better—we must haul up for the light, if we can, without making any noise. Captain Rowley has us in sight at this very moment, no doubt, and we want to have him alongside as quickly as we can."

An hour after the mate had turned in he was fast asleep, as Merrill could tell by his heavy breathing as he listened at his brother-officer's open door. Just as he walked softly on deck again, Worcester saw the expected light.

"Right," said Merrill, "tell Antonio to keep her up to it as much as he can. It won't do for us to touch the braces. It might make too much noise. Now go for'ard."

Worcester stepped for'ard. All the men in the mate's watch (except two who were in Merrill's confidence and had purposely remained on deck) were sound asleep below, and the negro quickly secured the fore-scuttle hatch.

Then Merrill and three of his fellow conspirators, armed with cutlasses and pistols, went into the cabin, expecting to surprise the captain and mate fast asleep. It so happened, however, that the steward had been sitting in the companion way, enjoying the cool night air, when he heard the fore-scuttle being secured and at the same moment saw Merrill and those with him come softly along the deck with arms in their hands.

In an instant he darted down below and awakened the captain and mate just as Merrill and his party entered the cabin. Both the mate and captain met them, the former with a hatchet, and the latter with his pistols, and called on them to lay down their arms. Then, to his horror, Worcester, who was now in charge of the deck, heard a volley, and, rushing down into the cabin, found the captain, mate, and steward weltering in their blood—they had all been shot down remorselessly. Merrill at once assumed charge, and had just ordered the dying men to be taken on deck, when a sudden cry of alarm was given by the man at the wheel—the men confined for'ard had succeeded in cutting their way up through the scuttle with axes, and were arming themselves with cutlasses and pistols taken from the deck-house, in which the carpenter slept. The carpenter, who was a very powerfully-built Frenchman, put himself at their head, and bravely called upon them to follow

him and rescue the captain and officers, little knowing that Merrill himself was leading the pirates.

"Up, up, all of you," shouted Merrill fiercely to his followers, and leaving the unfortunate captain, mate, and steward to breathe their last in the ensanguined cabin, he sprang up the companion. They were only just in time, for at the break of the poop they met the rescuing seamen, headed by the carpenter.

"Surrender!" cried Merrill, levelling his pistol at the Frenchman, "the captain and mate are dead, and the ship is ours." A bullet from the gallant carpenter's pistol was the reply he received; and then began a savage struggle for the possession of the deck, Merrill and his men fighting as only desperate men with halters round their necks fight. But they were outnumbered by three to one, and must certainly have been overpowered in a few minutes, when Worcester gave a yell of joy, for he had perceived Captain Rowley's boat coming alongside. Making a spring, he actually jumped off the poop on top of the Frenchman and bore him down upon the main-deck, hoping, as he told Kingston, that he might be able to save the poor fellow's life, and end all further and useless slaughter. But the loyal part of the crew, not knowing, of course, that Rowley, with half-a-dozen men, was actually alongside, continued the struggle, the carpenter having succeeded in throwing off Worcester, and then felling him by a blow on the head with the butt of his pistol.

Followed by his smugglers, Rowley clambered over the side and rushed to Merrill's assistance. In a few minutes the carpenter was cut down by the stroke of a cutlass, and then the



"SURRENDER!" CRIED MERRILL, LEVELLING HIS PISTOL AT THE FRENCHMAN.

surviving members of the crew who had so gallantly stuck to the poor Frenchman, threw down their arms and surrendered, though not until Rowley himself had received a slight bullet wound in the arm, and a blow on the head

from the back of an axe, which stunned him.

Merrill at once took command, and ordered the men who had surrendered into Rowley's boat. Two oars only were given them, with some water and provisions, and they were told to make for the land, then twenty miles distant. Then the bodies of the dead men, among whom was the carpenter, were thrown overboard, all sail was made, and the brig stood in along the land for

(To be continued.)

SOUTHAMPTON ROYAL PIER.

THE

ROYAL Pier at Southampton has a very interesting history. Built in 1833, and opened on July 8th of that year by the Duchess of Kent,

who was accompanied by the young Princess Victoria, it consisted of a floating pontoon and one or two jetties, with no pretensions at all to any beauty, or to being a pleasure resort. Many years afterwards, the Southampton Harbour Board awoke to the fact that Southampton needed a Pier that would be worthy of the name, and so commenced to reconstruct the Royal Pier, which reconstruction was completed at a total cost of £40,000, and opened by his Royal Highness the Duke of York in 1892; amid great festivities and rejoicings. The Pier contains a fine promenade and carriage drive; the promenade terminates at the top with a large square, round which are seats and lounges.

In the middle of the square stands the Pavilion, capable of seating about 1000 people; this Pavilion was built in the year 1894, previous to which there was merely an enclosure ringed round with seats and with a bandstand in the middle. The Bandstand, or rather stage, of the Pavilion, is so arranged that it can be opened on the outside, thus enabling both promenaders and people inside the Pavilion to enjoy the band. The concerts and theatrical entertainments frequently given here in the summer are well patronised. Here, also, the Civic Balls and Receptions are very often held. At the top of the square, branching off, are berths for four vessels; it is from these, during the season, that the magnificent excursion steamers start with their hundreds of passengers for Boulogne, Cherbourg, Brighton, Hastings, Eastbourne, Bournemouth, Weymouth, the Isle of Wight and various other places.

The Pier has its commercial as well as its pleasure side. There is a floating pontoon which rises and falls with the tide, thus enabling ships to berth at any time, whatever the state of the tide may be. In a heavy storm a few years ago the pontoon broke loose and started for a cruise

Arica, where Vigors boarded her with the new second officer.

Horrified at the negro's story, Kingston was at first at a loss for words to express himself. Then he earnestly besought Worcester to be true to his word, and help him to recapture the ship, and carry her back to her rightful owners.

"I will, sah. Upon my oath, I will," he said solemnly, holding his hand up to heaven.

on its own, presenting a very strange appearance, with its lamp-posts, gangways, etc. The present pontoon is securely anchored with a high wooden pile through its centre, so that it cannot emulate the example of its predecessor. There is a tiny railway station on the Pier, so that passengers from London, or anywhere else, can go direct from the train to the boat without having to walk through the streets. The Royal Southampton Yacht Club has a pretty little Club-house on the pier. There are also a couple of refreshment rooms, sweet shops, a newspaper shop, mutoscope kiosk, three booking-offices, post-box, electricity depot (for charging electric launches) and numberless automatic machines. Southampton Pier is frequently honoured by visits from Royalty passing to and from Osborne, and during the late Queen's reign the Royal Yacht was often seen at the jetty, waiting for some distinguished guest of Her Majesty's. One summer, during the height of the yachting season, the King (or Prince of Wales, as he was then) landed from one of his yacht's boats at the pier landing-stage. The collectors seeing, as they supposed, an ordinary yacht-owner, charged him the legal toll; afterwards, on discovering the identity of the gentleman, they sent the money back. Needless to say, the Prince refused it, informing them that he wished to be treated, and to pay the same charges, as a private gentleman; so, in memory of his visit, and with his Royal Highness's gracious permission, the jetty was named the "Prince of Wales's Landing Stage." The pier's popularity may be gauged by the fact that no fewer than nine hundred and eleven thousand people paid for admission during 1901. The charge for admission is only 1d., a sum which many other piers would also find very popular.

In conclusion, I should like to thank the Southampton Harbour Board for their kindness in giving me the official information contained in this article.

"No. 6."



The Stamps of Great Britain.

RVERY English collector should collect the stamps of his own country. There was a time when English stamps were considered scarcely worth collecting. There were few interesting varieties, and but little to excite enthusiasm. All that is changed. The specialist has been marshalling the varieties and the printings. He has been inquiring into dies and retouches, and now English issues, *unused*, in all their unfolded varieties, are the preserves of the wealthy specialist. But there is plenty of scope for the average collector, who will be satisfied to collect the issues of the country in the *used* condition. And I doubt if any country will afford more pleasure to the patient, plodding collector than the gathering together of the many varieties that go to make up what may be termed even a representative general collection of English. Unfortunately, there is no simple guide for the general collector or the beginner, though there are several valuable works devoted to the service of the specialist. It may, therefore, not be out of place if I make an attempt in this Coronation year, when English stamps are undergoing such epoch-making changes, to simplify the various issues for the general collector and the beginner.

For the purposes of simplification I shall divide the stamps into their three natural divisions of Line Engraved, Embossed, and Surface Printed.

I need not retell the familiar story of the introduction of penny postage; suffice it to say that the first adhesive postage stamp was issued in 1840. It was designed by Henry

Courbould, an artist, engraved by Charles Heath, and printed by the firm of Bacon and Petch (now Perkins, Bacon and Company, Limited). The head of the Queen was a drawing of the head from Wyon's City medal. Mr. Westoby thus explains the process of engraving adopted: "The die was a small block of softened steel $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thick, and about 2 inches to 3 inches across. The engine-turned background and the sides were first engraved mechanically, and a place cleared in the centre, on which Heath engraved the head. The lettering in the top and bottom labels was then added." From this die the steel plates were made. The stamps were all printed by hand in roller presses, as machinery had not at that time been applied to printing from plates in which the lines of the engraving were in recess.

Line Engraved Stamps.

1840-1.—The 1d. stamp was first printed in black and the 2d. in blue. A red ink was supplied and used for the obliteration of the stamps, but it was found that this red obliteration could be so easily removed, the authorities therefore changed the colour of the 1d. stamp to brownish red, and supplied a black ink for cancellation. The stamps were printed in sheets of 240. In the first issues there were letters in the lower angles and Maltese crosses in the upper angles. The paper was hand made, was watermarked with a crown, and the stamps were not perforated. The 2d. had no white line above the words

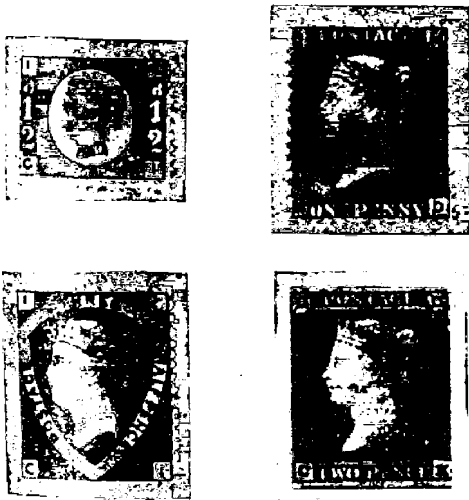
"two pence." A very popular variety at one time was the 1d. black, with the letters V.R. in the upper corners, but this stamp, it is now agreed, was never issued for use to the public, and is, therefore, excluded from the catalogues.



LETTERS IN LOWER CORNERS. MALTESE CROSSES IN UPPER CORNERS. WATERMARK CROWN. IMPERFORATE.

- 1d., black.
- 1d., brownish red.
- 2d., blue.

1854-64.—The Maltese crosses in the upper corners were removed and letters added, as in the lower angles, and perforation was introduced for the separation of the stamps; two new values, ½d. and 1½d., were included, and white lines were, in the 2d. value, added under the word "postage" and above the words "two pence." Some economically-minded people endeavoured to make used stamps do duty a second time by piecing



LETTERS IN ALL FOUR CORNERS. WATERMARK CROWN. PERFORATED 14 AND 16.

- ½d., red.
- 1d., red.
- 1½d., red.
- 2d., blue.

together the uncanceled portions of two stamps. To checkmate this system of fraud a plate number was so delicately etched into

the scroll work on each side of the designs as to be almost unnoticeable. The lettering of the four corners, which varied in each of the 240 stamps making up a sheet, was also intended to protect the revenue from similar frauds. The plate numbers run from 71 to 225 in the 1d. The 2d. plate numbers are 7, 8, 9, 12, 13, 14, and 15. The ½d. plates are numbered 1 to 20, omitting 2, 7, 16, 17, and 18. The 1½d. plates are 1 and 3; the first is unnumbered. Specialists collect these plate numbers, some of which are very scarce, but the general collector need not trouble about them.

Embossed Series.

1847.—Mr. Westoby explains the issue of what is known as the embossed series as having been due to the Colonial merchants, who expressed a wish to have stamps of a higher value than 2d. for franking their corres-



EMBOSSSED STAMPS. IMPERFORATE.

- 6d., purple.
- 10d., brown.
- 1s., green.

pondence. The design of a shilling value was prepared by Mr. O. Hill, and the stamps were embossed on small sheets of twenty stamps in four rows of five, with a coloured thread running through each stamp. A 10d. value was added for letters to France, a 6d. for letters to Belgium. The 10d. stamp, according to Westoby, continued in use till 1855, when, in consequence of the rate to France having been altered, the further issue was suspended; the remainder of the stock was, however, put into circulation in 1863, prior

to the issue of the surface printed stamp of the same value.

The sheets of these embossed stamps were very small, the shillings were in sheets of twenty stamps, in five rows of four; the 10d. in sheets of twenty-four stamps, in six rows of four, and the 6d. in sheets of twenty stamps in five rows of four.

Notable New Issues.

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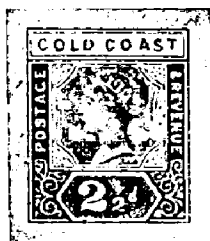
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THE REVENGE OF OAKLEGS.

Being a Cape Cod Yachting Story.

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN.

Illustrated by C. GRUNWALD.

 **OAKLEGS** CROWELL worshipped two divinities. The first was Gertie Baker and the second was Lem Tucker. Gertie was thirteen, black-eyed and vivacious, and was pretty enough for any boy to worship. Lem was — Well, he was what he was, and that was, certainly, nothing to be idolised.

Mr. Crowell had been christened Samuel by his father and mother, after a rich uncle who was expected to leave him money and didn't. He was christened "Oaklegs" by his schoolfellows, doubtless for good and sufficient juvenile reasons.

Mr. Lemuel Tucker—sometimes called "Ily" Tucker because of his smooth tongue—was a gentleman who followed the fashions. We say followed advisedly, because, although Mr. Tucker was invariably garbed in the extreme of the mode, it was always the mode of two seasons past. He may be said to have dressed not in the latest, but the late style.

His father kept a small general store in the village. Lemuel had early outgrown the parental establishment and gone up to Boston to show the city people how to do business. He had sold gloves and ribbons over the counter, been a life insurance agent, a soap peddler, and, at length, a gentleman at large. While engaged in this latter pursuit he had found it necessary to telegraph to Mr. Tucker, senior, who came up to Boston, found a son in debt and a trunk in pawn, and took both back with him to the Cape. Since then Lemuel had lived on patience and his parents until, within the past few days, he had been appointed superintendent and caretaker of Mr. Delancey Barry's magnificent and newly completed summer estate on the Cliff Road. The house had not yet been opened, but the Barrys were expected to arrive in about a week. Elmer Burns, a competent and hard-working young fisherman, had been very near to getting the place, but he had no father, as Lem did, to go on to New York and plead with Mr. Barry, so he had been beaten.

"Oaklegs" worshipped Lem because of Lem's clothes, because he smoked big cigars,

talked loudly about betting, and posed as a thoroughbred city sport. Also, because he was not too proud to tell his big stories to boys. Tucker, who had few friends among the grown population of the town, was not insensible to the lad's admiration, and allowed him to run his errands, harness his—or, rather, his father's—horse, and bask at odd moments in the sunshine of his presence.

This evening "Oaklegs" was in high spirits as he sauntered down the main street to the post-office. The next Sunday was "Camp-meetin' Day" over at Harniss, and to go to camp-meeting and take Gertie had long been his most cherished dream. Week in and week out he had pleaded with Tucker to lend him the "hoss an' buggy" for the occasion, and had always been refused. But yesterday Lem had needed him to run a three-mile errand, and when he asked, once more, if he might "take the hoss an' buggy fer next Sunday," the answer had been, "Ya-as; I guess so."

That was enough. In half an hour he was around behind Miss Baker's father's barn whistling "Clementine" at top pitch. When the young lady appeared in answer to the signal, the invitation was tendered and accepted, with the qualification, "If ma'll let me."

Now, to-night, he had again seen his adored and she had told him, "Ma says I can go if you don't have a fast horse and we don't stay more'n an hour."

So the jubilant "Oaklegs" strutted like a peacock and whistled "Clementine" all the way to the post-office. The mail was sorted and he received the contents of the family box, two incubator circulars and the Cape Cod *Item*. Then he sauntered across the street and entered the door of Web Saunders' billiard saloon. There was a large sign which read "No Minors Admitted," but "Oaklegs" paid no more attention to that than Web did. He knew it was there to show the townsfolk that the selectmen were doing their duty.

The usual crowd was playing billiards and pool at the rear of the room, and a large

cloud of tobacco smoke and the sound of several people talking at once told him that the checker boards were in operation. Round the boards were gathered seven or eight ancient mariners, who were discussing the merits and demerits of Mr. Delancey Barry junior's new thirty-foot knockabout sailboat, which had been towed down from Boston and anchored in the harbour the day before. Whether or not the practice of giving orders in rough weather affects the vocal organs until shouting becomes a habit, we cannot say. Certain it is that each opinion was given at the top of its backer's voice.

The general thought seemed to be that, while the *Scudaway*—that was the knockabout's name—might be well enough on a pond or in a light breeze, with "any kind of a wind" she would be out-sailed by a Cape Cod catboat.

"She's too skimmin'-dishy!" declared Captain Jonadab Baxter. "She don't look ter me ter have the backbone of a good 'cat.' She ain't——"

"She may be all right goin' afore the wind," broke in Captain Eri Hedge, emphasising his remarks by thumps on the checkerboard, "but you take her on a beat ter wind'ard and then where'll she be? She can't foot it with a catboat! That's my opinion—take it or leave it; she can't foot it."

"Stop poundin' the board, Eri!" expostulated Barzilla Wingate. "Can't yer talk without knockin' the checkers plumb ter Guinea? I had you licked, and now I dunno where we be. What d'yer——"

"Them things is toys! That's what they

be, toys!" cried Obed Nickerson, referring to the knockabout. "Now, one of our Cape fishin' boats is made fer work, and she'll take her share, don't make no odds if it's blowin' like——"

Just here Mr. Nickerson was interrupted by some one else who had an opinion which he wished to deliver while it was hot, and the conversation took the form of a duet,

each participant trying to outshout the other. When both had had their say they stopped, and silence fell with the suddenness that follows the shutting off of a steam whistle. Then Captain Jerry Burgess said:

"Ily Tucker is makin' his brags that she's the only boat ever was built. Says she was put up by them fellers who build cup defenders and that she can lick anything her size afloat."

"Bosh!" sneered Captain Jonadab. "Ily's been so puffed up sence he got that sup'rintendent's job over ter Barry's that he can't rest easy. Mebbe this new boat ain't much good—I don't think she is, myself, but she's too good fer him, anyhow. It's a shame Burns didn't git that job."

"Sup'rintendent!" ejaculated Obed. "I wouldn't have Ily Tucker sup'rintend my hen-house. I got too much respect fer the hens. Tucker needs takin' down a peg; that's what he needs!"

"Oaklegs" had listened to the abuse of

his idol with smothered indignation, and might have been tempted to protest against it, had not a stir at the door announced the arrival of Mr. Tucker himself.

As tennis was rapidly dying and golf coming in, Lem, in accordance with his reminis-



THE INVITATION WAS ACCEPTED WITH THE QUALIFICATION, "IF MA'LL LET ME."

cent custom, was arrayed in a brand-new and gorgeous striped blazer and cap to match and wore a wide sash around his waist.

He strutted through the room, with the striped cap tilted down toward one eye and a big cigar tilted up toward the other. He vouchsafed a few "How are yers?" to the billiard players and, coming up behind Captain Jonadab, pushed that gentleman's hat over his eyes and saluted him with:

"Hello, Jone! how yer knockin' 'em? Yer want ter tie on that beaver of yours when yer go home ter-night, 'cause it's blowin' pretty stiff outside; did yer know it?"

"Well," grunted Captain Baxter, setting the insulted tile straight again, "I notice it's gittin' mighty fresh in here jest now."

"Where d'yer git them kind of cigars, Ily?" inquired Obed, looking curiously at the weed smoked by Mr. Tucker. "Grow 'em yourself?"

The hilarity with which this question was received by the bystanders seemed to ruffle Mr. Tucker a bit. He made no answer but changed the subject by observing:

"Say! I hear you fellers are sayin' that our new knockabout ain't no good, and that a Cape Cod catboat can beat her; is that so?"

"Our new knockabout?" said Captain Jonadab. "Oh! yer mean yours and Barry's! Why, yes, we did say something ter that effect."

Lem changed his cigar to the other side of his mouth and, reaching down into his trousers' pocket, produced a roll of bills that he threw on the table.

"There!" he said, with what he hoped was the bearing of a reckless gambler, "there's twenty dollars that says the *Scudaway* can beat any catboat from here ter Provincetown. Race her where yer will and when yer will. Come! you fellers have talked a whole lot; let's see if yer've got any sand."

No one answered immediately. The billiard players left the tables and came over to see the fun. The critics of the knockabout hesitated. Twenty dollars was a good deal of money.

"Yes!" sneered Mr. Tucker, triumphantly, "that's about what I thought! Talk's cheap, but cash is diff'rent. All right, only don't yer never say nothin' about boats long's yer live."

He gathered up the bills and was turning away when Captain Eri spoke.

"Hold on, Tucker! Is that twenty dollars yours?"

"Mine? 'Course it's mine!"

The captain reached down into his trousers' pocket, and, wetting his thumb, counted out upon the table ten one-dollar silver certificates.

"There!" he said. "There's ha'f. Now, Jonadab, do your share."

So Captain Jonadab produced another strapped wallet and counted down the remaining ten dollars.

"Now," said Captain Eri, "this is the bet. We fellers bet you, Tucker, twenty dollars that we can find a boat, a catboat, that'll beat the *Scudaway* in a sailin' race. The course'll be the reg'lar one that the fishin' craft race over in the spring. The trial 'll come off day after ter-morrer. Is that all right?"

Now it was Lem's turn to hesitate.

"All right!" he said, at length, "it's a go!" Then he folded up his twenty dollars and put them in his pocket.

"Hold on, there!" exclaimed Eri. "We'll put the money up with Web Saunders. Here, Web, come here and take charge of these stakes."

It was evident that Lem preferred to hold his own share of the stakes. To tell the truth, the money had been advanced him by his father on the strength of his having received the job at Barry's. He hated to part with it, but reluctantly did so, and Web locked the money up in the cash drawer.

"Well," Mr. Tucker paused to say, as he turned toward the door, "you fellers 'll be a heap wiser in a couple of days. Why, man alive, that knockabout's built by the best boat-builders in the country, and she's jest made fer speed and nothin' else."

"That don't always foller," argued Mr. Wingate. "I've seen boats 'fore now that was built fer speed, but hadn't none in 'em."

"Yes," assented Obed Nickerson, with apparent irrelevancy, "jest as I've seen things built fer cigars that hadn't no ter-backer in 'em."

"Oaklegs" had been a rapt spectator of this sporting scene, and when Lem Tucker went out of the billiard-room he was right at the latter's heels. The prospective sailing master of the *Scudaway* loafed over to the post-office steps and stood talking with some of the hangers-on. In a few moments word of the wager drifted across and every one was speaking of it.

All the younger generation, and there were some who had been sailors on yachts,

expressed the opinion that Lem had a sure thing. They did not hesitate to say that the old fellows were against the knockabout because she was something new and out of their experience. They told Mr. Tucker this, and that gentleman grew more than ever inflated.

There were some boys of about the age of "Oaklegs" on the steps, and "Oaklegs" felt it was time to show these commoners that the great man and he were on terms of intimacy. So he ostentatiously confronted Mr. Tucker and remarked cheerfully:

"It's all right fer Sunday, Lem, I s'pose; hey?"

Now, the friendship of kings is proverbially uncertain. Lem happened, at that moment, to be asking Miss Foster if he might "see her home." If the young lady had said yes, all might have been well, but she answered that she was "engaged," and went away with Ben Bolman. So when "Oaklegs" repeated his inquiry the storm broke, for Mr. Tucker was itching to take revenge on some one for the slight he had just received.

"What's all right fer Sunday?" he snarled.

"Why, you're lendin' me the hoss an' buggy. Yer know yer said I could take it ter go ter camp-meetin'."

"Did I? Well, yer can't!"

"But yer said I could!"

"Well, ye can't, d'yer hear? See here, fellers, the kid wants ter take his best girl ter camp-meetin' like a nice little man. Wants ter take his 'Gertie'! Well, 'Gertie' 'll have ter walk."

Oh, the howl of derisive delight from the crowd! Poor "Oaklegs" blushed like a peony. Then Mr. Tucker's sarcasm turned to wrath. When one is by nature a bully, it is pleasant to have a victim ready to hand.

"Git away from me!" he roared. "What in time are yer always hangin' round me fer? I'm sick of the sight of yer. Toddle along and see 'Gertie'!" And, as the boy did not move fast enough to suit his imperial pleasure, Lem kicked him.

It was not a very hard kick, but it was an expensive one for the kicker.

Poor "Oaklegs" had a bad night. Thinking what he should say to Miss Baker kept him awake for nearly an hour, an unheard-of loss of sleep for a boy. In the morning the question was still unsolved, and his sense of injury as burning as ever. All his worshipping admiration for Tucker was turned to hatred and an absorbing desire to "get square." After breakfast, he sat on the

woodbox and pondered till his mother thought he must be ill, but when she inquired what ailed him he abstractedly answered "Nothin'"; and, putting on his straw hat, went out.

Half an hour later he strolled into Elmer Burns' fish-house and found that gentleman mending a net.

"Hello, Sam!" said Mr. Burns, looking up.

"Oaklegs" returned the greeting and perched himself on a mackerel keg. He sat there so long in silence that Elmer felt constrained to ask if he was "disapp'inted in love" or had been speculating and lost his money. Mr. Crowell deigned no reply to these frivolities, but said, suddenly:

"Elmer, who d'yer think is goin' ter win the race ter-morrer?"

"Well, my son," said Mr. Burns, "there ain't goin' ter be no reg'lar race, near's I can figger. There'll be a sort of procession, with the *Scudaway* leadin' off, and a catboat some'eres in the rear rank, that's all. Our esteemed and valued feller-citizen, Mr. Ily Lemuel, will be in twenty dollars and the Ancient and Honorables will have that much experience."

"Oaklegs" seemed to turn this prophecy over in his mind and then said:

"Elmer, what's a sea anchor? I heard Captain Burgess tellin' you about a storm ne was in off the Horn and they put out a sea anchor. What's one like?"

"Why, it's a kind of drag, weighted at one edge so's 'twill sink a certain depth under water and stand on edge. When a ship wants ter ride out a gale and there's too much depth of water fer the reg'lar anchor, they put one of them things out over the bow. That keeps her head ter the seas all the time."

"Um hum. I thought 'twas somethin' like that. There's ropes at each end, I s'pose. Spose'n there was one of 'em over the stern of a dory, would it keep the dory from goin'?"

"Might, if 'twas big enough. But they don't put 'em over the stern, but over the bow. What makes you so interested in 'em, Sam?"

"Nothin'; I was jest wond'rin' what they was, that's all."

Mr. Crowell sat on the keg for some time longer, knocking his heels together and saying nothing. At length he got down and remarked that he "must be goin'."

"Well, so long!" said Mr. Burns. "I'm 'fraid there's somethin' preyin' ou your

mind. Haven't committed murder, have you? No? Weil, there's a couple of bottles of ginger ale over in that corner that them summer boarders left in my boat yesterday. Yer can drown yer sorrers in drink if yer feel like it."

"Oaklegs" felt like it, and poured a bottle of the ginger ale on his sorrows forthwith. Then he departed. All that afternoon he pounded and sawed in his father's tool-house and came in to supper with blistered hands. The next morning Abe Bassett discovered that some one had used his dory in the night and had stolen the anchor rope. And on washing day Mrs. Crowell could not find her flatirous.

The *You and I* was chosen by the backers of the catboat as the craft which should carry their colours to victory. The *Nellie M.* and the *Bay Pride* had many admirers, but the adherents of the *You and I* were in the majority. Lute Ryder, who owned the boat, was to sail her, and Captains Eri and Jonadab were to act as crew and advisory committee.

Lem had chosen Otis Sparrow and Jim McLean to help him navigate the knockabout. The course was to be a five-mile beat to windward, then around the bush buoy and a straight run home.

There was a stiff breeze at the hour of starting. The outer beach showed a black fringe of people, and several sailboats and dories were flying about the judge's boat. On the latter craft were grouped the "Ancient and Honorables," as Elmer Burns called them, all in a state of high excitement.

"It's jest our day and jest our breeze," said Obed Nickerson, looking up at the sky, "and it'll hold, too. If we don't lick that sculpin ter-day we can't never lick him!"

Obed was to act as starter and had his loaded duck gun over his shoulder.

"Fer my wife's sake, be careful of that

gun, Obed!" sputtered the nervous Barzilla Wingate. "Fust thing yer know yer'll blow my brains out, and I do want ter live long enough ter see this race out."

"Here comes Ily!" exclaimed Captain Jerry.

The knockabout came slowly around the point at the harbour's mouth and bore down toward the stakeboat.

"She ain't showing no great speed yit," said Obed.

"More'n likely Ote Sparrer don't mean she shall till he's ready ter have her. He's reelly sailin' her. Lem Tucker don't know enough ter sail a soup kittle."

The *Scudaway* moved up to the starting point, dropped her sails and anchored. The conditions of the start were that each boat should be under bare poles and anchored when the starting gun was fired. Getting up anchor and hoisting sail was part of the contest.

A great shout greeted the *You and I* as she came in sight. Lute Ryder was at the tiller and Captains Eri and Jonadab were standing beside him, dignified and calm.

"Hello! here's the hearse!" cried Tucker, as the catboat anchored near his craft. Tucker was resplendent in what he fondly imagined was a yachting costume.

"That's all right, Ily," answered Captain Eri. "Yer want ter remember that the hearse always is at the head of the fun'ral procession."

"Are yer both ready?" queried the judge, who was Dr. Sawyer.

"All ready!"

Obed Nickerson's duck gun went off with a roar, and Obed staggered backwards.

"Blessed if I didn't let off both barrels ter once, and she kicks like a steer!" he exclaimed.

But no one heard him, for the Ancients were jumping up and down, and shrieking instructions to their friends on the catboat.



ALL THAT AFTERNOON HE POUNDED AND SAWED
IN HIS FATHER'S TOOL-HOUSE.

"Git in that anchor, Eri! Lively! Lively!" "Them critters 'll git ahead of yer, Jone! Hurry!" "Don't go ter sleep, Lute! Put some elbow grease into 'it!"

The trio on the catboat were working like Trojans, but there was more young blood on the knockabout and it was telling. The sail on the *You and I* was just climbing the mast when the *Scudaway* swung away for the line. She crossed it amid a chorus of groans from the assemblage on the judge's boat. A moment later the *You and I* followed, and the race had begun.

On board the catboat Lute was at the tiller, Captain Jonadab was tending the sheet, and Captain Eri was forward.

"She got a little mite the best of us on that start, Jone," said the latter, anxiously

"Yes, but the race ain't over yit. Remember the story 'bout the rabbit and the mud turtle."

The race was not over—indeed, the first tack was not over before it was evident that the *You and I* was gaining. On the next one she crept up and blanketed her rival. Lute was regarding the *Scudaway* with a puzzled expression.

"Is that the best she can do?" he muttered. "Or has Lem got somethin' up his sleeve? We're certainly gainin' on her now."

"I told yer she wan' no good fer footin' it!" cried Eri.

On the next tack the *You and I* crossed the bows of the *Scudaway*. Faint and far from the judge's boat behind her came the sound of a jubilant cheer.

"Say, Lem!" hailed the exultant Baxter, "ketch a rope and we'll tow yer."

"Don't yer want ter fall in behind the hearse?" crowed Eri.

"She sails like a washtub!" commented Lute, still watching the labouring knockabout. "Acts as if she was towin' a string of coal barges. I can't understand it!"

It was evident that the *Scudaway's* crew could not understand it, either. They were hurrying about the deck, tugging at halliards and sheet, and the sounds of loud and abusive language floated over the water. At every tack the *You and I* continued to gain, and when she rounded the bush buoy and stood away for home, Captain Eri gave one glance at the distant knockabout, and, striding over to his partner, exclaimed:

"Jonadab Baxter, you and me have given Lem Tucker the lickin' he was suff'rin' fer. More'n that, we've made ten good dollars apiece. More'n that, we've deemonstrate!

that a Cape Cod catboat can't be beat by anything her size on top er water. Jonadab, shake!"

And they shook.

And Luke Ryder still muttered, "I can't understand it!"

When the *You and I* crossed the finish line, a good mile ahead, every one howled himself hoarse. Loudest of all, even louder than Obed Nickerson, was a youth that stood on his head in the bottom of a dory and knocked his heels together. This was "Oaklegs."

The *Scudaway* sneaked in and was greeted with a chorus of derisive jeers. Tucker was at her helm and his companions were sitting forward by themselves, seemingly disgusted with the boat and her skipper.

"Hey! the hearse has gone! you're too late fer the fun'ral!" bellowed Captain Jerry.

"Lem, why didn't yer set in the bow and pull on one of them cigars of yours?" queried Mr. Nickerson. "Prob'ly yer could have pulled the boat along with yer."

"Say! that ain't no knockabout; that's a creepabout!" cackled Wingate.

Tucker had bullied too many in his day to receive mercy when his own turn came, so the ridicule continued all the way to the wharf. And there, almost dancing with rage, was no less a person than Mr. Delancey Barry, junior, who had arrived five days before he was expected, and who demanded to know what Mr. Tucker meant by racing his boat without permission.

The next day the news was all over town that Mr. Barry had discharged Tucker and appointed Elmer Burns as superintendent of the estate and sailing master of the *Scudaway*. Mr. Barry was reported to have said that he could forgive Lemuel's using the boat without permission; but he couldn't forgive the way in which he had allowed her to be beaten by a clam-scow.

That forenoon the fortunate Mr. Burns received another call from his friend Crowell. The latter announced that he had dropped in to ask whether Mr. Burns would lend him money enough to hire a horse and buggy on Sunday.

"Why, I don't know, Sam," said the somewhat astonished Burns, "I'd like to help yer, but I must say I don't see why I should lend yer money! Why don't yer ask some of yer folks?"

"Well," said "Oaklegs," calmly, "I thought, 'slong as I'd done you a favour, mebbe you'd do one fer me. Yer see, yer wouldn't have got your new job if the

Scudaway hadn't been beat, and she wouldn't have been beat only fer me."

"Whaa?"

"Yes: 'twas a sea anchor. 'Twas made out of an old soap box and ma's flatirons and some other things, and hitched onto the *Scudaway's* rudder post under water. She towed it all through the race. I done it ter

ter send the bill ter me. But, Sam, don't yer never tell me another word about that other business. I—I don't want ter know nothin' about it."

And, just at that moment, Captain Eri, seated on Web Saunders' billiard table and passing a box of ten-cent cigars about, was saying:



"YES; 'T WAS A SEA ANCHOR. 'T WAS MADE OUT OF AN OLD SOAP BOX AND MA'S FLATIRONS AND SOME OTHER THINGS."

git square with Tucker. I'll tell yer all about it. Yer see, I——"

"Hold on! Hold on a minute, Sam!" gasped the astounded ex-fisherman. Then, after some reflection, he added:

"You can have the hoss an' buggy. Go and hire one at Snow's stable and tell him

"I tell yer, merit 'll win; merit and honesty! That catboat won because she was an honest boat and didn't have ter depend on no new-fangled tricks and flim-flams. The best boat, like the best man, always comes out ahead. Honesty's always the best policy."

WHEN THE BLUES REBELLED.

A Christ's Hospital Memory.

BY THE REV. G. HUGH JONES.,



AM not sure whether it occurred in the year 1852 or 1853. At any rate, it took place nearly half a century ago, when I was a scholar at Christ's Hospital. The details of it are as fresh in my memory to-day as though the rebellion formed the subject of a paragraph in the *Times* of yesterday.

From time immemorial, ever since the dress of a Blue began to be regarded as a quaint relic of Tudor times, the warm sympathy of generous hearts has been fully and freely extended to the boys of Christ's Hospital. Quiet, shy, and retiring, the Blue has ever won by his conduct the reward of admiration and the gift of kindness. Perhaps half-a-century ago, when discipline was known to be more spartan than considerate, and more fitful than humane, and when Blues, enclosed within the huge double iron gates, could only let off youthful steam by "punting the ball" (at which they were experts and unsurpassable); and when they never dreamt of cricket at Herne Hill and other luxuries enjoyed by their more fortunate descendants, more thoughtful consideration was offered them by the general public than is the case now. This is only natural.

The circumstances which led up to the rebellion which I am about to describe, had their origin in an act of kindness.

At that time Mr. E. T. Smith was the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre; and it entered into his heart to invite, through the school authorities, all the Blue Coat boys, then over 900 in number, to a morning performance of the successful pantomime which had already delighted many thousands of young people and their elders. The invitation was promptly accepted on our behalf.

When I was a scholar at Christ's Hospital, the boys wore, during the winter months, not only the dress, with which every Londoner is now familiar, but likewise a warm, cosy, yellow petticoat, reaching from the shoulders to the ankles, underneath the long blue coat. On the morning of the much anticipated pantomime performance, we were all treated to our best suit of clothes, "yellows" included; and we had worked up our-

selves into the highest pitch of excitement as we scrambled into the Great Hall for breakfast; for had it not been duly announced in all the newspapers that we were to witness a pantomime performance on that day at the Drury Lane Theatre?

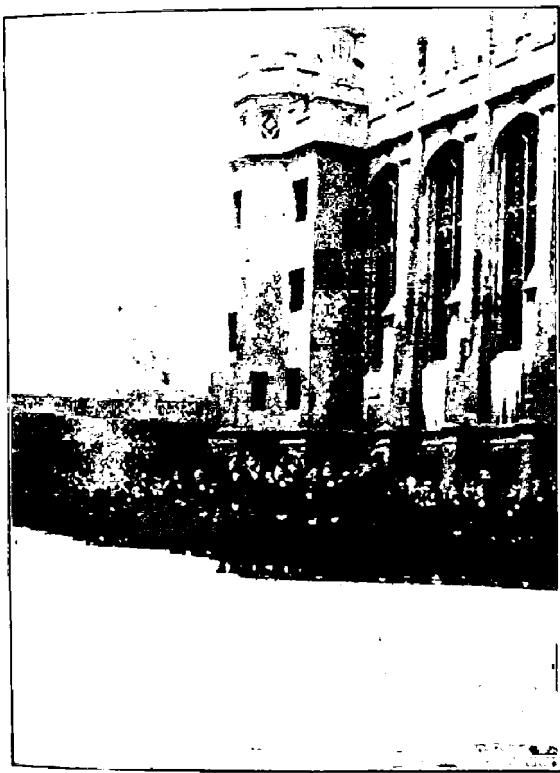
Alas! while we were having our very homely meal, consisting of dry bread (strictly limited in quantity), and milk and water, the Warden, Mr. George Brooks (at that time called the Steward), who, by the excellent dual system at Christ's Hospital, had sole charge of the morals and behaviour of the boys out of school hours, and who had the general arrangements of internal matters in his hands, announced, without a word of explanation or look of sympathy, that, instead of going to the theatre, we were, on our dismissal from the Hall, to pass into school! It should be mentioned that during the night before there had been unexpectedly a rather heavy fall of



BOYS COLLECTING FOR MARCH INTO HALL.

snow. Very early in the morning a communication had been sent to Mr. E. T. Smith to the effect that, in consequence of the snow-storm, the permission to visit Drury Lane Theatre had been necessarily withdrawn from the boys. Mr. Smith was equal to the weather emergency. Before we had finished our matutinal meal he made his appearance in the Great Hall and generously made an offer to provide eighty cabs in which to convey the smaller boys to the place of amusement. Needless to say, this liberal concession was respectfully but firmly declined.

The strange, and to us unexplained, action on the part of the reigning authorities aroused a deal of resentment among the boys. A wise



BOYS BEING PLACED BY GREICIANS READY FOR MARCH INTO HALL FOR DINNER.

word then spoken to them would have allayed every irritation and prevented the unseemly outbreak which immediately followed. We were, of course, keenly disappointed; but the more capable and higher minded boys felt still more for Mr. Smith, who, as they considered, had been treated even worse than the school at large.

The blunder, to call it by no lower term, of attributing the withdrawal of the permission to visit the pantomime, to the snowstorm, admittedly heavy, was succeeded by a greater mistake. We not only lost the pantomime, but were to lose a holiday as well; as we were directed, through no fault of ours, to go into school. That proposed

arrangement, which the veriest tyro in resource and tactics would have avoided, caused the much crushed worm to turn. Pantomime or no pantomime, we were determined not to pass the portals of any of the schools.

Released from the Great Hall, a few reckless boys made a rush for the gates, but that proved to be at once futile and foolish. The next general move was towards the houses of the Treasurer and the Head Master. In a few minutes some hundreds of boys were giving vent to their disappointment by hurling huge and hardy snowballs at the doors and windows. The assault was picturesque, although harmless. As no one dared to respond to the attack, it was wisely and necessarily discontinued. It will, perhaps, surprise schoolboys of this generation to learn that, although we numbered nearly a thousand strong, we had no *Captain*, either in person or in print. We were destitute of leaders, both in sport and mischief; and so were entirely lacking in *esprit de corps*. True, we had a dozen very much VI. Form sort of youths, who were preparing for the universities, and who, as a superior order of beings, straddled the playground; but the Greicians, as they were called, in no way associated, either for good or evil, with the rest of the boys—not even brother with brother. On the day of our rebellion, however, we hardly wanted leaders, as we were governed by the spirit of restless and unreasonable spontaneity which controls the actions of a mob of "patriots" in times of political convulsion. Some of us were led by indignation at our wrongs; some were moved by the spirit of mischief; some by downright hearty fun; and the rest by the determination, because compelled, to do as others did. The huge bell was rung for school by the authorities again and again; but so far as we heeded it, or cared, it might have been the quarter-hour musical carillons of *Le Beffroi* at Bruges. So far from directing willing feet and studious minds towards lexicons and grammars, we joined arm to arm and then walked, six or eight abreast, through the classic cloisters, keeping as far from the schools as our limited range for indignant perambulation would permit. In so doing, we fell into a trap. To escape the Grammar schools, we had to pass the Great Hall. There, unknown to us, the Warden, Mr. Brooks, had taken his stand and was awaiting our arrival. We came suddenly upon him, as he stood, keys in hand, at the doors. He diverted our line of march, and directed every boy to pass up the wide steps into the Hall. He followed, and then, taking his seat at his table opposite the historic pulpit, he, without betraying any sentimental emotion, announced that he would birch



BOYS MARCHING INTO HALL FOR DINNER TO THE MUSIC OF THEIR OWN BAND.

any boy who whispered a word. How long we remained in this temple of silence, I know not. It seemed an age. At length, when we were wearied out, the Warden heard a faint whisper at the far end of the Hall. "The boy in 18 ward who spoke, come here!" The tension at that moment was very great; but imagine our feelings of surprise when we saw the Warden's own son walk towards the table at which his father sat in dignity and repose! "Will he be brushed?"* if not on every boy's lips, was in every boy's thoughts. A few seconds sufficed to break the spasm of pent-up feeling and suspense. The Warden might be stern and unbending, as became one holding his responsible position; he might, perhaps, err in strictness, and be deficient in sympathy for boys; but no one could accuse him of partiality or injustice. This time, however, the heart of the father beat, and the strict word of the ruler was partially broken. The Warden spared the birch, but not the boy; for he gave him, *in omnium conspectu*, a sound caning, *ut sit reliquis documento*. Years afterwards, I was authoritatively informed that the lad had half-a-crown given him by his father as a solatium, when the Hall was cleared.

There is little doubt that the Warden-father

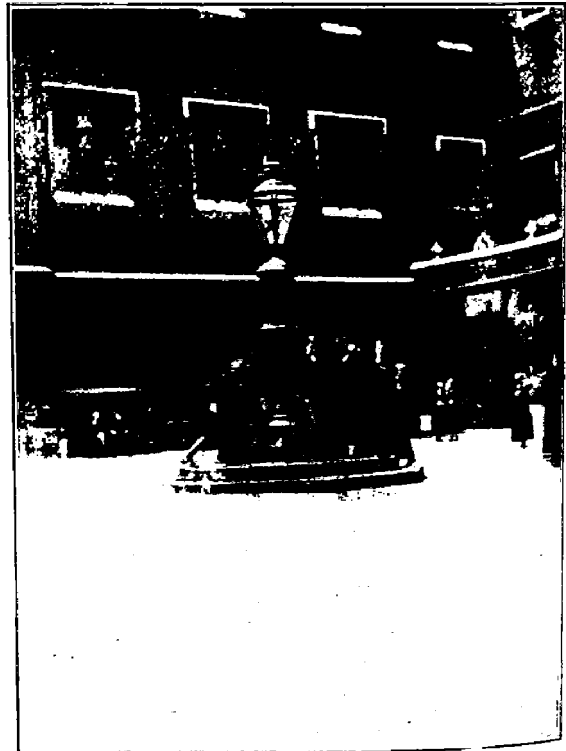
* The school slang word for birch.

had now had enough of it. The incident just mentioned put an end to the strained feeling which reigned from one end of the Great Hall to the other. The boys, too, had had more than enough of insubordination and contumacy. In subdued tone, the Warden directed the boys to leave the Hall and go into school. No one felt inclined to disobey.

A few days later, it was quietly circulated throughout Christ's Hospital that a death in the school infirmary had suggested the desirability of the arrangements for the day being so suddenly altered.

The secret was well kept. Long afterwards, the real reason leaked out, and became the property of the well-informed and most trusty in the school.

It appears that when the announcement appeared in the *Times* that the boys were to be admitted to a special *matinée* of a pantomime, a considerable number of the governors of the school, and of the parents of the boys, wrote, protesting against the well-intentioned innovation: and expressing their firm opinion that a theatre, whatever might be the nature of the performance, and however well-governed it might be, was not the right place for the scholars of the "Religious, Ancient and Royal Foundation of Christ's Hospital."



THE PUMP. SHOWING THE WATER BOYS FILLING THEIR CANS BEFORE DINNER.

The Photographs are by M. Lee.

A DEAL IN CHINAMEN.

By CAPTAIN CHARLES PROTHEROE.

Illustrated by WARWICK GOBLE.

We were lying up the Kaipara river, New Zealand, loading timber at one of the saw mills for an Australian port.

The weather, which had been showery through the day, after we had knocked off for the night made up its mind in earnest, and came down as thick as a hedge.

With such weather, there were no points in wandering around a town which consisted of a "pub.," a dozen houses or so, a few dogs, and sawdust.

"Did I ever tell you about the time I was sailing out of Fiji?" said old Jim Brown, looking up from a pair of inexpressibles he had under repair.

We hastened to assure him that he hadn't, for a yarn from old Jim was just the thing required to put the time in.

"Well," he continued, tossing the garment he had been working upon into his bunk, and assuming a more comfortable attitude, "what I want to tell you about is the time I was before the mast in a little barque called the *Marjory*.

"She was between three and four hundred tons, as tant a little craft as ever you clapped eyes on, and was owned by a firm down the Fijis. They grew cotton and other island produce, and our job used to be to run it down to the New Zealand market. When we wasn't doing this, for we only made a couple of trips a year, the time was put in recruiting labour. There was a big crowd of niggers employed by the firm, and we gathered 'em up from the different islands, Tanna, Erromanga, and, in fact, anywhere we could get 'em. You know, you can't get a native to work on his own island; his dignity, or something, won't stand it. They're not the only people gifted in that way. Where I was living, the last time I was ashore, the wife used to take in a few boarders, and the husband used to moon about, doing nothing. I asked the woman one day what he did for his living, and she said: 'My husband has seen better days, Mr. Brown, and he's too proud to work;' but I noticed he wasn't too proud to come home three sheets in the wind about twice a week on an average. I can't see what use he had for that sort of pride.

"Well, as I was telling you, we used to gather the niggers in from all round the islands. After

they'd been working for three years, they were returned to their homes, and we used to recruit another lot. This, as a rule, was plain sailing enough, for the amount of trade, or property, they brought back with 'em, made the others green with envy, and they used to tumble over one another to get away with us.

"One trip we went down with return labour, this didn't happen. With the exception of a few who were half dead, and wasn't worth their salt, not a native could we pick up. The old man tried all sorts of things to get 'em to come along. He talked to 'em like a missionary, and painted rosy-coloured pictures as to the benefit they'd receive by coming with us, but they weren't taking any. We ran up to the Ellice and Gilbert Islands, but they were just the same, and when we returned, after being away four months, we had only twenty or thirty natives on board. That wasn't much of a trip, for before this we'd be away a couple of months and bring in a hundred or more. The firm was at their wits' end to know what to do for labour. You see, cotton is a queer sort o' thing to grow. You may be looking over a plantation the first thing in the morning, and all you can see is miles of green cotton bushes. When they are ripe, and the sun gets to work on them, the pods burst, and the same place that you looked at in the morning, about mid-day may look as if a fall of snow had taken place. Then you have to get all hands and the cook on to it, and gather it quick and lively, for a shower of rain or a night-dew would spoil it. So you see, they had to have labour by hook or by crook. We had no more return labour for six or eight months to come, and although they were short-handed, there was enough to struggle along with. The firm put their heads together, and decided to send the *Marjory* up to China, and run down a load of Chinese coolies. You might think it would be expensive to bring coolies all that way, but when I explain you'll see it wasn't. The thing cut both ways. Their idea was to run all the *bêche-de-mer* up to the China market, and the better price they'd get for it there would pay expenses. The coolies could be kept for a number of years, and that did away with the chance of being left when they wanted labour and couldn't get it round the islands.

"We started one day with instructions to spend a few days round the New Hebrides. If the skipper saw no chance of picking up natives there, we were to go right on, and bring back coolies. We lost about a week dodging about, and the last place we touched at was Mallicollo. It was no good; we could pick up a few, but nothing like the crowd of niggers we wanted. The old man saw there wasn't much in it, so he squared away before the south-east trades for Torres Strait.

"We made a good run up to Shanghai, and the skipper didn't seem to have much trouble in picking up what he wanted. Chinese coolies were as plentiful as herrings down Yarmouth way in the season, and nearly as cheap. What room we had to spare was filled up with bags of rice, always a handy thing down the islands. We couldn't carry much, of course, for with about a hundred and fifty coolies on board a little craft like that, there wasn't much room for anything else, and what we did have was in the lower hold for ballast. Those Chinamen were stowed like sardines in a tin, and you can bet they didn't have too much room to spread themselves in. The skipper made up his mind to go back another way, and that was round the north of New Guinea. Whatever put the idea into his head I don't know; perhaps it was shorter, but, anyhow, that's what he made up his mind to do. He was about forty years of age, and had been knocking round the islands at least twenty of them. I've heard him say he knew every rock and shoal in the Pacific, and I believe he did. He had a dog's nose. I don't mean what you're thinking of, although that's not a bad drink on a cold morning. What I mean to say is, he could smell as good as any dog I ever saw. You'd see him come on deck sometimes at night, sniffing. Sticking his nose to windward, he'd say like this:

"'There's a reef somewhere'—sniff, sniff—'up to windward there'—sniff, sniff—'keep your eyes open, Mr. Jones,' or whoever it was. Of course, anyone who's been knocking about the islands can smell a reef, but I never came across a man who could scent one so far away as he could. His nasal powers were a good two miles better than anyone else's I was ever acquainted with, and he could smell a reef like a terrier smells a rat."

"The crowd of coolies we had on board were a tame enough lot; put me in mind of a flock of sheep, only they made a darned sight more row. Most of 'em were raw, and had never been away from their country before, and didn't give us much trouble. There was one fellow among 'em with a cast in his eye, and I couldn't take kindly to him at any price. He always gave me the impression that he knew more than he pretended to know. Before I go any further, let me give you young fellows a bit of sound advice. *Never trust*

a man with a cross-jack eye. I'll tell you why. You see, it's impossible for him to look you straight in the face. A man who can't do that, whether it's his fault or no, there's something wrong about, and he's not to be trusted. 'Pears to me that nature puts a mark on him as a sort o' danger signal, just the same as we clap a lighthouse on a difficult spot, to show it's not safe, and to make a sailor-man keep a good look-out. It always gives me a creepy sort o' feeling when I see a man with one of his eyes on me and the other on a dog or something away on his beam. It's not a nice accomplishment, and I'm sorry for 'em in a way, but they have the advantage of looking two ways at once, anyhow. I don't know if they're all alike, as far as trusting 'em goes, but it's been my experience they are; and the swivel-eyed Chinese gent I'm going to tell you about was a wrong 'un right through. When I saw him coming along the deck with one eye on the skysail yard and the other on the galley door, I always gave him a wide berth. I'll tell you for why. I'd taken such a dislike to him, that I knew that if he so much as brushed against me, I should scrap him. For that reason I gave him as much room as I could, as I didn't want to be called over the coals by the skipper for kicking up a row for no cause that I could explain.

"We had got well down the New Guinea coast, and left New Britain behind us. I was looking forward to the finish of the trip, for I was fairly full of it. You couldn't get a wink of sleep in your watch below in the day time, for the confounded noise they kicked up made that impossible. Coolies everywhere—you got the taste of it in your mouth, and it wasn't a pleasant one either. The old man was to be pitied, for, with his keen sense of smell, he must have suffered more than any of us. I'd been in the habit of going up into the foretop in my watch below, for up aloft was about the only place aboard that hooker where you could get a decent breath of fresh air. Sometimes I'd take a book, as there was plenty of room to stretch out and make myself comfortable.

"A day or two after we had left New Britain behind us, I went up as usual. I must have been dozing, for I was awakened by a deuce of a row down on deck. I stretched my neck a bit, and looked over the rim of the top.

"The sight I saw kept me there shivering. The Chinamen, led by Cross-eye, had taken charge of the ship, knocked every mother's son on the head, and dumped them overboard, and I was the only white man left on board of her. By and by they spotted me in the fore-top and started to brandish their weapons, from the cook's cleaver to a capstan bar, with which they had armed themselves. Cross-eye shoved them on one side, and, jumping

on the main-hatch, started to talk to me himself in English, and fairly good English at that.

"You come down, we no hurtee you, you takee ship along island."

"Not me," thinks I, "you come up and fetch me, you cross-eyed yellow dog, and I'll kick the head off you as it comes over the top."

He had put one of the coolies at the wheel, but he was making an awful hash of it. First he'd have her up in the wind, shaking every stitch of canvas on her, and then he'd be away off five or six points.

"I hung out till night fell, and, as I'd had nothing to eat since the morning, I thought, as things seemed quiet, I'd try and reach the cook's galley, to see if I could find a bite and carry it back with me. Descending the rigging, I reached the galley without being seen. I found a bit of beef and some bread in one of the lockers, and was just coming out of the door to go up to my perch again, when who should I run slap into but Cross-eye! I knew all along that if I came close enough to him I should man-handle the beauty. My arm shot out, and I gripped him by the throat before he knew what was the matter. I had him on deck before he could wink, and would have throttled the life out of him but that five or six of the other Chinamen, aroused by the noise, came running up, and by sheer force pulled me away before I could finish it.

"Now," I thought, "I'll have to give in my gun. I only wish they'd given me another minute to settle his hash, and I wouldn't have minded so much." They were holding me, apparently waiting for him to recover and tell them what to do. You may guess my surprise to find that when his speech returned, he didn't tell them to serve me as they had the others; I was marched to a cabin, and the door was locked on me.

"The next morning they let me out, and Cross-eye, who seemed a bit broken up with the shaking I had given him, explained to me what was in the wind. He wanted me to take the ship to some island or the other, but which it was I had no idea, and didn't want one either. I thought matters over the night before, and rather suspected this was why I wasn't dumped over the side. It was rather a big order to fight a hundred and fifty of them, so I made up my mind that I'd take charge of the ship. I could handle her all right, but as for finding any particular island he wanted, that was quite another question, and I had about as much notion of it as the man in the moon. Now, I've often found that the next best thing to being wise is to look



"YOU COME DOWN, WE NO HURTEE YOU."

it, even if you ain't. I put on my most business-like manner, and assured him that what he wanted was as easy as kiss your hand. I could sail the ship well enough, but as for navigation, I knew as much about it as a cow knows of a musket. One thing I did know, that it was a dead beat against the south-east trades, and that I couldn't go wrong if I went on short tacks against the wind. Finding any island Cross-eye

wanted, or I wanted myself for that matter—well, I had a far better chance of being struck by lightning. I looked as wise as an owl, and they used to gather round me as I pored over the chart. If it hadn't a-been for Cross-eye, I should have run for the Australian coast on the chance of dropping across a man-of-war, or some big vessel, and jugged the lot of 'em.

"He knew too much for that. When I proposed running down for New Caledonia as the best place for him (and I really thought so), he looked wicked, and informed me in his pigeon English that he had been hawking vegetables in Australia before to-day, and knew a thing or two. Every day I'd take the old man's sextant, which was lying down below, and pretend to take observations. Then I'd figure down a lot of rot that would a-puzzled any navigating officer to find the meaning of, for I didn't know it myself. Cross-eye would watch me as I pricked her off on the chart, and when he enquired where she was, I'd put the dividers on the spot where I thought he'd like best to be. So things went on for a few days, we beating away to windward on short tacks. I knew that sooner or later we should drop across some land, but I wasn't in a hurry for that. When they'd done with me and found an island to their liking, I was pretty sure they would knock me on the head as of no further use to them. I had gumption enough to see that sticking out a foot. Although I'm no navigator, the strange thing is, I found 'em an island after all. Whether it was the one Cross-eye was looking for, you shall judge for yourselves. It was the fifth night after they had taken charge. I took a tack out of her about midnight, as I thought we'd gone far enough to the eastward. About six bells, or a couple of hours before day-break, we piled up on a reef. We were travelling about seven knots when she struck, so you may imagine she was pretty well on board of it before she stopped. All I could see was white water around us, for it was one of the nights you often get in those latitudes, clear overhead and hazy below. There we lay bumping until morning broke, and as the tide left her, she lay quietly over on her bilge. We had gone on a shoal a couple of miles north of what I found out afterwards to be Rossel Island.

"As the *Marjory* lay over, the coolies were seized with fright. The little courage they possessed, and which Cross-eye had worked upon, making them equal to cutting a man's throat when they were fifty to one, left them. They clung to one another, or anything they could lay hands on, for they thought they were going to be drowned. I smiled as I watched 'em, and wished they were, but I knew the *Marjory* would only lay over a certain distance, and that they

were as safe on board as if they were on the land, for a day or two. Cross-eye, to do him justice, had more pluck than the lot of them banged together, but then his education had been improved by travel, and I expect he knew we were safe as well as I did. He kept his head level, and didn't seem to be much dissatisfied, for although it mightn't be the one he was looking for, here a couple of miles away was an island of some sort, anyhow. I suppose he thought to himself, 'Any port in a storm,' and that this one would do as well as another. You'll see, by and by, that's where he was mistaken. A couple of hours after sunrise, I saw a big fleet of canoes putting out from the land. There was fully a hundred of 'em, and as I found out each carried three or four men, you can guess there was a good number. I wondered if they were coming out looking for a fight, and made up my mind that if they were the Celestial gentlemen should have the whole of it. Cross-eye evidently thought there could be but one motive in their coming off to us, and of course that was plunder. No doubt he judged by his own sweet nature, and what he would do if he was in their place, and made up his mind accordingly. He went among his countrymen and tried to work a bit of stiffening into them, but they had no stomach for it. For my part, I don't know how he expected them to, for with the vessel lying over as she was, all the use they had for their hands was to hang on with. They looked to me for all the world like a lot of flies you see sometimes stuck on a paper.

"There was no need for fighting, anyhow. The natives who approached in the canoes, although they had weapons with them, seemed peaceful enough. When they came closer and made such overtures of friendship and goodwill, I thought we had struck a crowd of black angels. By and by they proposed by signs to take the Chinamen off, and 'land them on the island. At first they didn't seem to care about it, but presently, when one or two had screwed up courage to enter a canoe, the others soon followed suit. In an hour they had all gone, Cross-eye included.

"After they had left, I took the dinghy and went round the *Marjory* outside, to see if I could find any damage. I found she had a hole in her big enough to crawl through, so I thought the best thing I could do was to land on the island as well. The natives didn't take much notice of me, but let me wander round as I pleased. It was different with the Chinamen, and I noticed with surprise they had put them apart, and, giving them a certain amount of room, had started to build a stockade round 'em. They were kept inside this and never let out on any account, and I couldn't for the life of me think why the natives were so particular on this point. I

thought perhaps they didn't want 'em about their villages, for otherwise they treated 'em all right, but outside that stockade they were not allowed. That the natives were in earnest about this I soon had proof.

"Cross eye and a few of the bolder spirits didn't take kindly to this sort of treatment, and evidently wanted to roam around the island at their own sweet will. One day, as I was standing and wondering what it all meant, a Chinaman, who acted as Cross-eye's chief officer, came up to the opening and wanted to force his way out. A native tried to stop him, but he whipped out a knife he had concealed, which the natives had evidently overlooked, and made for him. The native turned and ran, and thinks I to myself, 'It doesn't take much to frighten you, anyhow.' When he had gone about ten yards or so, he turned like lightning, and, drawing his arm back, drove a spear clean through the Chinaman somewhere in the region of his heart, if he had one, which I doubt.

"With a scream of pain he threw up his arms and fell back as dead as a herring. When

I saw this it made me pleased with myself, for it was the thing I most desired, and made me hopeful that in the full course of time the others would fare the same, and that not one of them would ever leave the island. I had a lively recollection of a scene something like it, only that they had played quite a different part. Although he wasn't over clean, I could have hugged that native, for he had solved a question that had been my constant thought since landing on the island.

"With the exception of Cross-eye and one or



HE TURNED LIKE LIGHTNING, AND, DRAWING HIS ARM BACK,
DROVE HIS SPEAR CLEAN THROUGH THE CHINAMAN.

two others, there wasn't much trouble after this with the remainder. They settled down as only a Chinaman could do under the circumstances, and with nothing to do but eat and sun themselves, seemed content enough, and thrived immensely.

"The natives had looted the *Marjory* as she lay on the reef, and brought everything movable on to the island. Among other things, I found one morning they had carted the ship's safe ashore. They knew there was something inside of it, but after they had battered it with

rocks and tried in every way to open it, they had to give it best. I was just as curious as anyone, but thought at the most it might contain a few pounds. If I opened it, and did what they were unable to do, I should impress them, so I laid myself out to please. Had I known as much as I do now, I shouldn't a-done anything of the sort. Taking a canoe with a couple of natives, I made a trip off to the *Marjory*. In one of the lockers I found a bunch of keys, and that was what I'd been looking for. There were a hundred or two natives waiting on the beach, for the news had gone round that I was going to open the thing that had puzzled the best of 'em. I shoved the key in, turned it, and opened the door. They gave a big shout at this, for it seemed a marvellous thing to them, and pressed round me closer than ever. The first glimpse I had of the inside of that safe made me sorry I had undertaken the job of opening it.

"Reposing there was half-a-dozen fat, comfortable looking little bags. I had a notion to close the door again, but the fellows who were looking on had worked themselves up to such a pitch that I saw it would be dangerous. I should like to have possessed those little bags myself, but as my life seemed to me of more value, I had nothing for it but to turn them out. The glitter of the shiners as I emptied the first bag took their fancy, and although they didn't know the value of 'em, or what they were, they just went wild and scrambled for 'em like boys. I saw they were terribly in earnest all the same, and knew that if I did anything to stop 'em, it was a hundred to one I should lose my life. I had sense enough to remember that any amount of gold would be useless to a dead man, so I left 'em alone, and took a back seat.

"They cleared that safe out in quick time, and your humble servant was left standing there with sweet nothing for his share. They made necklaces and earrings of them, and some of those niggers, although not a very high class lot, were worth a pile of money when they had all their ornaments on. It gave me a fit of bile to see a crowd of third-rate niggers decking themselves out with good honest sovereigns. I fairly brooded over it, and at last I got a notion into my head that, if I had luck enough to get clear of that island, I saw a way of gathering most of those coins in again, when they'd done playing with and got tired of 'em. I suppose I must a-been on the island a couple of months before I found out why the natives had rounded the Chinamen up like a lot of cattle, and put a stockade round 'em. Standing looking on one day, I saw a party of about forty natives come along, who appeared to be strangers. It turned out afterwards that they came from an island

I could see about thirty or forty miles to the westward.

"Presently half-a-dozen who I knew belonged to the island I was on, dived in among the Chinamen. They seized a couple of 'em, and dragged 'em outside the stockade, the rest breaking away for all the world like a flock of sheep when the dogs get among 'em. The visitors eyed the two critically, and a great amount of jabbering went on between the natives. Then a quantity of property changed hands, and the Chinamen were led away to where some canoes were waiting. I made myself scarce, and sought a nice quiet place on the beach, where I rolled and laughed until tears came into my eyes. I had tumbled to the whole thing. The natives had rounded the Chinamen up and fed them well with the intention of afterwards scoffing 'em one by one. What they couldn't eat themselves they were trading among their friends, and selling for property, just the same as you or me would sell a fat beast at a fair. I tell you, when I had the grist of it, I rolled on that beach and cried. Not that I was piping my eye for the Chinamen, but that it appeared to me the most comical thing I had ever struck. When I recovered myself, I sat down and had a good think. As things were going, it seemed to me that running on that reef outside the island was about the best thing that could a-happened, and that Providence was at the back of it. It was better even than running across a man-o'-war, for now these Chinese gentlemen would get the justice they deserved without the chance of one escaping. After this I lived mostly on vegetables, and had no use for any sort of hash I couldn't identify. I made a point of counting those Chinamen every day, and I found the tally less each time. Then I'd feel glad with myself, go away to the quiet place I'd located, dance a bit of a hornpipe, and make merry, for although it was rather long drawn justice, and I should have liked it more speedy, it was justice all the same.

"When I'd been on Rossel Island for about six months, I proposed leaving, and the natives, being pleased with themselves, put no obstacle in my way. Some of 'em had told me many times that there were men of my colour living on an island, and had pointed to the north. I looked up a chart belonging to the *Marjory*, and found that the only island within reasonable distance that way was St. Aignan.

"It struck me that I had heard of these men some year or two before, but at the time hadn't paid much attention to it. It seemed a big lump of a place, and although I didn't know much about navigation, I knew how to steer a course, and thought I ought to be able to fetch it all right.

"All my time was spent in making a boat which had belonged to the *Marjory* seaworthy, for I had determined to go as soon as possible, and leave whilst they were in the humour to let me. The evening before I left, I took a trip round that stockade, and counted the Chinamen who were left. I went over them carefully three times, so as to make no mistake, and the total I arrived at was twenty-five. That was right enough as far as it went, and I should have been quite satisfied, only that I saw Cross-eye was among them. With his gift for wriggling out of a tight corner, I should have been much more happy had he been missing. However, there was nothing for it but to leave him there, with the consoling reflection that it was a thousand pounds to a gooseberry against him ever getting out until the natives wanted him.

"The next morning, soon after daylight, with the aid of some natives I launched the boat and, amid a noisy farewell, started on my trip for St. Aignan.

"There was no wind, but I was in a hurry to put some distance between us, in case my coloured friends should change their minds, and wish to detain me.

"I didn't make much progress, and it must have been about nine o'clock, as near as I could judge, when I found myself about half a mile from a point of land I had to pass. Looking to the south'ard, I saw a dark line on the horizon. It was the south-east trades coming away, so, knowing the wind would be with me in an hour at the most, I pulled in the oar I had been sculling with, and waited for it.

"Sitting on one of the thwarts, I was in the middle of a big think, when I was suddenly aroused by a great to-do on shore.

"Casting my eyes in that direction, what I saw was this: A crowd of natives were tearing down the beach, whilst about two or three hundred yards ahead of them was a solitary figure flying for his life. I didn't need to look twice to see that it was Cross-eye,

and fear, or perhaps hope, had put such power into his legs that he was going two yards to their one. He was making for the point of land near the boat, and, when he reached it, without a moment's hesitation, he plunged in, and struck out in my direction. When the natives reached the same place, some entered the water and started to swim



"WELL,' THINKS I, THIS BEATS COCK FIGHTING.'"

after him, whilst others ran for the nearest canoe.

"Cross-eye swam steadily on, each stroke bringing him nearer to the boat. The cool impudence of the fellow tickled me immensely. Here he was swimming towards me, taking for granted that the boat would be a haven of safety. 'Well,' thinks I, 'this beats cock fighting, and 'twould be a pity to disappoint you,' so I chose the heaviest

boat stretcher I could find, and waited to receive him with honours. He must have been fifteen or twenty yards away, and as I stood waiting to welcome him, I saw something which I knew at once rise out of the water not far to lo'ward of him. It was the dorsal fin of a huge shark. Cross-eye saw it too, and redoubled his efforts to reach the boat, but made little headway, for he was nearly played out. I couldn't take my eyes from that fin, and presently I saw it cut the water like a knife, in a bee line for him. There was a flash of white belly in the sunlight, an agonising shriek, and all that remained of Cross-eye was a crimson patch on the sea.

"I trimmed my sail to the wind that came along soon after, and on the fourth day, when I was beginning to think I might have missed the island I was in search of, I saw the loom of it ahead.

"The next morning I arrived and found a party of diggers living there, or rather lingering, for half of 'em were down with fever. I told 'em as much as I wanted to, and they treated me well. What was better still, the craft which was running stores down to 'em arrived a few days after I fetched there, and I got a passage back to Cooktown in her.

"No! I didn't go to Fiji again for several reasons. By this time the owners had got over the loss of their vessel, and forgotten all about it. Although you fellows mightn't think so, I hate reminding people of a loss, and I didn't want to touch up an old sore and cause 'em pain.

"About six weeks after I landed in Cooktown, you might have seen, had you been anywhere handy, a small cutter, about seven tons, dodging about in every hole and corner round Rossel Island. There were two men in her, and you would have wondered what they found to do, hanging about there for the matter of a month or more. This cutter, when she left Cooktown, had from ten to fifteen pounds' worth of trade aboard her. It was cheap and nasty, as

such merchandise usually is, but likely to attract a native, and give him a craving to possess it.

"When she returned, a month or two later, they had got rid of all this, and in place of it had quite a nice pile of sovereigns. Some had holes in them and some hadn't, and there were between two and three thousand of 'em. That's as true as gospel, for one of the men told me so, and not only that, I had a squint at 'em myself."

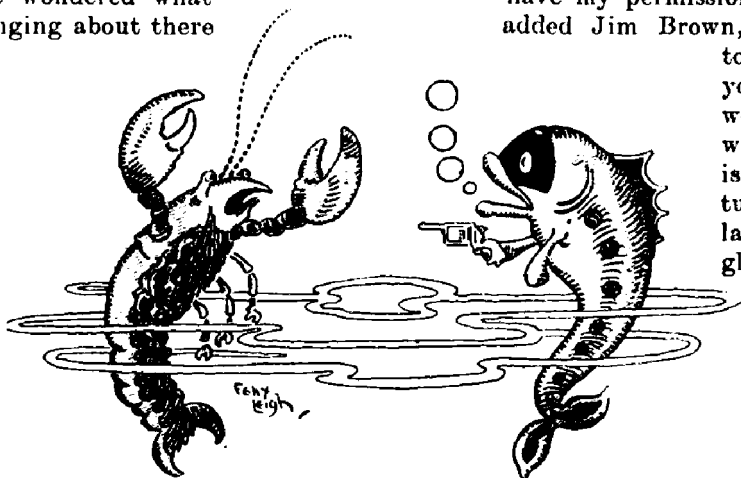
"Oh! I see," broke in Jack Dempsey, a young colonial, "that's why you didn't go back to Fiji, and you were one of the men in the cutter."

"Now you want to know too much," replied Jim Brown, "but if I had any of that money, it's a moral cert I haven't any now, or you can bet your boots I shouldn't be here."

"If it's true," said Jack Dempsey, "seems funny I or nobody else ever heard of it before."

"Not at all funny," answered old Jim, sarcastically, "considering you've only been a dog watch at sea. You're not the only one who never heard of it. If ever any of you get down that way, and care to visit the place I've been talking about, you'll find the safe on the beach still. I don't suppose anyone has taken it, for it's not worth lifting. Traders who've been down that way for years can't make head or tail of it. When they strike the island, they stand and look at the safe, as if they expected it to speak, scratch their heads, and wonder where it came from. Of course they know it didn't drop from heaven, but, between you and me, that's about all they do know of it. What with the safe, and the Chinese gear and ornaments they've picked up at one time or another from the natives, it's been a perfect riddle to all of 'em for years. If ever you meet any of these fellows, and think you'd like

to clear the thing up for 'em, you have my permission to do so. Now," added Jim Brown, who had started to undress, "when you fellows have done wondering whether what I've told you is true or not, just turn into your pews; last in drowse the glim."



AN OCEAN HIGHWAYMAN.

"Shell out, you lobster!"

THE ATHLETIC CORNER

BY
C·B·FRY

CRICKET HINTS FROM AUSTRALIA.

FIRST of all something outside cricket. Do you know where Australia is? Not vaguely, but exactly. Do you know its size, physical configuration, and general characteristics of climate. If not, just take my advice and find out. Get a map and look at it intelligently. Compare the size of Australia with that of Europe, and of the several Colonies with that of France and England. This I mention because half the people who talk glibly about the great new country know very little indeed about it. Where are Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, and Perth? How do the federated Colonies lie with respect to one another? Why is it that the winter season is more rainy in Melbourne and Sydney than in Adelaide? N.B.—An enquiring mind has a deal to do with success in every pursuit: and in cricket.

Anyone familiar with Australian cricket will tell you how remarkable it is that the game there has developed to its present standard in so short a time and under such difficult conditions. Turf pitches are practically unknown except in the big cities, and even there the number is limited. The scorching southern sun parches turf to dust and ashes without a liberal supply of water, and water in sufficient quantities can be used only in the cities, and even there its use is expensive. Yet Australia can play England on level terms! Out there they make no bones with a bit of difficulty. In the back blocks up country they play on hard bare earth after the harvest, the farm hands and stock-men. Sometimes they play on the dry salt-pans. The junior clubs, even in the towns, play mostly upon bare earth. And the intermediates play upon matting laid upon earth, concrete, or asphalt. But they will have pitches of some sort; they will play, and they will make the best of things. Some of us at

home are too fastidious: we want first-rate turf or nothing: we want everything made to order. Better cricket comes from dust-heaps and keenness than from velvet lawns and don't-care.

Australia plays us level. Yet the young Australian who has learnt the game on earth and matting has to unlearn most of it when he is promoted to the turf pitches. But he succeeds. He has little or no coaching, yet he makes a player of himself. Why? Keeness and resource: keeness and resource. Look at the Australian troops in South Africa: the same resource. Knows what to do when strange things happen, does the Australian.

If you look up the records of Anglo-Australian cricket you will find that all of the Australian teams have been splendid in bowling and in fielding, and that their batting, though, as a rule, not quite up to the English best, has always realised its own full value. A word, then, on these points. The Australian bowlers, as a class, have been equally accurate with ours, but have had more sting and spin in their bowling and more artifice. They have always had mechanical precision in straightness and good length, but they have never been machines. Their best bowlers learn in a hard school. As a rule, the wickets in their first-class cricket are so good that while, on the one hand, looseness is abjectly fatal, success comes only to the bowler who bowls with his head. I need not emphasise how important it is for all bowlers to practise diligently until they completely master the power of bowling straight, the power of sending the ball exactly down the direction required, whether on the middle stump or six inches outside the off, and also the power of pitching the ball a good length, neither too short nor too much up. These points the Australian nipper learns on the waste patches, bowling at

the stem of a blue gum tree. As for break, the young Australian learns that by experiments—he twists the ball with his fingers as he delivers it, notes what happens, and then tries to improve on his natural spin. Do you know the story of Albert Trott?



HUGH TRUMBLE. "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."
(By Permission of "The Book of Cricket.")

How he was found bowling at a set of stumps with a big packing case in front of them? He explained that the case was George Giffen's bat, and that he was trying to get round it.

The chief reason the Australian bowlers are lively and whippy from the pitch is, I think, that they do not bowl too much all of a heap. Our English bowlers have rather too much work, and go stale. From this you may infer that the best way to practise bowling is a little at a time and that good.

When you bowl at nets, bowl your very best, but do not keep on too long. Try to make the ball phizz from the pitch, keep it alive, teach it to talk. Don't roll down dead, unambitious stuff. Be a real enemy: hate the batsman.

One great lesson our English bowlers have learnt from the Australians is the value of cleverly disguised alterations of pace. Men such as Spofforth, Palmer, Noble, Trumble, and Giffen have mastered the art of delivering balls of various paces without changing their action or run-up: and, mark you, they have mastered this art without sacrificing the supreme virtue of steadiness and accuracy. Take a ball, go and bowl, and set yourself to send down now a faster one, now a slower one, yet always with the same run-up, the same action of the arm, and the same general appearance. You will find that you can make differences by holding the ball a trifle looser or a trifle tighter, and by so manipulating the ball that now the full swing of your arm is behind the ball, now only part of the swing is brought directly to bear. Deliver the ball now off the tips of your fingers, now off the palm of your hand. Experiment: you will find it interesting. But all the while keep up your accuracy and straightness. Try how the ball goes when you deliver it with the second finger tucked down behind it. That was one of Spofforth's methods. Remember, by the way, not to make your variations too pronounced, and do not overdo the job. You must have a standard, steady pace as a basis for the changes: and do not introduce your tricks too often. And, above all, do not try to bowl above your natural pace: you may well send in an occasional faster ball, but keep your standard pace easy and natural. Mark that the Australians have had only one outright fast bowler, namely, E. Jones. The rest have been medium or slow. So medium pace bowling is an instrument upon which many tunes can be played. For the Australians have been noted for variety.

You may well digest the truths that the Australian bowlers are enterprising, that they take trouble, and that they are not to be discouraged.

As for fielding, the long-played-out matches and the perfect pitches in Australian first-class cricket set a premium upon it. They have found out for sure that dropped catches, ragged picking up and dilatoriness are too, too costly. Miss Clem Hill, at Sydney, when he has made 70, and he will likely make 300. It is worth noting

that their bowling, backed up by their fielding, has enabled the Australians to play England on an equality even when England has had a decided superiority in batting. W. L. Murdoch, the famous Australian batsman, has said: "Give me a team that catches every catch, and it will never be beaten." George Giffen, another great Colonial cricketer, says: "Give me a side of men that will hold all the chances offered, and our opponents on the best of wickets will seldom exceed 250 runs." These are perhaps overstatements; but they are emphatic. The Australians have proved the value of good fielding, and that no pains too great can be devoted to attaining it. And they can all throw: straight, low, quick, and a good length. There is never a man among them who "Cannot go long-off, because I can't throw." They laugh at a cricketer unable to throw. Even their veterans can throw finely: they do not descend to the inefficient jerk.

A noticeable point about Australians in the field is that they are never sleepy. They are keen and wide-awake all the livelong day. They are tough, and consider it a disgrace to slack. They do not suffer from "that tired feeling." In fact, they recognise in the most practical of all ways that fielding is as much a part of the game as batting and bowling. I have seen this fact forgotten sometimes in England, the fact that fielding is a part of cricket.

In style, the Australians have nothing to teach us about batting. On the average our batsmen are more versatile and artistic. But the Australian batsman is remarkable for two great virtues—confidence, and ability to rise to the occasion. Over-confidence, or confidence founded on nothing, is bad: the first promotes fatal carelessness, the second is absurd. But when you have a certain amount of skill you may as well regard yourself as possessing that amount, and act accordingly. There are some batsmen who simply cannot evoke what skill they possess when the pinch comes: they have no nerve, they go all wishy-washy. Now, the Australian does not propose to get out—he goes in and he expects to make runs. In fact, he is confident. It is, you know, possible to be confident without being conceited.

Then, the Australian batsman nearly always plays up to his best form on trying occasions. The fact is, some of the Australians, who have in point of style and art been very much inferior to some of us, have often made many more runs in Test matches.

If an Australian can bat at all he usually succeeds in making, on the average, as many runs as he is worth. Their cracks cannot be accused of making runs only when runs are not wanted, and when things are easy and unembarrassed. They are what may be called good match-players, the Australians. If runs are to be made they set about making them as if there was no doubt of success:



M. A. NOBLE. "A SWERVER."
(By Permission of "The Book of Cricket.")

they show pluck and backbone, and they do not lose their heads.

Now, do not fancy that I suggest that English cricketers have not these qualities too. I merely suggest to you points wherein the Australians are specially to be admired.

On the whole, there is some reason to think that the Australians get somewhat more out of themselves than we do. In batting, I do not reckon it unfair to say that, given an

the stem of a blue gum tree. As for break, the young Australian learns that by experiments—he twists the ball with his fingers as he delivers it, notes what happens, and then tries to improve on his natural spin. Do you know the story of Albert Trott?



HUGH TRUMBLE. "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."
(By Permission of "The Book of Cricket.")

How he was found bowling at a set of stumps with a big packing case in front of them? He explained that the case was George Giffen's bat, and that he was trying to get round it.

The chief reason the Australian bowlers are lively and whippy from the pitch is, I think, that they do not bowl too much all of a heap. Our English bowlers have rather too much work, and go stale. From this you may infer that the best way to practise bowling is a little at a time and that good.

When you bowl at nets, bowl your very best, but do not keep on too long. Try to make the ball phizz from the pitch, keep it alive, teach it to talk. Don't roll down dead, unambitious stuff. Be a real enemy: hate the batsman.

One great lesson our English bowlers have learnt from the Australians is the value of cleverly disguised alterations of pace. Men such as Spofforth, Palmer, Noble, Trumble, and Giffen have mastered the art of delivering balls of various paces without changing their action or run-up: and, mark you, they have mastered this art without sacrificing the supreme virtue of steadiness and accuracy. Take a ball, go and bowl, and set yourself to send down now a faster one, now a slower one, yet always with the same run-up, the same action of the arm, and the same general appearance. You will find that you can make differences by holding the ball a trifle looser or a trifle tighter, and by so manipulating the ball that now the full swing of your arm is behind the ball, now only part of the swing is brought directly to bear. Deliver the ball now off the tips of your fingers, now off the palm of your hand. Experiment: you will find it interesting. But all the while keep up your accuracy and straightness. Try how the ball goes when you deliver it with the second finger tucked down behind it. That was one of Spofforth's methods. Remember, by the way, not to make your variations too pronounced, and do not overdo the job. You must have a standard, steady pace as a basis for the changes: and do not introduce your tricks too often. And, above all, do not try to bowl above your natural pace: you may well send in an occasional faster ball, but keep your standard pace easy and natural. Mark that the Australians have had only one outright fast bowler, namely, E. Jones. The rest have been medium or slow. So medium pace bowling is an instrument upon which many tunes can be played. For the Australians have been noted for variety.

You may well digest the truths that the Australian bowlers are enterprising, that they take trouble, and that they are not to be discouraged.

As for fielding, the long-played-out matches and the perfect pitches in Australian first-class cricket set a premium upon it. They have found out for sure that dropped catches, ragged picking up and dilatoriness are too, too costly. Miss Clem Hill, at Sydney, when he has made 70, and he will likely make 300. It is worth noting

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On the whole, there is some reason to think that the Australians get somewhat more out of themselves than we do. In batting, I do not reckon it unfair to say that, given an

Englishman and an Australian of precisely equal skill, the latter is rather the more likely to "come off" in a big match. And the chief reason of this is the confidence mentioned above. It would be quite easy to pick out English players who are no jot inferior in this quality. It is of the general tone of our cricket compared with theirs that I am thinking.

It may be worth while to remark that the power of producing your best cricket when it is most needed, though partly dependent on temperament and inborn determination, is not beyond cultivation. It is largely a matter of habit: if you make up your mind every time you go in at a crisis or under difficulties that you will do your very best, you become accustomed to the effort of will, and, as it were, have it always up your sleeve.

Only the other day, in looking up some accounts of the earlier Australian teams and their doings, I noticed that the English critics of the time were much impressed with the discipline of the Australians. They took the field like well-drilled troops, and did their utmost to carry through all that their captain required of them. I do not see that at the present time our cricketers are at all behind in this respect. Still, such is the value of discipline that I cannot help just mentioning the point. There is not the least doubt that the team that plays all of one purpose, each member doing his level best to fit in with the rest, has a great pull over the team divided against itself.

BOB FITZSIMMONS' BOOK.

We have received for notice a book on Physical Culture and Self-defence, by Robert Fitzsimmons, the great boxer, published by Gale and Polden. Mr. Fitzsimmons is evidently no great believer in the artificial physical culture so greatly in vogue nowadays. He is not at all with the ordinary strong man and the hulging muscle. That sort of thing, the author maintains, is all very well for weight lifting, but it is no use at all for boxing. The book contains much excellent advice for the use of the boxer. It is interesting to note that the author lays great stress upon learning to use the feet; there is no doubt whatever that this point is, as a rule, too little emphasised. The book is well illustrated from excellent photographs, and is altogether extremely interesting. The style is crisp, pointed, and very readable. The book is thoroughly to be recommended, not only to those interested in

boxing, but to all who pursue athletics in any form whatever.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. Wilkie.—Very well, then, I won't refer you to back numbers. The best way to get into training quickly, as I have often remarked here before, and no doubt shall repeat still more often, is by walking five miles or so at a good quick stride, with a trifle of grind in it, four or five times a week, or every day if you like. Then, of course, you might do a little running and some dumb-bell work; but do not overdo these items. You ought, for your complaint, to reduce considerably the amount of meat you eat, and be very careful to eat too little rather than too much of everything. You ought also to make green vegetables and fruit an important item in your diet. In fact, I should advise you to run your meat diet down to a very minimum, and supplement the deficiency by trying Plasmon. Plasmon has great nutritive qualities in small bulk, and is easily digested. It goes best with milk puddings, but is excellent in all its shapes. Find out about it. No, I could not manage to go to Australia; too much to do at home. You see there is THE CAPTAIN! Thank you very much for your good wishes for the Cup ties, which I daresay you know have come true up to date. We know a bit about football in the South nowadays.

Versatile.—What a beautiful handwriting you have! Would that all my correspondents had the same. As far as I know there is no reason why a goal should be cancelled at hockey because it happens to go through off the goalkeeper's foot. No, I don't think it is a bit detrimental to football to play in various positions. If a man who usually plays back sometimes goes forward, he gets a good idea of how he ought to kick from back to his forwards. Then again at half-back he learns how to pass and how to play a combined game. But of course a man usually plays best in his own position. Most full backs kick much too hard. Of course, you ought to kick hard when in difficulties near your own goal. But when you have the ball clear and plenty of time, you ought not to sling the ball miles away so that the opposite backs can return it easily; far better kick it accurately to one of your own men. Ignorant critics may accuse you of weak kicking when you pass accurately to your forwards. But pay no attention to them.

A. K. Chaytor.—Your letter has reached me rather late, I am afraid. There is no particular way of training for high jumping. So much depends on your natural power of spring. Practise about four times a week; about half-a-dozen jumps at each practice, raising the bar about an inch at a time. Do not run up too fast, and be careful to take off as close under the bar as you can. Say, about half the height of the bar measured from directly underneath it. Try and get your legs and hips over first, and then to lever your body after them. Have the bar as long as possible, so that you can set the uprights well apart; this makes the height look less formidable. The best training for the quarter and half-mile is a judicious mixture of sprints (of from 150 to 250 yards) with occasional strides over a longer distance. Take some good walks, and do not run more than four times a week.

H. Scholfield.—Yes, I suppose Southampton may be considered lucky to have won at Bury. But, you see, they did win. You did not see us quite at our best, as several of our men were more or less crippled at the time. Our defence was very much

pressed, and consequently played under great difficulties, and consequently got slanged. But we managed to keep out the Bury people, who, as you say, were very good; consequently I fancy we did not play so very badly after all.

J. Everatt.—You can get the "Sportfolio," I expect, from the publishers, George Newnes, Ltd. I do not know of any similar publication. There is, of course, my "Book of Cricket," but I expect you have seen that. You can get any amount of cricket photographs from Hawkins, Preston Street, Brighton. As for footballers, you can always get their pictures from photographers in the places where they belong. I am very glad you like my articles in *THE CAPTAIN*. Probably I shall make a book such as you mention for next football season. Look out for it. I do not know of any really well illustrated book on athletics or cycling. There is the Badminton Library, however, the Isthmian Library, and the All England Series. You might have a look at them.

Whitey.—Very glad indeed to hear from Jamaica. *THE CAPTAIN* certainly has a wonderful hold in the Colonies. I read your letter with much interest. I do not know anything about the system of physical exercise you mention. But I know that you can get the same result much cheaper. Stick to your games, my boy; you cannot do better. Some of this physical culture is right enough, but a lot of it is mere bunkum. A man who is a good cricketer, footballer and runner does not need much culture; he has got it. You cannot beat fresh air and natural outdoor exercise. If you do go in for dumb-bells and such like things, be sure and use light weights.

C. A. Wheeler.—Lord Hawke's address is Wigbill Park, Tadcaster, Yorks. Mr. Stoddart's I do not know, but you might write to Lord's Cricket Ground, N.W. My first athletic performance was winning a steeplechase at a seaside place in Dorsetshire, when I was twelve years old. I beat a policeman, two coastguards, a fisherman, a gardener, and three boys. A bob-tailed sheep dog ran in the race, and actually won, but was disqualified for not having paid an entrance fee. The prize was half-a-sovereign.

W. D. Kerr.—You can get a pair of running knickers and a zephyr vest at almost any outfitter's. You ought to have also a woollen sweater to put on after exercise. One of the great secrets of training is to avoid chills. For running on roads a pair of ordinary running shoes without spikes and with soles a trifle stout are, I think, the best. If people can find another time to run, I do not advise them to run before breakfast, but in your case I see no harm in it whatever. Only you should be very careful not to do too much at a time. Also you ought to take some food before your work. For this purpose I know nothing better than a cup of Plasmon cocoa and three or four Plasmon biscuits. Turkish baths are excellent for those people whom they suit; but do not stay long in the hot room; very slight perspiration is enough. Remember that the only successful method of training is to work gradually and patiently, with a keen eye on common sense.

Altrüst.—Gradidge and Sons, of Woolwich, are a noted firm of bat-makers. They have been established for many years. Some batsmen have a special liking for Gradidge handles; you can easily get one. Their willow has a reputation for being consistently good, year after year. Be careful to get a bat of the sort that you yourself find handy and comfortable. No one can really choose for you. The medium grain, neither too close nor too wide, usually lasts best.

Ardent Admirer.—Here is another of them! He has been in for a great deal of cycling and has developed his biceps and the muscles of his knee out

of all proportion. Now he wants to put his calves in order. Very well, then, my advice is that he turn himself with avidity to running and to skipping with a skipping rope. Fast walking, too, is good for the calves. The only institutions I know of where people are trained for professional football are the reserve teams of the big clubs.

Roy Evans.—Why do not you fellows who want advice by any particular date, why don't you, I say, send in your enquiries in time? We are only too delighted to help you; in fact, it is our special mission. But magazines like ours go to press about a month before they come out. Just bear that in mind another time. About training before breakfast, see above. A five-mile walk at top speed is a bit too far so early in the morning. Three at the outside. Run short sprints in order to gain speed, and supplement these with occasional longer distances in order to gain length of stride. There is a great deal about training in back numbers of *THE CAPTAIN*.

Olympian.—Plasmon I know quite well, because I have for some time made it an important item in my training diet. You are wrong in calling it an artificial preparation; it is absolutely natural. You will find that when people know more about it, it will be in great demand.

S. G. W.—My advice about trying to get pace in bowling is—don't. Stick to your own natural pace. Bowlers who try to increase their pace beyond that which naturally belongs to them usually go to pieces. Your break will be plenty of use to you provided you learn to keep an accurate good length. There is no way of improving your throwing except by assiduous practice. Begin with a short distance, keep the flight of the ball as low as possible, and fire in long hops at the top of the stumps; then gradually increase your distance away.

An Admirer.—I cannot see that there is much wrong with your weight. You are sound in limb and wind, have a good appetite, and are quite fit. Exercise would tend to make you heavier rather than lighter. I believe it is a fact that weight depends largely on whether or not one is big-boned. You cannot do better than take plenty of outdoor exercise and plain, wholesome food.

Half Gone.—Your enthusiasm for cricket does me good to hear of. But you are wrong if you think you have got me by the leg, for I may say that I, too, have played cricket all this winter with the ground covered with snow and ice. Playing on a ground iron-bound and crinkley with frost I find an excellent education in back play and defence. So don't you try to pull my leg on that score again. The Surrey Shield type of batting glove is all right for the left hand. Personally, I prefer the ordinary type with thick, black rubber on the fingers. I like the sort that go on with a twist of elastic round the wrist.

A. H. S.—If I were you, I think I would go in for the quarter and half-mile, but, of course, it depends on whether or not you are suited for these distances. If your forte is sprinting, you might have a chance at the shorter distances. To gain speed there is nothing better than short sprints of about 50 yards. But if you go in for the longer distances, you ought occasionally to stride through a full lap and sometimes two.

A. J. J.—I am very much obliged to you for your contribution to my scrap-book. I am sending the picture to the Editor of *THE CAPTAIN* in case he may like to use it.

A. H. Edwardes.—Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells are good. But I do not advise the use of more than the two springs unless you are going in specially for weight-lifting and heavy strain work. Be sure, too, to study moderation; and do not work without a

proper scheme of exercises. You can get a chart of exercises from Sandow, Ltd., Savoy-street, W.C. You can use the Developer too. But don't overdo it.

Philip Plowden.—No, I do not agree with the man who wrote to the *Daily Mail*. He has evidently overlooked the fact that a batsman may be in for fifteen minutes, or even more, without receiving a single ball. Surely under those circumstances it would be most unfair that he should be out for not scoring fast enough. I cannot get you an autograph of the gentleman you mention just at present, he being many thousand miles away. However, if you write again during the cricket season, I will do my best for you.

G. F. A. S.—Quite an old friend! So you have transferred to other quarters in Munich. I remember your letter last year perfectly well. I think half-an-hour is a bit too long; take my advice and halve it—you will get just as good a result. When you feel your heart beating in your head, as you call it, it is quite certain that you have been subjecting it to greater strain than you ought; at any rate, for the purposes of ordinary exercise. I expect you are perfectly sound. But let me most solemnly assure you that in order to develop your muscles to their very greatest perfection there is not the slightest necessity for you to go in for violent strain. If you are troubled with indigestion, be careful not to take violent exercise or do hard brain work within at least an hour of meals.

College Boy.—There is only one way to learn to bowl straight, and that is by common or garden practice. Do not try to bowl too fast; see above. Over-arm bowlers are usually straighter than round-arm.

Yoshio Katogama.—Glad to hear from a son of the nation with which England has allied herself. It is splendid to find that you like *THE CAPTAIN* so much. You appear to me to have a pretty complete mastery of the English language. I assure you, you put to shame the majority of my English correspondents. As you say, England is a fine country. We Englishmen have a great admiration for Japan. So we are quits. If you keep your eye in the month of May upon a morning paper called *The Sportsman*, you will see at once where the cricketers you mention are playing. In Scotland you will find, as you say, "mountains and a strange race of people." Permit me to thank you for your most interesting letter. To become a member of the Club, apply to the "Old Fag."

S. Baxter.—A cricket ball, when it pitches, if the surface of the ground allows the friction to work, breaks in the same direction as the ball is spinning. Most bowlers impart their spin to the ball by drawing their fingers across it as it leaves their hand. Borrow the Badminton book on "Cricket" from a library, and read what A. G. Steel says on the subject. I have not space here to explain the matter, nor yet to tell you how to place your field, but you can find plenty of information on the subject in Ranji's book on "Cricket."

H. N. Waller.—In preference to those you mention, I should advise you to get your bat from Shaw and Shrewsbury, Victoria Square, Nottingham, or from Gradidge, Artillery-place, Woolwich, S.E., or from Stuart Surridge, 175 Boro' High-street, S.E. Tell them exactly what you want. You can mention my name if you like.

H. H.—There is no cure for thin legs except exercise. At least I know of none. But your legs are not particularly thin for your age and size. At any rate, I don't think mine were any bigger at your age; and up to date they have carried me very well through life.

D. J. G. Campbell writes to tell me, referring to a previous remark of mine, that cricket has already been introduced into France, although as yet it is not very much followed. Football, he says, is flourishing in Gaul. There are 420 clubs, Rugby and Association, the latter being more popular. The Belgians and Dutch and Swiss play quite a lot. There are ten championships in Paris, which is the centre of games. In answer to the query, I expect the reason you can't shoot is because you don't look at the ball when you are trying to kick it. I dare say your tendency to kick too high comes from having played Rugby. There is a little book on "Hockey," published by Ward, Lock and Co., Salisbury Square, E.C. The author is H. S. Battersby.

S. W. Hood.—You certainly will not do yourself any harm by practising holding your breath, with a view to increasing your power of swimming under water. Take a long, slow breath, very gradual, through the nose with your mouth shut, hold it for a little time, and then breathe it out slowly again. The practice of long breathing in this style is excellent for everyone.

Demerara.—For advice about bowling see above. If you have a tendency to bowl to leg, simply aim so much the more to the off.

P. M. R. (PORT ELIZABETH).—It is amusing to hear that the mile championship cannot be held at Cape Town because the Green Point Track is occupied by a Boer Prisoners' Camp. Your time for the mile (4 mins. 43 secs.) compares very well with the times done at Public Schools at home. It would win oftener than not. No, eighteen is not too young to run long distances, if you are strong. The best practice for the mile is to run distances varying from 400 to 600 yards; aim at cultivating speed. You might run the full distance about three times during training.

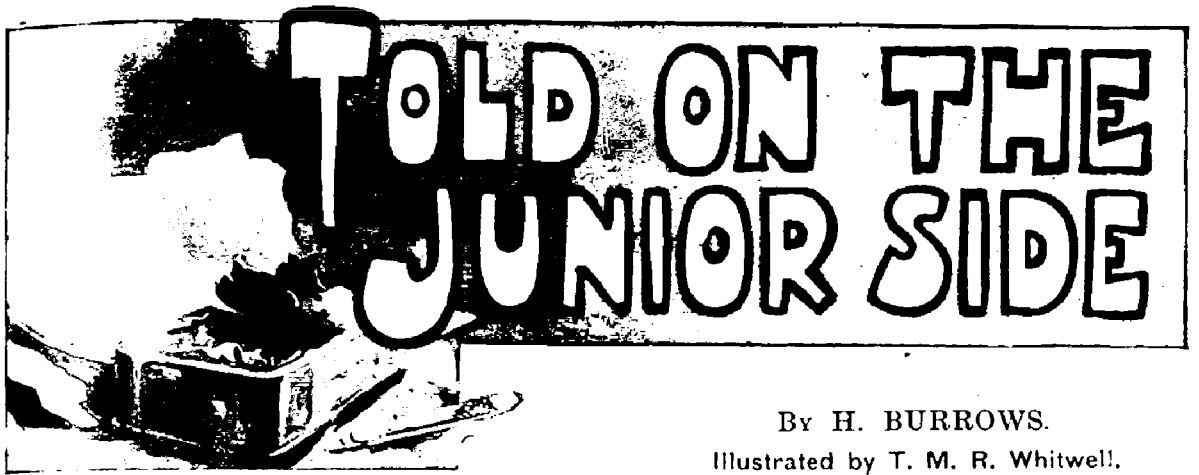
R. MacDougal.—The only way to improve your cricket is to play cricket. Dumb-bells are all right, but use the lightest possible.

Eldon.—The bats made by Stuart Surridge and Co. are certainly good ones. I have had several beauties from them that I have used in county cricket. Yes, they last well and are well-balanced, but, of course, you ought to pick one that suits you. If you cannot go to their emporium, write mentioning your height and age, and the weight of bat you like. About 2 lb. 4 oz. is heavy enough for anyone, to my mind.

Ilisa Pré.—Old Fag has handed on your letter to me. You ought to be able to swing from rung to rung along a horizontal ladder without any difficulty. It does not require much strength. Try not to let your weight pull your arms out quite straight as you hang on the first rung; start with a bit of a swing, and, as you swing forward on to the second rung again, avoid letting your engaged arm be pulled out quite to its full length. If you find you cannot start at all, get someone to give you a slight leg-up. You will soon get the knack of the thing. Dumb-bells of 1 lb. each ought to suit you. All exercises in which the arm is brought from straight to completely bent are good for the biceps. When you bring your hand up to your shoulder point you use your biceps; when you extend your arm straight again you use your biceps. You can find out all about muscles in the chart sold with Sandow's grip dumb-bells.

(Several Answers held over.)

C. B. Fry



By H. BURROWS.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

V.—SANDY HILL.

MOST schools have their special customs. Sometimes these can be traced back to their foundation by some noted youth, who in course of years has become a semi-mythical hero. Sometimes the history of their origin is so hopelessly lost as not even to be the subject of plausible conjecture. Sometimes they are reasonable, sometimes very much the reverse. But whatever their nature, there they are, and their destruction, even with good cause shown, is a task which generally baffles the zeal of the most ardent reformer.

We, too, had our customs, one of the most ancient of which required each new boy to give some performance before the lower school assembled in conclave during the first week of his coming. A song or a recitation formed the strict choice, but the telling of a story or the showing of some new trick would generally be accepted as a substitute. Not a very formidable ordeal, one may think, but still a sufficiently trying one to many a youngster fresh to school life. Some of the masters rather favoured it, on the ground that it discovered latent talent. My conviction is that this was not. Occasionally we happened on a treasure in the shape of a boy possessed of a pleasing voice, or a turn for story-telling. But it was not likely that either gift would go long undiscovered; and for the most part the chief pleasure of the audience lay in exploiting the nervousness and incompetence of the performers.

Tradition had it that on one or two occasions the tables had been fairly turned. I recollect a boy, with a voice of excruciating quality and an ear to match, who, after protesting that he could neither recite nor sing, at last favoured us with the only song he knew. It proved to be "God Save the Queen." And

never were an audience more embarrassed. Loyalty prevented our interrupting the stave with those howls of derision which would have greeted any other song, and so we sat and suffered. At the close of the first verse, Carter, who usually presided on these occasions, hastened to intervene. "Thank you, that will do," said he, in rather a strained voice. And then we breathed again.

When young Lewis first appeared amongst us, most of those present were smitten with some feeling of compassion, and were prepared to listen to his effort with more than usual indulgence. "I can't sing," said he, plaintively, in reply to the usual question. "Can't sing?" echoed Bannister. "I say, Carter, here's a chap says he can't sing." "Rubbish!" cried Carter. "He has choir-boy written all over his face, or I never saw a surplice." Lewis gazed round the assembled forms with the air of one who knew his failings, but trusted to our goodness to condone them. "I can't sing," he repeated mournfully; "but," brightening up suddenly, "I can recite."

Now, we were not particularly fond of this alternative, and Carter was about to overrule the suggestion. "Oh, nonsense!" commenced he. But custom is stronger than the most powerful autocrat. "Rule! rule!" cried a score of voices. "Oh, very well," said Carter sulkily; "but the kid can sing, I know. Well, what are you going to recite?" "The Ballad of Sandy Hill," piped Lewis in a shrill treble voice. "Don't sound *very* exciting," commented Bannister dubiously. "Is it long?" "It is in forty verses," said Lewis. "Great Scott!" quoth I; "don't you know anything else?" Lewis shook his head dolefully, and the suspicion of a tear glittered in either eye. "Here, stop the waterworks," interposed Carter, hastily. "Have it as you like, and chuck it out." And Lewis, placing his hands



"SANDY HILL BELONGS TO THE MILL."

behind him, began to recite, in a most monotonous sing-song, as follows:—

"Sandy Hill belongs to the mill,
The mill belongs to Sandy Hill;
Sandy still belongs to the mill,
And the mill belongs to Sandy still."

"Humph!" said Carter. "So that is the first verse, is it?" Lewis nodded. "Well, I don't think much of it," added Bannister. "Hold your row," said I, encouragingly; "the young one is only in his exordium." "Run, run!" cried Bannister frantically; "fetch a doctor, quick! Here's a chap gone and swallowed the dictionary!" "Shut up, you idiots!" interposed Carter. "Let the young one go on." And, placing his hands behind him, Lewis proceeded, in the same monotonous sing-song:

"Sandy Hill belongs to the mill,
The mill belongs to Sandy Hill;
Sandy still belongs to the mill,
And the mill belongs to Sandy still."

"Why," cried Carter, "that is the first verse all over again. We want the second verse, young one." Lewis regarded him reproachfully. "That is the second verse," said he. "Don't tell me," commenced Carter, angrily. "Don't fluster the kid," said I. "He has

made a mistake, but you will only make him worse. Now, young man, let us have the next verse." Lewis accorded me a grateful smile. "Third verse," said he. "If you like," said I. And, placing his hands behind him, Lewis repeated, in the same monotonous sing-song: "Sandy Hill belongs to the mill,
The mill belongs to Sandy Hill;
Sandy still belongs to the mill,
And the mill belongs to Sandy still."

The audience glared at one another, and then at Lewis; but the small boy wore a far-away air of scrupulous innocence. "Shall I say the fourth verse?" said he. "Yes?" And without any further invitation he straightway proceeded:

"Sandy Hill belongs to the mill——"

A yell from the audience stopped him. "How many verses did you say there were?" demanded Carter. "Forty," replied Lewis in melancholy tones. "And are they all alike?" pursued Bannister. Lewis slowly turned and gazed on him with large, round, innocent eyes of open admiration. "However did you guess?" said he.

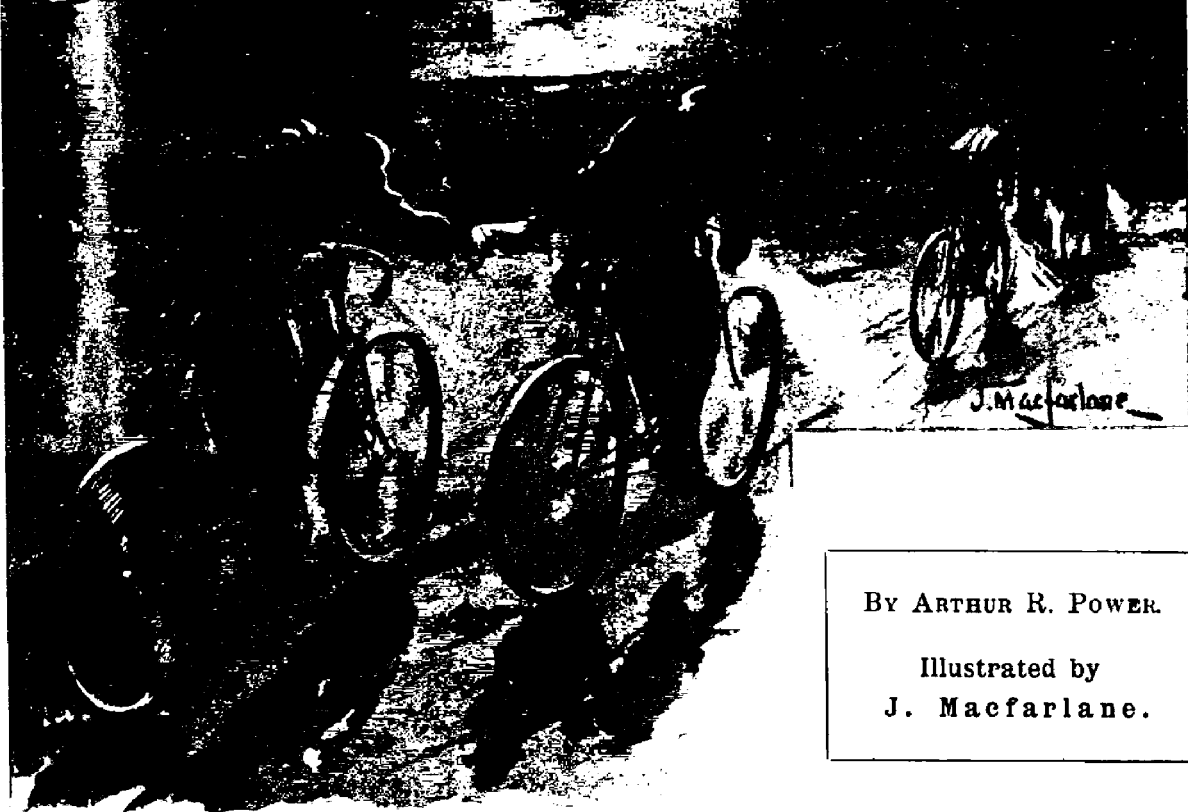
A second yell broke from our throats, and as it died away we heard the voice of the junior classic, who had just entered the room. "For shame, boys!" said he. "Why are you all howling at that poor little chap who has only just come?" "Please, sir," commenced Carter, indignantly, "he is reciting——" "Then why don't you give him a fair chance?" interrupted the master. "Anyone can see how nervous he is." (Even the junior classic was not infallible.) "Come, young man, let us hear what it is you have to say."

And, fairly beaming upon his new protector, Lewis placed his hands behind his back, and, in the now well-known sing-song tones, commenced:

"Sandy Hill belongs to the mill——"

But the lower school rose in a body, and fled shrieking to the playground.

WHEELS & WOLVES.



By ARTHUR R. POWER.

Illustrated by
J. Macfarlane.

HERE were five of us altogether; myself, an engineer, employed in a Russian firm, my younger brother, Jack, a boy of fifteen, and eight years my junior, who was left in my charge to learn engineering, and a wild and impulsive Irishman, named Bryan MacDermott, my colleague in business, who scarcely ever spoke without perpetrating a "bull," while two Russian student friends, Ivan and Michael, whose acquaintance we had made during our stay in the little but not unimportant town of K——, in Polish Galicia, completed our party.

We had a few days' holiday in the late autumn, and after much discussion decided to spend it in a short bicycle tour. Touring at this time of year, even in the southern parts of Poland, is not perhaps an ideal sport for weaklings, but we Britishers were young, fit, and warmly clad, while our Russian friends were hardened to the climate. The summer had been unusually damp and chilly for this part of the country, but the autumn was making up for it by being fine and dry, and the weather, though cold, was less severe than

usual for the season, and would, we hoped, remain clear for our holiday.

We equipped our bicycles with the usual triangular touring bags which fitted in the frames, carrying each a good warm travelling rug to supplement the miserably inefficient sleeping arrangements of Polish country inns. We took three large flasks of good brandy—the Russian equivalent for whisky—while our student friends carried vodski, a sort of gin much drunk by the lower classes in Russia, and affected by some students, in the proverbial poverty of student life, on account of its cheapness. We were also provided with good revolvers and large dagger-like knives, a necessary precaution in the wilder parts of the country, and Bryan carried a light sporting gun slung across his shoulders, for he was a keen sportsman and never missed a chance of a shot.

We started at ten o'clock on a bright clear morning, intending to cover the fifty miles between us and the little town for which we were bound in the day—a fair journey in the biting cold. We soon passed away from the outskirts of the town and into the open

desolate country with scarce a sign of life in it, travelling blithely in the clear autumn sunshine over the hard, dry track. It was not the road for fast riding, but all being well we should easily reach our destination before darkness set in, and there was nothing to detain us on the way providing the sky remained clear and the snow kept off.

We lunched heartily off simple fare at a village inn, having performed about two-thirds of our journey, and here we heard the somewhat disquieting rumour that, early as it was for them to show themselves, wolves had been seen in the district during the last few days. Their proximity was attributed to the badness of the summer, hunger from this cause having emboldened them to leave their retreats earlier than usual in search of food. No one we could find had *seen* the wolves, however, and the weather was so comparatively mild that we did not attach much importance to the village rumours, and laughed at the fears of the landlord, who we thought wanted to secure five guests for the night.

We had still some seventeen miles of our journey to do when we left the inn. A strong icy wind, presaging a change of weather, had sprung up and somewhat checked our progress, while the inevitable puncture delayed the whole party for a quarter of an hour, for of course we had decided to keep together. The quickly falling autumn darkness now began to set in, and we still had the last half of the final stage of our journey before us. We lighted our lamps and plugged steadily on across the endless plain, while the track became gradually more difficult to find in the rapidly growing darkness, in which it was not easy to distinguish the small landmarks bordering the road. The air was growing keener and more frosty, while the wind rose steadily, and we were now beginning to wish that our journey was over. Visions of a comfortable dining room, roaring fire and good dinner passed before me continuously as I bent down to the work.

"What's that?" asked Jack suddenly. We had not heard anything, although sound travels far in the frosty, rarified air, but the youngster's ears were sharper than ours. Suddenly across the dreary silent waste came an unmistakable howl.

"Wolves," said Michael, grimly. "We must push on smartly, boys, or they will be upon us. They are a good way off, I think."

We hurried on with all the speed we could, but the conditions of the ride had begun to tell upon us, and we were getting too done

up to increase our pace much. Poor Jack was gradually lagging behind and I slackened and tried to encourage the boy. "Come on, Jack, old chap," I said, "let me tow you," and handing him one end of my handkerchief I helped him along. But the strain of the double work told upon me too, and our friends were looking round to see what was happening as we gradually dropped behind.

"It's no good," gasped Jack, "I can't go another twenty yards. You must leave me here and save yourself."

The idea of leaving him never crossed my mind, but the picture of myself living to carry the tidings to our widowed mother in England of the tragic death of her youngest boy, left in my charge, rose before me for one brief moment.

At times like this ideas pass rapidly through a man's brain, and my engineer's training had taught me that there is nearly always a way out of a difficulty if a little ingenuity is exercised. I did not intend to be torn to pieces and devoured by a pack of wolves for want of a little inspiration, and what I saw before me in my mind presented a plausible if slender chance of escape.

The moon had risen and the track was open and clear. Across the light-coloured dried grass about a hundred yards ahead I could distinguish a small clump of tall fir trees. The wolves were now hot on our scent and were rapidly nearing us, judging by the closeness of the sound of their sharp, fierce yelps. In another five minutes they would be upon us.

"If we can reach those trees in time, we shall be safe," I shouted. "Come on, you fellows, tear on like mad and stop there." All this happened in less time than it takes me to tell it, while I was towing Jack, who rallied a little at my words, for he was still young enough to have implicit faith in the powers of his elder brother.

It seemed an hour's journey, that last hundred yards, but at length we reached our goal. "Jump off and do just as I tell you," I shouted, and we held one of the quickest councils of war on record.

Lying at the foot of one of the trees was a dead she-wolf. She had two wolf pups with her, nestling in her fur for warmth and vainly seeking nourishment from their dead mother. She had evidently escaped being devoured by her brothers and friends, not so much from an oversight as from having dropped behind with her little ones through weakness during some savage pursuit for food, and had crouched

under the shelter of a tree, such as it was, to die. We quickly dragged the body away, separating the young wolves from it with difficulty. "Catch hold of the youngsters, Jack, they will keep you warm," I said, and

lashed to the trees will form the walls and the other two the roof. Fix them up and tie them together. Sharp's the word."

There was no need to hurry them. They grasped the idea, and in half a minute we had



THE UNWOUNDED WOLVES LEAPT UPON THEIR DEAD AND DYING COMRADES, TEARING THEM TO PIECES.

he placed the pups, who licked his hands, inside his coat against his breast.

"Now then, boys," I said, as I selected a spot within a triangle formed by three trees, "we must make a covered cage with the bicycles between these trees and fight for our lives within it. Three machines upright and

the machines in position and were hastily lashing them together, passing our belts and luggage straps round the slim fir trees. We were finishing the job with our handkerchiefs and neckties when the wolves appeared in sight.

We made the most of our defences. The three

trees gave a certain amount of stability to the improvised refuge, while the triangular leather bags in the centre of each bicycle filled the most formidable gaps, and we put the pedal cranks in such a position as to form the best fortification between the wheels, but in spite of this our fortress was frail enough. We had not tied the last knot when the wolves were upon us, a hundred of them I should say, delivering a furious onslaught against our defences. A few of them, attracted by the dead wolf, made short work of her carcase, and then helped in the attack.

We had to face the odds of a triple frontal attack, and took up our positions in a military and scientific manner. Bryan, Ivan and Michael each defended a side, while I gave my attention to the roof. Jack was too exhausted to do more than become an extremely interested spectator, and sat still, with his back against one of the trees forming our buttresses, looking on. Many of the wolves sprang on to our open-work roof, and there became entangled in the spokes of the wheels which helped to form it, while I shot them at a two-inch range with my revolver. I was not an expert at long range shooting, but I don't think I wasted any lead at this distance. The uproar was indescribable, the unearthly screams of the wounded and dying brutes, the howls of the attackers, and the sharp cracking of the revolvers, with the occasional musical twang of a broken spoke (luckily they were strong), together with the rattle of the bicycles, as the wolves dashed against them, would have been sufficient to alarm the whole countryside had there been any inhabitants within miles.

The smell of blood attracted the famished tenable and they leapt down, turning their dead and dying comrades, tearing them to pieces and devouring them while life still lingered. There must have been a dozen of the brutes above us, fighting now against each other for life, and our fortress began to creak so ominously with their weight that we were compelled to fight with our right hands, steadying the structure with our left, while we wildly shouted warnings and advice to each other. I began to fear for the strength of the roof with all this weight upon it, but the attackers soon found the position untenable, and they leapt down, turning their whole attention to our walls. Bryan, Ivan and Michael had been busy meantime, and the mangled and half-eaten corpses of dozens of wolves proved the accuracy of their shooting, and the length of odds against the attackers of a fortified position. Many an ugly

grisly snout was pushed through the unavoidable gaps, and much did Bryan deplore the fact that lack of space prevented him from kicking. "There now, you ugly old brute," he shouted as he gave an enormous grey wolf a tremendous blow on the snout with the butt end of his revolver, as it tried to crawl through an opening, "next time you come and attack a defenceless party who are quite able to defend themselves, bedad, I expect you'll stop away."

Ammunition was getting short, and as the fighting was at close quarters, with, thank heaven, some strong steel tubing between us and our assailants, we were able to make good use of our knives, stabbing desperately at the snouts and eyes, and slashing and hacking the fore-feet, of the brutes, for with wounded fore-feet the wolf is utterly helpless. I was beginning to feel a terrible pleasure in the fighting, and for the first time understood the "lust for blood" felt by soldiers in battle. Many of the wolves evidently gave us up as a bad job, and indulged in their cannibalistic tastes to the utmost, making a good square meal off their dead companions. Our obvious tactics were to kill sufficient to feed the others (we could not hope to kill them all), for your wolf is a cowardly brute at best, especially with a full stomach, and we hoped the surviving members of the pack would sheer off when they had had their fill.

And now the attack began to weaken somewhat, and we were consequently able to slacken to a certain extent our vigorous defence, and to do our best to render ourselves as secure and comfortable (save the mark) as possible for the remainder of the night. We refrained from using our ammunition unnecessarily, shooting only when we could not stab, and reserving our little stock for any future attack, for it was more than possible that the wolves might return with reinforcements, or that the keen scent of another pack might be attracted by the smell of blood, and it would be quite out of the question for us to leave our refuge before morning.

The attack was getting weaker and weaker, and at last the surviving members of the pack slunk slowly off, leaving scarcely any bones even to mark the battlefield. It must have been half-past four in the afternoon when we took shelter from the wolves, and by six o'clock the enemy had retreated, utterly vanquished.

We now turned our attention towards strengthening our position, tightening up all knots, adding to them where possible, and doing everything we could to prepare for

another attack. Now that the heat of the fighting was over we began to feel the cold, so, crouching down in our somewhat airy chamber, we arranged our rugs in the best way we could. We relighted our lamps (which we had blown out when we halted) to serve as a signal to any rescue party which might (it was a forlorn hope) set out in search of us, for we were expected at our destination that night. We took rations of brandy all round, and Jack, who had recovered somewhat from his exhaustion, fed the wolf pups with a little milk that he had in his flask. It may seem that this was a waste of good food, but, as I told the garrison, these wolves were part of our defensive force and were destined to help to keep life and warmth in the party all night, and in the event of a siege to provide us with food, not that there was much fear of a prolonged siege when once the night was passed in safety.

The cold now became intense, and we could not build a fire in our narrow prison, which only just held us, even if we had dared to unfasten part of our refuge to collect wood. The only thing to do was to sit still and keep awake at all costs. We rubbed our hands with the despised vodski and sprinkled some in our shoes for warmth. A ration of brandy was served round at intervals, and there we crouched, smoking our pipes, for we had that comfort. Jack, unaccustomed to the brandy, soon became so drowsy that it was impossible to keep him awake, so, spreading his mackintosh cape on the ground, we rolled him up in the largest rug, covering him completely, and putting one of the pups inside on his chest for warmth. There we let him sleep, huddling close to him on either side and sharing the remaining rugs between us, covering ourselves entirely with the exception of our faces, while we passed the second pup from one to another in turn.

And thus we sat and waited. The time passed slowly, each minute seeming an hour as we tried to keep up a cheerful conversation, failing miserably in the attempt.

"Don't go to sleep, you fellows, whatever you do," said Michael, as he heard a suspicious snore from a corner of our refuge. "Our one chance is to keep awake."

"Yes, we must keep watch," I said, "only I think we're safe from another attack. We've given them a lesson."

"I wish I thought so," said Michael. "I don't want to discourage you, but you don't know wolves as I do. It's a hundred to one they'll return with another pack before the night is over."

And as he spoke, as if in confirmation of his words, we heard the now familiar long-drawn howl in the distance, followed by others sounding like an echo of the first.

"They scent us!" cried Michael, "look to the fastenings all round. They'll be here in five minutes."

"Better wake up young Jack," said Bryan, as with pale, set face he crouched on guard.

"No, let the boy sleep if he can," I said, gently spreading another rug over him to keep the noise, if possible, from waking him from his heavy slumbers. "Time enough for him to know when the end comes, or when we want him to help."

And now once more we were surrounded with wolves and fighting for our lives. "Keep the ammunition for signals," shouted Michael above the din, "let a volley off every five minutes—it's our only chance if there's a rescue party about." And so we depended upon our knives alone.

The savage wolves seemed to come in hundreds and literally swarmed over our fortress, at one time completely shutting out the moonlight. The first attack had been furious, but this was worse, worse even than we had bargained for. I stabbed desperately with closed eyes at the living, surging mass above me, giving wild yells for help as I did so, and still the pile above increased in size, while on the ground some of the wolves, desperate with hunger and regardless of the knives of my companions, pushed their snouts into our very fortress, snapping and snarling in a manner truly ferocious. We stabbed and hacked with terrible effect, and though every wounded wolf relieved us temporarily of several more, who seized their comrade when they saw him disabled, yet the numbers of our assailants did not appreciably decrease.

The frightful scene of butchery will live in my memory for ever, as with hands bruised and torn from crashing against the bicycles as we hacked at the enemy, we fired our revolvers at intervals with a dreadful feeling that it was our last chance of rescue, for it was now quite plain that we could not hope to hold out against this overwhelming attack all through the night.

I strengthened our roof, still covered with a dark, writhing mass of wolves, by placing Bryan's gun, now useless for want of ammunition, upright against it like a tent pole, and more secure at any rate on this point, for the pile of dead wolves above us filled up the gaps, I turned with a reeling brain to help at the walls.

Jack was slumbering peacefully through it all; the unaccustomed brandy had helped this. Poor boy, I take no credit to myself for it, but throughout that scene of horror my thoughts were solely for the lad and his mother. But he should die fighting if die he must, of that I was determined. We would break out and fight to the end if need be, and not die crouched down under our broken shelter.

And all this time our assailants never for one moment abated their ferocity. Fresh wolves clambered over the backs of those who were devouring the dead brutes under our very eyes, and strove to enforce an entrance, and still we fought, and shouted with a desperate hope that help might come.

But it could not last. Fighting is hungry work, and we were faint with our exertions and want of food. Imperceptibly at first, our defence was getting weaker, our breath came in short gasps, and still the wolves never faltered in the persistence and vigour of their attack.

The fastenings of our fortress were frayed and torn; we could see this in the moonlight; but we had no means of strengthening them. At last a handkerchief on Bryan's left gave way. With a shout he seized the main tube of the bicycle and held it upright for an instant, while the teeth of a wolf nearly met with his hand between them. The next moment he made a plunge at the brute with his right hand, and the animal sank back, a knife buried to the hilt in its skull. The bicycle meantime tottered inwards, and as Bryan fainted from pain I scrambled forward and placed my shoulder against the now leaning machine, and could feel the warm, evil breath of a wolf as it snapped savagely within two inches of my face, while another fastening, unable to stand the strain, gave way.

"We're done for, Michael," I shouted in despair. "The whole thing's collapsing. Wake the youngster up."

"No, no," he shouted in return, "hold on, for heaven's sake. There are torch lights over yonder." I looked across the plain, fol-

lowing the direction of his eyes. There were dozens of flaming torch lights in the distance rapidly nearing us.

The wolves, feeling the swaying weakness of our structure, were still pressing the attack, and did not notice the approaching lights. We now turned our attention towards holding the shelter together for a few moments more,



HE MADE A PLUNGE AT THE BRUTE WITH HIS RIGHT HAND.

rather than killing the enemy, who, finding that they could approach with comparative impunity, threw themselves with full force against us. And still the lights came nearer and we could hear the shouts and distinguish the running figures of the rescue party, fifty or more peasants armed with guns, and, what is more terrible to wolves, flaming torches. They dared not shoot for fear of wounding us, for they could hear our shouts as they rushed forward. They were within fifty yards of us when the wolves saw them, and at this moment the structure gave way with an appalling crash, burying the five of us beneath it.

I struggled desperately beneath the fallen mass of bicycles and wolves, trying to turn my face away from the teeth of the baffled and infuriated brutes, then there was a confused glare of lights, and the ruins of our shelter were lifted off us by willing hands.

As I rose to my feet Jack's sleepy face appeared from underneath his covering of rugs. "What's the matter, Harry," he said to me, "I thought it was all over?" "And so it is Jack, old boy. Thank heaven it's all over now," I answered.

It appeared that we owed our rescue to the landlord of the little hotel, who was expecting us that afternoon. He was rather anxious when darkness fell and we had not

arrived, and when a farmer from an outlying district galloped into the courtyard of the inn with the news that wolves were afield, and he could not therefore return home that night, our host had immediately formed a rescue party, but, as he confided to me afterwards, expected to find nothing but five bicycles and a few bones.

I need hardly say that we went home *by train*.

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AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"Hidden Books" (FOURTH SERIES).—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe the title of a well-known book. Write the title of each book under each picture, fill in your name and address, tear the page out, and post to us. There will be three prizes, viz., first, £1; second, 10s.; third, 5s.; and twenty consolation prizes consisting of books by CAPTAIN authors. In the event of a number of competitors sending correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. No age limit.

No. 2.—"England v. Australia."—Send, on a post-card, what you consider to be the best England Eleven we can put in the field. The prizes will be THREE COPIES OF C. B. FRY'S "BOOK OF CRICKET" (value 15s.), signed by the author.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 3.—"Story of a Sovereign."—Imagine yourself to be a sovereign (*i.e.* the gold coin of that name), and relate the most dramatic, the most peculiar, the most humorous, or the most touching incident in your career. Don't exceed 400 words. Prizes: Goods from our advertisement pages to the value of 7s., to be chosen by winners.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"Drawing of a House."—Send a drawing of a house, in water-colours, ink or pencil. It doesn't matter what sort of house it is; the way you draw it is the thing. THREE PRIZES of 7s.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—"Mixed Letters."—The competition in the March number was too easy. Ninety-nine out of every hundred competitors got it right. So below is another one. *Only those who sent in correct solutions to the March "Mixed Letters" comp. may enter for this one.* We have all the post-cards, and so shall be able to see whether the winners this time are eligible for awards.

Here are the "Mixed Letters." They make a sentence of ten words. Begin with the T in the middle. A letter can only be used once in forming the sentence. Send post-cards.

Prizes: THREE HALF-GUINEA PING-PONG SETS.

D A P E R T H
E P N L I C A
H S I H E K T
S Y A T C S H
I O T P A E A
L B Y R E V S
B U P N E E B

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AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit comp., so long as he has not actually turned 20. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"Hidden Books" (FOURTH SERIES).—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe the title of a well-known book. Write the title of each book under each picture, fill in your name and address, tear the page out, and post to us. There will be three prizes, viz., first, £1; second, 10s.; third, 5s.; and twenty consolation prizes consisting of books by CAPTAIN authors. In the event of a number of competitors sending correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. No age limit.

No. 2.—"England v. Australia."—Send, on a post-card, what you consider to be the best England Eleven we can put in the field. The prizes will be THREE COPIES OF C. B. FRY'S "BOOK OF CRICKET" (value 15s.), signed by the author.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.

Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.

Class III. ... Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 3.—"Story of a Sovereign."—Imagine yourself to be a sovereign (*i.e.* the gold coin of that name), and relate the most dramatic, the most peculiar, the most humorous, or the most touching incident in your career. Don't exceed 400 words. Prizes: Goods from our advertisement pages to the value of 7s., to be chosen by winners.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.

Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.

Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"Drawing of a House."—Send a drawing of a house, in water-colours, ink or pencil. It doesn't matter what sort of house it is; the way you draw it is the thing. THREE PRIZES of 7s.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.

Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—"Mixed Letters."—The competition in the March number was too easy. Ninety-nine out of every hundred competitors got it right. So below is another one. Only those who sent in correct solutions to the March "Mixed Letters" comp. may enter for this one. We have all the post-cards, and so shall be able to see whether the winners this time are eligible for awards.

Here are the "Mixed Letters." They make a sentence of ten words. Begin with the T in the middle. A letter can only be used once in forming the sentence. Send post-cards.

Prizes: THREE HALF-GUINEA PING-PONG SETS.

D A P E R T H
E P N L I C A
H S I H E K T
S Y A T C S H
I O T P A E A
L B Y R E V S
B U P N E E B

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.

Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.



J. O. Jones

And How He Earned His Living.

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

Author of "Tales of Greyhouse," "Love the Laggard," etc.

Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.

J. O. JONES, an old Greyhouse boy of enormous strength, obtains a mastership at Adderman's, a notoriously ill-managed and unruly private school. On his first evening whilst taking prep., he orders a boy to go to the headmaster's study. The boy—who proves to be the headmaster's son—refusing, J. O. Jones carries him to the study. Mr. Adderman enters the room in time to overhear his son's violent language.

CHAPTER VI.

AND AFTERWARDS.

THE

MIXTURE of irresolution and dismay on the headmaster's face would have forced a smile from J. O. had the situation been less serious.

As it was, he said quietly: "I regret, sir, to have to report your son for misconduct."

"Of—of what nature?" enquired Mr. Adderman.

"Disobedience and impertinence."

"It's a lie——" burst from the boy, who had by this time retreated from J. O.'s immediate vicinity. His sister, too, had gone back to her seat.

"Tom, you mustn't speak like that," interrupted Mr. Adderman, "you must treat masters with more respect——"

"I say again—it's a lie," was the boy's vindictive rejoinder, "I wasn't doing anything. I happened to pull out a paper, and he snatched it away from me, and then he got hold of me and carried me in here as if I was a dog. You can ask any of the fellows."

Mr. Adderman felt it to be a most unfortunate thing that this new master should have begun on his own son. He would have been able to deal with the matter more easily had it been any other boy. But Thomas Adderman—the delinquent in question—was a sad handful; he defied his father, and gloried in harrying the masters.

"You had better finish your preparation in here," said Mr. Adderman, mildly; "when Mr. Jones has given me a full account of your conduct, I shall decide how you must be punished. Go and fetch your books."

The boy slunk round the table—keeping it between himself and Jones—and then, with a mocking side-glance at the new master, left the study, closing the door after him with unnecessary violence.

"Is it true that you *carried* my son out of the schoolroom, Mr. Jones?" enquired the headmaster, when the boy had gone.

"I was obliged to—he would not have come otherwise," said J. O.

"Surely that was resorting to extreme measures?" suggested the headmaster with a touch of irritation in his tone.

"They were necessary. He was very rude and absolutely refused to obey me."

"Could you not have reported him in the usual way?" asked Mr. Adderman; "but I forgot," he added sarcastically, "you have had no previous experience of scholastic work. Let me tell you, then, Mr. Jones, that it is always a mistake for a master to use his hands to a boy. I disapprove of it strongly."

The girl who had so vehemently rebuked her

brother, probably deeming that the two men would prefer to be left alone, rose from her chair and moved towards the door.

"Ah—one moment, my dear," said the headmaster shortly. "Mr. Jones, this is my daughter Lucy."

Jones bowed, and, walking to the door, opened it for her.

"I am much obliged to you," he said in a low voice, "for what you did just now."

Lucy Adderman looked once into his face, and then, with a slight inclination of her head, passed out of the room.

"And so, Mr. Jones," continued the headmaster, "you will clearly understand that I object to my masters using physical violence. It causes trouble with the parents, to mention only one evil resulting from it. I have had to dismiss more than one master for losing his temper and behaving like a brute. I am sorry you have started in this way. It is hardly a good omen."

Jones had a hot retort at the tip of his tongue, but with an effort he kept it back. He would have rejoiced had his circumstances permitted him to throw up his post then and there. He would willingly have walked out of the school with his portmanteau on his shoulder. The conduct of the fellows in the Long Room had tried him very severely, and he had only held himself in with an effort; and now—not a word of encouragement—not a word of sympathy from this man who called himself a headmaster, who could not even administer reproof without displaying the chagrin which lay behind his remarks.

Jones thought of his father and of what his father had said: "*Your career hitherto has hardly been a success.*" Jones thought of that little speech, and of the tone in which it was uttered, and as the memory of that interview flashed through his mind he stifled back the words which he was burning to utter—the words constituting his immediate resignation. Instead, as Mr. Adderman sat down at his desk, J. O. concluded that there was nothing else to be said, and so, without more ado, made his way back to the Long Room.

It proved unlucky for him that Tom Adderman had preceded him thither. For, when Jones was carrying that young hopeful to the study, the boy, in his futile struggles to escape, had knocked his free ankle against the swing door. The result was a slight contusion—the merest graze—which just broke the skin. A very little blood proceeded from this trivial wound, which was as nothing compared with a chance hack at football. Master Adderman, however, discovered his hurt

on leaving the study, and determined to make all possible capital out of it. Instead of swabbing up the blood with his handkerchief and thinking no more about such an unimportant accident, as any decent-minded fellow would have done, the headmaster's son and heir carefully refrained from tending his injury beyond pulling down his sock, turning up his trouser-leg, and displaying the sore place to all who might care to inspect it. Being only too willing to draw the worst conclusions from the occurrence, the boys in the Long Room flamed up in sympathy with the victim, in spite of the fact that, under ordinary circumstances, he was one of the best-hated fellows in the school.

It is usually the case with hostile assemblages that the few affect the many. However angry a mob may be, it does not proceed to violent measures until the first stone has been thrown or the first blow struck. It is easy then for others to follow suit.

As Jones entered the Long Room, a fellow sitting at the top end gave a hiss. This was taken up by the others round him, and in less time than it takes to record it the solitary initial hiss had developed into a sibilant storm, that was punctuated by cries of "Shame!" and (if you please) "Apologise!"

Jones—as they well knew—couldn't carry a whole roomful of fellows into the headmaster's study, and so these bright specimens of the English schoolboy felt quite safe in hissing the new master to their hearts' content. Adderman, while he collected his books, grinned malignantly at Jones, at intervals exhibiting his injury to the boys sitting near him.

Jones quickly discerned the cause of this hostile ovation.

He went up to Adderman, who, with a red and apprehensive face, shrank away from him as he approached.

"Have you hurt your leg, Adderman?"

"Yes—at least you did," was the answer.

"Let me see it."

Jones bent down and examined the wound.

"It is a mere scratch; go and wash it."

Adderman deemed it wise to take his departure without further delay, so he limped painfully down the room, an object of concerned inspection from all the small boys in the front row.

He did not neglect his opportunities, however, for, on going into Hall for supper after seeing the boys up to their dormitories, Jones found that his colleagues were well posted in the events of the evening.

"I told you they'd take it out of you," observed Mr. Atkins, with a laugh, "that's their way."

Jones sat down, and Mr. Samuels cut him some cold mutton, while the dilapidated Johnson poured him out a glass of beer.

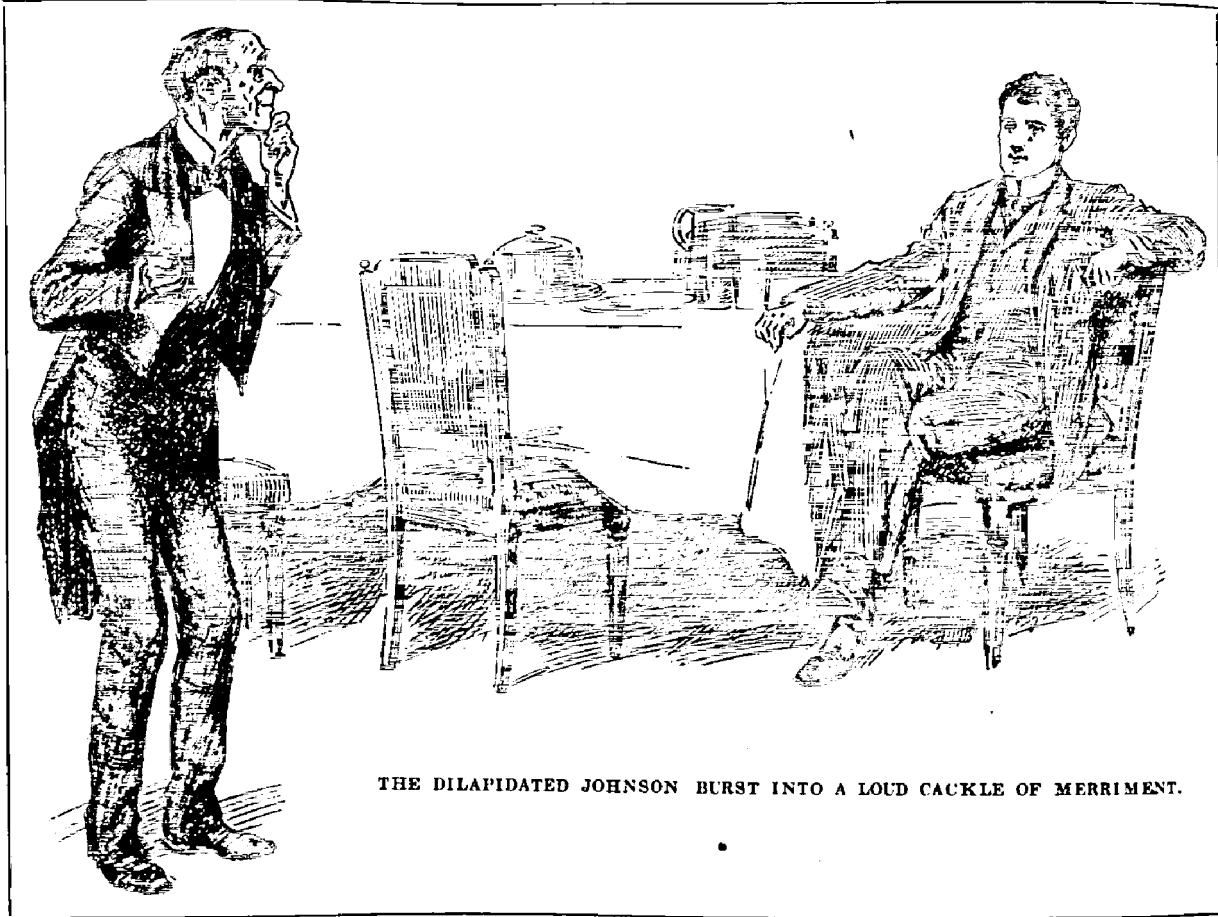
"What 'appened?" enquired Atkins, anxious for full details.

"You seem to have received information already," said Jones, helping himself to salt.

"Only what young Adderman told us; he came into the common room and asked for a bit of

Mr. Samuels did not linger over his meal. He was bound for the drawing-room with his violin when he sat down to snap up some supper. Mr. Huntingdon followed him at a leisurely pace. Mr. Atkins went off to Ardenwood for the second time that day, this time to play billiards at the local club, and Mr. Green retired to the common room with a book.

As each one went, Johnson's chuckles grew



THE DILAPIDATED JOHNSON BURST INTO A LOUD CACKLE OF MERRIMENT.

plaster, explaining that you'd about 'arf-killed 'im."

The dilapidated Johnson, who was handing Jones the potatoes, gave a dim, mirthless chuckle. Mr. Samuels glared at the man-servant, who went to a side-table with his hand over his mouth. At intervals during the meal he repeated his chuckle.

"He had a nasty cut on his ankle," said Mr. Samuels, coldly. "You'll find it as well not to lose your temper with the boys, Mr. Jones."

J. O. made no reply, but, being uncommonly hungry, devoted his entire attention to the mutton. Although Mr. Atkins made several further attempts to get him to talk of the matter, J. O. put him off good-humouredly every time he touched on the topic.

more frequent. At length, when Jones and he had the Hall to themselves, the man-servant no longer took the trouble to conceal his glee.

"Is there anything else I can get you, sir?" he enquired.

The "sir" was a distinct concession. "No, thank you," said Jones.

"A little more celery, sir?"

"No, thank you," said Jones again.

The butler looked round the room, and then, gazing at Jones admiringly, burst into a loud cackle of merriment. He was not used to laughing, so that the sounds he produced were not pleasant to listen to; his laughter reminded one of rusty door-hinges.

"You seem to be amused," said Jones, drily.

"Amused? No, I'm 'appy. I saw you carryin' 'im into the study. I've been 'appy ever since."

And again the butler gave a harsh, wheezy, rattling guffaw.

CHAPTER VII.

HARPER.

THE CLANGING hand-bell, lustily wielded by the versatile butler—who emitted another dim chuckle when he passed the door of

Master Adderman's room—aroused J. O. Jones from a profound slumber.

From force of good habit, he tumbled out of bed at once cheerfully enough; but when his gaze fell on his unfamiliar surroundings, his bright feelings vanished, and for a brief period he experienced a touch of home-sickness.

For J. O. loved his home; he was never so happy as when he was there, pottering about in old clothes and doing numberless little things of no great consequence, but all useful in their way. Birds and beasts and flowers—aye, and vegetables—were among J. O.'s friends; he could groom the old pony and prune a greengage tree with equal facility and enjoyment. Getting up at Middlebury was the reverse of a hardship to him. There was a sharp tub, shave, and dress, and then a stroll in the garden with Estelle before breakfast. Essie was a girl of quick sympathies and shrewd observation. Her conversation had always something in it, and her mind was not entirely engrossed with nothings. She never bored J. O., nor was she bored by him. Before she "grew up" she accompanied boys on their outdoor expeditions, joined moderately in their games, and preserved her womanliness throughout in a quiet, queenly little way which had won their hearts entirely. She had been woman enough to tremble when J. O. had ascended to perilous places in search of eggs, and she had been woman enough to dislike swift bowling at cricket. She had been woman enough, too, to bind up ugly gashes without flinching, and to nurse her brother when he was attacked by a deadly epidemic—conscious of the risk she ran, but willing to lay down her life that one she loved might live.

I must confess that Essie had never accomplished great distances on a bicycle, nor had she ever hardened her muscles with dumb-bells. She left such things to J. O., content with only a slight participation in those exercises and pastimes which belong properly to the stronger sex, whose bodies are more fitted by Nature to cope with fatigue and rough handling.

Essie played to perfection the part that woman is intended to play in Dame Nature's great scheme—and so J. O. missed her, and, big man though he was, felt homesick for her absence.

She had written to him, however, and he read her comforting little letter while the boys at his table devoured their breakfast, gabbled, and played sly practical jokes on one another—wondering, mayhap, why he did not thunder perpetual rebukes at them, as Mr. Huntingdon and Mr. Atkins did at the boys sitting at their tables. It is true that J. O. had occasion to reprove one or two fellows in a quiet way, and there was something in the wording of his admonitions, in his tone and glance, which secured obedience more successfully than all the bawling of Messrs. Huntingdon and Atkins.

As Mr. Atkins had said, J. O.'s broad back, owing to the position of his seat, was turned towards the high table, at which sat the headmaster, his daughter, Mr. Samuels; and Miss Peters—the last-named presiding over a great coffee-urn, from which half of the boys were supplied. One of Miss Peters's maids—she had two to assist her in mending and like duties—controlled another urn at the far end of the Hall.

J. O.'s breakfast was procured from the top table by the boy sitting on his immediate right; if his plate or cup required replenishing, the boy on his left acted as waiter. The other masters were similarly supplied. Miss Adderman had charge of the high table tea and coffee—Mr. Samuels dispensing the porridge and fish—and so, in the ordinary nature of such things, J. O.'s amateur waiters brought him little messages, such as: "Miss Lucy wants to know whether you take tea or coffee, and also whether you take sugar and milk, sir"; or, "Miss Lucy is afraid the tea is rather strong, sir, and will send you some more milk if you like."

Miss Lucy soon got to know that J. O. was quite normal in his likes and dislikes, ready to drink either tea or coffee, but—as he had to decide—preferring coffee; taking milk and sugar, yes, "plenty of sugar"—at which Miss Lucy smilingly put two lumps in his cup and an extra one in his saucer; anxious to oblige by eating anything that was served as the breakfast dish; and, in sum, proving himself to be the owner of a good and easily-catered-for digestion. Mr. Green, too, was normal, but Mr. Atkins never took milk, and liked his tea strong; Mr. Huntingdon couldn't eat eggs, and Mr. Samuels displayed a not unnatural aversion to bacon and pork sausages.

It is worthy of note that since Lucy Adderman had left her Parisian finishing school and taken

up her abode with her father, Miss Peters had developed a worse temper than ever, and the high table food had advanced correspondingly in quality. As far as the way he was fed went, Mr. Atkins had no longer any reason to assert that he was treated like a dog. Indeed, under the improved menu, Mr. Atkins was beginning to put on flesh. Lucy Adderman, for all that she was but nineteen, had, like Estelle, a womanly sense of the fitness of things, and her innate ideas of right told her that, however bad they might be, her father's masters ought to enjoy a sufficient and varied diet if they were to do their work well and energetically. Therefore she had talked quietly with her father, and her father had given certain instructions to Miss Peters which that lady had unwillingly carried out.

Lucy Adderman, having nothing particular to do, had decided to turn her attention to the school in general, for her eyes were sharp and had not failed to note that all was not as it should have been (1) in the attitude of her father towards the boys, (2) in the attitude of the boys towards her father, (3) in the attitude of the boys towards the masters generally.

Her private opinion of the latter was not flattering, though to be sure her manner towards them was pleasant enough. And as she was exceedingly pretty, with dark hair and eyes, and a good figure which two years in Paris had taught her how to clothe becomingly, and as she played and sang well and could talk entertainingly, it really looked as if her coming would prove decidedly beneficial to a place which much needed the manipulations of a new broom.

During the week following the passage of arms with Master Adderman, J. O. did not exchange any conversation to speak of with the delinquent's sister, an occasional "Good morning," indeed, comprising the whole of it. J. O. kept in the common room when he was not working or taking exercise. He didn't play the violin, like Mr. Samuels, nor had he a tenor voice, like Mr. Huntingdon. True, Estelle had taught him the bass of "Chop-Sticks," but he hardly imagined Miss Adderman would care to hear him perform on the piano to that modest extent. In spite of the fact that Lucy Adderman had not proved "fluffy" enough for the particular Mr. Atkins, the music-master not infrequently bent his steps in the direction of the drawing-room, the consequence being that J. O. and the retiring Green frequently had the common room to their two selves. Their little chats soon made them firm friends, and thus, by the time J. O. had been at Adderman's a bare seven days, there were two people in the school who

had decided that he was a man quite to their liking. Green was one and the other was the dilapidated Johnson.

As for Form III., the end of J. O.'s first week found them quite decided about him, for he managed, during that short space of time, to rob them of a considerable quantity of penny dreadfuls, catapults, and other contraband articles; he also docked a fair portion of their play by keeping them in, and he had conveyed to them, in the course of one or two brief but very pithy speeches, the fact that he intended to dock their play until they prepared their lessons to his satisfaction. They had come to the conclusion that he was a beast, and they intended to give him a warm time whenever an opportunity occurred. Form III., in private conclave, had declared war against J. O., and J. O. gathered as much from their demeanour. He accepted the situation with equanimity, knowing that a good give-and-take fight is a wonderful thing for clearing the air.

At the end of J. O.'s first week, it was noised through the school that Mr. Adderman had secured (what is still known as, I believe) a parlour-boarder. Harper, the boy who was to enjoy the privilege of using the headmaster's part of the house as if it were his own home, was said to be an orphan who had never been to school before. It was added that he had spent most of his life travelling about with a rich uncle, who was now dead, a guardian acting in his stead as regards Harper and his movements.

On the afternoon of J. O.'s eighth day at Adderman's, just as he and Atkins were getting their hats and sticks in the Hall preparatory to sallying forth for a walk, a cab pulled up at the school's main entrance. To the astonishment of the two masters, they observed the *cabman* emerge from the interior of the vehicle, while a slight, dark, pale-faced boy, of apparently some sixteen or seventeen years, alighted from the box seat. He was dressed entirely in black.

"That must be the new boy," said Atkins, brushing the dust off his bowler hat with his coat-sleeve. "Seems a larkly sort."

At that moment Johnson shuffled up to the glass-panelled inner door and opened it.

The new boy walked up the steps, one sweeping glance of his dark eyes taking in the butler and the two masters, as he said to the former: "What is the correct fare to this place from the station?"

"The correct fare is eighteen-pence," replied Johnson, "though they get 'arf-a-crown as a rule."

"Thank you," said the fresh arrival, turning

on his heel and descending the steps. "Here's your money, my man," he added, addressing the cabman. "I thought I was right."

"'Arf-a-dollar be blowed!" replied the cabman, hoarsely; "the fare's 'arf-a-dollar, and you said you'd give me an extra bob if I'd ride inside."

"I said I would give you a shilling over your fare. The correct fare from the station, I am informed by that gentleman yonder," waving his gloved hand towards Johnson, who blinked gloomily at Mr. Atkins, "is eighteenpence. Very well. Here is the extra shilling I promised you, and the fare—half-a-crown in all. Now perhaps you will allow that gentleman to take my luggage off the top of the cab."

"E's got you by both ears this time, cabby," observed the butler, limping down the steps. "You know as well as I do that the c'rect fare's on'y one an' a tanner. Give us a holt of that trunk-'andle."

With many profane exclamations the cabman did as he was bid, helping the butler with so much energy that the trunk toppled over the edge of the cab's roof and fell with a smash on to the gravel, very nearly bringing down Johnson with it. A little frightened by the result of his roughness, the cabman grumblingly helped the butler pick the trunk up and carry it into the hall, the new boy watching the whole proceeding with the utmost calmness, the fall of his property failing to elicit any remark from him.

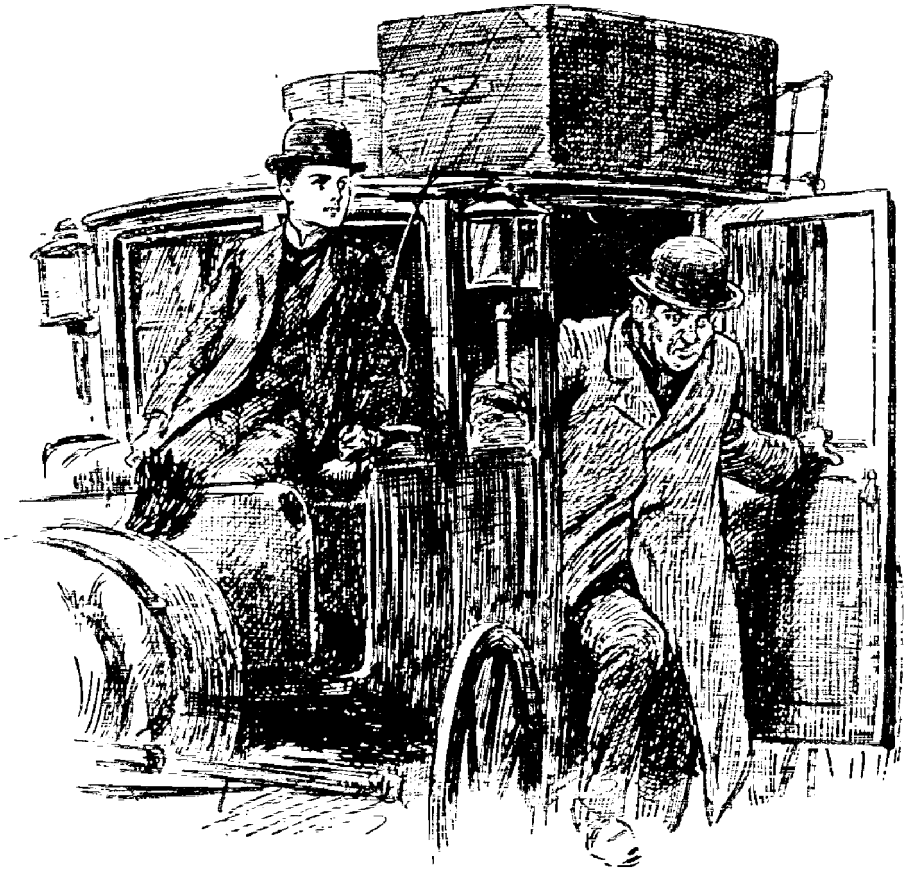
The cabman, having descended the steps, still lingered.

"There's no purtieler reason why you should wait, you know," sarcastically observed Johnson, from the top step. "The Prince of Wales ain't dining 'ere to-night, or we'd er arsked you to meet 'im."

"'E'd 'ave got a bloomin' bad dinner if 'e 'ad

been," retorted the cabman, savagely, as he clambered on to his box, "with a bloomin' animated scarecrow to serve him with it. Kemmup!"

So saying, he headed his horse towards the gate. He had not gone many yards, however, when the new boy flung a shilling after him with such accuracy that it pitched on the top of the cab a few inches from the irate Jehu's back.



THE CABMAN EMERGED FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE VEHICLE.

"Good shot!" said Jones, approvingly, as he came down the steps with Atkins.

The new boy raised his hat and smiled his acknowledgments of the compliment. Then he walked up the steps and followed in the trunk-laden butler's wake.

"That fellow has a queer sense of humour," observed Jones, as he and his colleague pursued their way down the drive.

"Bit of a 'andful," agreed Mr. Atkins, losing all control over his rebellious aspirates, "and no error. But the big chaps 'll have a word to say to 'im on that point. Bradwell and Bull will take 'im in 'and," concluded the music-master, "as sure as eggs is eggs."

CHAPTER VIII.

AND HIS WAYS.



IT was agreed in the kitchen by Cook and her satellites that a change had come o'er the spirit of Mr. Johnson. For, until quite recently, the butler's temper, as well as his appearance, seemed to have seen their best days; now, however, he was getting positively amiable. His ghostly chuckles, indeed, were the wonder of his fellow-servants.

This barometrical alteration in Johnson's condition of mind was due to two very simple occurrences—the drastic treatment J. O. Jones had dealt out to Master Tom Adderman, and the cool way the new boy had talked to Miss Peters, the matron. If Johnson had a *bête noire*, it was Master Tom Adderman; if he had another, it was Miss Peters. Therefore, when each of these received what is called a “facer,” the soul of Johnson did rejoice, and was exceeding glad.

And all the kitchen wondered—for, although the taking-down of one's enemies may give the average person a good deal of satisfaction, it does not lead one, as a rule, to emit ghostly chuckles at intervals of ten minutes throughout the length of several long winter evenings.

This, however, was exactly the effect these happenings had on the school butler, and it was only after considerable coaxing from Cook (who was already casting matrimonial eyes on the manservant) that Johnson deigned to explain the cause of his amusement.

His usual taciturnity relaxing under the genial influence of a jug of beer—Cook was a woman of the world—Johnson delighted the kitchen with a vivid account of how the new master—“that big feller”—had carted Master Tom into the headmaster's study and dumped him down there before the very eyes of Miss Lucy. Not being bothered by any sensitive code of honour, Johnson had not hesitated to linger in the corridor and listen to what followed. He had heard Master Tom get a “dressing-down” from Miss Lucy for kicking the new master's shins, and he had heard Mr. Adderman expostulating with his son immediately afterwards.

And then Miss Peters.

When Johnson had, according to custom, taken the new boy into the headmaster's study, he left the two together. Five minutes later a ring recalled him, and he was then directed by the Head—who wore a puzzled and not very comfortable look on his face—to introduce Harper to Miss Peters.

To the average new boy, after the kindly parting attentions of mother and sisters, an

introduction to Miss Peters was like being doused with cold water. For this elderly lady had a frigid and unhappy manner, and her heart—if she possessed one, which many people doubted—seemed to be encircled with icicles.

When Johnson, with the new boy in tow, applied his knuckles to her door, Miss Peters was writing angry letters to certain Ardenwood tradesmen who had been dilatory in delivering goods.

“Come in,” she said, in a hard, rasping tone.

Instead, however, of a melancholy and homesick youngster, whom she would have regarded with a hard and unsympathetic stare, there appeared an elegantly dressed, self-possessed youth, who approached her without any outward sign of trepidation.

“This is Master Harper, ma'am,” said Johnson.

“Oh—I am pleased to see you, Harper,” said the matron, in a tone about as cordial as that of a judge passing sentence of death. “Take Master Harper's box up to Number Seventeen, Johnson. We will follow you.”

“A warm day, madam,” said Harper pleasantly, as they followed the butler down the passage.

“You must call me ‘Miss Peters,’” said the matron abruptly.

Harper gravely inclined his head in acknowledgment of the correction.

“Really wonderful weather for the time of year,” he added sociably.

“I prefer the cold,” snapped Miss Peters.

“I can quite imagine that you do,” was the calm rejoinder.

Miss Peters gave the new boy a severe side-glance, but as his manner was politeness itself she made no remark.

“This is your room,” she said, as Johnson deposited the trunk on the bare floor of No. 17. “You see, you will have it to yourself, as your guardian wishes it.”

“I am obliged to you,” said Harper; “but you will pardon me for remarking that it seems a trifle damp.”

“The room is not at all damp,” returned Miss Peters. “A boy like you ought not to be so fanciful.”

“Those who travel much learn to be particular about such things,” said Harper, not a whit abashed. “You will, I am sure, do me the favour of having a fire lit.”

Miss Peters, under ordinary circumstances, would have sternly refused such a luxury; but it occurred to her that this was a parlour-boarder, and therefore entitled to certain privileges. “Light the fire, Johnson,” she said. “Now,” to

Harper, "give me your key and I will unpack your trunk."

The fire being already laid, Johnson knelt down and applied a match to it.

"I thank you for your kind solicitude on my behalf," said the new boy, "but I prefer to unpack my trunk myself."

"It is the rule——" began Miss Peters.

"Pardon me," said Harper, "as I am not acquainted with the rules, you can hardly expect me to comply with them."

The new boy walked to the door.

"There is no key in the lock, I observe," he said. "I must request you to let me have one. A long experience of hotels has taught me——"

"Keys are not allowed," said Miss Peters, shortly.

"If," said Harper, in his blandest tone, "you will refer the matter to Mr. Adderman, I am sure he will grant my request. Now," he added, walking to the bed, "as to the sheets. Ah! as I feared—*damp!* Careless chambermaids cause much mortality. You will give instructions regarding them? Thank you. And I notice the bed is placed midway between the window and the door. There is a distinct draught. However, I can remedy that myself. Apart from the little faults I have been forced to find, Miss Peters," he concluded, "I think this is a very nice room. To be sure, a carpet would not detract from its comfort——"

"You will learn not to be so particular when you have been here a little time," said Miss Peters, sourly. "Johnson," she added, "find Master Tom and ask him to introduce Master Harper to his schoolfellows."

And with a grim smile—which was not lost on Harper—she quitted the room.

Tom Adderman was discovered roasting chestnuts in the Fourth Form class-room. With a very bad grace he left that fascinating occupation to carry out the matron's behest.

"How are you?" he observed, shambling into No. 17.

"As well," returned Harper promptly, "as can be expected."

Tom Adderman stared hard as he took the new boy's slim white fingers in his rough paw.

"I'll show you round if you like," said Tom, not quite appreciating the searching scrutiny of the other's coal-black eyes.

"I shall be most happy," said Harper.

Tom therefore shambling down various passages and staircases, with Harper at his heels, and at length arrived in the playground. A lot of fellows were collected here, the worthy Bradwell and his chum Bull amongst them.

"This is the new fellow, you chaps," said Tom, with a broad grin.

Harper politely raised his hat and made the assemblage a comprehensive bow, which caused a general cackle of laughter.

Bradwell, scenting prey, lounged up, followed by Bull and a dozen others. He surveyed the new-comer's slim form with considerable contempt, and then said:

"What's your name?"

The new boy's dark eyes wandered slowly over Bradwell's burly form and somewhat blotched face. Having taken his measure, he calmly replied:

"Harper—and yours?"

"Oh," said the other, a little disconcerted, "mine's Bradwell, thanks. What's your pater?"

"My 'pater,' as you call him," returned Harper, "is dead, but when he was alive he was a gentleman. Is yours?"

Bradwell was considerably nettled by the laughter elicited by this retort. However, he owed it to his reputation to keep up his end.

"How much tin have you got?" he demanded.

"Really," said Harper, gazing fixedly at his questioner's feet, which were very large. "I don't see what that has to do with you, Mr. Bradwell."

"Oh, don't you? Well, just look sharp and tell me how much you've got."

"Two or three thousand a year," said Harper.

"Pence?" queried Bradwell.

"Pounds," was the gentle reply.

"How much of it have you got about you now?"

"Speaking at a venture," said Harper, "about fourpence."

"Is that all?"

"That, my good sir, is all. I am sorry—for your sake, for I presume you have been conducting this inquiry with a view to negotiating a loan——"

"Look here, I don't want any of your cheek——" began Bradwell.

"And, if you believe me," said Harper, turning away with leisurely step, "I really don't want any of yours, Mr. Bradwell."

Bradwell started forward, but Tom Adderman stopped him.

"Don't go smashing him up his first half-hour here, Brady," he said; "take it out of him to-night."

"What's his room?"

"Seventeen."

"Right, O!" said Bradwell, with a leer.

CHAPTER IX.

A VIVA VOCE.

WHEN, however, between nine and ten that night, a ghostly procession, headed by Bradwell, glided along the corridor and stopped at No. 17, the door was found to be fast locked. For Harper had had his way in the end about a key.

"I know!" whispered Bradwell, who then applied his knuckles sharply to the panels.

"Who's there?" enquired Harper.

"Me, sir!" was the gruff reply.

"Who's me?"

"Johnson, the butler, sir. I want to see whether your gas is out."

"Oh, yes, my gas is out. Good-night, butler."

Bradwell turned a rueful face to his fellow-conspirators.

"No go," he said, "never mind, I'll bag his key to-morrow, and then we shall have him."

"I wish, butler," called Harper, irritably, "that you would not talk to yourself outside my door."

There was a slight titter among Bradwell's fellow-conspirators, and Bradwell's face grew very black indeed.

"He's twigged you," whispered one of the fellows.

"Quite right," said Harper, who now appeared to be in close proximity to the key-hole, "so I advise you all to run away to bed like good boys."

Thus discomfited, Bradwell and Co. retired, doubly determined, however, to take it out of the parlour-boarder when opportunity served.

Harper was no sluggard, and descended to roll-call promptly at 7.30. Afterwards, in compliance with the headmaster's instructions, he went to the Fifth Form room. Mr. Samuels was the Fifth's form-master, the headmaster filling a similar position with regard to the Sixth, and Mr. Huntingdon to the Fourth. But as Mr. Adderman, though a good man in commercial matters, was no great classic or mathematician, Mr. Samuels taught the Sixth classics, while Mr. Huntingdon took them in mathematics.

Thus the hours Mr. Adderman spent in teaching were not many. He was supposed, when one of the other two were taking his form, to be taking theirs, but business matters claimed so much of his time that frequently he had to set the Fourth or Fifth down to an exercise and leave them under the charge of the top boy, that worthy being instructed to report anyone who spoke. As the top boy was not, as a rule, as muscular as the boys at the bottom of the class, he very seldom dared hand up any names.

Mr. Green drilled the First in very elementary subjects at one end of the Long Room, while the Second, under Mr. Atkins, sat at the other end. When the Head had to leave the Fifth or Fourth to their own devices for any length of time, he frequently used to order them into the Long Room and sit them down to their task in the middle of it, where they would be under the eye of Mr. Green and Mr. Atkins. As the attention of both these masters was fully occupied by their own forms, it may be imagined, and rightly, that the form placed under their mutual charge generally did pretty well what it pleased.

J. O. and his third form had a small room to themselves wherein to conduct the war that was now openly declared. He was never expected to take any other form in anything, and so he was able to devote his whole time and attention to the subjugation of the malcontents. As for the three top forms, owing to the chopping and changing about, the lack of method displayed by the headmaster, and the irregularity with which marks were kept—owing to all this the three head forms were in a constant state of fermentation, bustling here and there, seldom keeping to their time-tables, and learning very little.

Such was Adderman's when J. O. obtained a mastership there.

The Rev. Mr. Samuels had one object constantly before him. It was his earnest desire to be popular—to be liked by every boy. If he inflicted an imposition he very often cancelled it on the quiet after school. What lay behind this ardent desire of his to win the affections of the school we can only vaguely surmise. Now and then some of the Sixth, talking among themselves, expressed a hope that "old Adderman" would "give up," and make over the goodwill, buildings, grounds, furniture, and effects of the school to "Samuels." Or he might take Samuels into partnership—who could tell? There were occasional whispers that Adderman had developed some disease which could only be arrested by a lengthy sojourn in a warm climate. Certainly the headmaster was very far from looking a picture of health. There were deep rings round his eyes, and his cheeks were sunken; he had little appetite, and his breathing was short. Of late, too, he had been particularly querulous, flying into a rage over very little things, and behaving as people often do when bodily ill-health has impaired the temper.

The Rev. Mr. Samuels, watching warily, discerned a possibility of stepping into his chief's shoes—at least, so some observant members of the Sixth said. And if—to quote these observant fellows again—he could "marry Lucy"—

well, it was not bad policy on Mr. Samuels' part to "want to be popular."

Popular—in the best sense of the word—he was not. No boy respects a master who gives him a long imposition and cancels it half-an-hour afterwards. You—you boys who read this—know that you like to be governed by men, by honest, upright gentlemen whom you can respect and admire for their manly qualities. You know, in your heart of hearts, that you prefer the strong, firm master to the weak, easy-going one. It is the same with soldiers. They like an officer who "bosses" them properly without being a bully. A bully they hate, and so do you. We all do. No decent fellow minds being punished for his misdeeds. A decent fellow takes his licking like a man, but he likes to be licked by somebody he has a respect for. There is a good old rough-and-ready fighting phrase about taking one's gruel and coming up smiling for some more. That's

what a schoolboy ought to do—and that's what he does if he's got any marrow in his bones.

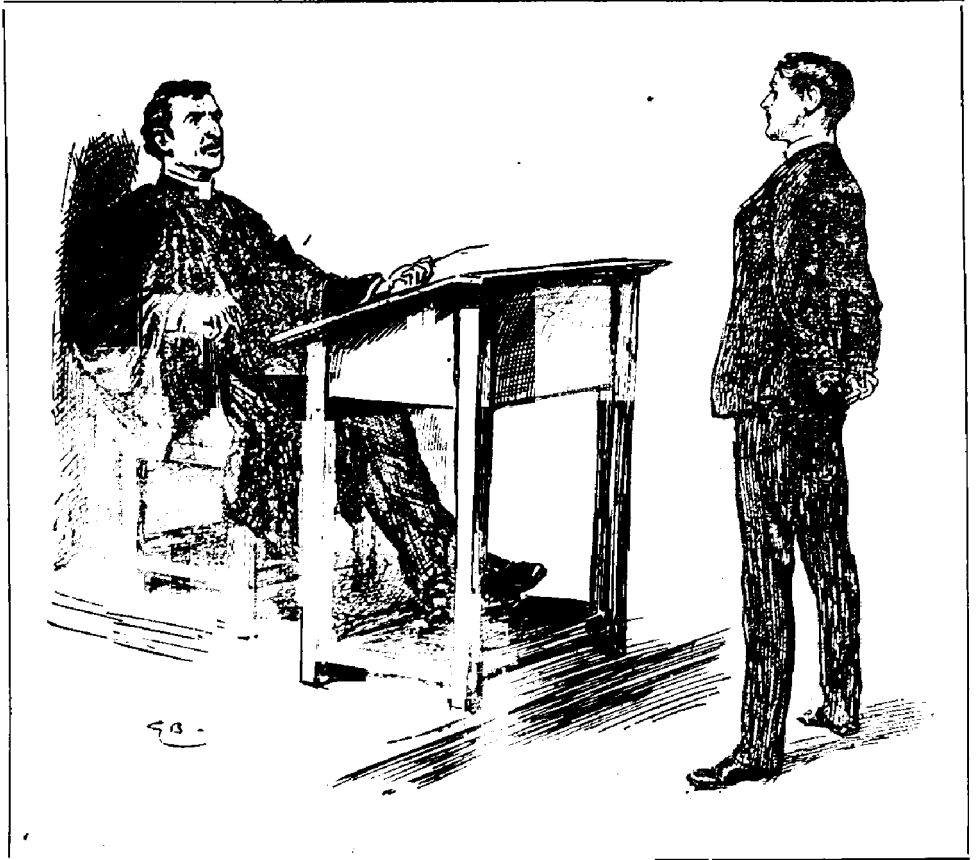
Ah! yes—but to our story. Mr. Adderman had delegated the examining of Harper to Mr. Samuels. The headmaster fancied that, owing to his age, Harper ought to be put in the Fifth or Sixth. Mr. Samuels was instructed to come to a decision on the point.

Now Mr. Samuels was aware that the school was prepared to dislike Harper, as being one who, though one of themselves in school and playing-field, enjoyed greater privileges and luxuries. This idea was contrary to the average boy's healthy notions of share and share alike.

As Mr. Samuels was extremely desirous of keeping in with the school—as opposed to keeping it in, quite another matter—he fancied that,

when possible, it would be to his advantage to take a strong line with the new boy.

At 7.30 a.m., while the boys in the Fifth put the finishing touches to their preparation of the day's work, Mr. Samuels called Harper up to his desk and proceeded to put him through his paces. For the benefit of the Fifth at large he asked his



"WHO . . . IS EUCLID?"

questions in a tone audible to the whole form. He thought the Fifth might be amused—and the Fifth was.

"Now, Harper," said Mr. Samuels, "I want to know how far you have gone in your studies. I shall then be able to decide upon the form you must join."

Harper bowed politely.

"Firstly—as to classics. What have you read?"

"*The Vicar of Wakefield*, for one," said Harper.

Mr. Samuels rapped the desk impatiently.

"I am not talking about English classics—I refer to Latin and Greek."

"I see," said Harper. "You didn't say that at first."

"Say 'sir,' when you speak to me," said Mr. Samuels.

"You didn't say that at first, sir," returned Harper, coolly.

"Latin, now. What have you read?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Greek?"

"Like Goldsmith, I know even less of that than of Latin."

The Fifth was one broad grin.

Mr. Samuels stirred uneasily.

"What languages do you know?"

"French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hindustani and Chinese—a smattering only of the last two."

Mr. Samuels made a note of this reply.

"Now as to mathematics—arithmetic?"

"I have a knowledge of the coinage of various nations."

"That occupies one page in the arithmetic," said Mr. Samuels, sharply.

"Then I must state it as my opinion," returned Harper, "that it ought to occupy more. A knowledge of the world's coinage is of some practical use, but how many English boys know that an English sovereign is worth a pound and tenpence in France?"

"Never mind that now," snapped Mr. Samuels, "what about Euclid?"

"Who," gravely inquired Harper, "is Euclid?"

"Upon my word," cried Mr. Samuels, "this is astounding ignorance!"

"You must remember, sir," said Harper, "that I have never been to school before."

Mr. Samuels glared at the parlour-boarder, who stood patiently awaiting further questions.

"What do you know of mechanics?" demanded Mr. Samuels.

Harper shook his head despondently. "It never occurred to me to study people of that sort."

Amid the laugh that followed this answer, Mr. Samuels angrily ordered Harper to his seat. The upshot of this conversation was that Harper was put in the Fourth, Mr. Huntingdon receiving his new charge with very mixed feelings.

Mr. Huntingdon soon discovered that Harper was no more suited for the Fourth than he was for the Fifth or Sixth. Whereas he excelled in certain subjects—modern languages, English literature and the like—he knew nothing whatever of others. In the morning Mr. Huntingdon found himself teaching Harper the elements of Latin, while in the afternoon the master would discover that Harper really ought to be instructing *him* in French.

The parlour-boarder's conduct was, outwardly, quite satisfactory. He did not kick his neighbours, fire paper pellets about, or chatter. His work was always neatly done, and his manner

invariably polite. And yet Mr. Huntingdon soon became aware that, bad as the behaviour of the Fourth was before Harper came, it was infinitely worse afterwards. Uncontrollable fits of laughter used to seize the boys sitting near him, and apparently for no reason whatever, for when Mr. Huntingdon looked in that direction (in fact, whenever he looked at Harper) the parlour-boarder was invariably conning his task with praiseworthy perseverance.

Harper seldom went into the playground, nor did he play games. He took walks into Ardenwood and elsewhere, read the paper in Mr. Adderman's study, and sat in the drawing-room with Miss Lucy. At times he played the piano, showing a rare proficiency in this respect. It was an unfortunate circumstance that he loved chiefly to play when Mr. Samuels particularly wished Miss Lucy to accompany his violin, or when Mr. Huntingdon wanted to try a new tenor song.

When he did allow these two to perform he would sit and watch them with his peculiar black eyes until they felt peculiarly uncomfortable.

It was evident to Miss Lucy that there was a certain design in everything Harper did, and she knew that he was, in his still-water-running-deep way, a positive bugbear to the Common Room. The boys would have taken liberties with him had they ever been able to find him at a disadvantage. But this they were unable to do. Harper was too wary, and the key of his bedroom door saved him from nocturnal assaults. In the day-time it reposed, for better safety, in his pocket.

Buying stamps one day at Ardenwood post-office—for he was corresponding, according to faithful promise, with Estelle—J. O. turned away from the counter to find himself face to face with Lucy Adderman.

"If you are going back to the school, Mr. Jones," said Lucy, with a friendly smile, "we will walk up together."

For she saw that J. O. had a mind to escape, and she wished to speak to him.

"I shall be delighted," said J. O.

So they set off.

"Mr. Jones," said Lucy, suddenly, "what do you think of Harper?"

"He hasn't come my way much," said Jones, "but, from all accounts, he seems to be a curious fellow."

"I am afraid he annoys the masters," said Lucy.

"He has certainly never annoyed me," returned Jones.

"He is never actually rude to Mr. Samuels," said Lucy, "but——"

She could not restrain a silvery little laugh.

Jones laughed too, not quite knowing why he did—perhaps because he wanted to be polite. Then Miss Adderman became quite serious.

"Don't you think a good whipping would do him good?" she asked.

"No—he is not the sort of boy to be caned," said Jones.

"I only wanted to see what you would say," said Lucy. And then they walked a little way in silence.

"I am sorry you have got such a nasty little Common Room, Mr. Jones," said Lucy, at length.

"It is certainly not a very large room," was Jones's guarded rejoinder.

"It's a horrid, common, poky little room," declared Lucy, "and," she added, looking at Jones sideways, "I have told papa so."

"Very good of you," said Jones, not knowing what else to say.

It seemed to J. O. that Miss Adderman was hardly living up to the character Mr. Atkins had given her. Certainly she was behaving now in a way that was neither cold nor supercilious.

Presently she turned the conversation into another channel, and Jones found himself talking quite easily. Jones could talk about things that interested him in an interesting way. He could talk of roses and cauliflowers with knowledge and enthusiasm, and he had read a lot of books in the course of his solitary life. This was why poor little Green and he whiled away the evening hours so pleasantly when Green was not working for his London Matric.

Lucy and J. O. did not seem to have taken long walking up from the town. For all that, their pace seemed very leisurely indeed to Mr. Samuels, who met them in the drive, and passed them with a radiant smile.

"Now, Mr. Jones," said Lucy, as they reached the top gate, "you must be more sociable in future. Why do you never come into the drawing-room? Mr. Samuels and Mr. Huntingdon often come, and sometimes Mr. Atkins."

It was cold, and she put her muff up to her face, so that Jones saw only two eyes—but they, as he agreed with himself, were very nice ones.

Lucy hid a smile behind the muff.

"I am not a drawing-room man," said J. O.

"One need not be a drawing-room man to occasionally go into a drawing-room," was Lucy's gentle rebuke.

"No," said Jones.

"You see," said Lucy, hiding a really wicked smile behind the muff, "you would be able to talk to Miss Peters."


"And," said Jones, with great daring, "to you, too, I hope."

"That," said Lucy, demurely, "is certainly included in the programme."

And Jones, as he sank into an easy wicker-chair in the Common Room five minutes later, and filled his bull-dog pipe, decided that Adderman's wasn't such a bad place after all, in spite of its reputation.

CHAPTER X.

THE IRON HAND.

T was the resolve of Form III., of, indeed, Adderman's School in general, to do as little work as possible. Form III. was composed of boys whose ages ranged from eleven to fourteen. The average age of the form was twelve-and-a-half, and as this fact was noted at the top of "reports," the parents of erring Willie or refractory Samuel were always enabled to see how it fared with their child in the matter of intellectual progress. For, of course, a boy of fourteen in a form whose average age was twelve-and-a-half was plainly backward or lazy, whereas a boy of eleven in the same form had reason to be congratulated, patted on the head, and presented with that cumbersome coin which seems to be minted for the express benefit of schoolboys—the crown-piece.

The boys in Form III., like the boys in every form of every school, were good, bad, and indifferent—the last adjective perhaps being applicable to the majority. Form III., as a whole, prepared its lessons not so much with the desire of acquiring knowledge or gaining a high place in class, as with the object of escaping punishment. An exercise to Form III. was an exercise well done if it saved its owner from being detained after its author's comrades went their way into the playground to gambol and make merry.

Jones's predecessor had been content with a scandalously low standard of work, his chief anxiety being to keep his class up to some semblance of work executed without too much noise. Finding their taskmaster so easy to please, Form III. did less work than it had ever done before, and quickly developed into the idlest and most ill-behaved class in the school, which was saying a good deal when you came to consider the general tone of Adderman's high-class academy for young gentlemen.

Jones started gently, but quickly increased his grip on the reins, and Form III. soon discovered that they had met their match. For all that, they determined not to relinquish their delightfully idle ways without a struggle, and Jones, recognising their attitude, pulled off the velvet driving-glove he had worn at the commencement

of his journey, and displayed the iron hand within it. Bearing in mind his headmaster's admonition regarding corporal punishment, he never so much as cuffed a rebellious head throughout the whole course of his campaign in the Third Form class-room.

Mr. Adderman did not fail to note, while going his rounds, how very much more quietly the work of Form III. was conducted than was the case with the other classes.

"I'm hopeful about that man Jones," he said to his second master, one day. "He's a vast improvement on that wretched fellow Eliot."

"When a man's as strong as an ox, and heedless as to how he uses his strength, it is only natural that the boys should be afraid of him," was Mr. Samuels' reply.

"You don't mean to say that he knocks the boys about?" demanded the headmaster anxiously.

"Well, he behaved pretty savagely to your own son," rejoined Mr. Samuels.

"It was then that I warned him about using his hands to the boys," said the Head, "and I have no reason to suppose that he has disregarded my instructions."

"I don't see how you can tell," said Mr. Samuels, "the average boy is not a sneak, and I know you don't allow your son to bring you any tales——"

"Certainly I do not. I never countenance that sort of thing."

"So you are not likely to hear anything of Jones's methods until he goes too far one day and does a boy serious harm. If a boy sustained permanent injuries at his hands your school would be ruined."

Mr. Adderman turned pale.

"I—I hope nothing of the kind will ever occur."

"You never can tell, sir."

"Well, may I ask you, Samuels, if anything comes to your ears——"

"Such a course would be hardly to my liking," purred Samuels.

"Yes, I can understand that it must be repugnant to you to tell me anything discreditable to your fellow-masters," returned Mr. Adderman, quite innocently, "but for the good of the school I ask you to bear this in mind. You have my interests at heart, I know well, my dear Samuels——"

There was a rustle of skirts on the study's threshold.

"Very well, then, I shall consider it my duty—loath though I am to perform it—to report anything of the kind to you—ah! Miss Lucy,

allow me!" For Lucy Adderman had come in while he was speaking, and was now reaching at a novel on a high shelf of the book-case.

"Thank you—I can manage it myself," said Lucy, a little coldly, as she secured her treasure and departed.

Mr. Samuels bit his lip and shortly afterwards returned to the Common Room in no very amiable temper.

That night, as Jones, feeling tired after a long day's work, was going to bed somewhat earlier than was his wont, he became aware, as he entered the corridor into which his own bedroom, as well as Harper's, opened, of a considerable commotion in the latter's apartment.

Hastening his steps, he walked into No. 17 in time to catch the row at high tide.

Bradwell and a dozen other fellows, most of them clothed only in night-shirts or pyjamas, had at last succeeded in effecting an entrance. The stealthy manipulation of a piece of strong wire after Harper had fallen asleep had served their purpose only too well. The room was now in a state of chaos. The floor was strewn with the contents of Harper's portmanteau, his books, photographs, and other knick-knacks. His bed was completely overturned, and he himself appeared to be buried beneath it, for Jones could see nothing of him. Half-a-dozen of the fellows were jumping about on the overturned bed, and Bradwell was emptying the contents of a jug over the end of the mattress. Several empty jugs stood near him, and a stream of water was progressing towards the fire-place, soaking Harper's various possessions in the course of its journey.

Jones closed the door and put his back against it. The assaulting party, seeing him, suddenly ceased its capers, while Bradwell, jug in hand, glared round at the intruder.

"Bradwell," said Jones quietly, "what are you doing?"

"I've been licking Harper for cheek," said the monitor sullenly.

"You have strange ideas on the subject," said Jones, "and I notice you have brought a good deal of help with you."

Bradwell made a reply—in audible to Jones—which raised a titter among the other boys.

"No one is to leave this room without my permission," said Jones, walking towards the overturned bed. Peering over the end of the bedding, he could see nothing of Harper. It was the work of a few moments with him to restore the frame-work of the bed to its proper position. Next he picked up the heavy palliasses, and put them on the bedstead, and upon these he placed

the mattress. Now he discerned an inert form huddled up among the sheets, blankets, and pillows, all of which were soaked with water.

"Harper—get up!" he said.

The form did not move.

"He's shamming," muttered Bradwell.

A cold fear crept into J. O.'s heart. A bed with bedding and half-a-dozen fellows, was no light weight. Jones pulled aside the clothes. "Harper—Harper!" he said sharply. There was a moment's dreadful pause—then Harper slowly opened his eyes and gasped for breath. His face, which had appeared almost black at first, slowly regained its normal hue.

"A close call," he murmured, struggling into a sitting posture, and then, seeing the master, he forced a smile to his lips.

Jones watched him and wondered. There was no acting about that livid face. It had been, indeed, "a close call"; a little closer, and Harper's lamp of life would have gone out for ever.

Jones breathed again, and turned abruptly to Bradwell. "The next time you want to lick a fellow you had better draw the line at suffocation."

"He was putting it all on," said Bradwell, sulkily.

"Putting it on!" roared J. O., thoroughly angered, "look at the colour of his face—is that put on? No one but a blockhead would dream of saying such a thing."

Harper's persecutor had been informed by Tom Adderman—who had it from Mr. Samuels—that the new master had been forbidden to touch the boys with his hands. He therefore deemed it safe to be impudent.

"I'm not going to be called names by *you*," said Bradwell, "who *are* you? You'll be kicked out of the place within a month—like all the other fools who come here!"

Lying in a puddle by the bedding was a new, well-made dancing slipper. It was supple and strong, and the water had given it additional elasticity.

Bradwell's insulting words had hardly escaped from his lips when Jones, with one nimble movement, caught him by the shoulders and forced him face downwards on to the mattress of the now righted bedstead. Bradwell was a big, heavy fellow, and he fought hard to get away.

But he might as well have saved himself the trouble, for Jones was just now very terrible in his indignation, and his strength was irresistible. Quick as thought J. O. picked up the dancing pump, and without further delay gave Bradwell the soundest and best-deserved thrashing of his career. He had had several before, and was destined to have others later in life, but to his dying day Bradwell will not forget how that lithe, wet dancing slipper rose and fell, and fell and rose, with swift, remorseless strokes until the brute lying on the bed howled and pleaded for mercy.

As Jones was delivering his final half-dozen strokes, the door opened and Mr. Samuels entered the room.

"Mr. Jones! Mr. Jones!" he cried.

"Hullo!" said Jones, delivering the fifth stroke as he spoke.

"You are exceeding your duties, sir——"

J. O. delivered the last stroke, and then threw the slipper down.

Bradwell struggled up with a mouthful of curses, and in a trice J. O. had him down on the bed again.

"Another word of that sort and I'll give you another dose. Now—get out of here!"

And taking him by the nape of the neck he pulled him up and thrust him out into the passage.

"You have no right——" began Mr. Samuels.

"If you have anything to say to me," said Jones, "you can say it in the Common Room, and not before these boys. I will never allow any man or boy to speak to me as Bradwell spoke just now. I have thrashed him, and if he ever repeats the offence, I will thrash him again."

J. O. strode to the door. "Now, you fellows," he said, turning to the others, "be off to your rooms. Harper, you had better sleep in Number Sixteen to-night—there is a spare bed there."

When his instructions had been obeyed, J. O. went downstairs. Mr. Samuels, however, did not follow him to the Common Room, but went direct to the headmaster's study.

R. Warren Bell

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL MAGAZINES



"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

(Continued from April).

MARLING SCHOOL MAGAZINE

(Michaelmas Term).—Without being remarkable for any special feature may fairly be counted among those that are "good," and we trust that lack of

material will not cause another temporary disappearance.

"Mercury" (Training Ship) Magazine (October, November, December).—Why will some editors allow the insertion of tradesmen's advertisements? There are many very small schools which manage to produce satisfactory publications without such aids, and surely others could do the same. This magazine has an excellent tone, which makes the introduction of the commercial element the more regrettable.

Mercers' School Magazine (December).—An article entitled "Some things not known," contains some novel answers to examination questions:

Q. "What are Bank Holidays?"

A. "Bank Holidays are when they have cocoa-nut shies on Hampstead Heath."

Q. "Define predicament."

A. "A predicament is when you are equally in love with two girls, and do not know which to propose to."

Q. "What are Stalagmites?"

A. "Very minute insects which make water un-healthy."

The Morrisonian (Morrison's Academy Magazine).—To really appreciate the humorous report of the first meeting of Morrison's Naturalists requires some local knowledge; but some of the "Fables by the Fourth Form" are decidedly quaint. There is also a serial story called "The New Boy at Tomkinson's," and altogether there seems plenty of budding literary talent at Morrison's.

The North Point Annual (St. Joseph's College, North Point, Darjeeling).—This is well illustrated and complete in every respect. "How to make a Collection of Ferns" is an article giving several valuable hints to collectors, who have many opportunities for the pursuit of that hobby in the district. We also find an account of an expedition to Sumatra in connection with the total solar eclipse of last May.

The Olavian (St. Olave's School, Southwark).—We see no reason to alter the favourable opinion we expressed on a previous number. The two photographs by Mr. Freeman of scenes from plays given on Prize Day are excellent, and the "Meditations of a Microbe" are both instructive and amusing. St. Olave's boasts a "School Parliament," and on October 4th the Conservative Government introduced and passed a bill for the prevention of alien immigration, but were subsequently defeated, and resigned. The Liberals then entered office and formed a cabinet.

The Pilgrim (Reigate Grammar School).—An unpretending but fairly good production. Like several others it wants an index of contents, and contributions of articles or letters from old boys are also lacking.

The Portcullis (the Chronicle of Warwick Grammar School).—The school news shows that there are Debating, Photographic, Natural History and Shakespeare Societies, all well supported. The school museum has lately been the recipient of several curiosities in the shape of weapons from Africa and Dervish relics, but a correspondent points out three alarming facts, viz., that the tigers' skulls are going bad; that one of the snakes has apparently swallowed half of the spirit in which he is preserved, seeing that the exposed parts of his body are turning bright blue; and finally, that there is a mouse-hole in the second case from the Ante-chapel.

Portmuthian (December).—We are very glad to observe a distinct improvement here. R.C.L.L.O., in an account of "A Week's Leave in Tientsin and Peking," tells us how he attempted a Chinese dinner:—

"In all there were forty dishes, a most elaborate feast; all kinds of dishes, including the famous 'bird-nest soup,' shark's fins and other delicacies. We also tried to eat with chopsticks, the Chinese substitutes for knife and fork. No one was able to eat much—in fact, we were afterwards compelled to tackle some sandwiches."

Quarterly Review (Liverpool Certified Industrial School).—Judging by the first number, this literary chick is full of promise, and should be warmly supported. We notice that six clarionets, two saxophones, a flute and a piccolophone have been added to the school band. Music is evidently popular.

Quernmorian (December).—There is a very sensible editorial on the subject of the cadet corps. The writer urges that the Government should encourage schools in every way it can to turn out, not merely well-drilled cadets, but efficient marksmen. This obviously cannot be done if they are only supplied with drill practice carbines (as has been the case at Quernmore), which are useless for firing purposes.

Review (October and December).—The school notes are well edited, each section being fully dealt with.

Rolandseck School Magazine (Ealing).—Contains a readable article on "Continental Gymnastics." An old boy describes a visit to the Maoris. He and his companions gave them tea, sugar, coffee, and a roll of cloth. In return the Maoris gave them twenty sacks of kumaras, two pigs, and half a bullock, cut and dressed.

St. Andrew's College Magazine (St. Andrew's College, Dublin).—Although this is a new comer, its editor seems so thoroughly to appreciate what is needful to the making of a good magazine that it can hardly fail of success. "F." gives valuable information about the Indian Civil Service, and "A." writes a capital article on R. L. Stevenson, in which he sums up that great author's character as follows: "He was, in short, a man to whose spirit action was essential, whether the body acquiesced therein or not, one of his favourite mottoes being, 'Acts may be forgiven; not even God can forgive the hanger-back.'"

(Reviews of S—Z next month.)



COMMON SENSE AND CYCLING.

THOSE who put off what they call the beginning of the "riding season" until summer has fairly set in, are liable to a curious disorder, sometimes spoken of as "cyclist's heel." It is really the result of the over-straining of what is known as the tendon Achilles. The best way of dealing with it is to use very gently the heel it has attacked, to lessen the amount of ankle action in that particular foot for a while, and to apply cold water treatment. This consists in the very simple process of allowing the cold tap to run upon the part affected until it aches again. This may be done every morning, or night and morning, and a few days generally suffice to bring about a cure. It is a mistake to stop cycling. The thing to do is to cycle in moderation and with careful avoidance of local strain until the local injury has been set right by natural process. Of course, a bit of some good lubricant, such as Elliman's embrocation, will not be out of place if rubbed well into the injured tendon; but this is merely to facilitate the healing process, which will go quietly on if common-sense methods of pedalling are observed.

Such as have experienced the little trouble to which I have referred have doubtless learnt their lesson. They know that they owe it to some over-exertion, most probably to straining up a very steep ascent at a time when the muscles were a trifle out of condition. Anyone who is in the habit of refraining from cycling all the winter is sure to be out of condition when spring arrives, and if he expects to be able to perform with equal facility the same feats which he performed easily in the autumn, he is expecting the impossible. I speak of this matter in the hope of giving a useful warning to such as have never suffered from the trifling ailment I name. Prevention is so much easier

than cure that it is as well to know how to prevent, and so never to experience, this form of strain.

The whole secret lies in the simple resolve never to overdo it. There are several ways in which cycling may be carried to excess. One is the climbing of hills which the rider feels to be too much for him, as I have suggested above. Another is the senseless habit of "scorching." Then, again, there is the practice of racing with other fellows on the road—a piece of folly when you know them.

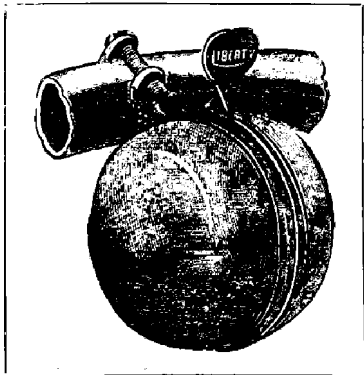


PIGGOTT'S COMBINATION PONCHO-JACKET.

and a bit of very bad form when you do not. Lastly, even among those who do not ride too hard up hills or too fast upon the level, there is still a not uncommon fault of keeping at it longer than is wise or good. The fellow or the girl who keeps doggedly riding after the pleasure of riding has ceased is unconsciously giving hostages to the future, and is throwing away possibilities of the keen delights of the road in years to come.

The motive for plodding on with half-exhausted powers is usually a very poor one. It is often because "So-and-So," with whom

you ride, is a stronger rider than you are, and you perhaps don't want to let him



THE "LIBERTY" BELL.

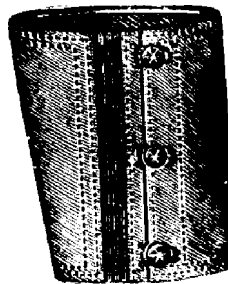
see it. Well, I'll admit that there's something savouring of sport in the idea; but it may really at times be so very mischievous in other ways that I would urge all readers to eschew it altogether. The rule I laid down quite a long time ago is just as good to-day as it was then. For all cases of social riding, in companies of two or more, it should be definitely understood that it is the business of the weakest and slowest rider to set the pace. If there is one of the party who cannot conform to this, the only decent way of getting on with him is to let him indulge in occasional "bursts," and then wait about somewhere until the main body comes up with him.

Of course, for those who go in for racing a bit of speed work on the road is now and then essential. Such will naturally go about their work in a rational manner, and lay themselves out for proper training. It is the rider who does not take class among athletes who is in the greatest danger of overdoing it, and it is as a warning to him or to her that these remarks are addressed. When cycling is indulged in in moderation it is one of the grandest exercises imaginable; and those who are careful not to abuse it will find their powers steadily increase, until feats which at one time were quite impossible with them will seem very easy of accomplishment. Incidentally, too, the cyclist who rides well, and never recklessly, however fast, is doing good work in allaying that very general dislike of the pastime which exists among the non-cycling public.

There is another matter in which riders are very often careless. I refer to the question of clothing. This should be light, strong, porous,

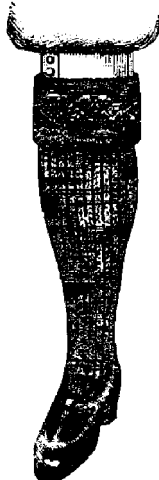
and preferably all of wool or some closely similar substance. The Jaeger wool is an excellent material for underclothing, and any of the clothiers I have from time to time mentioned will supply suitable garments for cycling purposes at a reasonable price. Speaking generally, the clothes worn at ordinary times are quite unsuitable for cycling. On grounds of taste I should like the time to arrive when the trousered cyclist shall be unknown. But apart from such a consideration, the trouser is not a garment fitted to the work of cycling, nor are high, stiff collars, big cuffs, and hard hats at all in keeping with the natural requirements of the exercise.

In the case of girls, there is an equally natural and equally emphatic demand for a special costume. The walking skirt is seldom cut so as to be just right for cycling. With the trend of present fashion, it is entirely wrong. Girls who wear boots will, of course, change them for shoes when going for a



A LEATHER TROUSER PROTECTOR.

ride. The failure to do this is the cause of the very few exceptions to the rule which has come to be cited, that girls always ride more gracefully than boys. I know some girls who dress very simply, and whose every-day costume is just the thing for wheeling; just as I, when I have a lot of road work before me, dress in my cycling things every day. But we must be the exceptions. Speaking generally, there is a change required when the cycle is taken out.



BENEFINK'S GRADUATED HOSE.

If the conditions of the ride have been such as to engender great bodily heat, there can be no doubt as to the advantage of a change of clothing after the spin is over. A bath and a brisk rub-down will prove not only enjoyable, but beneficial; indeed, under circumstances of youth and health the two words have a closely allied meaning. After having got wet through on the road the bath is almost essential. If I should be cold as well as wet I always make a practice of taking the bath stinging hot; but that, of course, would not suit everybody. The main thing is to avoid chills, whether arising from clothes saturated with rain, or from the cooling of excessive perspiration. The refreshing feeling of putting on clean flannels after

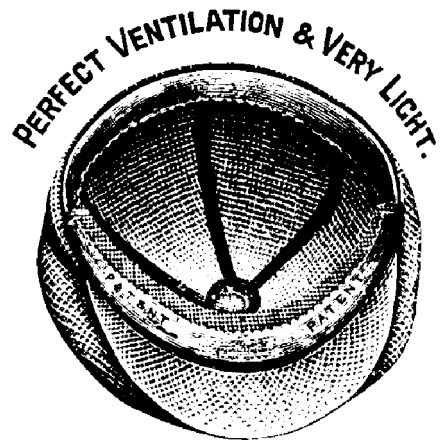
a sweltering run is one that must be experienced in order to be thoroughly understood. The changing of clothes for appearance' sake is another matter altogether. If one's clothes are heavily coated with dust or bespattered with mud it is only decent to take them off on that ground alone. Girls, when on tour, very commonly carry an extra skirt in their kits, so as to be able to look tidy in the hotel in the evening. But these matters are more matters of taste than anything else. What I have tried specially to emphasise is the wisdom of changing the underclothing whenever there may be the slightest necessity for it.

Attention to detail is a thing upon which I have often before insisted. If the machine has been at rest all the winter—and, although I never advise this, I know perfectly well that some riders make a practice of it—it should be thoroughly cleaned *internally* as well as externally. This is best done by ample lubrication, much more oil being used than is at all necessary at other times. If I have a machine which has for any reason stood idle for a while, I hand it over to a careful repairer, with instructions to overhaul it, to unpack all the ball races, and carefully wipe each ball free of the blackish slime which has been sure to accumulate. I should do this for myself if I had the time, and I would strongly recommend each of my readers to do it personally at least once, in order to thoroughly understand the operation.

Attention to the lamp and to the bell are perhaps equally important. One does not want to use one's bell too much, but it should always be ready to answer the call when needed. It is a good practice to touch it when starting out, just as it is well to put on the brake or brakes in order to be quite sure that they are in working order. Bells are nearly always all right after a long rest; but those who remember my chat about lamps will know that the opposite is the fact in their case. For reasons that I will not now recapitulate, it is highly advisable to empty out old stagnant oil and replace it with new. It is even more important to replace the wick with a fresh piece, preferably warmed first of all, or even toasted before the fire for half-a-minute, held meanwhile on the points of a couple of pins. Those who take this advice will probably save themselves the exasperation of a hopeless lamp failure during the still short evenings of April or May.

Our illustrations show a number of useful things in the way of clothing, *et cetera*, which

are, from the cycling point of view, of commonsense design. There is the combination poncho-jacket offered by Mr. John Piggott, of Cheapside and Milk Street, London, E.C. Its advantages are that the skirt of the cape can be much longer and so more protective than usual, while at the same time the arms are not encumbered, but are perfectly free. Messrs. Benetfink, of Cheapside, E.C., have a useful novelty in stockings. They weave them from a tapered wool, so that the thin foot and thick leg can be obtained without the ridges formerly employed. They also have a special contrivance for those who ride in trousers. It is made in either black or tan leather, and fits round the ankle, the fit being assured by the insertion of a piece of strong elastic. The three fastenings which hold the thing on are like glove fasteners, and are extremely easy to manipulate. Passing from the feet to the other extremity of the body we



"FLYCANTALITE" CYCLIST TOURIST CAP.

have an invention which is extremely ingenious, and at the same time very effective, designed to protect the eyes from the swarms of flies that sometimes blind the cyclist in summer weather. The scheme consists of a sort of blind or half-mask of green canvas supported on a light crescent of wire, and so arranged that it may in an instant, and indeed without a dismount, be unfolded from its normal position, snugly out of sight beneath the peak of the cycling cap, and brought down over the eyes. The canvas is so openly woven that the sight is no more impeded than riders often like it to be on a hot glaring day, and yet the interstices are too small to allow of any flies getting through. I have put this invention to a thorough test, and can speak for its efficacy and comfort.

In bells, the "Liberty" is among the latest things. It is another of the Benetfink wares. It differs in action from most other bells, is

very strong, very loud in tone, and the best form of it as regards quality costs no more than 3s. 6d. I must conclude with just a word touching the commonsense of cycle cleaning—only a word, for the subject is in itself a large one. The word is, do your cleaning as soon as possible after the dirtying has come about. This will save worlds of trouble. You may, for example, have the very finest preparation for the purpose—say “Globe Metal Polish,” which I have found to be excellent. But if you have allowed rust to fairly settle on the bright parts, the work will be increased many fold, and the machine will suffer in surface during the process. All the same, such a good paste as I have named will get it right in time.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ethel G. (BLACKPOOL).—The name of your town is not a sufficient address to give me if you are asking questions. I am pleased, however, to learn your experience; but can't you remember whether it was eight or ten guineas that you paid? **H.T.P.** (READING).—Measure the diameter of your driving wheel from the tread to the top of the tyre. Count the number of teeth in the cog-wheel near the crank-bracket, and multiply the measurement by this number. Then

divide the total thus obtained by the number of the teeth of the cog-wheel on the rear hub. The result will give you the gear of your machine. The first measurement is, of course, taken in inches, and the answer must, of course, be read in inches also. **“Free Wheel”** (TAIN, N.B.).—I am glad I have been of help to you. I should advise you in this particular matter to deal with a firm more widely known. **M.B.** (LEOMINSTER).—I accept apologies. Always send name and address, and I will spare no trouble to oblige you. **S.C.H.** (CANNANORE, MALABAR COAST, INDIA).—I fear you would find your suspicions only too well founded. Don't let your friend spoil the ship for a ha'p'orth of tar, but urge him to spend a few more pounds on it. Yes; here in England the same opinion is emphatically held about THE CAPTAIN everywhere. **H.E.B.** (KILMACRENAN, CO. DONEGAL).—Yes; your roads are rough enough to constitute a severe test, and your Rudge-Whitworth has certainly behaved well. (1) You might go over the chipped places with Club enamel, after having thoroughly cleaned and polished; but, to practised eyes, this is too often a sign of more hidden defects than those confessed, for you must always remember that the places will show. A brush is the proper tool to use. (2) You can get a first-rate lubricant for the purpose from Joseph Lucas and Son, of Birmingham. (3) The handle-bar might be re-nickled for about half-a-crown. (4) No; it is too young yet. (5) Excellent. See above. **“Campeche”** (MACCLESFIELD).—You may trust the firm of Gainage. **S.M.R.** (FAIRFIELD, NEAR MANCHESTER).—Buy C. W. Brown's “Cycling,” in the Nutshell series; Iliffe and Son, London. Price 6d.
H. P.

OUR LIBRARY CORNER.

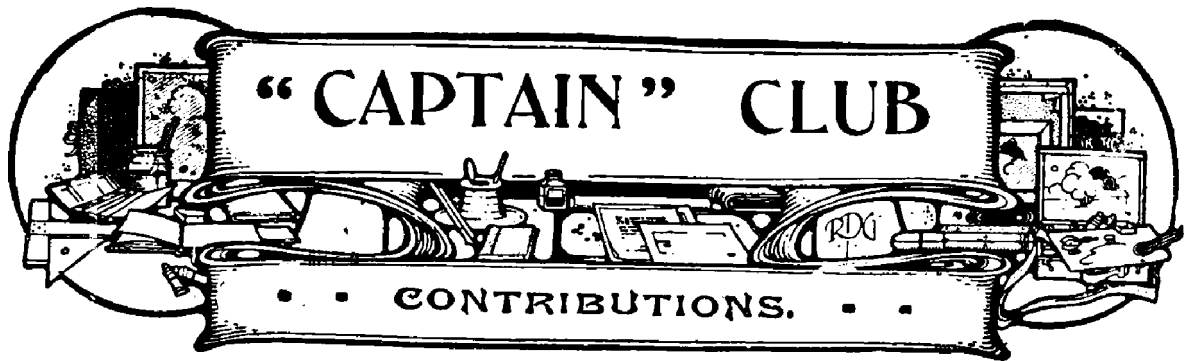
We have received copies of the following:

FICTION.

- The Manchester Man.* By Mrs. G. Linnaeus Banks. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)
Lem. By Noah Brooks. 5s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)
The Boys of St. Elmo's. By Alfred T. Story. 3s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)
A Lord of the Soil. By Hamilton Drummond. Price 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)
The Tragedy of the Korosko. By A. Conan Doyle. Price 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)
Zike Mouldom. By Orme Angus. Price 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)
Green Barley. By H. Arnold Nelson. Price 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock and Co.)
Dick Dashwood. By Amyot Sagon. Price 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock and Co.)
Aunt Audrey's Story Book. 1d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)
Peter the Whaler. By W. H. G. Kingston. 1d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)
Little Snow-White and other Fairy Stories. By the Brothers Grimm. 1d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Story of Architecture.* By P. L. Waterhouse. 1s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)
The Underground Watering of Plants and Gardens. By John Grant. 1s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)
How to Enter the Civil Service. By E. A. Carr. 2s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)
Simple Electrical Working Models. How to Make and Use Them. Fully illustrated. 6d. net. (Dawbarn and Ward, Ltd.)
Valour for Victoria. By James A. Manson. 1s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)
The Story of Euclid. By W. B. Frankland, M.A. Price 1s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)
The Wide World Magazine. Vol. VIII. Price 6s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)
Simple Mechanical Working Models. How to Make and Use Them. Price 6d. (Dawbarn and Ward, Ltd.)
From Cradle to Crown. The Life of King Edward VII. In 20 parts. 6d. fortnightly. (George Newnes, Ltd.)
The Twentieth Century Citizen's Atlas. In 26 parts. 6d. fortnightly. (George Newnes, Ltd.)



This part of the magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club Contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the magazine.

ONE YEAR'S Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is awarded to C. L. Reinmann, 8, Bank Buildings, Hastings, for his series of sketches, "The O. F. Goes Skating."

A Busy Week in the Life of an Art Student.

MONDAY, February 3rd.—Beastly cold; turned out 9.30 a.m. Went out and got some breakfast. Black and White Life Class; slogged away all morning. Dined Hotel de Lockhart (funds low). . Went to digs, lit fire, picked up back number of CAPTAIN, read Mr. Hassall's interview: very interesting, wondered if I should ever be interviewed. Knock at door; interviewed sooner than expected—landlady. Three weeks rent owing—turned out pockets—7½d. Threatened all sorts of things; dangerous woman, my landlady; tried to calm her; no good; promised it faithfully by Tuesday night; storm abated.

Tuesday, 4th.—Colder than ever, snow. Cash in hand 0, no breakfast. Went to Costume Life Class, pretty girl, model; costume Gretna Green style, romantic, very; couldn't keep my eyes off her, scarcely did any drawing at all. No dinner, no tea; desperate, very. Sold something at last (table, two chairs), paid rent. Late breakfast-dinner-tea at Swiss Café, waiter looked frightened, thought was never going to stop eating; bill, 5s. 6d. Sent comic (doubtful) drawings away.

Wednesday, 5th.—Black and White Design Class. Dined Hotel de Lockhart. Go slow. Cash in hand, 10s. 1½d. Try a CAPTAIN Comp. Old Fag not half a bad old boy.

For having given me a beautiful prize—
Alas! 'tis spent now—hear my heavy sighs!

EYED AWAY.

Anatomy paper to do—rot! Postman, Editorial regrets, ugh!

Thursday, 6th.—Life Class. Washing bill, 4s. 6d. Boot repairs, 3s. 6d. Cash in hand, 2s. 1½d. Postman, Editorial regrets, rattzzz!!!

Friday, 7th.—Costume Life Class. Awfully

pretty girl; would have offered to have seen her home if hadn't been stony—just my luck. Tailor's bill, £3 15s. 6d., phew—Great Scott!! Why was I born on a Friday? Sold something else (couch, chairs, etc.). Dined Hotel de Lockhart (Cash in hand, 2d. BLOATER, 1½d. Bread, ½d.) Bankrupt. Who wouldn't be an artist? gay life, very. No tea, no supper, no fire, no table, no chairs. Gay, very.

Saturday, 8th.—No breakfast, no dinner. Visitor (sister). Enquired if I had sold anything lately. Told her yes, lots of things. Wanted to know what had done with furniture; said had warehoused it for the winter. (Uncle.) Borrowed a sov. before she went, and hoped she would call again next week. Gay life, very.

T. ALLWORK CHAPLIN.

The County Catching Championship, 1901.

County	Catches	County	Catches
1. Yorkshire	282	9. Leicester	164
2. Surrey	277	10. Hampshire	161
3. Lancashire	239	11. Worcester	158
4. Gloucester	232	12. Somerset	152
5. Sussex	227	13. Middlesex	138
6. Kent	204	14. Essex	136
7. Notts	173	15. Derby	130
8. Warwick	165		

Compiled by H. L. DORRÉE.

The Morning Tub.

THE cold bath has always been peculiar to the Englishman. Continental states are by no means noted for their ablutions. but, with us English, the motto "Cleanliness is next to godliness" is revered. The morning tub, if we compare ourselves with our neighbours on the continent, is fairly common. But, if we take individuals who practise it, the case is different. You find, when at school, that there are very few boys who follow such a course. The circumstances are, no doubt, against them. A school of boys cannot utilise, say, four baths before morning prep. This, in some cases, has stopped the whole lot, so that no one has gone down at all. Most boys, however, never give the

thing a thought. But your tub ought to be almost a necessity. The ancient Germans used to insure the lives of their children, not by paying premiums, but by the simple process of taking them down to the nearest stream and dipping them in. There is no doubt, speaking from experience, that hardiness is gained by "tubbing." You will not be troubled with many colds once you really begin. Summer is the best time for a start. You are gradually led up to the chillier water of winter. Getting up is a hard job at first, but habit makes easy. Most boys can stand cold baths easily, but there are some whose circulation is poor. If a cold bath disagrees with you, give it up. Don't shiver through prep., blue all over, as some do, martyrs to their own ignorance and fool-hardiness. You who are full-blooded, take care also; for the sudden shock sometimes causes apoplexy, driving the blood to the head. If you can't get your bath at school, at least have it at home, and keep it up after schooldays also. Above all, don't rush to the opposite extreme by giving up hot baths. They are necessary to cleanliness, and can do no harm, if not taken too frequently. In conclusion, I only hope that a few more boys will think over and take up the far-famed English "tub." Remember "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*"

J. L. RAYNER.

Sheep-dog Trials.

WHILE on a holiday near Dovedale in Derbyshire last year, I was able to witness, from a distance, the sheep-dog trials which take place annually in that county. Only genuine sheep-dogs belonging to sheep farmers are eligible.

A piece of moorland is selected for the trials, and a circular course of about a quarter of a mile is marked out. The test is for the dog to drive three sheep round or between certain obstacles.



THE ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.

"Now, if I hadn't been able to read, what a fix I might have been in!"

By J. Harrison.



Penn Wyper 1901

"Is that clock right up there?"
 "Vell, it certainly aint anyvares else, is it guv'nor!"

By Penn Wyper.

Natural obstacles are usually selected, but when these cannot be found, posts are driven into the ground to supply them.

The owner is allowed to guide his dog with his hand; or, if he likes, with a small white flag about half the size of a pocket handkerchief. He is not allowed to guide the dog with his voice. Farmers pay a five shillings entrance fee for this event. The first prize is five pounds, the second two pounds, the third three pounds. Last year's winner, "Bob," only missed one post. The trials usually take place in September, and farmers come twenty or thirty miles in their traps to put their dogs in the trials. Any CAPTAINITES living or visiting near this part of the county in September should witness this event; it is well worth seeing.

S. G. W.

The Aviary.



THINK there is no hobby more pleasant or more instructive than the keeping of birds. When I say this, I do not mean keeping them in cages in the house, but in an aviary, where they can fly about and lead almost the same life as they would if at liberty. Some birds—canaries for example—are fairly happy in the house, but others only mope and end a wretched existence in a few weeks. We have had an aviary in the garden for some years now, and have been

very fortunate with our feathered pets. Perhaps the following hints may be of use to CAPTAIN readers; I have tried them and found them of great service:—Always try and give your birds their food about the same time each morning—this makes them look forward to it and relish it when it comes.


Always give fresh water and wash out the receptacle thoroughly; a rusty nail placed in the water now and then is very beneficial, as it strengthens the stomach. Watercress, about every other day, is greatly appreciated, and is almost a complete cure for consumption. In the winter months, besides the ordinary canary-seed, a little—say half-a-handful—of maw-seed should be added; this helps to keep out the cold.

In breeding-time, an egg chopped up and mixed with plain crushed biscuit should be given every day. To offer more hints would take up, I am afraid, too much space, but let me give you this parting injunction:—Keep your aviary thoroughly clean; if this is neglected, the insects will speedily congregate and do terrible mischief, with the result that your pets will mope and very soon die.

Look after your pets as you would look after yourself, and be sure of this—they will repay your kindness in many ways.

R. C. THARP.

Ambition.

 KNOW of no abstract quality in mankind possessing greater potential possibilities, either for good or for evil, than ambition. Whether it is a blessing or a curse is purely a question of motive and degree.

Philosophers and thinkers have tacitly agreed to classify ambition under two headings, worthy and unworthy; that which we term laudable, and that to which Shakespeare has immortally prefixed the adjective "vaulting."

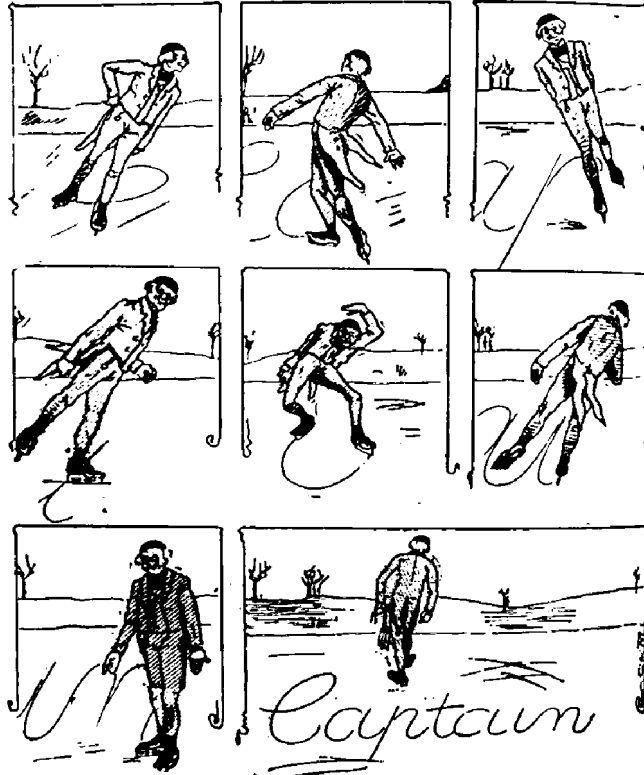
The first may be briefly described as that which is incentive to the attainment of all that is purest, noblest, truest and best; which aims at the uplifting, in the highest sense, of the individual first, and, as an inevitable consequence, the benefit of the community at large. That ambition is laudable in the extreme which has at heart the deepest interests of one's religion, politics, nation and friends; which exists *mainly for the good of others*.

A self-centred ambition, born of the lust for fame, power, money or place, regardless of its effect upon others, is not only base and unworthy, but renders the man or woman tainted thereby

a constant menace and danger to the weal of society.

There is no length to which an unscrupulously ambitious person will not go, no depth to which he will not sink, to attain the desires of his heart. Love, honour, truth, friendship, all are made subservient to the ruling passion, none are too precious or too sacred to be offered at the shrine of his false god.

Young men—be ambitious by all means. Spare no effort of body, brain or soul to reach the highest place you can. Make the very best of each faculty God has given you, but, for His sake, for your own sake, for your country's sake, see to it that your ambition is *worthy*; that your affec-



THE "O.F." GOES SKATING.

Drawn by C. L. Reinmann.

tions are settled upon lasting things, upon things which will tend to the happiness and prosperity of yourself and all with whom you come in contact.

So order your lives, so rule and cultivate your tastes, desires and ambition, that, with Tennyson, you may be able to say sincerely and truly:—

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Brave hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

HARRY PAYNE.

How Pens are Made.

FIRST of all the manufacturers receive the steel in ribbons about three feet long and of a breadth that will give least waste when the pens are stamped out. The metal used is rolled sheets of the best cast steel. The ribbons are first annealed in a muffle furnace, then steeped in dilute sulphuric acid to cleanse them of oxide, etc. When clean the steel is rolled to the required thickness. Then the pens are cut out and the central perforation is cut out of them, after which they are again annealed. When this operation is finished the trade mark, etc., is put on, and then the flat pens are rounded to the shape they are when used. They are now ready for tempering, which is done by heating them, and then plunging them into oil, and heating again over a fire till they are a dull blue steel spring colour. The pens are then put into a cylinder together with sand, emery powder, powdered crucibles, etc., and the cylinder is made to revolve by machinery. This scours them and makes them bright. After this operation the points are ground, first lengthwise and then across the nib, to give additional elasticity to the point. Then, and not till then, is the central slit made down the pen. This is done with a hand screw press with a cutting instrument attached. A good workman can do these slits at the rate of 28,000 per day. The perfection of the pen depends *entirely* upon this slit. A bad central slit spoils the whole pen. The instruments for writing are now completed except for colouring (in a revolving cylinder), and then varnishing with lacquer dissolved in naphtha. The pens thus made are sold for a few pence per gross, whereas far inferior pens were sold at the beginning of the 19th century for 5s. each, and considered wonderful at the price!

W. D. G.

"Captain" Club Criticisms.

W. H. Thomson.—You are a quaint fellow. **O. Friederici.**—"Force" and "loss" are not true rhymes. Young poets must not take liberties of that sort. Of the essays, I hope to use the one on Boulogne. **J. S. Cox.**—"Up-to-Date Pictorial Advertising" makes very fair reading, but you can do much better work than that, you know. **Mr. Cox.** **Just One Girl.**—People with real literary ability don't need to have subjects found for them. They find them for themselves with perfect ease. That poking-fun-at-Latin-French-German, etc., Grammar has been a good deal done. An article of this type doesn't strike one as a fresh idea. Above all things, be original. Write what you want to write. **J. S. Birkby.**—Instead of mentioning a lot of places, why not describe one place well—say the Fort de l'Ecluse? **J.H.W.K.B.** (HYÈRES).—Try me with something else, and don't jump from the past tense to the present so suddenly next time. Watch your English and spelling, and remember that I ap-

preciate carefully-written contributions. **R. E. Jayne.**—The Photographic Editor will criticise your essay next month. **R. P. Smith.**—Sketch decidedly clever, but your technique is not so carefully worked out as it might have been, in particular the piano and stool; otherwise, you go the right way about it. **B.A.G.H.**—There is a slight improvement in your drawing, but not as much as I should like to see. I hardly think you will be able to make much money by black-and-white work for a considerable time. In spite of your numerous endeavours, you must not be disappointed by your non-appearance in the CAPTAIN CLUB pages this month. **D. Buxton.**—Sketches clever; great improvement upon the last, but jokes not suitable; always keep backgrounds in simple outline. **S. Reid.**—Not sure that we can find room for cricket joke, the illustration of which shows much ability. **H. H. G. Begbie.**—The sketches, "Evolution of the Duel," are capital in their action and proportions. Take as much pains as possible with hands, head, and feet, and with detail generally. Don't "just knock a sketch off." **M. Perrott** (ADELAIDE, S.A.).—You are a persistent contributor. Third test match sketches better, but do take more pains, and study the line work of Mr. Gordon Browne in his illustrations to our serial, "J. O. Jones." **Jersinis.**—The Competition Editor has handed me your drawing and letter. Although the picture hasn't won a prize, it shows you to be a painstaking student. The O.F. smiled when he saw what he had done with his racket; as you see, he is giving his own views on the game this month. **D. Betts.**—Clubbed. Sorry cannot make use of your article. It is well-written. **Will Lucas.**—Let's see something else from you. Keep your humour within bounds. **H. S. Dickins.**—Feelingly written; but something very similar has already appeared in THE CAPTAIN. **Beryl Wilkinson.**—Nicely written, but not quite enough "adventure" to warrant publication. **H. R. MacDonald.**—Hope to use your paper on the "Corinthians" when football comes round again. **Fred R. Ducé.**—Will use "London Sunset." **Over-Worked Student.**—A touch or two of humour in your paper on your big brother. Try again. **Hal MacCrie.**—"Poles in Britain" and "Crusoe-Land" are accepted. **Alan Leslie Snow.**—"My Books" is accepted. **Resident.**—Your article on Blackpool reads too much like a bit out of a local guide. An article of this sort should be something more than a list of piers, music-halls, hydropathic establishments, etc. However, you did your best, and, although your essay is declined, I hope you will continue to "bask in the sunshine with your CAPTAIN" none the less contentedly. **Chemist.**—Sorry; don't think your article would appeal to many readers.

Contributions have also been received from:—P. J. Campbell (U.S.A.), R. Mallett, Bertram Burrows (Jamaica), P. Almack, T. Pittaway, Eric Earle, A. G. Leigh, Smith Quintus (who should send name and address if he wants to be clubbed), W. Dandie, "Nobody Much," William Bullough (accepted), J.W., G. H. B. Southern, P.G.B., J. Timms, "Kari," P. McA. Stewart (accepted), H. M. Piercy, G. H. L. Barnes, R. M. Robertson, J. W. Anderson (Scotland cricket article accepted), T. R. Davis ("West Hartlepool" is accepted), H. H. Proudfoot, W. T., E. R. Dutton, H. W. Waters, James Harrison, W. Bridge, F. Thompson, Frank R. Browne (accepted), L. Ray.

(A number of criticisms and accepted contributions are held over).

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

the office-boy; "that is sure to be the most up-to-date."

When a man is well stricken in years he does not take kindly to active pursuits—he doesn't like to be chased by a policeman, for example. When I heard the term "Ping-Pong," I said to the Art Editor, "Is this a new sort of tuning-fork or cocoa?" The Art Editor replied: "It is neither; it is an indoor game, sir."

"Bring forth this indoor game," said I, "and let us see what happens." We had just got the first part of a new volume to press, and, therefore, had a little time to call our own.

"How can I bring it forth," said the Art Editor, "when there is not a set in the office?"

I, therefore, called the office-boy, gave him half-a-sovereign, and sent him out to buy a set. "Get it from someone who advertises with us," I said, "just to encourage him."

This was just what the office-boy liked, because he had to go up Fleet Street on his way to Benetfink's, and could take his enemy, the office-boy of the *Mother's Help*, on the way. Between these two there is a deadly feud, of which one day I will tell you more.

"Do you sell Ping-Pong sets?" enquired the office-boy of the young man behind Benetfink's counter.

The young man pointed to about ten thousand boxes, neatly arranged in piles. "Yes," he said, "we sell Ping-Pong sets."

The office-boy said he would buy a set.

"What sort of a racket would you like?" said the young man.

"What sort have you!" said the office-boy.

"Oh, we have fifty different kinds," said the young man.

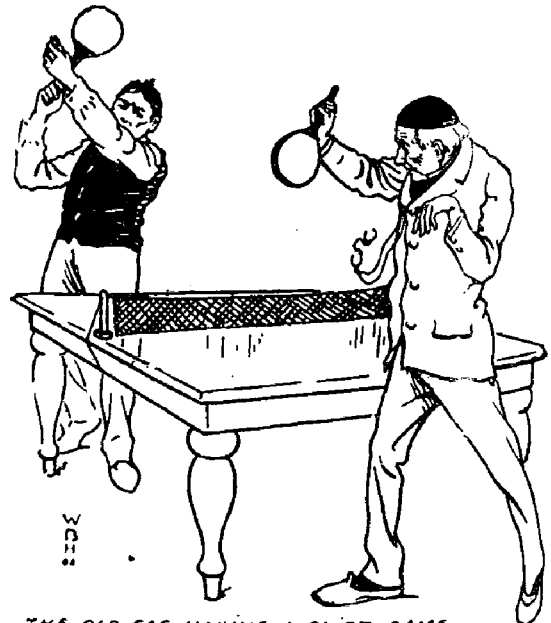
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"Now, Mr. Fitzsimmons," I said, "let us try conclusions."

The Art Editor barricaded himself round with volumes of the *Sunday Strand*. "Don't hit my way," he said, "more than you can help."

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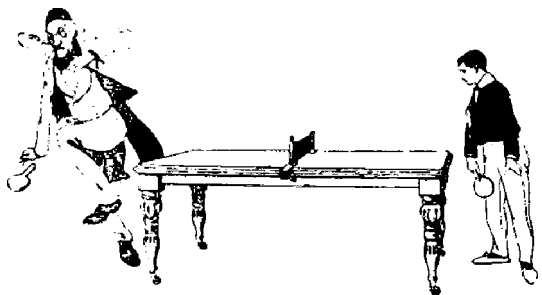
By W. B. Huntley.

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I agreed gladly. I recollect lawn-tennis coming in when I was a middle-aged man, but I never was much good at it. I was always better at taking service than delivering it, so I said to the Fighting Editor, "Go ahead."

The Fighting Editor went ahead to such purpose that the first game was a love game—he had the game and I had the love; and in the second game the Fighting Editor again had the game, and again I had the love. The end of it was that the Fighting Editor won a set, upon which I said I should have no further use for his services, and he could take it either way he liked. He took it the Ping-Pong way.

I left Ping-Pong alone for a few days, and then one of our readers came up—a smart-looking youth in an Eton jacket. He kept me flying about busily for two hours, and then I said I'd give him One Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN if he'd go away.



THE O.F. IS KEPT GOING.
By A. B. H. Clayton-Smith.

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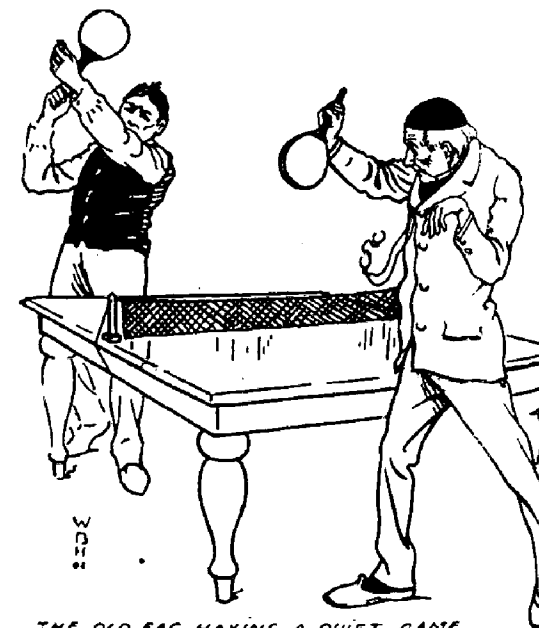
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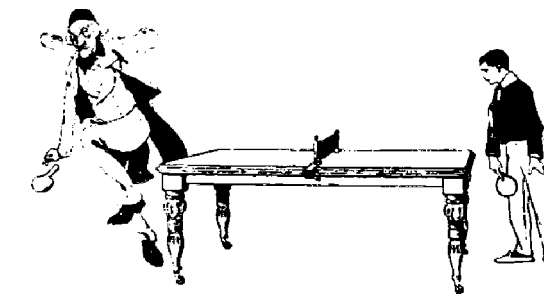
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I have determined not to play any rougher games than "Patience" in future, and if I ever decide to take any active exercise again it will be playing spillikins with the Art Editor.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.—Just now the thoughts of Bluecoat Boys will be busy with speculations concerning the new Christ's Hospital at Horsham, which will open its doors to them in June. At Horsham "houses" will take the place of "wards," with the result that the masters will be brought into much closer touch with the boys. There are rumours that the old dress is to be done away with, and in the country there will certainly not be the same necessity for such a distinctive costume, though there are still many arguments against a change in this respect. It is in their games that the Blues will find their chief gain. No longer will it be necessary for them to spend their time and money in going to a field in the suburbs every time they wish to play cricket or football. Now, with splendid playing fields at their very doors, the healthy athletic spirit which has thriven and flourished in spite of all disadvantages, will find the encouragement it deserves, and Christ's Hospital will, I doubt not, soon be turning out as many 'Varsity "Blues" and county cricketers as it does scholars. I wish the Blues every success in their new home.

CAMERA CORNER.—I have had to hold over the "Dark Rooms" article for another month. In June, however, I shall give photographic readers plenty to interest them, as, in addition to the "Dark Rooms" article, there will be a paper on "Hand Camera Photography." Next month, too, a photographic competition will be announced.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Elden writes: "With reference to 'Well Wisher's' letter in your March 'Editorial Notes,' he seems to think that the incidents portrayed in *In Deep Water* are impossible, so I will tell you the experience of a friend of mine. He sailed from Barry in the middle of November last, and the first thing the captain did was to get drunk. When they were a day out of port they had tremendously rough weather (you may remember it was very stormy all round the coast just then), and the first mate met with an accident, which confined him to his bunk. The sails were torn to ribbons, most of the deck-fittings were washed overboard, and the vessel was driving straight on shore. The second mate knew nothing of

the coast, so the crew (my friend among them), thinking it was the only way of saving their lives, rushed aft and took possession of the ship, and, under directions from one man who knew the coast, just managed to get between Lundy Island and the mainland, but they had a very narrow shave of, as my friend put it, 'going ashore with their toes turned up.' Then they put back to Barry, as they did not intend to go to sea with the same captain. My friend was at the wheel when the captain lurched up from below and ordered him to alter the ship's course; this he refused to do, so the captain caught hold of the wheel and tried to do so himself, my friend pulling one way and he the other. But my friend, who had been at the wheel about four hours, got tired of this, and called one of the crew, who came up and knocked the captain right into the lee-scupper, from where he was picked up and taken below. When they reached Barry they refused to go to sea again with the same skipper (who got a doctor's certificate saying he was ill, and so escaped Board of Trade enquiries), so a new one was obtained, and they started afresh, and have been all right since. After such things as these happening in the Bristol Channel, I am sure the adventures in *In Deep Water* seem quite probable."

A Royalist writes: "I consider it to be my duty to point out to you one or two things with regard to the article on John Hampden, published in the March CAPTAIN. Mr. Fielding makes use of the term 'renegade' in referring to that staunch royalist, Baron Wentworth. If he did indeed change sides, could he have done better? He saw that the Parliament were going to extreme lengths—in fact, taking upon themselves the King's duty of governing. Pray God England may never again see herself kingless, as she was in that unhappy year, 1649, when that martyr King Charles the First was done to death by the leaders of an insurrection started by John Hampden. But I digress. Wentworth, as I say, was a moderate man, and from *no sordid love of gain* joined the King. He did not become the 'slave' of the King. No! a thousand times no! Being a gentleman, he served the King loyally and well. In Ireland he did much good. Then, again, Mr. Fielding says he was 'debased morally.' Let him prove it. But enough. I have nought but Royalist blood in my veins, which, had I lived then, should have cheerfully been shed for his Majesty King Charles the Martyr. One last word. I do not think that Mr. Fielding has any right to apply such insulting epithets as 'renegade' and 'slave' to a man who, if he were alive, would make him swallow those words, and six inches of sword to boot."

Hairace.—(1) The London and North-Western Railway is generally looked upon as the leading line, though some people give the Midland the palm for smartness, and many highly praise the Great Western, which has greatly improved its train service in the last ten years. (2) The highest recorded speeds on an English railway are a little over 80 miles an hour. Had the broad gauge been in existence now, it is very probable that, with the various mechanical improvements, 90 miles an hour and over could safely have been reached. (3) The Great Western Railway has not gone in for racing trains like those which run to the North. They, however, hold the record for the longest run without a stop, namely, Paddington to Exeter, 194 miles. They have recently eclipsed this by taking the King from Plymouth to London, a distance of nearly 247 miles, without a stop in the magnificent time of 4 hrs. 44 mins.

Mr. W. H. Williamson writes: "Some lady,

I understand, has been criticising the language of MacFinn, in my story "Rats!" and declaring by certain theories that, given the school, the parents must have been of a certain position—and much more to follow. It is hard to break up pet theories. MacFinn was known to me in the flesh. He spoke in my hearing as he did in the pages of **THE CAPTAIN**, and one of his favourite expressions was 'Na! na!' How shall we reconcile the lady to MacFinn? Perhaps we had better not try. I may add that there are 'all sorts and conditions' of boys at most schools. Also I have lived in Scotland, and under the same roof with Scotch people in England."

J. H. Mann.—Contributions to the **CAPTAIN CLUB** should be quite short; in fact, if they are much over 400 words they very often have to be "held over" for months. We like to get in as many things as possible, and, of course, as there are only a few pages, contributions have a much better chance of going in if they are brief. I only undertake to criticise contributions of this nature, and only a few then, as space is limited. You had better get an opinion on that long story of yours from some friend who has read a good many books and knows pretty well what is what, and could tell you whether it is any good or not. The best test to put a story to is: does it hold the reader's interest from beginning to end?

Roy Carmichael tells me that he erred in good company about the blocks of ice in Montreal, for he informs me that a member of the British Association made a similar mistake, i.e., thought they were put out on the pavement to cool the atmosphere.

J. H. T.—There were occasionally over twelve, but that was because the Competition Editor forgot about the extra consolation prizes. It did not make any difference to the award, I fancy. **A Little** **Fag.**—Your delightful flowers were put on my desk, and were much admired by my friends.

Poetry and Prose.—C. S. Murray writes to point out a mistake in this essay, which appeared in the April number. The words describing the parting of two lovers, which "Eljaysee" attributed to Carlyle, are really George Meredith's. They occur in "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" in the "Ferdinand and Miranda" chapter. The lovers are Richard and Lucy Desborough. This chapter, says my correspondent, has the unique privilege of being bracketed, by competent critics, with "Romeo and Juliet," so masterly is Meredith's treatment of the subject.

Daniel Owen (NOVA SCOTIA).—I will bear your complaint in mind. **M. A. Bynds** and others—Can't you see? It means a rick (Eric) of the ankle.

Preserved Walnut.—You will find, if you read "Tales of Greyhouse" in book form, that "Par-snip" is called "Carew" whenever his surname is referred to. "Tales of Greyhouse" were, by the way, considerably altered for publication as a book, "The Top Room" and "Mr. Kitt's Sweetheart" having entirely different endings.

J. R.—Read Green's "Short History of England," Macaulay's "Essays," Carlyle's "French Revolution," Ruskin's "Stones of Venice," and like works. Read the chapter on books in "The Pleasures of Life." Am pleased to hear of your Civil Service success, and that our letter acted as a stimulant when your energies were disposed to flag.

An Old Light Blue (PARIS).—Comparing our athletes, boy for boy and man for man, I believe they are better athletes than the Americans. Our ideas about training are more liberal than theirs; our men are athletes, their men are athletic machines. Never

mind; let us see what the future brings forth, and may the best man always win!

W. C. Heilsden.—It was a good thing you did not send your puzzle envelope by post; it would have flooded the smartest postman. I had to think over it a bit myself before I could see the true inwardness of the twelve tribes. Indicating the number of a street that way is about the roundaboutest way I've ever seen! **D. J. F.**—Clubbed. Writing very neat.

Frederick H. Johnson.—See answer to "Worried" in the April number. **H. F. G.**—I believe the wooden rackets are considered the best. **A. L. Harris** (KINGSTON, CANADA).—If you will forward your full address we will send you some **CAPTAIN** stamps.

A Tasmanian.—I am afraid I cannot give you competitions other than the foreign and colonial competitions which we occasionally have. **Tyke**

Eddy.—I will remember your complaint. I am afraid the only thing you can do is to take your carvings, etc., to a fancy goods dealer. Try a local man.

London Girl.—There are thousands of boys' books. For Al school stories you cannot do better than write to the Religious Tract Society, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and ask them to send you a list of Talbot Baines Reed's books; or you could borrow them from a library.

C. B. Liddell.—Thanks for your suggestions about silver tie-pins for **CAPTAIN CLUB** members. I do not think, however, we should sell very many, as tie-pins are not very largely worn—at least, I have not noticed that very many boys wear them.

E. J. B.—Clubbed. 5 ft. 9 ins. is a capital height for a boy of 17. I expect you will be six feet before you've done. As a rule, a fellow grows after he has turned 17. "Nuttall's" is a very good dictionary for general use.

Boat Race, 1899.—Several readers have written telling me of my mistake in the April "Editorial." Cambridge won by anything they liked—not Oxford. The official distance was, I believe, twenty lengths.

W. J. Nettleton.—You are certainly a very ingenious person, but I don't think the postmen thank you fellows who write my address backwards. You see, they don't carry looking-glasses about with them.

Thomas Pittaway.—I do not know of any weekly which makes a speciality of poetry. There is a monthly magazine, I believe, called "The Thrush," price sixpence, which is devoted entirely to poetry.

Xamayca.—In the course of my spring cleaning I have come across the book on Jamaica which you kindly sent me. I am keeping it by me in case I should receive any queries on the subject.

J. W. Bonsor.—Clubbed. Your writing is excellent. **J. A. Kinloch.**—I have handed your questions on to Mr. Fry, who was fishing in the Shetlands for a week or two last September.

H. Inman.—Capital! I am very pleased to hear that the gentleman to whom you sent your back **CAPTAINS** has become a permanent subscriber on his own account. That's a bit of a testimonial, eh?

Official Representatives Appointed: H. L. Dobrée (Weymouth); and H. N. South (Wanstead).

Letters, etc., have also been received from "A Girl," J. W. Holme (clubbed), Bingo Mam (clubbed), Mark Miller, "Smith Quintus," Arbiel, "Boots," G. W. Ivey, Colin A. Arrol, and others whose communications will be acknowledged next month.

Results of March Competitions.

No. I.—"Hidden Books" (SECOND SERIES).

WINNER OF £1: C. CROSSLEY, 32, Park View, Halifax, Yorks.

WINNER OF 10s.: KATIE H. DENNILL, Palmerston House School, Ross-on-Wye.

WINNER OF 5s.: C. S. WICKMAN, 40, Sherburn-street, Hull.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Roderick Wynn, Crosslands Villa, Abbey-road, Barrow-in-Furness; Wilfrid Lefeaux; "Hollington," 43, Thurlstone-road, West Norwood, S.E.; Evelyn Hewitt, West Hill, Copdock, Ipswich; A. Conet, 99, Victoria Buildings, Clerkenwell-road, E.C.; S. Doune, 14, Chichester-street, Chester; Joan Thomas, Glas Fryn, Forest Fach, Swansea; John Molphy, 14, Eyre-place, Edinburgh; William A. Whitehead, Fir Bank, Fulwood, Preston; Alex. Scott, Junr., Burnside House, Tillicoultry, N.B.; William Hunter, Bridge End, Tillicoultry, N.B.; Mary Green, Adderbury Vicarage, Banbury; P. H. Chappell, 25, New-road, Stourbridge; Maud Green, Coombe Lodge, 16, Castle-road, Southsea; R. Webster, 19, Hatton-wall, Hatton-garden, E.C.; Daisy Macfarlane, Ochiltree House, Castle Cary, Somerset; W. W. Spendlove, "Cedars" School, 117, Uxbridge-road, Ealing, W.; O. J. Chambers, Wesley, Northfield, near Birmingham; W. B. Sheppard, 2, Drummond-road, Ashley-road, Bristol; A. Gubert, 29, Lewin-road, Streatham, S.W.; R. C. Woodthorpe, 3, Thornhill-road, Mannamend, Plymouth. (These are requested to send post-cards naming the book—by a CAPTAIN author—they would like. *Vide* advt. in this number).

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dora Daniels, F. H. Stone, Matthew Kennedy, R. N. Davis, Eleanor Gent, Guy T. Corrie.

No. II.—"The Twelve Greatest Living English-women."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: SOPHIE F. SHILLINGTON, 31, Spencer-park, Wandsworth, S.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Sheila Forbes, Rothiemay Castle, Banffshire, N.B.; and R. A. H. Goodyear, Tune-street, Barnsley, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Leonard A. Watson, Laura Mellor, Alice M. Tancock, Maggie Evans, K. M. Light, H. E. Houlston, Oscar Fern.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: ROSALIND F. BRIDGE, Littleington Tower, The Cloisters, Westminster Abbey, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Joan Thomas, Lionel D. Saunders, J. Bramwell Lawson, J. L. Turner, W. A. Oldfield.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: EDWARD T. FAIRLIE, 6, Vaughan-road, Rossford-road, Stratford, E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harold Scholfield, T. Roberson, Fred. H. Stone, J. H. Weeks, J. S. Harper, Robert Williams, Robert W. Pugh.

No. III.—"Story of a Flower."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-three.)

WINNER OF KODAK: WINIFRED LYNCH, 4, Cotham-street, Walworth, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Dorothy Hewitt, Colinton, Ross-on-Wye.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Leonard A. Watson, Frank G. Chitty, Dora Wolferstan, Laura Mellor, L. M. Snelling.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF KODAK: Dorothy Owen, "Oakdene," Hillcrest Road, West Hill, Sydenham, S.E.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the books by "Captain" authors advertised in this number.

COMMENTS ON THE MARCH COMPETITIONS.

I.—The list of "Hidden Books" will be found on an advertisement page. Ten had them all right, and sixty-five had only one mistake; the prizes were accordingly awarded to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. The most difficult to guess seem to have been "Kidnapped," "The Stickit Minister," "Hereward the Wake" and "The Sign of Four." Several put "60,000 Miles under the Sea," instead of "20,000 Leagues."

II.—The List, according to votes, was:—1. Miss Ellen Terry. 2. Queen Alexandra. 3. Princess of Wales. 4. Baroness Burdett-Coutts. 5. Miss Florence Nightingale. 6. Lady Henry Somerset. 7. Miss Marie Corelli. 8. Lady Butler. 9. Countess of Warwick. 10. Miss Clara Butt. 11. Mrs. Humphrey Ward. 12. Miss Agnes Weston. Madame Sarah Grand came next, and then Princess Christian, Lady Sarah Wilson, and Mrs. Kendal.

III.—This Competition was exceedingly well done and very popular. A great many, instead of giving the history of a flower, wrote a short romance which the flower is supposed to have witnessed. Quite a large number of flowers seem to have ended in the hand of a dead person.

IV.—This was also well done and popular, some of the

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Ethel M. Sheppard, "Northam," 211, Upper Richmond-road Putney, S.W.; and E. B. Lye, Leagrave Hall, near Luton, Beds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. A. Taylor, Molly Bosam, May Ladell, M. P. Thompson, Dora Avril, A. M. Wilson, C. M. Wood, Joseph Heath, Cyril Burrage.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF KODAK: W. H. Thomson, Bank of Scotland House, Callander, Perthshire, N.B.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: A. Percy Whitehead, South Newington Vicarage, Banbury.

HONOURABLE MENTION: K. Myers, Evelyn Donne, Marguerite Schindhelm, Robin Jackson, D. Stewart, Sydney I. Wootton, H. C. Osborne, Mary Douglas.

No. IV.—"What I Think of Boys and Dogs."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 7s.: HOPE PORTREY, 29, St. Nicholas-road, Barry, Glam.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Alfred J. Judd, South View Villa, Summerland-road, Barnstaple.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. Edwards, Helen Baines, A. Elton Porter, I. Piekthall, David Loughnan, H. S. Dixon-Spain, F. R. Ducé, J. H. Walker.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: DOROTHY KERR-SMITH, The Rectory, Middleham, R.S.O., Yorks.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Dora Avril, "Roslyn," Hayward's Heath.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. P. Thompson, Charles Jones, E. Taylor, Hilda Kirby, William Kentish, Edith Adames.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: L. W. HURMAN, Weston Villa, Bridgewater.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: George Dunn, The Grange, Stevenage, Herts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Agatha Scott, "Portia," Nellie Hughes, Charles Junkison, Dollie Phillips, W. J. M. Mentrie.

No. VI.—"The Old Fag Playing Ping-Pong."

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: W. B. HUNTLEY, 35, Newington-road, Edinburgh.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Norman B. Ashford, 187, Anerley-road, Anerley, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. B. H. Clayton-Smith, Dudley G. Buxton, Cuthbert Crossley, Reader W. Bullard, E. O. Pearce, S. J. Edwards, Winifred D. Eresaut, Constance H. Greaves, A. J. Judd, H. M. Bateman, H. R. Morris.

"Foreign and Colonial Readers." (No. V. NOVEMBER, 1901).

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 10s.: JOHN McCHARLES, 168, Kent-street, Ottawa, Canada.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Lionel A. Brown, Government Laboratory, Kingston, Jamaica.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Beatrice Payne Le Sueur (Canada), Gerald Allhusen (New Zealand).

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: KEITH ECCLES ROSE, c/o Mrs. W. Rose, The Anjlers, Mussoorie, India.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: H. Goodbrand, 6, North-street, Durban, Natal.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. L. C. Reed (Malta), Edward Pava Le Sueur (Canada), Geo. H. Teed (Canada), A. V. Lafferia (Malta), F. Brierly (Trinidad), A. W. Norman (Cape Town).

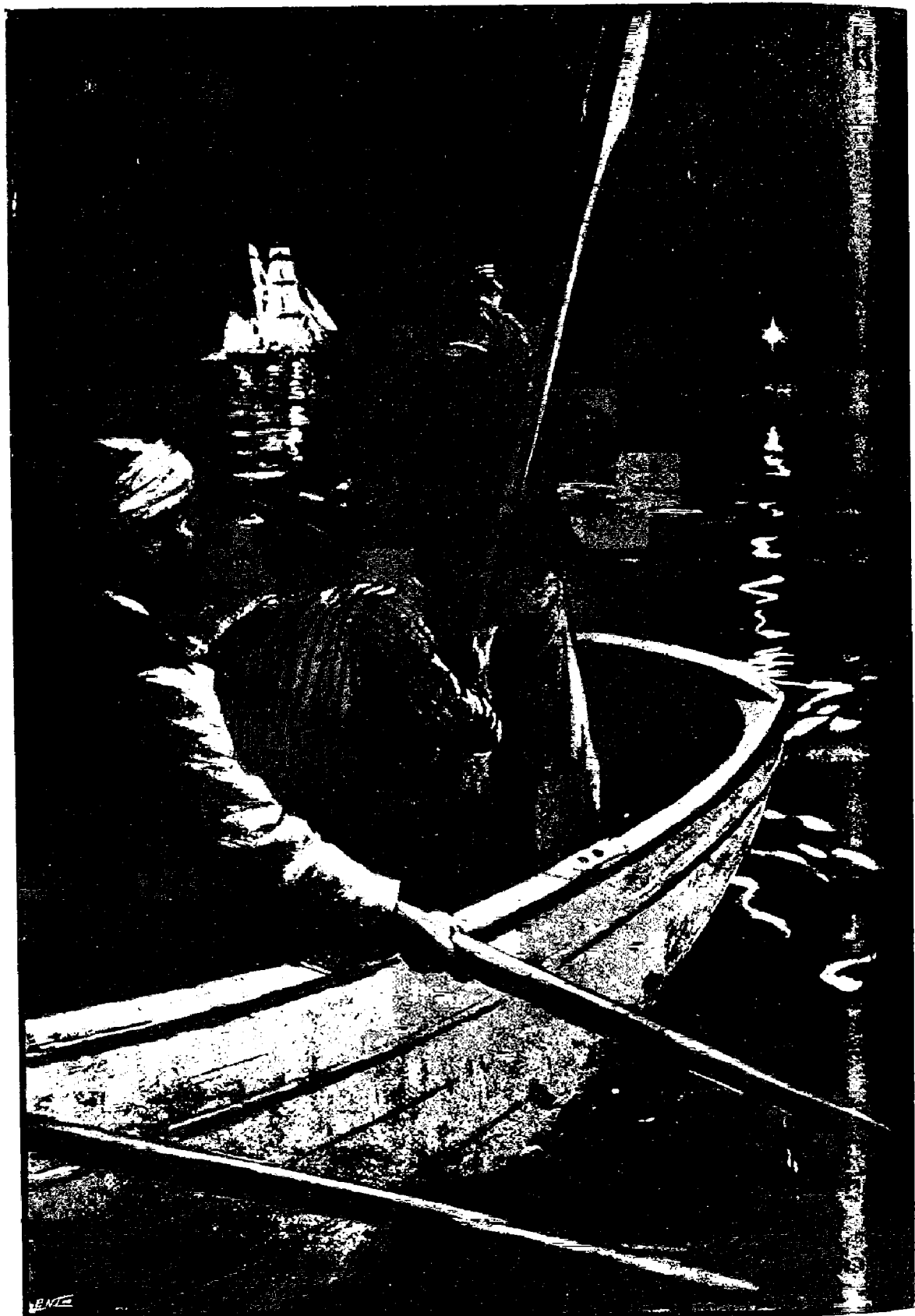
letters being very amusing. Class I. was certainly the best this time.

V.—The correct words were: Elephant, Sanguinary, Avalanche, Immediately, Discontinue, Traffic, Peppercorn, Nationality, Author, Boast, Ping-pong, Prize. As hundreds of competitors sent correct lists, another competition is being set this month for them only. See "Competitions for May," page 163.

VI.—This was productive of some very funny results, of which we print four. Some excellent pictures were sent which were not quite suitable for reproduction.

Extra Consolation Prizes: Vol. VI. The three "Extra" Consolation Prizes of One Guinea each, offered to the competitors who were "Honourably Mentioned" the greatest number of times in the results announced in Volume VI., have been won by W. J. White (seven times), W. S. Leeming (six times), and T. R. Davis (five times). The five following competitors also received "Hon. Men" five times:—G. Hudson, D. C. Hudson, F. W. Stiles, Mayne Reid, W. Vaughan, the prize being awarded to T. R. Davis as he is the youngest of the batch.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.



FOR A FULL HOUR THE BOATS CONTINUED THEIR SEARCH. (See page 198.)

THE JALASCO BRIG



By LOUIS BECKE.

Author of "Tom Wallis," "By Reef and Palm,"
"Rodman the Boatsteerer," etc.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

could not fail to hear of his having met the notorious *contrabandista* Rowley at Arica, and of his being on friendly terms with him just prior to the capture of the *Jalasco* and the murder of the captain, mate, and some of the crew; for even had those of the crew whose lives had been spared met with disaster (which was, however, unlikely), and not reached the shore, there were plenty of people in Arica who could, and no doubt would, acquaint the Forestiers of his seeming intimacy with both Rowley and Vigers. What else could Rosa think, he asked himself again and again, but that he had deliberately taken part in piracy and murder?

For nearly half-an-hour he and Worcester conversed on the matter, and then, fearing their absence might cause comment, they separated, each returning to the boat by a different route. They had agreed upon the absolute necessity of caution in their demeanour to each other when on board the brig, for it would never do to let Rowley or Merrill know that Kingston had the slightest knowledge of the dark deed done that night off Arica.

With such an object in view as the recapture of the *Jalasco*, it was not a difficult task for him to dissimulate, and so, when the boat returned, he was more cheerful than usual, "chaffed" the captain on his narrow escape of a few hours previously, and even indulged in some apparently good-natured jests at the expense of the two

KINGSTON, a skipper in the employ of Forestier, a wealthy Valparaiso shipowner, is promised the command of a fine brig, the *Jalasco*, which Forestier has recently purchased. Unfortunately, however, before taking over his new command, Kingston asks Forestier for the hand of his pretty daughter, Rosa. Enraged by what he considers the young skipper's presumption, Forestier dismisses Kingston from his service. A little later Kingston is rather mysteriously engaged to act as second mate on the brig *Blossom* (Captain Rowley). Kingston has not been aboard long when certain circumstances lead him to suspect that there has been foul play on the ship, and subsequently he learns from the black boatswain Worcester, that the *Blossom* is really the *Jalasco*, but has been "pirated" by Rowley and his first mate, Merrill, and some scoundrels in their pay. Thereupon he determines to recapture the brig as soon as opportunity offers.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CRY IN THE NIGHT.

BURNING with indignation at the manner in which he had been deceived and trapped, Kingston eagerly discussed the proposed seizure of the brig with his new ally, and the more they talked of the matter, the more hopeful he became of eventually turning the tables on Rowley and Merrill, and carrying the vessel to Valparaiso. For it maddened him to think that not only Captain Forestier, but Rosa as well, would naturally imagine that he had, out of pure revenge for his abrupt dismissal from Forestier's service, joined Rowley and his gang when they seized the brig. They

cowardly seamen who had failed to come to their assistance when they were struggling for their lives in the water.

Although the brig still required pumping twice in every watch, the weather was now very fine, and for days and days she continued her course without lifting tack or sheet, for she was now in the very heart of the steady S.E. trades, and, after leaving the Paumotu Group, spun steadily along over a smooth sea, till the lonely but beautiful Suwarrow's Lagoon was sighted. Here Kingston tried to induce Rowley to enter the lagoon, and endeavour to get at the leak or leaks, for the place was uninhabited, and afforded good



A LONG SPELL OF HEAVY WESTERLY WEATHER.

natural facilities for beaching the vessel. He had twice visited the atoll years before, and on one occasion the ship to which he belonged had remained there for two or three weeks, wooding, watering, and refreshing the crew.

But Rowley would not be tempted; he was too anxious to push on, and unless the ship made more water he would not, he said, bother about the leak, and put up with a delay that might mean their losing the south-east trades. There certainly was some force in his contention, so Kingston again let the matter drop.

He and Worcester were careful not to be seen talking to each other except on matters concerning the ship, but nevertheless they did sometimes contrive to whisper a few hurried words to each other, and on one of these occasions the negro told Kingston that he believed the young Peruvian steward, José Pimental, could be gained

over, as he had told him (Worcester) that his mind was much disturbed at the part he had taken in the seizure of the brig, and the murder of the captain, mate, steward, and carpenter.

"He been told me, sah," whispered the boatswain, "dat he can't sleep at night fo' thinking dat he boun' to go to hell if any of de bullets he fired dat night when Rowley came on board hit and killed one ob dose sailor men. He says dat all de money he will get will go in masses for dere souls an' his own, an' I'sc been encouragin' him to think dat he did kill one ob 'em, sure 'nuff."

"That is good news, bos'un, and we must try and sound him some time. I, too, have noticed that at times he seems very despondent, and scarcely speaks all day."

The south-east trades carried the *Jalasco* to within a hundred miles of the north of Samoa, and then followed a long spell of heavy westerly weather, and Rowley, ever impatient, in trying to thrash the brig to windward, succeeded in so straining her that the pumps had to be attended to more frequently than ever. Several sails were lost, and the crew began to show signs of discontent. Kingston suggested the advisability of putting into Samoa, where the natives were friendly, and where the ship could be repaired, but Rowley, though he was himself now anxious about the brig's condition, made first one and then another excuse, and both Kingston and Worcester now felt certain that he would not put into any port in the South Seas where there was a probability of meeting other European vessels.

And they were right in their conclusions—the man was afraid of running up against the American frigate *Vincennes* or one of her consorts then in the South Pacific on an exploring cruise; both he and Merrill had heard in Callao that the Commodore intended to make a detailed survey of the Samoan Group, and would probably remain there some months. So, much to the disappointment of the second officer and his ally, Rowley continued to fight stubbornly against the head wind, but announced his willingness to put into any one of the Ellice Island lagoons which Kingston might suggest, and there repair the ship.

"We must be patient," said Kingston to the negro one day when the two were in the hold together overhauling some stores, "but had we put into Samoa we should have been sure to have met with at least a whaleship or two, or a trading vessel. And then the thing would be easy enough—with the help of half-a-dozen armed men, we could capture the whole bag of the villains." Then he went on to say that he had in readiness a letter, detailing the whole

story of the *Jalasco*, which he intended to send on board to the captain of the first ship they met, providing he could get the opportunity.

At last the wind hauled round to the south-east again, and kept there, and although the crew were almost constantly at the pumps, their discontent vanished somewhat with the fine weather, for the vessel was put under every stitch of canvas she could set, and Rowley had told them that in a few days he would put into a lagoon known to the second mate, where, after the ship had been repaired, they should have a week's liberty on shore.

This lagoon, of which the captain had spoken, was one of the Ellice Group of atolls, called "De Peyster's Island" on the poor chart on board the *Jalasco*, but known to Kingston and other men who had sailed among the South Pacific islands by its native name of Nukufetau. He had once before visited it, and knew enough of the inhabitants to justify him in telling Rowley that they would render such assistance as he might ask for.

The *Jalasco* was spinning along one night at ten knots over a gently heaving sea, when Kingston, after telling the mate that Puka Puka (Danger Island) ought to be sighted soon after daylight, went below. Merrill he knew would see that a good look-out was kept, so there would be no danger of running ashore on some unknown reef or island. For an hour or so he did not turn in, employing himself in preparing some lines which he intended to use in the morning for bonito fishing.

From the opposite side of the cabin he could hear Rowley's deep, heavy breathing, and overhead the light but steady footfall of the mate as he paced to and fro on his watch. At the foot of the companion lay the young Peruvian steward, Pimental, wrapped up in his coarse Chilean poncho. This man slept in a berth off the pantry, but he never turned in until after ten o'clock, for at that time it was always the practice to serve the officer of the watch—and anyone else aft who desired it—with coffee, and Kingston, though it was a novel custom to him, thought it a very good one, and on this particular night decided not to turn in till after José had brought the coffee and the French biscuits served with it.

As he finished seizing on the last hook to the three lines he had prepared, he stepped out into the main cabin, and glanced at the clock to see the time. The steward heard his step, roused himself, and went on deck to the galley, and just then Merrill entered the cabin and went to his room. He reappeared in a moment with a piece of wire in his hand, stood under the swinging

lamp, and began to prod the stem of his pipe, which he always smoked at night instead of cigars, and which was evidently stopped up. Kingston could not help thinking to himself that Mr. Merrill's ideas of discipline were pretty elastic, when he could thus coolly come below during his watch on deck to clean his pipe.

"Well, she's ripping gaily along to-night," he said, holding the unscrewed stem of his pipe up to the light so as to see if it was clear.

"Yes," replied the second officer, "we ought to see Danger Island at daylight, and then we can keep her W. by N. for De Peyster's Lagoon."

"What's the distance?" asked Merrill, who seemed inclined to be talkative, for he sat down and leisurely began cutting a pipeful of tobacco.

"Just two hundred miles; if this breeze holds good, we ought to be inside the lagoon in eighteen or twenty hours after we pass Danger Island."

"Well, I reckon I'll be glad enough to see those pumps quiet again. We've had enough——"

"*Man overboard!*"

The cry rang out so shrill, sharp, and weirdly, that Kingston caught his breath. But for an instant only, for ere the cry was repeated, he and Merrill together sprang on deck, and the latter leapt to the wheel. As he brought the brig to the wind, he gave his orders in loud, clear tones, and so quickly were they executed that in less than five minutes the starboard quarter boat was in the water, with Kingston and four hands in her.

"He can't be far astern," cried Merrill, as the boat veered astern, and a blue light was lit by one of the hands and held over the rail; "keep hailing, Mr. Kingston, and I'll run a light up to the gaff."

"Aye, aye," replied Kingston, who, as his crew bent to their oars, heard the captain's voice ordering away a second boat.

The night was luckily fairly clear, and the sea was smooth, so there was every chance of the man being saved, especially considering the expeditious manner in which the boat was lowered, and if he was at all able to swim. Heading the boat for the spot where the man would probably be found, and hailing every minute, he scanned the starlit surface of the ocean everywhere around. Then for the first time he asked his crew who it was, and, to his intense sorrow, was told that it was the boatswain.

"The last I saw of him," said one of the men in a low voice, "was when he was standing on the topgallant foc's'le. He must have tripped over one of the sheets and fallen overboard."

"Stop pulling," said the officer, "and let us hail together."

No response came to their united call, and again they bent to their oars, making a circuit and listening carefully.

Rowley's boat had hoisted a lantern on an oar, and the ship continued to burn blue lights; she stood out so clearly that had the unfortunate man been alive, and anywhere within two miles, he could not have failed to have seen her. Every now and then both boats would cease pulling, hail together, and listen, but no answering cry came back.

For a full hour the boats continued their search, and then Rowley hailed Kingston.

"I fear the poor fellow has gone," he said.

"I fear so too; but he is a great swimmer, and may perhaps be half stunned, and unable to call out. For heaven's sake don't give up all hope of finding him for another hour."

"No, indeed, I won't, not for two hours or more," answered the captain with such undoubted sincerity in his tones that a dark and growing suspicion of foul play which had taken possession of Kingston, died away as far as Rowley was concerned.

And for two hours more both brig and boats kept up the search, till Kingston himself knew that all hope was gone—the poor negro, he knew, had been called before his Maker. Silently he turned the boat's head, and the crew pulled up to Rowley, and together they returned to the brig. Then the boats were hoisted up, and the vessel was put upon her course again.

By this time it was Kingston's watch on deck, but before relieving the mate he went below to change his thin clothes for warmer garments, as the night air was beginning to feel chilly. Rowley was seated at the cabin table, his chin in his hands, looking worried and depressed. He nodded to Kingston without speaking, and pointed to a decanter of brandy and glasses. His own glass was before him, as yet untouched.

"Mr. Kingston," he said at last, in a curious, shaky voice, "I would give a thousand pounds to see that man here before me. Once, in a moment of passion, I drew a pistol on him, but heaven knows I was sorry enough for it afterwards, and——"

Suddenly, from somewhere in the main cabin, there came the sound of a heavy, anguished sob.

"Who is that?" cried Rowley, starting to his feet.

A low, half-suppressed cry, as of someone in mortal terror, answered him, and then José, the steward, appeared at the door of his cabin. His figure was trembling from head to foot, and his eyes had the look of one who had sud-

denly awakened in the midst of some terrible dream.

"What is the matter with you?" demanded Rowley, "have you seen a ghost?"

His question recalled the man to his senses. He came forward to the table, and although Kingston could see that he was terribly agitated, he spoke sensibly and clearly enough.

"Si, señor capitán," he answered in Spanish, "I have seen ghosts in my dreams for many nights past, and now——"

"Go back to your bunk, you drivelling lunatic," cried Rowley with sudden fury, and he advanced threateningly towards the Peruvian.

"You may kill me if you like, señor," replied the man unwaveringly, "a man can die but once"; he paused a moment, "and I would rather die now and be judged for my sins than suffer as I do day and night." He ceased, then looking fixedly, first at Rowley, and then at Kingston, he said quietly to the latter:

"Señor, the poor negro was murdered. I did not see it done, but I have proof."

"Ha!" and Kingston turned quickly and sternly to the captain, whose florid face blanched. "I thought as much. Speak out, man! Tell me what you know. What did you see?"

"Aye, tell us," said Rowley, steadying his voice, as he went and closed the cabin door, and then returned to the head of the table, "tell us all you know, for I call heaven to witness that if what you say is true, I am guiltless of any part in it," and as he spoke his eyes met those of Kingston without flinching.

"Let the man speak," said Kingston sternly.

"Señor, I will tell you all, but first look at this."

He stepped swiftly to his pantry, and brought back a hat, which he placed on the table. It was of a dark grey felt with a wide brim, and both Rowley and Kingston at once recognised it as the boatswain's, and they both started when they saw that it was splashed with blood.

"Look," he said in low, distinct tones, "I picked that up under the break of the foc's'le; it was lying on the water ways, where it had fallen."

"Go on," said Kingston, with blazing eyes, "when was this?"

"After the boats had left, señor; I brought it to the cabin. I would have thrown it overboard, but now thank the Holy Virgin that I had not the courage to do so, for then should I be helping to conceal murder."

Then in a few further words he told the rest of his story. When he went to the galley, he had seen the boatswain standing on the topgalant fore-castle, smoking. Two of the crew were

also there—one of them, Antonio, was on the look-out, the other, who was a man named Teixeira, and not in the mate's watch, was sitting down on the starboard side, singing; the rest of the watch below were under the topgallant fore-castle playing cards. After he had made the coffee, he put it aside for a few minutes to settle, and, happening to look out of the galley door, was somewhat surprised to see that the men who were playing cards had put out their light, and that there was an unusual silence. Quite ten minutes passed before he took up the coffee to carry it aft, during which time he heard nothing but the noise of the brig as she cut through the water, and he was half-way along the deck when he heard the cry of "Man overboard!"

The captain and Kingston heard him in silence. Then the latter rose, and pointed to the bloodstained hat.

"Captain Rowley, there was no need for us to lower a boat; the poor man has been foully murdered. Call the men aft and question them, or, by heaven, I will go for'ard and myself shoot the man whom I firmly believe is the murderer—that sneaking cut-throat Antonio."

"No, no—do nothing hastily," said Rowley in a husky voice. "I am with you in this. I swear to you that neither I nor Merrill—"

"Ha!" said Kingston struck his clenched hand fiercely on the table, and bent his deep-set eyes on the captain, "now I begin to doubt you both. What brought Mr. Merrill down here talking to me when it was his watch on deck. I believe you both to have been party to this cowardly murder! I know who and what you are. I know how I have been deceived and ensnared by your lying tongue into sailing with pirates and murderers!"

The fatal words were no sooner spoken than he inwardly cursed his folly, for now he had shown his hand, and his life perhaps would be



HE SPRANG TO HIS CABIN AND SEIZED HIS PISTOLS.

the penalty. He sprang to his cabin, seized his pistols, which he had always kept loaded, and then stepped out and faced Rowley.

"Put down your arms, man," said the captain, who spoke calmly and quietly, "your life is in no danger from me. Some one has betrayed us, I can see. But I never meant any harm to you. I had to lie pretty hard to you in Arica, I admit. Desperate men have to do desperate things. I suppose you know that this brig is not the *Blossom*?"

"I know the whole story."

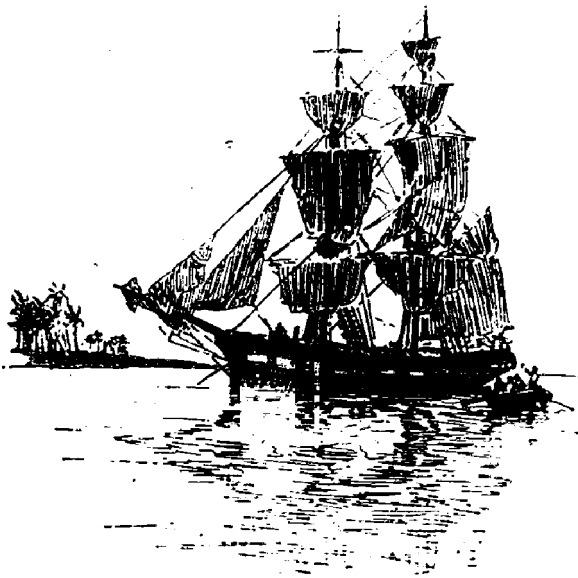
"Then the less said about it the better.

I mean to stick to my bargain with you——”

“And I refuse to do duty with pirates and murderers.”

“Steady, steady. Let us talk. And put away those pistols. I swear to you that, though I have deceived you in the past, I will not do so again; but the crew would murder you in five minutes if they thought it was necessary for their safety. That they have murdered that poor nigger I don't doubt, but whether you believe me or not I solemnly declare that neither I nor the mate had anything to do with it, directly or indirectly.” He stopped and then addressed the Peruvian.

“Go on deck, you, and tell Mr. Merrill to come



JOSÉ PIMENTAL WAS PULLED ASHORE.

down here quietly. Sit down, please, Mr. Kingston. I am not the cold-blooded scoundrel you judge me to be.”

In spite of himself, Kingston believed the man, and already he had decided on the course that was best for him to follow. He put his pistols back into his bunk, and then quietly seated himself opposite the captain. Merrill entered.

“Tom,” said Rowley, “the game is up as far as Mr. Kingston is concerned. He knows the whole story.”

The American took the news very coolly.

“Thought it would come out somehow.”

“How he got to know it does not matter. He does know it, and that's the long and short of it. But he thinks that as you and I are responsible for the deaths of the captain, mate, and other men who were on board this ship, that we also are concerned in the death of the bos'un.” Then

he repeated the Peruvian steward's story to the mate, who listened without interruption, even when Rowley told him Kingston's suspicions of himself for coming down below when it was his watch on deck.

A deep flush tinged the American's impassive face for a moment or two as he raised his eyes to Kingston, and in a few but passionate words he disclaimed absolutely any knowledge of the negro's mishap.

“I came down below because my pipe was stopped up,” he added, “and if the man was knocked on the head and thrown overboard—as there seems to be no doubt of—it was done while I was here in the cabin. I would have defended his life with my own before I would have been a party to such a crime.”

There was a brief silence, and then Rowley looked first at Merrill and then at Kingston. Then he said with foolish haste :

“Will you come in with us, Kingston? We will deal fair and square with you. Will you take ten thousand dollars?”

“I will take none of your blood-stained money. I have always been an honest man and will die one. And I tell you frankly that while I will stand by the agreement you induced me to sign to navigate the brig to Macao, and will do duty as second mate, I will promise no more. You understand what I mean.”

“I do,” said Rowley, who, unscrupulous and hardened as he was, could yet admire courage. And then he was in hopes that in time he could induce Kingston to change his mind.

At daylight next morning, Danger Island was in sight, and Kingston came to the captain.

“The steward tells me that he fears—and he has reason to fear—he will be put away by those cut-throats for'ard if he remains on board, and has begged me to ask you to let him go ashore at this island. The people there will treat him well, and he can leave by the first whaleship that calls. For heaven's sake let him go. We have had enough bloodshed already.”

Rowley did not hesitate. The brig was hove-to, a boat was lowered, and José Pimental, with his chest, and a present of a hundred dollars from Kingston—he absolutely refused to take any money from Rowley—stepped into the boat and was pulled ashore.

Before he left the brig Kingston shook hands with him in the cabin, and contrived to tell him that he hoped to recapture the *Jalisco* ere long, and if successful would come back to Danger Island and pick him up. And the Peruvian, taking the officer's hand in his own, kissed it in silent gratitude.

CHAPTER IX.

A BOLD GAME.

LET us now return to the quiet waters of Mukufetau Lagoon.

Soon after sunrise on the morning following the arrival of the brig, and whilst only the usual armed anchor watch of two men—one aft and one forward—were on deck, a swarm of canoes put off from the village and surrounded the ship.

The captain and officers at once made their



KINGSTON SUPERVISED THE WORK OF GETTING THE GUNS RAFTED ASHORE.

appearance, and Fonu, who commanded the flotilla, came on board and informed the captain that Potiri, the head priest, having consulted the oracles of the gods concerning the treatment of Rowley and his ship's company, and received a favourable reply commanding the people to render them assistance, he, Fonu, with a hundred strong men, now awaited his instructions.

Rowley at once gave orders to get the guns rafted ashore. This work, which was supervised by the second officer, was

soon accomplished, a number of canoes, lashed together and loosely decked with flat pieces of light but strong timber, making an excellent raft capable of sustaining the weight of the brig's armament of ten guns.

Kingston, whose mind was as actively employed as he was physically, was especially energetic and cheerful, and encouraged the natives by voice and gesture in their operations. He was particularly anxious to get into conversation with Fonu, which he soon accomplished, and the young chief was delighted when, after the guns had been safely landed on the shore of the little island abreast of the *Jalasco*, Kingston told him that he had previously visited Nukufetau, and named the ship, which Fonu remembered.

Rowley, and Merrill as well, could not but feel pleased that day at the change in the demeanour of the second mate. Twice during the forenoon he had accepted Rowley's invitation to drink with him in the cabin, and even Merrill, who was an unusually astute personage, was deceived, and began to believe that, after all, Kingston was "coming round," and might eventually yield to the tempting bribe offered him, and cast in his lot with theirs.

Kingston had made up his mind to play a desperate game. Rowley had deceived him cruelly, and now he would cast aside all his former scruples and resort to dissimulation to gain his ends, which were simply all that he held dear in life—the re-establishment of his own reputation with Captain Forestier by the recapture of the brig, and the regaining of the affection of the woman he loved, for how could he, he thought, expect her to regard him now with aught but aversion?

During his many years' wanderings among the islands of the South and North Pacific, he had acquired a fair knowledge of many of the Polynesian dialects, for nearly every whaleship and trading vessel carried then, as they do at this present time, a number of natives among their crews. This knowledge he now proceeded to put to use by conversing with the islanders who were working at lightening the brig, and in particular he devoted his attention to Fonu, paying him many compliments upon his great stature and strength, and insinuating that he (Kingston) very much desired him to be his *soa* or friend. Fonu was of course highly flattered, and very quickly responded to the advances made by the white man.

The work of lightening the ship went on so expeditiously that on the third day she was floated up over the flat patch of rock, and as soon as the tide fell an examination was made of her bottom. The damage she had sustained proved to be much more serious than was im-

agined—half-a-dozen of her planks on the starboard side between keel and bilge were so badly injured that it would be absolutely necessary to replace them by new ones, which would have to be sawn from some of the spare spars carried on deck. Kingston was secretly pleased, for although he was apparently working very hard in assisting Rowley and Merrill to get the ship ready for sea again, he really wanted to delay her until he had completed the plans he had in view.

Before four days had passed, he had made the acquaintance of the old head priest Potiri, whose ruling passion was avarice, to which Kingston duly, but secretly, ministered by presenting him with several pounds of powder, and a few hundred musket balls, which he surreptitiously abstracted from the magazine and sent ashore one night by one of Potiri's sons. This present he supplemented on another occasion by a couple of bottles of fiery "Pisco," for which the priest had an intense liking, and there was soon established between the two a tacit, but unspoken understanding, the white man throwing out mysterious hints that he would confer great future benefits on him if he, Potiri, would meet certain wishes of his which would be made known to him at some other time.

Before a week had passed, Rowley and Merrill noticed that the second mate, usually a very abstemious man, now changed his habits, and never refused to join when asked to drink with them in the cabin; indeed, he occasionally ordered the steward to bring him liquor to his berth,

For he was now playing his part determinedly, and, to further his plans, was very kind and gracious to Vailavea, a handsome girl who was betrothed to Fonu. It would be of great help to him, he knew, if he could make this woman his friend, as well as the young chief whose wife she was to be. He made her a present of a necklace of silver beads and a gaily coloured rebozo, which he had bought in Arica months before. The young lady was, of course, intensely pleased with these marks of his favour, and assumed a haughtiness of demeanour to her girlish companions that was highly amusing to her patron.

In the lower hold of the brig, when she was seized by Rowley, were two thousand hides, which represented at least four or five thousand dollars. The lower layers of these had become so soaked with salt water, owing to the brig leaking after running ashore, that the captain, when the vessel was being lightened, had intended either throwing them overboard or giving them to the natives, but Kingston, who now seemed very solicitous about everything connected with the brig, urged him not to throw away such valuable property, when the hides

could easily be carried ashore, dried, and restowed.

"They are worth four or five thousand dollars in New York or Boston," he said casually, "and ought to be worth as much or more to us in any China port, so it would be folly to throw them away."

Rowley was quick to note the "us" in what was apparently a casual remark, and concluded that Kingston had quite "come round."

The little island on which the hides were being dried was called Teafuana, and the beach on which they lay was in full view from the deck of the *Jalasco*. Further back from the beach, and situated among a grove of breadfruit trees, were two or three houses, only the roofs of which were visible from the brig. Kingston had working for him about a dozen natives—men and women—and it was his practice to start off immediately after breakfast and superintend the cleaning, drying and re-folding of the hides. A narrow path which traversed the centre of the islet from end to end communicated with the village on the main island, except, of course, where a narrow strip of fordable water divided the two. Encompassed as it was on both sides by countless coco-palms growing very thickly together, this path could not be discerned from any point seaward, and except Kingston no one on board the brig knew of its existence. Yet for some days past he had used it frequently at least once a day, to visit the old priest Potiri; and Potiri, in his turn, had several times come to the little islet, and conversed with him in one of the houses in the breadfruit grove.

By this time Kingston had to a certain extent taken both Fonu and the girl Vailavea into his confidence. The latter, when Kingston was either visiting or being visited by Potiri, always remained on the beach with the rest of the islanders who were employed with the hides, and when either Rowley or Merrill did come ashore, which was infrequent, to see how Kingston was getting on, the girl, as soon as she saw the boat put off from the ship, at once slipped away and gave the alarm, so that the second officer always had time to meet them when they landed.

It had now become an open secret with the natives that the *sui alii elua* (the second mate) was an especial favourite of the head priest, and that he was to be treated with every respect and consideration. And Potiri himself had judiciously put it abroad that the captain had not, and would not, treat them as generously as he should do for their services, but that he, Potiri, was guarding their interests, and would instruct them how to act later on—after he had consulted the gods as usual.

One bright, cool morning, Rowley, at the breakfast table, told Merrill and Kingston that he had heard there were a great number of pigeons on an island on the weather side of the lagoon called Sakuru, and that he intended going there with a boat's crew for a day's sport.

"I would not take too many of the men away, if I were you," said Kingston.

"Why, you don't think the natives would be up to any mischief, do you?" asked Rowley, in sudden alarm.

"No, I have no reason to think that," replied Kingston, "but at the same time it's no good putting a blind trust in them because they are so friendly with us. There is no knowing what might happen if you were away with half of the hands, and two or three hundred of them came on board, and perhaps tried to steal; a row might start at

any moment, and they are a very easily excited lot. The *Romany Lass*, sandalwooder, was cut-off in this very group, just through sheer carelessness—the captain gave the natives a keg of rum, and the result was that they became maddened with drink, killed him and all his crew, and plundered and burnt the ship. So we might as well be careful."

Rowley was again secretly delighted at Kingston's interest in their common safety, and threw a gratified wink at Merrill. But he said he didn't think there was any danger, and, after breakfast, started off with only two hands and a native guide, leaving Merrill in charge of the brig, and Kingston to attend to the hides.

This was just what the latter wanted, for that morning he was to meet Potiri, Fonu, and the head chief in secret conference, and openly lay his plans before them. And he now felt sur-



THIS PATH COULD NOT BE DISCERNED FROM ANY POINT SEAWARD.

that neither Rowley nor Merrill had any suspicions about him.

CHAPTER X.

KINGSTON COMPLETES HIS PLANS.

AS soon as Kingston landed, he sent the boat back to the ship, and walked quietly up through the natives who were working at the hides, to the house where he knew Potiri and the others were awaiting him. There was no fear of his being disturbed by anyone from the brig, for Merrill had some of the hands employed in making ready the lower hold floor for the hides, and others in caulking the decks. The *Jalasco* had been thoroughly and effectively repaired, and was to be floated on the following evening at high water. The guns and heavy stores were to be rafted off early on the succeeding day.

The beautiful Vailavea met him with a smiling face at the door of the house. In her hand she carried a coconut shell filled with fresh, sweet toddy, which she always brought to him every time he came ashore.

"Tis not so cool as it should be," she said, timidly, as she watched him raise the shell to his lips and drink, "but the night was very hot and close, for there was no wind."

"Tis cool enough, Vailavea. And if it were not, dost think I should grumble?"

Then he touched her cheek gently with his hand and passed into the house.

The dwelling, though it contained but one room, was large, and displayed in the interior great skill and care in its construction and furnishing. The floor—if it could be so called—was formed of a thick layer of small, round, and snow-white coral pebbles worn perfectly smooth by attrition on the beach. In the centre it was uncovered, but all round the sides of the apartment were layers of soft and highly ornamented mats. As the house was under the care of Potiri and his fellow priests, it could not be used or even entered by women, and consequently there was an entire absence of any articles devoted to domestic purposes, such as cooking utensils, sleeping mats, etc. In place of these were numbers of elaborately carved clubs, hideous wooden masks, and huge double-edged wooden swords, ten to fifteen feet long and edged with large sharks' teeth. These weapons, though not now used in warfare as frequently as in times gone by, were highly treasured, each one possessing some particular *mana* or sanctity, and all being especially devoted to the god Erikobai. All round the beautifully thatched walls were numbers of skulls, all highly polished and set side by side on a shelf which ran round the entire room. These grim objects were the treasured

relics of noted men, and were treated with the utmost respect and reverence.

On the matted floor of the house were seated five natives—old Potiri, clothed in his wild and fanciful costume of head priest, two other priests, Fonu, and the head chief. Kingston greeted them all in turn, and then sat down to join in a preliminary smoke. No sound from without disturbed the silence, except now and then the faint murmur of voices from the beach beyond the grove of broad-leaved trees which surrounded the house, and, further away to the westward, the ever restless beat of the surf upon the outer reef.

At a sign from old Potiri one of the younger priests rose, stepped outside, and, putting a small conch-shell to his lips, blew a faint note, hardly louder than the cry of a sea-bird. Then came footsteps, as thirty or forty stalwart natives filed into the house one by one, and sat down in silence.

"Now," said old Potiri, first bending his keen black eyes upon the assemblage, and then turning to Fonu, "let the white man tell us all that which he hath told thee and me."

"Nay," said Kingston in the native dialect, "I am well content to let Fonu speak, for he knoweth my story, and I have but scant knowledge of the tongue of this land to tell so long a tale."

So Fonu, to whom Kingston had told the true story of the *Jalasco* in detail, from the time he met Rowley at Arica to the day she entered the lagoon, retold it to the assembled people, who listened with the most intense interest.

"All this is true," said Potiri, when Fonu had ceased, "I knew it even before the white man told of it" (Kingston stroked his face to conceal a smile), "I knew it when the big, red-faced captain first came and lied to us, for the gods had spoken to me. Now this man who hath just spoken is a good man, and hath come to me for help, and help he shall have. It is his desire to take back this ship which hath been stolen, and restore it to the rightful owner. And because of the help that we shall give him to seize and bind the captain and those with him, he will reward us well, for he is a man of a very generous and great heart—so great that it filleth his body from his loins upward. Let him now tell us of the things that shall be ours when once we have bound these men on the ship."

Kingston had already promised the cunning old rascal some especial gifts for himself, and he (Potiri) had given him strict instructions not to make any mention of these when describing the presents he intended to make to the people generally.

So once more Fonu interpreted for Kingston and said :

These are the things, O Potiri, voice of the god Erikobai and the lesser gods, that the white man will give to us: Ten muskets, new and unsoiled; two kegs of bullets and two bags of bullets, and many caps; two large and two small kegs of powder; ten swords such as

temple of Erikobai, and the other for our chief, so that all the people may look into it at any time."

These mirrors, with which the main cabin of the *Jalasco* was ornamented, were the wonder and delight of the natives, none of whom, except



KINGSTON GREETED THEM ALL IN TURN.

the sailors carry at their waists; ten pistols, each with much powder, bullets and caps; a cask of grog, which shall be half a *gafa* (half a fathom) high, thick in the belly and strong to the taste and smell" (this evoked a murmur of applause); "two thousand sticks of good tobacco, which is in a great round box like unto a cask; twenty short Spanish axes; a hundred fathoms of blue cloth" (navy blue calico); "two casks in each of which are more than five hundred ship biscuits."

A murmured *s-s-s* of delight broke from the listening men, but Fonu was not yet finished.

"And of the eight great looking glasses" (mirror panels) "which are set in the cabin, two shall be cut out from the wood in which they are set, and one shall be for Potiri to set in the

perhaps Fonu, had seen anything so magnificent, and so, when Fonu had suggested to Kingston that he should present one or two of them to the people, the latter at once acquiesced. As a matter of fact, he was prepared if necessary to give away all the internal decorations of the brig if the greedy old Potiri wanted them. As it was, the total value of all the articles he was giving away would be under three hundred pounds in English money—and what was three hundred or five hundred, or even a thousand pounds, when compared with the value of the brig herself and her cargo, quite apart from the specie she carried?

However, the announcement of the intended presentation of the two "looking glasses"—each over six feet in length and eighteen inches

in width, whereby they would be able to regard their all but naked and stalwart figures at full length, brought the natives to such a pitch of excitement that for some minutes Fonu was unable to make himself heard. When silence was established again, he resumed :

"All these things shall be given to us by this our friend, for whom I speak. They shall be put out upon the deck of the ship on the day that we, the men of Nukufetau, make prisoners the captain and the second captain" (the mate) "and the sailor men. And beyond and above these things he will yet let us keep all that which was promised to us by the captain for the work which we have done. This white man is a just man, and will deny us nothing of the price of our labour. That is all."

Kingston looked anxiously at him, fearing that he had forgotten a very important matter, but Fonu only smiled and began again :

"That is all of that matter, but there is yet more to be spoken of. When this our friend hath made himself master of the ship, he will yet be but one man. And how can one man sail the ship back to the country from which she was stolen? Now these are his words—'Let six, or if not six, five, or even four men come with and help me to work the ship. To each man I shall give a great reward, and pledge my word that he shall come safely back to Nukufetau, though not for many months. If I bring them not back myself, then shall they return in one of the many *vaka ie manu* (whale-ships) which, before they sail to these islands, come to Valparaiso. The man in America to whom the ship becometh is a just and a generous man.'"

In an instant ten or a dozen young men eagerly volunteered. Three of them had been to sea before, and Kingston saw that he would have no difficulty in obtaining a full crew to work the brig to Valparaiso. Fonu had, the day before, expressed his wish to come with him, and his example alone was sufficient to make the others eager, especially as the wily old Potiri vouched for their safe return, and the protection of the gods during their absence.

"It is well," said Kingston, who had come prepared with pen, ink, and paper, "now shall I write down here on this paper the names of those men who sail with me. For, as I have told Fonu, it may be that ere many months have passed, there will come here two or three fighting ships (men-of-war) belonging to America. They do but come here to see these islands, and learn how ye of Nukufetau live, and ye may show this paper to the chief of the fighting ships and tell him all these things which have happened. And so that my *tuhi* (writing) shall confirm to him all that thou tellest, I shall, when the ship is recovered again, give thee a letter for him in which is written down the evil deeds of these men who have murdered and robbed, and how I besought thy help. This will please the chief of the fighting ships, and he will commend thee abroad as true men, and many ships will come to this land for food and water—ships that before would have feared to anchor here lest the people should have proved treacherous, and killed the men upon them, as hath been done many times in these islands."

This was a particularly pleasing announcement to his audience, for although the people of Nukufetau had once cut off a whaleship in their haste, they had repented at their leisure, for the bad reputation they then acquired had prevented many vessels from touching at the island, and they were now eager to show their friendliness and goodwill towards white people.

The letter to "the chief of the fighting ships" to which he had alluded, Kingston had already written, and it was at that moment

sewn up in the lining of his coat. It was addressed "To the Commodore of the United States Exploring Expedition," which was certain to visit the Ellice group, and set forth in detail the particulars of the piracy of the *Jalasco*, and the action he was taking in recapturing her. Then, too, he thought, luck might go against him; the *Jalasco* might be fated never to reach Valparaiso, and it would be well for him if, were he destined to perish, he could leave some written record that



THE FAITHFUL VAILAVEA WAS KEEPING WATCH UNDER A PANDANUS TREE.

would, perhaps long after, clear his memory before Captain Forestier and his daughter.

Then the principal matter of all was entered upon—the actual planning of how Rowley, Merrill, and the crew were to be seized, Kingston earnestly impressing upon his native associates his desire that no blood should be shed. As regarded the disposal of his prisoners, that he had already decided upon.

After a brief but animated discussion it was decided to effect their capture by a ruse which could be put into effect the day before the ship was ready to sail, when Rowley was to come ashore to attend a feast to be given in his honour, and to be preceded by his payment of the natives for the assistance they had rendered. Old Potiri, whose hawk-like eyes were shining with excite-

ment in anticipation of the rich reward he would receive for his treachery to Rowley, would not have objected to have had everyone on board ruthlessly slaughtered had Kingston suggested it; but he promised faithfully that no unnecessary violence should be used.

Then one by one, as they had entered, the natives filed out of the house and returned to the principal village, leaving Kingston to walk down to the beach by himself.

In order to warn him in case any of the brig's crew approached, the faithful Vailavea was keeping watch under a pandanus tree.

"All is safe," she cried, as, rising to her feet, she made a graceful gesture of farewell and disappeared.

(To be concluded.)

PLAYS AND BOOKS.—A Comparison.

INDIVIDUAL taste and temperament must ever determine which exerts the more powerful, lasting and beneficial influence upon the mind—a story read, or a story acted.

For my own part, I prefer the literary version; it appeals to me more earnestly, impresses me more deeply. Whether it is a peculiarity of my constitution, or whether others are similarly affected, I do not know, but it requires a most consummate piece of acting to stir my deeper emotions, whereas almost any passage in a book having pretensions to pathos is sufficient to bring moisture to my eyes.

The explanation is simple. When witnessing a play I can never rid myself of the sense of its unreality. My appreciation of it is marred by the all-pervading "painted ship upon a painted ocean" element.

It seems to me that a play should appeal more forcibly to the unimaginative man, he who is content to accept the interpretations of others, to be led, as it were, by the nose into realms of thought and feeling which he would be incapable of entering by his own volition.

I take up a book, and, as I peruse its pages, my mind is free to conjure up its own scenes, to draw its own conception of the characters, and my conscience to interpret as it will. The result may be vastly inferior to that produced in the mind of my dramatist, for instance, but it possesses the ineffable charm of being my own. Is not the lowly effort of the humble artist's hand dearer to him than the acknowledged masterpieces of the world?

I abhor limitation, restriction, or anything of a stereotyped nature. A book, in all probability, appeals to no two men alike. A play, by its very nature, is calculated to set vibrating similar chords in the hearts of all who see it, the difference being largely one of degree.

I have spoken of my inability to banish the sense of unreality when witnessing a play. I think this is largely due to the fact that the actor's *personality* is a quantity I cannot avoid reckoning with.

My literary acquaintances are immaterial, abstract; they are what they are—themselves, and therefore perfectly admirable or thoroughly contemptible as the case may be. On the stage Hamlet is to a certain extent Sir Henry Irving; Ophelia, Miss Ellen Terry.

I could no more appreciate the personification of a good man on the stage by one whom I knew to be of opposite character, than I could thoroughly despise a stage villain if I knew the actor to be a good fellow in himself.

A last comparison between plays and books is this. The former are only able, essentially, to present the salient, outstanding features of a story; in books one obtains the detail. The finer, secret workings of the characters' minds and souls, upon which their actions are consequent, are revealed to us. In a play "the play's the thing"; the action is of paramount importance. A book, therefore, is preferable on account of its greater completeness.

HARRY PAYNE.

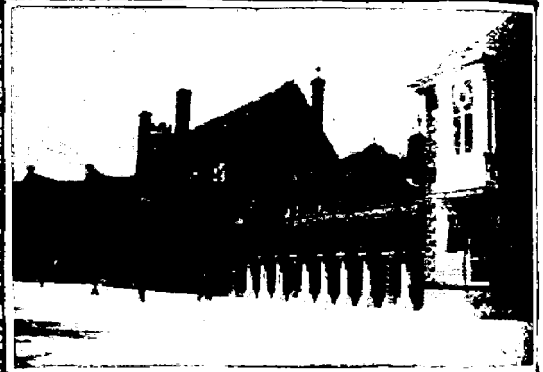
SOME ENGLISH SCHOOLS



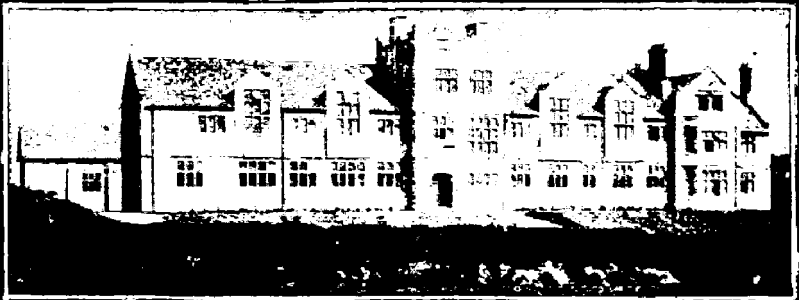
Wesley College, Sheffield.



Cowbridge Grammar School.



Marlborough College.



Friars' School, Bangor.



St. Dunstan's College, Catford, S.E.

From photos by "Captain" readers

THE ATHLETIC CORNER

BY
C. B. FRY

PECULIARITIES OF SOME COUNTY CRACKS.

I PROPOSE to mention some of the chief county cricketers, together with some of the notable points in their cricket. I find that in casting my mind's eye over the county teams there are certain of the players that have for various reasons made useful impressions on my mind. Space forbids exhaustive treatment, but I think some of my observations may be instructive. So let us visit some of the counties and select some of their cracks for inspection.

Of the Surrey eleven, for instance, I would select none other than Robert Abel as the most important subject of study. I dare say you will expect to hear that his chief peculiarity is just the wonderful number of runs he collects in the course of a season. Quite so; but the interesting question is: what is there in his batting that brings all these runs to him? Well, I have observed Bobby for many hours on end many a time; I have watched him stroll out from the pavilion at the Oval with his chocolate Surrey cap cocked a trifle over his left eye, and with a touch of nautical roll in his gait; watched him enjoy our bowling all day long; watched him retire not out at close of play—and I have arrived at this about him. First of all, though he is short in stature, a fact which is often emphasised in contrast to the length of his innings, there is nothing in his physique to prevent him from being a fine batsman. I remember once remarking about him, in the "Book of Cricket," I think, that he has long arms and legs. Someone afterwards interviewed Bobby on this point, and he denied this peculiarity; so I must not again attribute it to him. But he is decidedly not stumpy or short of limb; and his legs and arms are certainly nice and loose; he can take a long stride and an easy, whether in playing forward or in running, and he can swing his bat with length and freedom. There are some

batsmen whose shortness takes the form of roundness and rigidity; their bodies seem to get in the way of their limbs. Not so Bobby Abel; his trunk acts in unison with his limbs and aids their efficiency. Looseness of the shoulders and arms is very necessary to a batsman, and should as far as possible be cultivated. The best strokes at cricket are made,



ROBERT ABEL, WHO "ALWAYS WATCHES THE BALL."
From "The Book of Cricket."

not by a heavy straining use of the muscles, but by quick free swing. I have no doubt that one of the chief reasons why Abel tires so very slightly in the course of his big innings is that his nice easy loose swing of the

arms produces all the power required with the least possible expenditure of effort. Abel learnt long ago what we all learn in time, that the hardness of a hit depends upon quickness, free swing, and accurate timing, much more than on brute strength. Now I dare say you think Abel does not hit hard. Well, he does not in the same sense that G. L. Jessop and S. M. J. Woods hit hard. But then, Abel plays quite a different game: he does not go in for high soaring drives. He prefers to cut, to glance the ball, and to play the

very great virtue. It sounds rather absurd to propose as a distinguishing quality of a great batsman, that he watches the ball. But surely every batsman watches the ball, you will say. They do; but there is watching and watching. It is no exaggeration to state that the large majority of players only half watch the ball. They eye it carefully from the time it leaves the bowler's hand till it is well on its flight towards them, then they simply leave off looking at it, and carry out the stroke they have decided upon, trusting to having already correctly anticipated the line

and pitch of the ball. They do not glue their eyes to the ball right up to the bat: from the bowler's hand to the pitch, and from the pitch on to the bat. That is real watching. That is Bobby Abel's watching. And I cannot allow the occasion to pass without thumping down that this full and complete watching of the ball is the foundation secret of Abel's success, and of all great success in batting. Until you have tried what can be done by keeping the eyes on the ball right to the finish, you do not know your possibilities as a cricketer. I can safely assert that there is no lesson in batting so valuable as to learn to watch, really watch, the ball.

Abel's patience and perseverance are notorious. These qualities enabled him to master by practice the art of batting; and they enable him to use his art to

the best advantage in actual matches. He is a study in patience; no bowler can hurry him or bluff him out of his methods. But the moment a bad ball comes, no one is quicker than Abel in cracking it to the boundary.

Passing from Surrey to Warwickshire, I should like to say a thing or two about W. G. Quaife. The little Warwickshire crack is well known as the leading exponent of the ultra-careful, ultra-scientific style, and he has the reputation of being rather tedious to watch. But, none the less, there are several points in his play which deserve notice; especially by anyone who would improve his own style by copying good models. I do not suggest that you ought to imitate W. G. Quaife *in toto*. That is not at all the way to copy



W. G. QUAIFFE, "THE LITTLE WARWICKSHIRE CRACK."
From "The Book of Cricket."

forward "push" stroke; only occasionally dancing out half a step and driving along the ground. But the ball travels very smartly from his bat, as you soon find out if you field extra-cover, third-man, or short-leg. He tries to score boundaries more by clever placing than by sheer strength, but you find you have to move pretty sharp in order to intercept the ball. But he lifts his bat well back before making his strokes, and puts a deal of wrist into the finish, so there is plenty of life in his strokes. You see many batsmen who scarcely lift their bats back at all, and in consequence jab at the ball instead of swinging at it.

Then, Bobby always watches the ball—always, from start to finish. And this is a

model. When you observe or have it pointed out to you that a batsman's excellence depends on some particular characteristic in his play, you should endeavour to see whether you cannot improve your own style by incorporating into your own methods that particular characteristic. Now, if you go and watch Quaife play, you will see a neat little man who stops many balls without any attempt to make runs off them, but stops them very neatly and safely; and who, when he does make a run-getting stroke, makes it very smartly and safely, chiefly behind the wicket. He does not make the bowling look easy to hit, but he makes it look very easy to play. Now the reason his style is so neat and safe, and the reason he makes the bowling look easy to stop, is one and the same: he is an absolute master of the use of the feet in batting, especially in cutting, glancing to leg, and back play. In these respects there is no better model. When Quaife sees that the ball is suitable for cutting he makes a smart decided step with his right foot towards the off-stump, and this so that the step brings him neither too near nor too far from the line of the ball. As he makes the step he transfers his weight on to the right foot and stands his full height, his bat lifted well back with his wrists; then when the ball is almost past him down comes his bat upon it so neatly and surely that you see no difficulty in the stroke. Yet the safety and accuracy of Quaife's cut is due chiefly to the exact precision of that step across with the right foot, done exactly at the right time, and in the right way to bring him into the best possible position for making the stroke. If you would become a good cutter, I recommend you to note how Quaife moves into position, how he shapes at the ball, and how he uses his wrists. Note that the stroke is done with the wrists, not with the arms or the shoulders; and that the bat comes down on the ball from above. Quaife's peculiar neatness of foot is very marked also in his back play. When he decides to play back you see his right foot move back towards his wicket, and his left follow it smartly, so that his feet are close together and his body faces the bowler nearly square. You do not see him shuffle his feet about and get himself off his balance. His movement is smart and decided, and he is in position before the ball comes to him—he is not moving at the time the bat meets the ball. By moving back he makes the ball shorter and therefore easier; and by being in good time he is free to watch the ball closely and to put his bat to it without hurry.

Similarly in playing to leg, he moves his feet into position correctly and smartly and is ready in the correct pose to play the ball. This neat, correct foot work looks easy when you see it done, but it needs a great deal of patient, intelligent practice. Quaife's mastery of it is what makes him such a great run-getter. What would have been a difficult ball had he not moved, or moved incorrectly, becomes easy to him simply because he makes it so by using his feet.

The crack man of Kent undoubtedly is J. R. Mason, the only rival of Hirst for the title of best all-round cricketer of the day. Mason's batting methods are not easy to analyse for purposes of instruction; he is before all else a natural batsman with a style of his own. A peculiarity I have noticed in his play is that when he first comes in and is not quite settled down, he holds his bat with both hands low down on the handle; then as he gains more confidence and feels more at home he gradually shifts his hold



J. R. MASON, "THE CRACK MAN OF KENT."

Photo by A. L. Money.

higher up, till when he has made about 50 runs both hands are near the top of the handle. This is rather curious—few batsmen vary their hold of the bat, except that some always shift their right hand down to the bottom of the handle when they play back. W. G. mentions in his book that holding the bat low on the handle is usually the sign of a careful player, whereas holding it near the top is the sign of a free hitter. W. G. himself holds his bat about the middle of the handle, and does not shift. Mason's variation of hold bears out W. G.'s idea, for the

former's play increases in freedom as his hands shift upwards. One point in J. R. Mason's play is well worth noting. He is one of the very few batsmen that can with any success play forward at a breaking ball on a sticky wicket. The reason he can do so is that he does not feel vaguely out towards the pitch of the ball, but watches it off the pitch, sees the break, and plays not at where the ball may be, but where it actually is. Another point is that he hits very hard with hardly any effort, because he times the ball accurately and puts his weight behind his bat; he gets his weight on not by any exaggerated effort, but simply by transferring it from his back foot to his front foot, just as the bat meets the ball. You might make a note of that for personal use. The Kentish captain's bowling has several virtues; it is fastish, of a good length, and breaks nastily from the off sometimes. But its chief peculiarity is that the batsman cannot readily judge the exact length of it, and is consequently liable to be caught in two minds whether to play forward or back. This peculiar virtue is due, I think, to Mason's high overhead action. He is one of the few out-right overarm bowlers; his hand is as high as possible when he delivers the ball. Most bowlers are something between round-arm and over-arm. Anyway, it is worth considering that as a rule the higher a bowler's arm, the more difficult it is to judge his length.

On the Yorkshire side, they are all cracks, and they can all teach us something. Perhaps, however, Rhodes is the outstanding figure. Hirst, with his swerve in the air, can boast the most distinct peculiarity, but one that is too peculiar for my purpose. I cannot suggest any means whereby you may imitate that swerve; it is beyond me. But Rhodes teaches several useful tips. No bowler can go on taking the wickets he does without solid merit. Like most medium-pace left-handers, he has a natural break from leg to off to a right-hand batsman. This comes from the way he flips his finger across the ball, with a touch of under-cut, from left to right (his) as he lets it go. But he is too knowing to allow this to happen every time. Now and then when you do not expect it he holds the ball loose in his hand so that the flip does not operate: then the ball comes straight along after pitching. Sometimes he even gives the ball a turn over with his fingers in the opposite direction to his natural break: the ball twists in from the off. It would be well enough could one spot what he was up to every time; but no, he conceals

what he is doing and one has to keep a sharp look-out. Rhodes's bowling nips very sharply from the pitch because his quick, lively action imparts plenty of spin. He takes a shortish run and bowls the next ball very quickly after the last, so unless on the *qui vive* one may be taken unawares, not so unready as to let the ball go, yet not quite ready enough for safety. This is, of course, not an intentional device on his part. What he does do on purpose is to vary the pace of his bowling without altering his action: an old dodge, but not often so artistically compassed as by Rhodes. Many of us find ourselves playing too soon at that slow-dropping, held-back ball of his. And all the time he keeps such a good length that there is difficulty enough on this account alone. Besides, he bowls as though he really means to get you out, which is disconcerting. Batsmen prefer a more friendly bowler.

Lancashire's great man is A. C. McLaren. At the present moment I do not know whether he is going to play for Lancashire or Hampshire; but that is immaterial. As a batsman he combines so many excellencies that he is reckoned among the greatest England has yet produced. He is as watchful as Abel, and as neat-footed as Quaife, yet he is decidedly an aggressive player. He can make fine free strokes off the best balls bowled. One very strong point in his play is that even when playing right back at a difficult ball he puts his bat hard against the ball; he does not merely stop the ball—he swings his bat at it with force enough to punch it past the in-fields, and perhaps to the boundary. Batsmen who can score boundaries by back play are very rare indeed. Another charming trait of his play is that every stroke is a stroke, and no doubt about it. Having once decided what to do he does it thoroughly and whole-heartedly, he never quibbles or bargains with the bowler, but states his terms frankly and once for all each time he plays at the ball. This complete freedom from hesitancy is at once attractive and effective. But to examine McLaren's batting thoroughly would mean an exposition of the whole science and art of that branch of the game, which would take too long.

He is, besides, accepted as *the* captain. It would pay you to go and see his side play just for the purpose of observing his mastery of field tactics. You would note how brisk and wide-awake he keeps his fielders, and how well he places them, altering them to suit each batsman and each bowler, yet without any fuss or fidget. He is a bit of a nuisance

to play against, because he gives one no rest; somehow he manages to prevent settling down even after 50 runs or so. The fact is he treats one and inspires his bowlers and fieldsmen to treat one not as a person come to stay, but as a person to be got out. In fact, does not allow one to do what one likes. Other captains please copy.

Essex has two cricketers that always impress me whenever I play against them—P. Perrin, the batsman, and Walter Mead, the bowler. Perrin is a most difficult batsman to get out. He has a way of making the bowling look very easy. Very deliberate and unhurried, he is nevertheless always in time with his facile, powerful bat. He watches the ball all the way, and plays with a fascinating suppleness of wrist. It might be dangerous to imitate the unconcerned ease of his style, which is natural to him. But I have often noted for use that it is possible to play with that unflurried ease and yet be on top of the bowling all the while. I always feel inclined to have a go at that style whenever I see Perrin play. One point in his play worth remembering is the way he fetches the ball round to the on side on slow wickets by the simple expedient of turning on his feet so as to face in that direction, and coming down on the ball with a sweeping easy swing of the wrists; most of us use a horizontal bat, and pull at the ball for this stroke; Perrin keeps his bat upright and merely taps the ball hard.

Walter Mead is an instructive bowler, not easy to play on the best of wickets, and very difficult on bad ones. - He manages to keep that nasty length that tempts one to reach forward although one cannot quite arrive at the pitch of the ball. Every time he persuades a batsman to feel out at him in this uncertain style he has scored, for the chances are against the batsman; the ball may break and beat the bat, or it may just touch the edge of the bat and afford a catch in the slips, or at the wicket. Anyway, the batsman does not quite know what is going to happen after the ball pitches, so Mead has him at a disadvantage. Mead breaks from the leg as well as from the off, but if one watches his hand one can generally see what he is up to; he makes tremendous play with his fingers, twisting them right round the ball one way or the other, not but what he is deceptive enough. A young bowler could not select a better model for length; Mead puts the ball just short enough for the batsman to find it difficult to play forward or hit, yet not short enough to be easily played back. Why can-

not we all find that length? It is worth working for.

Speaking of models, perhaps Somersetshire possesses in L. C. H. Palairet the model batsman *par excellence*. In the matter of graceful, forcible forward play he has no equal.



A. C. MCLAREN, WHO IS ACCEPTED AS
the CRICKET CAPTAIN.

From "The Book of Cricket."

Latterly this classic style of forward play has somewhat gone out of fashion, but its merits are patent enough if you meet Palairet on a good, fast wicket at Taunton. Of course, much of Palairet's grace and ease belong to the man. He is gracefully built, with a natural faculty for graceful movements. But

the perfection of his style is largely due to the careful education he received. He was never allowed to contract bad habits. He was taught correct methods as soon as he could wield the smallest sized bat. Certainly his cricket is a triumph of early coaching, an example of the results to be achieved by good coaching in correct methods. He is a natural cricketer, and would have been a good bat even if left to his own devices. But some, at any rate, of his exquisite polish is due to a good education. It is marvellous how terrifically hard he plays the ball without any apparent effort, all because the poise of his body, the placing of his feet, and the swing of his arms are so perfectly adjusted to the end in view. His peculiarity is really the absence of all peculiarity, unless one can call peculiar the wonderful range of his forward strokes. With one and the same elegant lunge he can send the ball in any direction from cover-point round to forward mid-on; the difference of direction is due merely to where he puts his front foot, the stroke itself is the same. In playing forward he always has his front leg very close to the line of the ball, and therefore plays the ball very close to his leg. This has two advantages: it leaves no room for the ball to pass inside his bat, and it enables him to play dead straight without a semblance of pull in his stroke. You may not be able to imitate his elegance, but you may fruitfully study his methods.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. A. Duff.—Your contribution has been handed over to me for inspection. You certainly make out rather a good case for your contention that young fellows of 17 and 18 ought not to pass straight away from school into heavy men's teams. But, of course, it depends a good deal on the man. If he is lightly built and rather fragile, I agree with you that it is wiser for him to postpone his entry into heavy football for a couple of years or so. But, on the other hand, there are fellows who, at 19 or 20, and even younger, are fully developed physically, and quite able to stand the stress of any football that is played.

J. A. Kinloch.—In the Shetland Isles there are lochs and streams innumerable, and as the fresh-water fishing is almost neglected by the inhabitants, the angler may make certain in many of them of good sport. In some parts the sea-trout fishing in the sea is excellent. Then, of course, there is ample scope for fly-fishing for brown trout. You have to rough it away from the vicinity of Lerwick, but there the accommodation is good. I should advise you to write for information on all points to Mr. Weber, Queen's Hotel, Lerwick. You might also write for information to the Editor of the *Field*. I do not know much about the caves in the Shetlands. The islands present an irregular rocky surface, generally rising into hills of considerable elevation. By the action of the waves, the rocks have been worn into numerous fantastic shapes, and the coast line is deeply indented with bays and sea-lochs,

caused partly by glacial action. The caves are innumerable and remarkable. The geological formation belongs principally to the lower Old Red Sandstone. But the metamorphic rocks crop to the surface in the greater part of the Shetland group. The latter are very rich in beautiful minerals, such as felsite, epidote, actinolite, serpentine, anthophyllite, fluor-spar, steatite, magnetite, and cyanite. There are large deposits of peat.

R. V. B.—According to the law, if the referee penalises a trip within the 12 yards' line at all, he must give a penalty kick. I do not like this law, because I think there are unintentional trips of a sort that ought to be penalised by a free-kick. At present a trip is not to be penalised unless intentional.

Sprinter.—Your physical measurements seem all right. But, from your build, I should doubt whether sprinting is your forte. Have you tried any longer distances? Your time for 100 yards, 11½ sec., is rather slow—if the track was good. Still, people improve wonderfully in sprinting, and, in any case, sprinting does one much good, and no harm whatever distance one is training for.

St. Mungo.—(1) How much dumb-bell exercise do you mean? That is the point. If you intend doing a heavy course every morning before breakfast you will be wise to take a biscuit and a cup of milk or cocoa before starting your exercise. But you can safely manage a few light exercises upon an empty stomach. Far better not attempt heavy exercise before breakfast, if you can find time later in the day; about mid-day, between two meals, is the best time. Nevertheless, before breakfast is, I think, better than immediately after a meal. (2) No; it will not hurt you to walk two miles to business immediately after breakfast, provided you allow yourself enough time to walk leisurely. (3) I should say that bed about ten and up between 6.30 and 7.30 would be best for you. But people differ in what suits them.

Golden Eagle.—If you send your book, together with a stamped receptacle wherein it may be returned, to me, c/o THE CAPTAIN, I will put my name in it with pleasure. I generally do this for members of THE CAPTAIN Club if I am asked nicely. Yes; I think cricket on suitable lines, and with suitable gear, is a splendid game for girls. It is not a game that needs much strength; nor is a cricket ball hard on the hands if the hands are skilfully used. It is a pity your cricket is knocked on the head; perhaps it will recover consciousness later on. The sort of spirit in which girls should set about cricket is well illustrated in a letter from "Bingo Mam" to us, published last February.

A Lover of Rugger.—As far as I know, the very fact of no-charge being given would entitle the kick at goal to be taken all over again, whatever happened to the ball while the half-back was placing it. But my "Rugger" is a trifle rusty.

D. Frew says he is a slow runner, and would like to know if there is any way in which he can become fast. Is there any way, he asks, of building up speed? Now a naturally slow runner very rarely makes himself fast; but everyone, by practising short sprints of about 40 yards three or four times a day, two or three days a week, can make himself faster than he is to begin with. And it is preferable to have a mate to run with; in fact, to race with. Competition helps one to excel oneself.

J. Metherell.—For a boy of thirteen, 5 ft. 8 in. tall, I should say dumb-bells of 1 lb. each are quite heavy enough.

N.D.G. (INDIA).—I am very glad to hear that you found my advice useful in making your plans for training, and that you were so successful in

your races. I can quite understand that heat in India makes it very difficult to train. Thank you very much for your interesting letter.

J. A. Kendricks.—My best long jump was 23ft. 6½ins. I cannot say that it felt like flying exactly; but it was a pleasant sensation. Let me assure you that 21ft. ought not to be an out of the way jump for a boy. The reason school jumps are usually so small is that the boys do not practise jumping high; they are too much inclined to skim the ground. My best jump equalled the world's record at that time; but it has since been several times surpassed. My best high jump was 5ft. 9½ins., but I never won that event against Cambridge. I think, on the whole, I like cricket better than football. But the games are so different you cannot really compare them.

A. J. W.—Duke and Son, the well-known makers, supply, I think, a bat of the sort you require. Duke's works are, I fancy, at Penshurst. Why not write to them? Some people find, as you do, that India-rubber handles blister the hands. Duke's cricket balls are used by many of the County Clubs, so you may be sure that they are good.

A. Whithead.—I am very much obliged to you for recommending the book on "Physiology of Bodily Exercise." I shall get it, and no doubt it will be useful to me.

R. B. McIntyre.—Very pleased to hear from far-off King William's Town, where I remember spending several pleasant days at one time. The details of the matches you describe are very interesting. I wish I had space to record them in full. It is very kind of you to express your appreciation of my articles. I have no doubt you could get a bat exactly to suit you either from Gradidge or Surridge. If you write for one to either of these makers (you can find their addresses in the advertisements of *THE CAPTAIN*) be sure and describe exactly the sort of bat you want. Then you are nearly sure to get it.

W. B. Hayward sends some information which may be interesting to those who wish to grow—a numerous class. He writes: "I once came across a young fellow over 20, who had been rejected by the Civil Service authorities as too short. He took to gymnastics, particularly, I think, horizontal bar exercises, and put on from 1½ to 2½ins. in a very few months." Naturally, I suppose, the man had stretched by reason of his own weight, even while merely hanging from a bar, so there is hope for some of us yet.

C. E. W. Bean.—I am much obliged to you for your letter, but I do not think we are publishing any results of School Sports this month.

R. Duff.—C. E. Lord's system of physical culture is excellent, thoroughly practical and free

from all fanciful adjuncts. I can confidently recommend it.

Born Tired.—It is not possible always to tell how a bat will turn out merely by inspecting the grain. Generally, wide-grained bats are tougher and harder than close-grained. Many bats should turn out well in spite of an unprepossessing appearance. I have had several good ones that scarcely had any grain at all to speak of. I use bats of various makers. You can get a good one from any of the makers who advertise in *THE CAPTAIN*. Whether an outside left ought to centre the ball or to go through himself with it depends entirely on which of the two gives the best chance of a goal. The forward must judge for himself. Of course, it is a great mistake to pass merely for the sake of passing when you yourself have a clear opening in front of you.

A. K. Chaytor.—Your intention of taking in *THE CAPTAIN* for ever is admirable. You will have no cause to regret it. I hope by the time you see this you will have won some of your events at the sports.

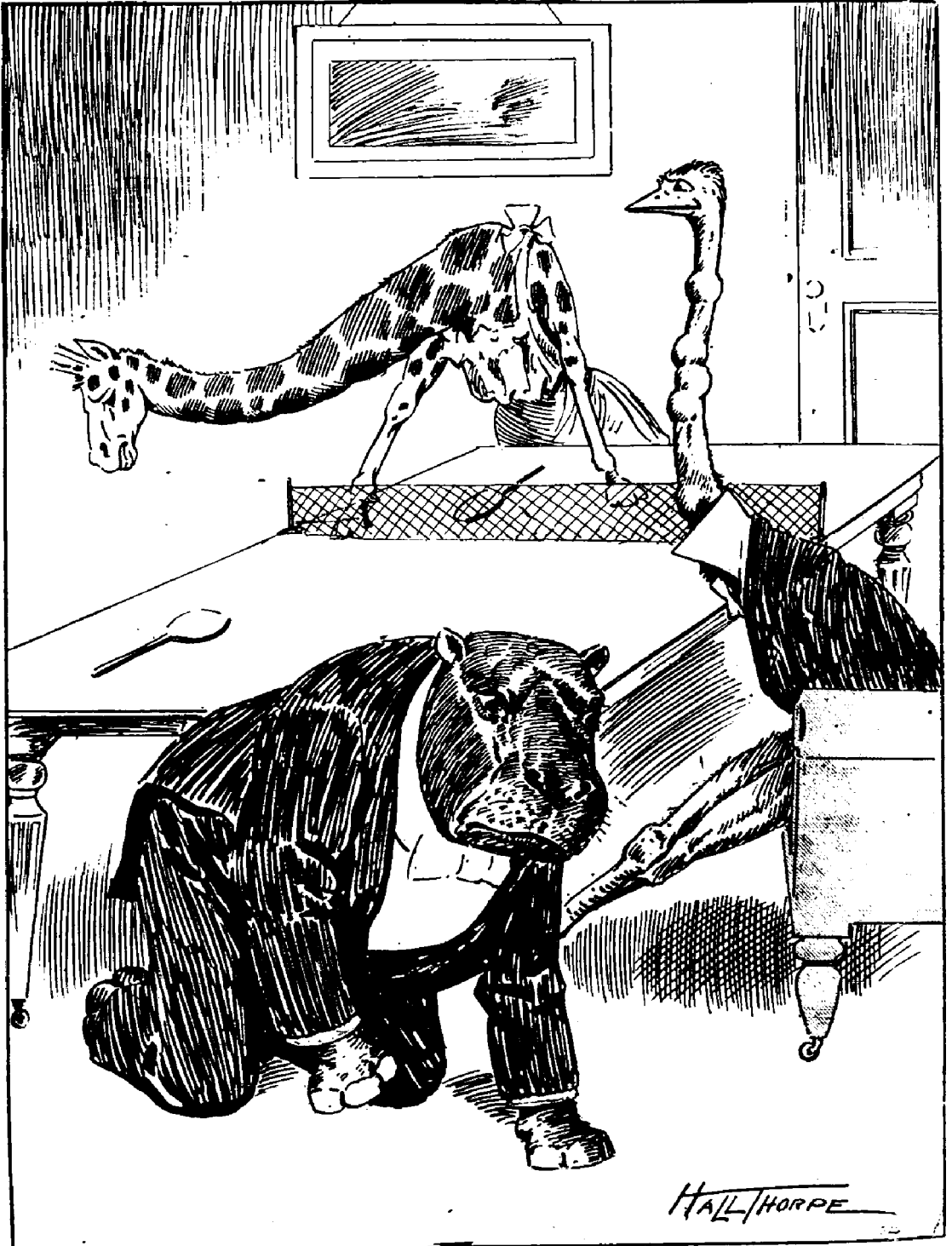
H. Stoddart.—The best way to train for a quarter-mile flat race is this. Sometimes run three or four quite short bursts, of about 40 yards, in order to work up your pace. Sometimes run longer distances, varying from 150 to 300 yards. But do not do these longer distances until you are fairly fit. It is better not to run every day. On the days when you do not run you should take fast walks of about five miles. You must not be in too much of a hurry, but train gradually.

A. Albrow.—You can find the County Cricket tables for the seasons from 1896 to 1901 in Wisden's Almanacs for those years. Two good cricket books are "W. G.'s Reminiscences" and G. Giffen's "With Bat and Ball." But I expect you have these. Any bookseller will get them for you if you have not.

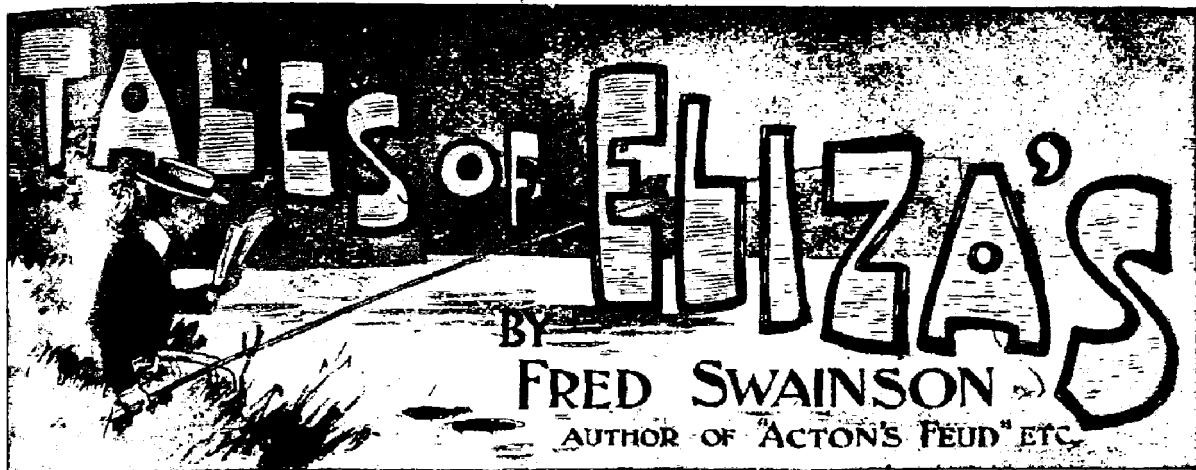
Fallen Angel.—I must apologise to you for being unable to read your signature. I see and recognise Kumar, but the rest I cannot decipher. The best weekly paper on Sport is "The Field," which costs sixpence a week. The best illustrated paper is "Country Life," which costs the same, but that is chiefly concerned with country pursuits. The "Athletic News," which costs one penny a week, is good for football and athletics. You might try that.

C. E. W. Bean

PING-PONG.



Hippo: "It's simply marvellous how the balls get lost in this game; that's fifteen in ten minutes."



No. III.—BIGNELL'S MISTAKE.

I.

THIS is a plain matter-of-fact tale of two fellows, both of whom I knew: of John Bignell, whom I liked, of Joseph Workington, whom I respected. I shall try to do justice to each, and will, as some great one has it, "nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice" of either.

Bignell and I came to Eliza's together; we were fags together, and we belonged to the same house, Bultitude's. His brothers had been at Eliza's before him; two had been captain; his father, his grandfather, and his great-great-grandfather had been Elizabethans; in fact, Bignells never seemed to have ever gone anywhere else to get their Latin, Greek and prizes. A Bignell had lifted a cricket ball out of the ground into the duck pool—150 yards dead measurement; there was a Bignell oak with a curious legend, there was Bignell's corner, where Jack's grandfather had triumphed after a fifty round mill, and there were two Bignell tablets in the chapel, and a little stained glass window which told of a Bignell slain by Afridis. When Jack came to Eliza's at first, he entered, as it were, into his own kingdom; the masters were his very good friends, and he was bid for eagerly by fagless seniors—a rare thing. He was, like every Bignell I've ever seen, slim and tall, and he had the light hair and dark eyes of his breed.

Workington came into Eliza's on the foundation. Those entrance scholarships have been responsible for some of the weirdest Elizabethans I've known, but never one made the school gasp as he. Usually the fellows who pull them off are parsons' kids or schoolmasters' hopefuls, more or less of our run, but, of course, never very flush of cash,

and generally (I think) a trifle "pi." And it was as plain as daylight that the luck of those scholarships had sent to us a curiosity in Workington.

Workington made his *début* amongst us by shouldering his portmanteau from the station and enquiring of sundry which was Bultitude's. Even green Elizabethans don't shoulder their goods to their houses as a usual thing, and I've never heard even the cal-lowest pronounce Bultitude's name as Workington did. He made it commence like "cool." He was dressed in a solemn, black broad cloth—the material seemed to have shrunk at the ankles and overflowed at the wrists; the cut was of the antediluvian period and very bad at that. His neck rose out of a reckless waste of material, taking with it a collar, and you couldn't help being blinded by a tie—Cambridge blue—which was hitched under a red coral stud, behind. Now you might watch every Elizabethan file through the High *seriatim*, and I'll guarantee you wouldn't see any back collar studs, not if you waited and looked for an age. This will partly explain Bignell's mistake. Again, we are not strong on nails in Eliza's, but I should fancy from the armour plating, etc., of his boots that Workington had gone in for fortification regardless of expense. The boots sounded well on the pavements, though, in un-Elizabethan cadences.

For the rest, Workington was a sturdy built youngster with a rather good face, healthily tanned to the mellow saddle colour, and on his broad shoulders the portmanteau did not seem a burden.

The first fellow Workington was fated to meet was young Bignell.

"Do you know where Mr. Bultitude lives?" Bignell stared at the questioner, who had

swung his burden to the ground and stood civilly waiting for a reply. The odd accent amused Bignell, who, after taking a rapid survey of Workington, including collar, ankles, and boots, rejoined: "H'm, no. Haven't heard that name here. Fellow coming down the road—see him?"

"Yes."

"He'll know; try him."

Workington moved on and met young Drysdale. "Bultitude's? Straight on, first green gate you see. That's Bultitude's." Now Drysdale has a knack of not noticing things unless they concern him, and, as he was off on some butterfly shooting expedition already, he never gave a second look at Workington, and so Bignell's little joke went a-begging. He trotted on, and the newcomer went to find the green gate.

I met Bignell, and he said, bubbling with He wants Bootlitude's, so he does. I passed him on to Drysdale, but Dry didn't seem to see the joke or twig the lingo."

"I saw him," said

I. "Fresh coloured, and hauled a portmanteau."

"That's the fellow," said Jack.

Two hours afterwards Bignell came into my den as I was writing home. "I say, Cove, I've put my foot into it finely," he said.

"Why, what's up?" I asked.

"I was an ass," he said, throwing himself

into my armchair. "Never such an aboriginal came to Eliza's before."

"What *are* you driving at?" said I.

"Why, that portmanteau-hauler is one of us."

"Rot!"



"DO YOU KNOW WHERE MR. BULTITUDE LIVES?"

"No rot at all about it, Cove. Saw Bultitude explaining schools to him, and our green clodhopper's one of the scholarship crew. And, here's the cream of it—he's got the next den to mine."

"It's rather rough on him," said I. I liked to chaff Jack; but all the while, like Bignell, I could hardly believe the news.

"Anyhow, he's got a good face, and I don't expect he'll bring it too often between the wind and thy nobility, Jack."

"Oh, cork those beastly quotes, Frank, do, and talk sense. The fellow's a cad."

"That's stupid, Jack," I said. "Safe rule never to call a fellow that until he's done the impossible things. You haven't anything against him, man."

"Haven't I?" said Jack morosely. "I don't fancy apologising to him."

Then I saw what was bothering Bignell. He felt he ought to apologise to Workington for fooling, and couldn't quite make up his mind to do it.

"I took him to be just what you did, Jack," said I, "and, 'pon honour, he did not seem quite our sort. But I think half of it is the lingo and the other half the coat."

"Well, he'll slough the one to-morrow, but the other is the priceless treasure of Bultitude's for ages, I expect. Can't you fancy young Arding conversing with him about the weather, and then all the Smithers will scent sport and enquire where Giles is, whenever they spot one of us. Clover!" said Bignell, smacking his tongue against his palate with anything but joy.

"Shall we go and see what the others make of it?" said I, sticking down my envelope.

The other juniors of Bultitude's were grouped around the common room, and it was plain to Bignell and me that Workington had been the subject of their conversation. Bernard sat astride a chair and nasally chanted that choice 'Varsity verse:—

"There was a young man of Jesus,
Whose looks were sufficient to freeze us;
In his boots he wore nails,
And his home was in Wales,
And he grew fat on"

"Does he come from Wales?" asked Bignell, catching the drift of Bernard's rhyme instanter.

"Dunno," said Bernard, "but the nails are all right."

"Is he really a fixture here?" asked Harper.

"No less; until the unforeseen occurs. Seen him?"

"Rather. Scholarship, ain't he?"

"Oh, he's the first of the tribe."

"What's to be done? We can't chum up to a fellow of his cut."

Drysdale, who, by the way, is almost mad, said bluntly: "Don't think he'd die, Harper, if you didn't chum with him. Leave him alone, can't you? If he's civil, we can be

the same. Strikes me you're all talking rot, and are just about developing into bigger bounders than the fellow you're slanging ever will be. Anyhow, I'm——"

Workington came in whilst Drysdale was championing him, and there came upon the room the silence that can be felt. Decidedly Workington had the mania for enquiring. He stared solemnly round and asked if any of us could show him where the post office was.

The odd way he clipped his "the" and spun out the "post" made us smile, even to Drysdale, and Harper was ass enough to snigger. Now, I freely admit, Harper's little sneering laugh would have made a saint's back hair curl, and Workington was—well, no saint. He turned round quickly and angrily, and looked to see who was jeering him. As ill luck would have it, Bignell was standing by Harper, and we could see in a moment that Workington blamed Jack. He said, the hot flush of anger staining his face, "Oh, you! Why did you lie, when I asked you a civil question an hour ago? Why, you live here!"

Bignell stepped forward hastily. "Look here, you must take *that* back. I don't tell lies."

"That makes two," said Workington, coolly but bitterly.

"You asked me the way to this place, and I said I hadn't heard that name; nor had I, as you pronounced it. And you must take your word back—now."

"I take nothing back," said the newcomer. "You must just swallow it as best you can." He turned to Drysdale. "Do you mind pointing out the post?"

Drysdale turned away. "Come on, I'm your man."

But Bignell, white with rage, blocked the door. "Look here, my name's Bignell. If you won't withdraw, you'll fight."

Workington eyed Jack up and down with angry scorn. "My name's Wor-r-r-kington, and I won't withdr-r-r-raw, though maybe I'll fight. We'll have my letter posted first, though."

There was a wonderful contrast between Workington and Bignell as they stood snarling at each other, the one tall, slim and handsome, "good form" every inch of him, and the other tall enough and well made, but dressed in that awful array of toggery which seemed to cry aloud of turnips and the furrows. But still, rustic though he looked, he was not without a quiet dignity as he took Jack's challenge in cool disdain.

Bignell fell away from the door and said, "Thanks. Then the matter's settled. Bring

him to the 'Corner,' Dry, as soon as you're ready."

"Well, Jack, I'm not going to say that our new friend's exactly the perfect Bult," observed Bernard, after a long embarrassed pause," but he does not seem to have brought any white feathers with him from Wales or elsewhere, and if Arding—or any Smither—think they'll get any change out of him they'll be woefully mistaken. Eh, Cove?"

"Rather," said I with conviction.

We moved in a body to the "Corner." We took all the precautions, but they weren't needed, for whoever suspected a fight the first evening? This, I'm bound to say: when Workington got out of his coat, and that awful tie was buried under it, he did not look nearly so handicapped as he had when he puffed along the road with a portmanteau perched upon his shoulders.

Why describe the fight.

Drysdale looked after Workington, and Bernard attended to Jack. Bignell made a neat little speech before the fun began, saying that he had been in the wrong in not answering Workington sensibly, and if Workington would withdraw the "lie" part all would be well. Workington said coolly, "I would, but there's the difficulty that I'm still of the same opinion." After that there was, of course, no more to be said.

At the end of half an hour, Workington had received the best thrashing he'd ever had in his life. The way Bignell used his left was a dream. Mind, defeated but not disgraced. For when Drysdale wouldn't hear of any more, Workington, as he sluiced out his mouth, said quietly, "Better luck next time."

And Drysdale, looking at his principal's mottled face, murmured: "George! I hope so."

* * * *

Workington, as you see, provided Bultitude's house—the junior portion of it, at any rate—with a rare fillip to commence term with. On the morrow he "sloughed" the garments of the outer world, and dropped into Elizabethan garb, which doesn't admit of Cambridge blue ties, nor of glimpses of collar studs behind. So when at 7 a.m. Workington attended his first first-school he only seemed like one amongst many, save that he had a very damaged face. We kept all about the fight very much to ourselves, you may believe, and Workington was the most silent of the house. He gave us a wee taste of his quality when Smith took the Latin; he had evidently never heard

of the valley of dry Bohns. The fellows already respected him for the way he took his hiding, and, when old Smith murmured approval of a Workingtonian version, they had already placed him somewhere among the band of Bignells and Bernards—coming men.

Workington's first day at Eliza's regularly sickened him of us all. He kept himself to himself, made no chums, barely spoke to any one bar Drysdale, did his duty nobly as fag to Gates—Gates was happy when he thought of him—and did his duty to himself as nobly. No one in Bultitude's or elsewhere tackled him. There was something in his clear, grey eye and firm square chin that gave pause to impertinent questions. And, day by day, imperceptibly but surely, like sun shadows stealing on the wall, his accent and the rest fell from him, and at the year's end he emerged in outward seeming and bearing the ordinary good form Elizabethan. And, Jupiter! he *was* a favourite of each and every beak!

Workington cut a very decent figure in the games on the Junior side; played half-back at footer rather well, and was a fine field at cover, saving as many runs as most chaps make. Had he liked he could have done really well at games, but because he had been "savaged" first go off he would not put in more than the compulsory time. He simply would have no more to do with us than he was compelled to have.

Between him and Jack there was a deep and sullen dislike. Jack would have stretched out to him the right hand of fellowship after the mill, but Workington would have none of it, and pretty soon Jack left him alone in his glory. Workington's aloofness worried Jack, however, more than a little.

"Why can't the fellow forget that rotten mistake?" he said to me in a paddy.

"Forgiveness to the wronged does belong, but they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong."

"You've always got some filthy quote to shy at a fellow's head. Cove, I tell you I'd be friends with him now, if he would."

"Those Northerners are a dour lot, Jack."

"Is that the word? He's put up a stern chase after Frankie and me, anyhow. I'm hanged if he hasn't ousted Bernard from the second place, and he's clinging on to my skirts like grim death."

"Look out he doesn't oust you, old cock. He works while you play."

"No," said Jack confidently. "I know I have the pull over him, though he *does* work."

But I'm going to go out top of the Fourth into the Lower Fifth or die. Nothing else would do."

The long and the short was that Workington did beat Jack and went into the Fifth, first. Then began the duel between the pair that lasted for three long years. They ran neck and neck, but it always happened that, in the final removes, Workington got the verdict. They went into the Sixth as they had gone into the Fifth—Workington one, Bignell two. And the funny part was that Bignell had the better head of the two. Every beak knew in reality that Bignell was the top sawyer, but each knew also that Workington made good by real hard work the difference, and always the little over which lifted him above his rival. When Workington passed out of the Junior school, now that neither cricket nor football was compulsory, he cut both. Bignell, of course, would sooner have thought of cutting the horns off the moon. Rather indeed did he welcome his entry into higher circles, because he could migrate to the Fifth nets and get real bowling and a friendly hint from Lurgan. And all in good time Bignell became one of the footer eleven, and also went to Lord's as a Bignell should. The rivals became monitors together, the one for his books, the other for all that makes the name of Bignell great in Eliza's.

For the rest, all that I knew about Workington was that his home was up in Cumberland, somewhere near Carlisle, where his father and his father's father, and so on *ad infinitum*, had farmed their own land for ages. He knew the business himself, could ride any horse he could get across, could tumble over any rabbit that he could sight, and knew how to snare a hare with any poacher living, and how to fill his creel in that darkening half-hour when the trout rise like fury. Drysdale from the beginning respected him as he respected no other Elizabethan, and in the early days would listen by the hour while his friend yarned him poachers' tales, or spoke of the brown birds which harboured in the heaths and heather. I can see even now Drysdale prancing about like a dancing Dervish, holding up a *white mole* which Workington had captured on the ancestral farm. And I can imagine the loving care with which he'd skin the beauty, and the subsequent—ahem! "linked sweetness long drawn out."

II.



WHOLE crowd of Bultitude fellows went into the Sixth together—Bignell, Workington, Bernard, Ford and myself among them—and generally it was recognised that Bultitude's were about as strong a house, either on the fields or in the schools, as Eliza's possessed. We had an idea—now don't howl at us as conceited prigs—that some of the other masters really envied old Bultitude his array of monitors, eleven-men, and Sixth, and in the event it proved we were right. The first time I had any certain idea of it was when Bultitude asked me if I had any objections to migrate into Worsfold's. I told him I had an awful lot.

Worsfold's was a shocking house. He had a cohort of lounging, lubberly Fifth as his top-dressing, and from them the crowd tapered down to the usual rowdy, squeaky herd of juniors. The gods had not blessed him with any Sixth; his Fifth were very poor average, without a cap among them; and, in addition, he had one or two of that unholy crew which will rot a house from top to bottom. Swain was one, a fellow without an honest deed to his name, or a firm muscle in his fat carcase; one who loafed from term to term's end with hands in pockets among his coin—he had oceans of that; who spent his afternoons leering at the women in the shops, and who, in that evil, sly way which such are sure to have, sneered at the fellow who wanted to live a clean and decent life. And there was another beauty—Hart; more fool than knave; a fellow like Swain, primed with coin to the gullet, curled and scented to the last inch of him, promenading his waistcoats, his ties, his boots and his pasty self for the admiration of fellows of his own kidney. Leave Bultitude's, where we slept with our windows open, and every fellow you knocked against was more or less a man, for Worsfold's sty! I said "No" without sleeping on the matter. Not after being a Bult all those years.

I expect Carver had been saying something about it to him, but, anyhow, Worsfold's idea was plain. He was on the look-out for some fellow who could take his gentle crowd out and give them an airing. Worsfold, good man, would have given a trifle to have kidnapped Bignell, but Bultitude would not hear of old Jack going to make men of mud; so he tried us *seriatim*, and, by process of exhaustion, he arrived at Workington. Now Workington was not precisely what Worsfold required; the distracted beak wanted someone who could kick, drag or lead his house to the

river and the cricket field, or trot them out in the November drizzle to kick a football. Now Workington was no athlete; he had been, as I said before, too occupied in keeping ahead at books to have time for games, but he fulfilled half of what Worsfold—and Carver—wanted. His form was just the thing to leaven a dead mass like Worsfold's, inside. His cool, steady, intense way of going about his business, his absolute freedom from shyness or push, would make all, save utter fools, think a trifle. I don't think in Bultitude's there was above one fellow who liked him—Drysedale—but there wasn't one, from Bignell down to the newest and rawest fag, who did not respect him. He tried no nonsense and equally would stand none. When Worsfold and Bultitude proposed a change to him, he considered it in all its bearings, made some terms with the worried beak, and moved, as though it were the most natural thing in the world.

We saw him go without any pangs, that is, we seniors; the fags, I believe, rejoiced greatly; they felt there was one tyrant less. He didn't impress them as Bignell did, for when all is said and done there's nothing really touches the average youngster like a fellow who can do something in the field or on the river; mere learning leaves them cold.

So one Easter Workington migrated to Worsfold's to put into them a little law and order; Worsfold promised him unlimited backing up, and Carver delivered himself of a little oration.

From time to time legends of Workington's struggles reached us, and we smiled grimly. He tackled Swain first, we heard, *à propos* of that beauty's cigar-cum-cigarette-cum-coffee adventures, plus a little card playing thrown in, a reprehensible way the gentleman had of spending wet afternoons. It was generally a party of four: Swain and a friend, and two toadies. Workington ran the quartette to carth—fruiterer's shop—cleared them out, and then dressed down Swain—oh, so cleanly—in the presence of an interested and astonished Worsfoldian audience. "And you're the fellow who's rotting the house?"

Swain edged in a covert sneer.

"Man," said Workington, running his hand heavily up and down the shrinking lout, "you'd better put a little muscle into that fat arm of yours before you indulge in cheap wit."

"What the——"

Workington promptly laid Swain on the floor, and—and—well, he collapsed like a flour bag, and blubbed bitterly. Now, even black sheep and toadies are not impressed

when their master lies in the dust, and makes no attempt to wipe out the insult except with tears, and thenceforth Swain's influence became beautifully less. No more symposia, no more little quiet parties at the orange man's! I could conjure up to myself that scene in the Worsfold common room: Workington grim and dour, and Swain with the sawdust running out.

Hart ran the gauntlet of the dire newcomer's sarcasm for exactly one week. Workington expatiated on the advantage of having the windows open when a perambulating perfumer's shop came along, and when Hart took up the challenge Workington dropped him out of the open window.

Then we noticed how those sunset effects which usually graced Hart's meagre bosom became more subdued, and when we could walk behind him on the same side of the street without discomfort, we could almost hear the Workingtonian leaven working. Worsfold's house hardly knew what to make of all this for the first month or so, for Workington so arranged that each of his little private incursions seemed mere private matters, but one fine day one or two of the average fellows saw what he was after, and joined forces with the reformer, and then the tide began to flow in the right direction. Workington carried out all things himself; like a wise man he did not bring Worsfold into matters at all, for had there been any strong suspicion that he had been drafted into the house to dragoon it to decency, the game of law and order would have been up. Workington stuck to his task like grim death, keeping a keen, truculent eye on Hart, Swain and Co., and their doings, and within a month Worsfold would not have bartered Workington for his weight of gold.

I think I said that Workington made his own terms before he migrated, and one of the stipulations was that he should have full liberty to stew for the Oriel Exhibition, and should not be expected to give his house a lead in the fields. This latter duty was passed to Hartington, a fellow worthy of a better house.

How Workington slogged to be sure! Rain or shine, bar an hour or so breather after dinner, did he shut himself into his den and follow a time table. Think of what that must have meant on a sunny day, when the river almost cried to you to come out, and the click of the cricket bat in the meadows just tapped at your windows to bring you forth. Who but a fellow of blood and iron could sit mewed up with dead

Greeks and Romans, absorbing to the last sigh the woes of Prometheus or attending to Tibullus and his golden age, when there were sunshine on the sward and quiet shady seats under the elm?

And compare the joys of a clean, soundless header into the cold waters of the Lodden with the dreary tracking of some of those old, hoary lies to their lair—Caesar's unicorns as an instance.

But Workington was adamant, and it sounds almost superfluous to say that he got his Oriel Exhibition. The second fellow wasn't within miles of him. This made his stay at Eliza's absolutely certain for another year, and then all at once I saw that this great success would almost infallibly land him at the top of the school.

The captain, Roberts, would be leaving at Christmas, and it was a foregone conclusion that Bignell would take his place. He was undoubtedly by far the best all-round man at Eliza's; loads better than anyone in the field, and quite the equal of Workington in the schools. For Jack's

sake I was glad that Workington was no athlete. This was the state of things when we adjourned for the summer holidays.

Many curious things have appeared at Eliza's in my time, but none quite so curious as the doings of that Michaelmas term. In the first place Workington blossomed out as captain of Worsfold's footer eleven, and—he seemed fated always to surprise us—proved a marvel. He played centre half. Where he had picked up his knowledge of the game baffled us, for he hadn't played with us since

he went into the Fifth. Drysdale supplied me with the key to the mystery. Workington had practised with one of the Scotch teams over the border for the best part of eight weeks, to the end that when he took hold of Worsfold's team he might know something of the game. Imagine football—ding-dong matches in August's blue! Workington



"YOU'D BETTER PUT A LITTLE MUSCLE INTO THAT FAT ARM OF YOURS BEFORE YOU INDULGE IN CHEAP WIT."

picked up the professional half-back game pretty well, and when he first appeared for his house he opened our eyes. A fortnight after, Roberts installed him centre half against the Old Elizabethans, and there never was any idea of replacing him.

And then for the first time Workington became more than a name to Elizabethans; he became a personality. The absolute surprise which he provided for us probably enhanced our opinion of his game, good though that really was, and when I heard shouts of

"Played Jo-o-o-e" booming from the touch-line, I rubbed myself to see if I was awake. Not one Elizabethan out of twenty knew that his name was Joseph a month ago! Was I not right when I said, "Mere learning leaves us cold"?

As for Worsfold's, why they took heart of grace: they were sweated abominably by Hartington and their "Joe," and, as a reward, they fairly trounced Smithers in the first round of the Housers. They progressed merrily after this until they met us, when we laid them low.

I don't wish ever to see a better match. There was the genuine feeling of antagonism between the two houses—the real West Bromwich v. Aston Villa fever—for was not Worsfold's shining light a deserter from our fold! A year ago we'd have walked over Worsfold's rabble and hardly have known it, but now we did not expect a walk-over, and certainly did not get it. Jack Bignell fairly met his match that day. Workington never left him; he held him up, bottled him up, divined by intuition his passes, in a word, drew his sting. It was a duello the school had not enjoyed for ages. Worsfold's retired beaten by a solitary goal, but they made a reputation which keeps them going still.

One man, the man who really matters in Eliza's, had been taking notes busily for the last six months. Carver had seen plainly what the influence of Workington had been on a decadent house outside and inside, and there was something in Workington's character which appealed strongly to him. His hard, unflinching dour devotion to duty, his utter contempt for what people thought about him, and his good, sound scholarship, awoke echoes in our old stern man.

Knowing what Carver is we should not have been so taken aback at what Roberts told us, but the thing came upon us like a bolt from the blue. Briefly, but it was this: Roberts was going away at Christmas, and there would be an election for another captain before we separated for the holidays. And Carver's man was Workington.

This made us, the seniors of Bultitude's, gasp. All eyes turned to Bignell, and if ever Jack had to struggle to say the right thing, it was then. He said it. "Well, Workington's a good man."

"There's something wrong, Roberts," said I. "Why, Carver might have known that Eliza's monitors would elect Jack."

"I told him so," said Roberts.

"And then?"

"He pointed out what Workington had

done—Oriel, Worsfold's, and his footer. Workington was a credit to Eliza's, so he was, and anyway he'd consider his views."

We knew Carver's way of "considering" his views. It really amounted to this, that we should have to reconsider ours. The old man had evidently made up his mind, and, willy-nilly, Jack would miss his captaincy. We of Bultitude's naturally loathed the idea, but, also naturally, the other houses were not quite so keen. Jack was popular, but decidedly Workington was not unpopular. Heavens, how his half-back game did weigh! I sounded each monitor anxiously, and it came to this. They preferred Bignell, heaps, and it was jolly hard lines if he missed the captaincy; but Workington was not an undecent sort, and, finally, what could they do if Workington was Carver's man?

Was Carver keen on it? Workington alone knew. He had received a word that he was to go and see the head, and the Worsfold senior heard a lot in a short time. "I'm satisfied with what you've done since you came to Elizabeth's, Workington, especially since you left Mr. Bultitude, and I think I'll put your name before the other monitors for captain. Have you any objections?"

Workington had no objection. Thus the fellow who had come to Eliza's and been mistaken for a boot-black years ago, was to take away the darling honour from the fellow who, deceived by outward seeming, had so mistaken him. It was a pretty revenge.

Carver's message had called Workington away just as he was on the point of setting out for Hurlstone, the village—or small town—just beyond the lock gates up the Loden. There was to be a little rabbit coursing in a field behind the "Dog and Duck," and, through some oversight, one or two of the houses had forgotten to notify to the fellows that this was out of bounds. No decent fellow of course thirsted to go there and watch the mangling of some wretched rabbits by mongrels, but there are always idiots in every establishment, and, worse luck, always a few beasts. Bultitude had suggested to Bignell that he had better run down and head off any of ours whom he might spot Hurlstone way, and Jack had asked me to go with him.

Bultitude had bethought himself of the "sport" rather late in the afternoon, and it would be well after three o'clock when we trotted into Hurlstone. We found the field, and had the privilege of running an eye over as unsavoury a crowd as it had ever been my luck to meet. We heard—we were too sick to look—the yelping of the dogs, and every

now and then the screams of a wretched rabbit, and always to follow that horrible squeal a burst of joyous laughter or foul-mouthed howling. It was the "sportsmen" signifying

retreating out at the bottom of the field, thankful to be away from the inferno, we came across Workington fighting for dear life. Half a dozen roughs were battering the life



HE SHOOK THEM OFF BY SWIMMING THE LODDEN.

that they had won or lost on that "course." We threaded rapidly in and out the vile crowd, thanking our stars that we had not espied an Elizabethan, when, as we were

out of him. Even as we looked he went down. "They're killing him. Run for your life, Cove."

We ran in together.

Workington had gone to Hurlstone for the same purpose as we, and the first person he had come across was Swain. That beauty was half drunk or half drugged, and attended to by a knot of unsavoury birds. His pockets were inside out, his usual heavy watch chain was gone, and he had evidently been down in the mud. He was leering stupidly at the man who had him by the arm. The appearance of Workington partly sobered the fool, and he blurted out: "Havin' a fine time, Work——"

"Come along home," said Workington, clutching his arm. "Where's your watch?"

That was the unluckiest thing that Workington could have said.

Swain stopped dead, felt stupidly in his pocket, and then, clutching by the throat the man who held him, said in drunken fury. "Give me my watch—I saw you with it."

For reply the fellow dealt Swain a fearful blow on the face. The fool staggered back, half his senses beaten out of him by the blow, and then he lurched away moaning.

The crew of roughs then turned on the other Elizabethan, and—well, there is no good speculating what would have happened if we had not arrived in the nick of time.

Certes! There was no fancy fighting that day. I clenched my fist, and, putting all I could into it, I caught the brute nearest me with a long, drawing, upward cut, and he went down as clean as a whistle. He hadn't the option. Bignell floored his man, and was slashing into another, before the crew had time to grasp what had happened. "Get Workington out," shouted Jack to me. "I'll keep them off."

I pulled Workington to his feet; he seemed dazed as though waking from sleep.

Bignell saw in a twinkling what was the matter. "Take him out of the field, for heaven's sake!"

"I'm not going to leave you."

"Go, man, go. It's his only chance."

When Bignell speaks in a certain tone you have to do it. I piloted Workington, and once out we were comparatively safe. As I turned, I caught a glimpse of Bignell, fighting like a Viking, his light poll well back, swinging from his hips as though they were steel, keeping off with blows that stung three men who fought like savage beasts.

I hurried Workington into the streets of Hurlstone and then—oh, what a journey it was!—down the towing path to Eliza's.

Bignell arrived about six o'clock. He thinks he fought the three for five minutes,

backing all the time, and then, when he judged that we were safe, cut and run. They hunted him a mile to the river, and he shook them off by swimming the Lodden.

He was a weird sight. One eye was like a damson, his mouth hardly seemed to belong to him, and there was a savage-looking cut on the back of the head which Bignell accounts for as the receipt of a stone when he was in the water.

Workington was a far worse case. He had been kicked savagely when he was down, and he was in bed a week. When he crawled out the first thing he did was to go to Carver's, and Carver heard a few things which astonished him. "Not going to stand for captaincy! Why?"

"There's an Elizabethan, sir, with a better right to that than mine. Bignell is the better man. Whatever I have done since I came here has been, more or less, done for myself. I have used the school, as I shall use Oxford, as a stepping-stone to higher things; and now my opinion is that we fellows who make this use of St. Elizabeth's don't deserve all the honours too."

"You didn't think this a week ago," observed Carver, drily.

"No, sir, but I've been thinking it over for a week; Bignell is a scholar, an eleven's man twice over, popular as he ought to be, good form every inch of him; if he had had the same views on school life as I have had, should I have taken the Oriel? No. Personal ambition has not counted with him. It has with me."

"Very well," said Carver slowly, "I believe you're not altogether wrong."

Workington came to Bultitude's purposely to see Jack. He looked worn and pale, but he thanked Jack and me for turning up so *à propos* at the "Dog and Duck" more warmly than I thought was in his nature. "And, Bignell, do you know, I want you to let me propose you on Saturday for captain."

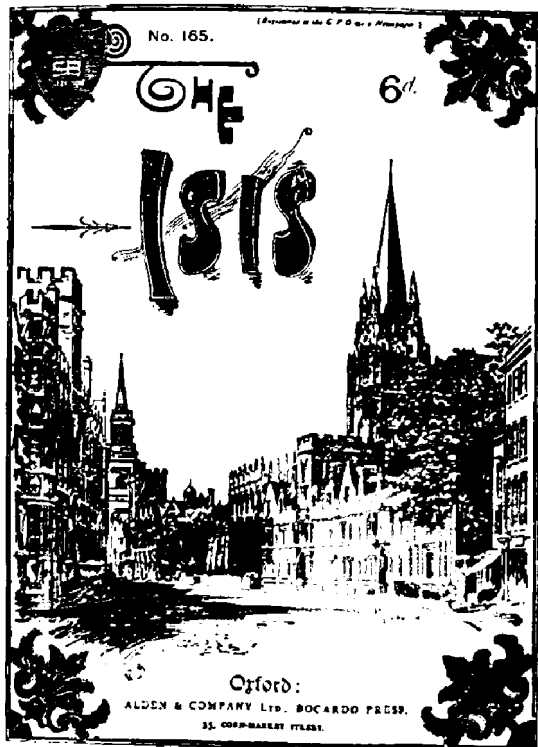
Jack stared, and I saw a slight blush mantle on his damaged face. "But, Workington, you're Carver's man."

"Not now. I am not standing."

Jack did not speak for a long time. At last he said, "I would rather be captain of Eliza's than anything I could name at present; and you are awfully good to propose me. I should be delighted if you would. Seems odd, on the face of it, that you should propose me, Workington. We haven't been good friends so far."

"Worse luck," said Workington, "so we'll make a start right away."

'VARSITY LITERATURE.

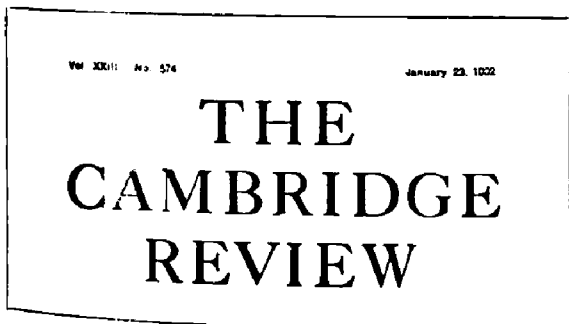


class contains most of their more serious work, the essays and so forth, which form a part of their tuition, and all writing which is not intended for publication in journalistic form. In this class may be placed the attempts, successful or otherwise, of aspirants to literary prizes. These are fairly numerous, being



mostly awarded for essays on given subjects, and for poems in English verse. At Oxford the prize poem, which is known as the Newdigate, is restricted to a metre of heroic couplets. Moreover, with all these various competitions definite regulations are laid down

SO many public-school boys acquire a taste for literary pursuits, while yet *in statu pupillari*, either in their school papers or in some more private capacity, that it may be of some use to intending undergraduates to learn how these tastes may be developed and fostered on



their coming into residence at one of the great Universities. Undergraduate literature, from a writer's point of view, is divided into two classes, official and unofficial. The official



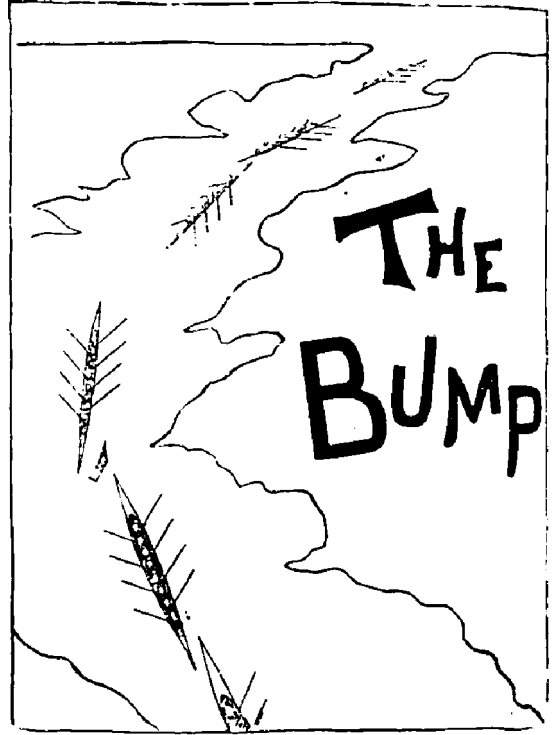
as to form and length. It is, however, with unofficial literature that the average school scribbler will probably feel himself most in sympathy.

At either University certain undergraduate papers thrive and continue, and seem to defy all comers. These may be taken to be, at Oxford, "The Isis" and "The Oxford University Magazine," and at Cambridge, "The Granta" and "The Cambridge Review." Other papers spring into existence and flourish for a time, but surely and certainly a few years sees their decease, and their readers flock back to the more solid enterprises. "The Magazine" at Oxford corresponds in many respects to "The Review" at Cambridge. Both are more staid and respectable than the rest of their contemporaries, and both bear a semi-official character. Through their medium even dons are unafraid to voice their views. Their contents are for the most part records of University events, rowing notes, reports of Union debates, and the thousand and one things which make up the undergraduate's life. Frequently they come out strong in humorous verse. The wit is usually of that peculiarly academical flavour with which Calverley knew so well how to divert his readers. Other well-known initials which have footed these poems are



A. G., Q., and J. K. S., which, as many will recognise, stand for Mr. Godley, Mr. Quiller-Couch, and the late Mr. Stephens. This style of verse indeed forms a very favourite outlet for undergraduate literary enthusiasm. The other journals, among which "The Isis" and "Granta" take place of honour, are a

strange blend of wit, satire, personal notes and general news. They are the outlet of much harmless fun, and most of their contents are the overflowings of high spirits, which lack the keener satire of more mature minds. There are in these humorous dialogues, sketches of University life, caricatures, sarcastic and combative paragraphs, and



above all and through all the endless jokes afforded by such fair game as the Freshman, the Proctor, and the "scout."

The literary aspirant from a public school will find little difficulty in finding a home for his effusions in these pages of the unofficial press. Any work which is stamped with the hall-mark of good humour and modesty, will be snapped up by the undergraduate editor. Indeed, with literary undergraduates the difficulty frequently is, not where to "place" his contributions, but how to refrain from those writings which, as surely as they find a ready home, with equal certainty waste the valuable time which looming examinations claim as their due.

F. M. R.

PAT AND THE COLONEL



Illustrated by Stewart Browne.

I AM afraid the boy will be an unmitigated nuisance," said the Colonel, as he sat smoking in the bungalow garden, with his chum; "according to the letters his mother receives from England, he's always getting into rows at school and running away from his uncle's in the holidays. Well, I must do my duty by him," and the Colonel groaned.

"If that means licking the young cub into shape, it is to be hoped you will," replied his friend, "but if it means worrying your life out with your confounded conscientiousness—" He paused expressively, and viciously knocked out the ashes from his pipe. "For my part I think it's a great deal better to have loved and lost and never to have met again, than to tumble across your old flame in a hill station and find her a widow with such an encumbrance—that is, if you mean to marry her."

"Of course I mean to marry her," replied the Colonel, "I proposed just as promptly as I knew how, which is just what I didn't do in our youth, and so we made a mess of it; she didn't know how much I cared, and she married the other fellow. Old man, she has been my idol for years!"

His friend grunted. He didn't like the widow and would have disliked her more had he known that she had really given the Colonel the go-by, in far back days, for a rich Calcutta stockbroker.

When Pat heard about the Colonel he said, "Hang the old beast! What does he want to marry my mother for? As if there weren't plenty of other fellows' mothers for him to marry!"

He stood with the Indian mail letter in

his hand, surrounded by a group of school-fellows. They all knew about Pat's mother. He was always talking about her and exhibiting various photographs of a very pretty woman, as "My mater."

"It's a beastly chouse!" said Parsons minor sympathetically, and there was a chorus of assent to this expression of sentiment. Pat was popular.

"If she had come home to England when the pater died," continued Pat, "instead of going to that beastly hill station, it wouldn't have happened. She said she must wait till the English winter was over. I don't believe the cold would have hurt her. At any rate, she wouldn't have wanted to marry this old brute!"

"Perhaps he isn't a brute," squeaked little Smith Tertius, seized with what he deemed a brilliant inspiration.

"Do you want your head smacked, young Smith?" demanded Pat. "Of course he's a brute. In the first place he's an Indian colonel, and that alone is enough. They all have livers and shy things at you, and swear hard every five minutes." (Pat was a great reader.) "He'll be either yellow and wizened or fat and bloated. And have you ever heard of a stepfather who wasn't a brute?"

Pat looked so ferocious, that little Smith hastened to admit, in a bleat, that he never had. The evidence was not conclusive, as he had never known any stepfathers in either fact or fiction. But Pat was satisfied.

"Of course you never have," said Pat, "nor anybody else. Look at Murdstone in 'David Copperfield'! There was a cold-blooded brute for you."

"Well," suggested Parsons minor, "if

your stepfather licks you, you'd better bite him, like David did Murdstone."

"No-o," said Pat, "that would be playing it too low down. Of course David was only a little fellow—but perhaps" (meditatively) "I might try kicking his shins."

This debatable point respecting gentlemanly conduct was settled immediately and unanimously in the affirmative.

"You see, he's sure to try licking me," said Pat. "Mother has the cheek to say she's delegated her authority to him, and is glad I shall have a firm hand over me. There's a page or two of that sort of rot. I don't mean to stick it. I shall fight—but I'll fight like a gentleman, whatever sort of an old beast *he* is."

Now Pat was a gentleman, and English to the core, but it is often the unexpected that happens, and he had not been an hour in the Colonel's house before he forgot his principles and perpetrated a deed that would have filled him with honest indignation had it been suggested to him.

The Colonel and Mrs. Murray had arrived in England towards the close of the summer term, and had gone down to the Colonel's place in Dorset, where Pat was bidden to join them when his holidays began. It was a great grievance that he had not been allowed to escape what he called "the beastly fag of the exams." Of course he put that down to the Colonel, and resented it accordingly. He was therefore the more wrathful, when, on arrival at the station for his new home, there was no mother to greet him. Doubtless this was also the Colonel's doing. He disdained to question the groom, and they drove for three miles along the white road, winding through the overlapping hills, with their quaint ridges. They drove up to an old-fashioned manor-house, standing in a park. A severe looking butler opened the door. Not to have seen your mother since you were six, and to be welcomed by a butler! Pat was in a rage.

The butler informed him that his mother and the Colonel had gone to a garden-party, and that tea would be served to him in the billiard room.

This room was not used for billiards, but as a comfortable sitting-room. There were arm-chairs and lounges. Papers and magazines were strewn about the tables. The Colonel's pipe-rack hung on the wall, and a half-finished piece of fancy work testified to a lady's recent presence. Some heavy curtains hung across the lower end of the room, and when he had finished his tea Pat went to see

what was behind them. Garden-chairs, a croquet box, racquets, and various lumber were concealed by them, amongst which stood a man's bicycle.

To this day Pat can hardly account for his action, but in a sudden access of spite, he took a pin and deliberately punctured the tyre of the Colonel's bicycle.

At that moment the hall door-bell clanged and Pat ran out in time to see a pretty lady, beautifully dressed, stepping from a carriage. Pat rushed up to his mother and threw his arms round her neck.

"Take care! Take care," cried the pretty lady, "you are ruining my chiffon!"

Pat drew back chilled.

"There, child, kiss me, but don't hug me like a young bear!"

Behind the lady stood a tall, soldierly-looking man. The Colonel wasn't either yellow and wizened or fat and bloated. He looked at Pat with a pair of keen but kindly blue eyes. Pat confessed afterwards that he never felt quite the same towards the Colonel after even that first glance.

The Colonel, on his part, was surprised that Pat did not look mulish or sullen, after all he had heard of his obstinacy. Pat looked up with frank hazel eyes and held out his hand.

"How do you do, sir?" he said politely.

"You must say 'father,'" said his mother, with a little simper.

Then Pat's expression changed. Determination was expressed in every line of his face, from the square chin to the level brows.

"I *shan't* call you father, sir," said Pat with an odd mixture of defiance and respect. (The Colonel was so different from what he had expected.)

"Why should you?" said the Colonel quietly. "I am not your father, and you are not my son."

(Was it possible that the Colonel was not anxious to claim that honour?)

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Murray, peevishly, as she sank on the sofa in the drawing-room. "Of course he must call you father, or pater, or papa, or by some title of respect."

"'Sir' is a title of respect," said the Colonel, smiling.

"Just like the servants!" exclaimed his wife.

"My officers call me 'sir,' and they are my social equals," replied the Colonel. "Boys address their tutors as 'sir'; not so long ago, they even call their fathers 'sir,' and the Colonel looked whimsically at his wife.

But she was not to be appeased. She was remarkable for her persistency in trifles, as the Colonel had already found to his cost. She proceeded to hold forth on the subject at length, scolding her husband and scolding Pat; they both stood silently listening, the one patiently, and the other in a dumb amaze. Finally she swept from the room, having concluded by telling Pat that he was a rude, disobedient boy, but that the Colonel had her full authority to deal with him, and she hoped he would break his wicked, obstinate spirit.

Poor Pat! his breast heaved, and his eyes blazed wrathfully, as he faced the Colonel.

"I hate you!" he said, clenching his hands. "You've come between my mother and me and spoilt everything. But you can thrash me and bully me as much as you like! I'll never obey you, never!"

"Don't be a fool!" said the Colonel calmly. "Sit down and talk sense. Which do you like best, cricket or footer?"

Pat stared. Then he turned red with indignation. Then he met the Colonel's clear, blue eyes, felt a little ashamed of his outburst, and finally answered sulkily,

"Footer."

But "footer" was one of Pat's enthusiasms, and the Colonel, satisfied with this admission, skilfully drew him out. By the time Pat discovered that the Colonel had also played half-back and preferred "Rugger" to "Socket" his conversational barque was launched on a full tide, which hardly ebbed throughout the evening.

Pat went to bed in a thoughtful mood.

"He'd be very decent if he wasn't a stepfather," said Pat, "I'll mend that tyre first chance I get."

But the next morning the Colonel found the flattened tyre and mended the puncture himself.

"I am going out for the day," said the Colonel at breakfast, "you two shall have it all to yourselves," and he looked smilingly at Pat, who got very red. He was thinking of the bicycle.

His day with his mother was not a success. Never had a day of his dragged more heavily. She dawdled it away on her sofa, keeping Pat chained to her side or waiting upon her hand and foot. Not that he would have minded this, but their conversational field became

so circumscribed that Pat actually found himself looking forward to the Colonel's return. He *did* understand what a fellow was talking about.

The next day the Colonel said suddenly,

"Pat, I am going to buy you a pony and teach you to ride."

"I'd rather you didn't sir," said Pat, flushing.

"Funk it?" said the Colonel, surprised.

Pat looked so indignant that the Colonel apologised.

"What is your reason then?" he said smiling.

Pat was silent. It is difficult to explain that you feel too much of a skunk.

"You must give me some good reason," continued the Colonel, "or I shall certainly buy it for you. Is it because you would rather have something else?"

"It's because I don't want anything from you," muttered Pat at last.

The Colonel stood before the fireplace, with



HE DELIBERATELY PUNCTURED THE TYRE.

his hands in his pockets. He looked very steadily at Pat.

"Very well, Pat," said he, after a somewhat tense pause, "if you want to fight, we'll fight, but no hitting below the belt, old man."

Pat got as far as the door, then he came

"Yes, sir," said Pat, with his eyes still cast down.

"And you didn't think when you confessed that you'd get off?"

Pat looked up at him.

"No, sir," he said, sturdily. "I didn't think anything about it; I only wanted you to know."

"Very well," said the Colonel, who all the time was regarding Pat with a steady gaze. "I have an engagement now, but come to the library at twelve."

"What are you going to do?" asked his wife, in alarm, as Pat left the room.

"Give him a few cuts with a stick. It will restore his self-respect. He feels mean now. I like your boy, Molly."

"But he'll run away!" cried she. "He ran away from his uncle's last holidays, and they had quite a bother to find him."

"Did he run away from the cane?" said the Colonel.

"Oh, no, his uncle doesn't believe in corporal punishment. He ran away for much less. He had a fight with a French boy staying there, and as a punishment his uncle tied him in a chair with a rope, and made him have his dinner by being fed in spoonfuls by the French boy."

"I don't wonder he ran away," said the Colonel in disgust. "I

should have run away myself. Don't worry, my dear, I think Pat and I understand one another," and the Colonel took up his hat and walked out.

But when twelve o'clock came and there was no Pat, he began to wonder if he had misread the boy. The minutes went, but, at ten past, the door was burst open and in tumbled Pat, hot and panting.

"I'm awfully sorry, sir," said Pat. "I've run all the way from the village. My watch had stopped and I didn't know it—though I



"WON'T YOU SHAKE HANDS, SIR?"

back. He was very red and his eyes did not raise themselves from the carpet.

"I have been hitting below the belt, already," stammered Pat.

"What are you two talking about?" said his mother from her armchair.

"Well?" asked the Colonel.

"I punctured your tyre—with a pin—on purpose—out of spite."

"That was hitting below the belt, indeed," said the Colonel. "Do you think you deserve to be punished?"

don't suppose you'll believe me," he added, dejectedly.

"Certainly, I believe you," said the Colonel, "we're both gentlemen."

Pat flashed him a look that said "thank you" more plainly than words. Then he set his teeth for execution.

"I am sorry to have had to punish you," said the Colonel, throwing down the cane, "I couldn't overlook a trick of that sort, but I respect you for owning up like a man and taking your punishment like a man. You can go."

But Pat didn't go. He stood for a minute, gulping back a tear, and then said,

"I'm sorry I was such a cad, sir, and I'm jolly glad you licked me."

"Well, now we're quits, Pat, and can start fair for our next round."

The Colonel went back to his desk and began writing. Pat lingered. He stood first on one leg and then on the other. At last the Colonel looked up and met the hazel eyes regarding him almost wistfully.

"Won't you—won't you shake hands, sir?" said Pat.

"Of course I will, if you will," said the Colonel heartily, and he jumped up and ex-

tended his hand. "Which is it to be, Pat, a truce or a permanent treaty?"

"Total surrender, sir," responded Pat. "You're not a bit what I expected—you're a proper sort of boss."

Pat's mother thought it most extraordinary that from the day the Colonel caned Pat they became the greatest friends.

When Pat got back to school, he was besieged with questions about "the old beast."

"Look here," said Pat, "anyone who reminds me again that I ever called the governor an old beast will get his head smacked."

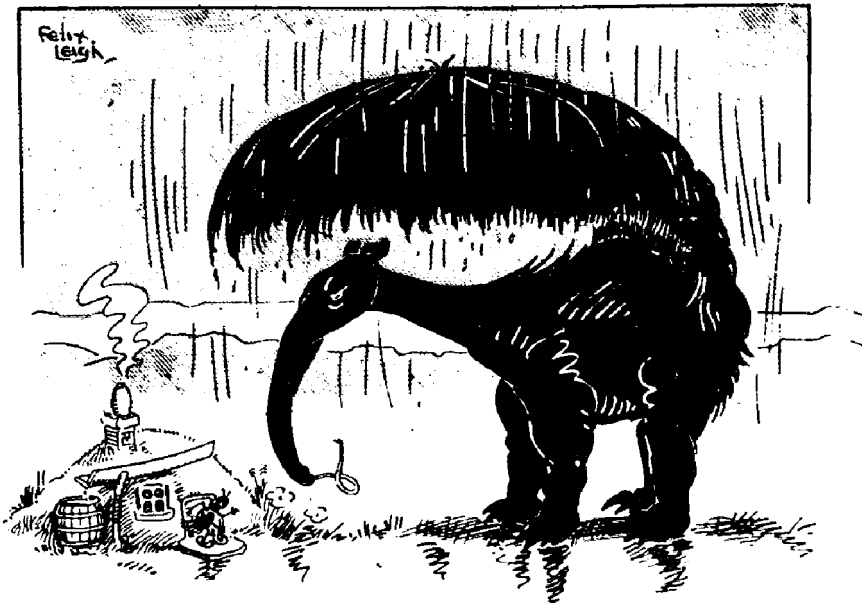
That Pat kept his word is shown by the following letter received by the Colonel a few days later:—

MY DEAR FATHER,—

Parsons minor said I called you a beast yesterday. So I did, but it was before I knew you. I smacked his head, and old Chief caned me. He doesn't sting up as much as you do. I wish you hadn't put me on my honour about cribs. It's such a beastly grind, but I did a proper construe to-day, and if old Chief had been in a good temper, he'd have said it was the best bit of work he'd ever had from me. Love to the mater.

Your affectionate son,
PAT.

P.S.—Did you ever call me any names?



A SUGGESTION.

THE EATER: "Look here, I'm hard up for a meal."

THE ANT: "Then why don't you pawn your umbrella?"

THE PICTURESQUE STRANGER.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

By JOHN MACKIE.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SOPER



OUR squadron was out reconnoitring, and Reynolds' Company had drawn together for a rest between two small kopjes, the huge boulders effectually screening men and horses. We were just about to discuss dinner, having been unusually lucky in the foraging line that morning, when there was a clatter of hoofs among the rocks, and in another moment a strange horseman rounded the shoulder of the ridge and almost rode into us.

That he came upon us unexpectedly I would have sworn, for a swift glance of enquiry and something like alarm shot from his truculent dark eyes as he pulled up. In a moment, however, a dare-devil self-assurance sat easily on him, and he smiled as if delighted to see us. His dark moustaches pointed upwards, and his personal appearance savoured of a well-known swashbuckling character in modern drama — no less a character, indeed, than "Von Tarlenheim."

He was, in fact, the embodiment of the arch-villain of Zenda fame, albeit he was in his shirt-sleeves, which showed his sinewy, hairy arms, and

he wore an officer's khaki riding-breeches and puttees. A jaunty felt-hat caught up at one side and banded with a strip of tiger-skin gave him a decidedly rakish appearance.

The usually undemonstrative Macpherson in a moment covered him with his Lee-Metford. The stranger grinned insolently and asked—

"Well, what's the matter with you? Do you take me for De Wet?"



"WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? DO YOU TAKE ME FOR DE WET?"

"You're much the same sort o' pairson," began the Scotsman. "How did you—"

"Hold hard, Macpherson," interrupted Reynolds, "and put down your shooting-stick. Can't you see he's one of Rimington's officers?"

Macpherson did as he was told, but I saw an ugly glint in the Celt's eye. Reynolds continued—

"Won't you jump down, sir? You've come over from Clements' column — been on the same errand as ourselves, I suppose?"

"If it's to choose a suitable camping ground for to-night's advance, you're right," replied the picturesque rider, whom for lack of more specific information we shall call Von Tarlenheim. "But I don't know that you're to advance to-night. Since you

left your column this morning, Rundle has heliographed over to Clements that you're to reconnoitre the long ridge to the north-east. I was sent out to meet and tell you."

"But how the dickens did you get here unannounced?" laughed Reynolds. "Sergeant Macnamara, go and see what's the matter with those men we threw out to keep their eyes about them. The long ridge can wait until after we've grubbed. I suppose you can do a drink of tea?"

"Two drinks if you've got them," laughed Rupert, jumping off his horse. "No thanks, I'll just give him a feed,"—this to a trooper who came forward and offered to take his horse—"I've taught him to wait about handy without being tied—just like a Boer's pony, you know."

He took a regulation nose-bag from the saddle and put it on the horse's head.

"You've got an I.Y. horse," remarked the observant Macpherson. "I'm thinking that horse cost a guid penny to fetch over here."

"You're right, my friend," said Rupert, "but I notice there are one or two I.Y. horses in your lot. It's a case of who loses, seeks; who finds, keeps, these days."

"Mebbe so," agreed Macpherson, "and more seeking than finding, I'm thinking."

"Come, sit down," remarked Reynolds, "you must be hungry. Here's some bully, a bit of cold goose, and some capital biltong we managed to get this morning. And here is some bread; we don't often have such a spread."

"By George, you chaps are in clover!" remarked the stranger.

So without further ado he squatted on the grass between the Long 'Un and Macpherson, and straightway attacked the eatables. He proved himself a right brave trencherman and a pleasant guest, for he talked, laughed, and ate all at the same time, giving his hosts the impression that they were excellent entertainers. He was apt at repartee, with a vein of cynical, almost sardonic, humour running through his conversation. But still no one could say he was unduly familiar, or could take offence, for he said his sharpest things with the most charming of smiles upon his not unhandsome face, and invariably laughed the loudest when the laugh was against himself. That he was a born adventurer who all his life had been pitting his wits against those of other adventurers, was obvious; that he was satisfied with the result was also plain. He had been everywhere and seen everything. He had brains, youth, good looks and strength on his side, and yet he lacked something that, despite the charm of his manner, instinctively filled one with vague distrust. As the astute Scot

afterwards defined it, he had a moral squint—a trick of seeing a substance and a shadow, and of preferring the shadow out of sheer perversity, only the shadow in his case was the carrion of the distempered dog. There was a hint of cold-bloodedness about the man that chilled one's humanity.

"You don't seem to mind riding alone in these parts," remarked Reynolds. "It's dangerous country to scout in; there's too many little hills and valleys about for my fancy."

"Bah!" laughed Von Tarlenheim, showing his regular white teeth; "it's safer to go alone. Now, I saw you chaps with my Zeiss glasses stringing all over the country like a flock of geese, miles away. One or two men can shove along and escape observation where a number would be sure to be seen."

"That's true, we certainly failed to see you approach."

"You see, I was alone and could choose my own ground. When a man is riding in extended order with others, he can't, and has no time to take stock properly. Bah! you Britishers have funny ideas about scouting—you simply blunder on until you draw the enemy's fire, and then——"

"But aren't you a Britisher yourself?" broke in Reynolds somewhat shortly. Like most Britishers who are fairly well satisfied with themselves, he did not like unpleasant truths.

Von Tarlenheim helped himself to another piece of bread, and smiled until the tips of his moustache curled inwards in a truly grotesque fashion.

"I am not—properly speaking," he replied, with engaging candour. "My mother was a German, but though I serve the Queen like yourself, I don't see why that should prevent me from expressing an honest opinion. You're lucky chaps to have such bread. I didn't know Rundle believed in sparing his men's teeth. I thought a biscuit and a half per day was about his size."

"You're right there," broke in Devine, who had parted with a shaky tooth only that morning; "but you see we bought the flour and got a Dutchwoman to bake for us at Hammonia. How does Clements treat his men? I heard yesterday we were going to leave Rundle and join his Division. I'm jolly glad of it, for I heard that, unlike Rundle, Clements knows how to treat Colonials. I was told, on the side, from the adjutant's orderly, that we were going to make a pounce on Bethlehem."

Von Tarlenheim seemed immensely interested in the bone he was gnawing, but he turned two bright dark eyes on the youth that seemed to express approval, and, in a voice that flattered

because of its implied recognition of equality as between men of the world, he remarked:—

"Yes, I fancy you've heard to some purpose. Do you know if they intend bringing up the guns to-night?"

But the clumsy Scotsman just at that moment upset Devine's pannikin while stretching over for the tin of bully beef, and was so profuse in his apologies that, by the time he had finished, the question that Von Tarlenheim had asked was quite driven out of the Kid's head.

When at last he looked up smilingly into the scout's face he was met by a bold but inscrutable look. Each realised that the other had taken a sudden and instinctive dislike to him, but why, it would have been a difficult matter to explain. This, however, did not prevent the unmannerly Scotsman asking their guest seemingly irrelevant questions. Questions that the Long 'Un and Reynolds had more than once to interrupt, as they considered them not only unduly inquisitive, but out of place. They wondered what had come over their usually reticent and circumspect comrade. Yet he seemed in the best of spirits, and the scout and he evidently understood each other. They chaffed and sparred with words in a way that only men who had themselves well in hand could do.

In the meantime the men in various little groups were disposing of their dinners, and some whose appetites at an earlier hour had not permitted them to conserve their scanty government rations, were lying on their backs smoking, trying to make themselves believe they were better employed. Those on the look-out were lazily scanning the gray ocean-like expanse of scarped, wave-like ridges and lurking hollows with the unsatisfactory consciousness that a large army of men could, by judiciously distributing themselves, easily crawl up within striking distance. When Macnamara told them that one of Rimington's scouts had joined their party under their very noses without being seen, they felt uncomfortable, but not incredulous. When Mac got back to the main body the picturesque stranger was seated on a boulder smoking a cigarette, and the little group around him was laughing uproariously. What gave the story its peculiar piquancy seemed to be the fact that it was told against himself with the most delightful air of candour in the world. As Devine watched the brilliant stranger he was filled with envy, and hoped that when he grew older he would be able to play the rôle of man of the world with the same fascinating abandon.

When he had finished, Macpherson asked him about the troop of yeomanry, belonging to

Clements' Division, that had been ambushed and captured without firing a shot in the previous week.

"Yes, they were a set of mugs," explained Von Tarlenheim, "to walk right into the enemy's lines as they did. Besides, it was a mere handful of men that took them, but, of course, they didn't know that. Under the circumstances I think they showed their good sense in keeping quiet and accepting the inevitable. What's the use of getting potted for the mere sake of showing off? The beggars saved their hides, anyhow."

Devine stared at his hero in some surprise. Leaving outside a certain inconsistency in his speech, his were hardly the sentiments he would have expected such a cavalier-like personage to display. He would have expected him to have advocated charging against tremendous odds, and preferring death to surrender. It was unpleasant to have one's illusions disturbed in such a way. To his surprise Macpherson, of whose prowess he had more than once had proof, seemed to agree with the stranger's views on the subject. He wondered if the level-headed Scot were also succumbing to the fascinating visitor.

"I'll no say but what ye're richt," he said, "but what on earth was their officer or non-com. thinkin' about tae ha'e them all bunched up the gither in country that a fule might ha'e kent wanted riding ower in extended order! But didna' they say there was somethin' crooked about the non-com.?—it was a non-com., and his name was Schmidt, noo I come tae think o't."

"Yes, now you mention it, I did hear that," said the cavalier readily, blowing smoke rings into the air, "and that, of course, explains why the poor duffers were wandering about the country like a flock of sheep—of course, their non-com. was in it. I heard he was a Boer spy who enlisted in the Imperial Yeomanry in London. If every spy can land a company of men, besides giving valuable information, it is money well invested. Don't you think so?"

"I do," replied Macpherson thoughtfully; "the Uitlanders were taxed to fill oor ranks wi' spies, but it's occasionally an awkward game to play."

"I agree with you, but I should say it's a deuced exciting one."

"It's a necessary evil, maybe, but death should be the penalty."

"It generally is," grinned Von Tarlenheim, "and I suppose that's what gives zest to it. It also prevents it from becoming too common—too many mugs only spoil the game."

Macpherson agreed to this also; he seemed to have quite got over his dislike for the stranger

and to have fallen into his way of thinking. Of course, in the regular army such a conversation carried on between officers and men would hardly have been possible, but with irregulars, where the discipline for all practical purposes is every whit as efficacious, it is different. There the men in the ranks are as often as not the social superiors of the officers, and with a little discrimination nothing need be risked in the way of discipline, and much may be gained by a mutual exchange of opinions.

The men had finished their smokes, and the horses stood by disconsolately, because there were no more oats. It was time to be moving along. Reynolds unslung his glasses and turned to the Rimington officer.

"Let's have a look at this ridge you spoke about," he said. "Of course, you've got the order in writing from the General."

"By Jove, I'd nearly forgotten that order!" remarked Tarlenheim, simply, as if he had just remembered it. "I daresay it may be as well for you to keep it."

He handed the order written in pencil to Reynolds. The latter saw that it was after the usual kind and duly numbered and signed.

With Von Tarlenheim, Macnamara and the Long 'Un he ascended a little rise that commanded a good view of the country.

"Where is this ridge?" he asked.

Von Tarlenheim pointed it out.

"By Jove! it's farther off than Rundle expects to go," remarked Reynolds, "but certainly where we are now is no place to take up a new position."

"You'll find one over there, then," said the stranger. "There's a capital place for a great camp, and the ridge commands miles of the enemy's country, as you will find out for yourself. You can go, of course, and look at it—just as you please."

"I can't understand why the enemy doesn't hold that ridge," remarked the Long 'Un, with a puzzled expression on his face.

"Shure, an' I wouldn't like to swear that the inimy doesn't hold it," observed Sergeant Macnamara.

"Well, I wouldn't like to swear to it either," seconded Von Tarlenheim. "It's an hour-and-a-half ago since I left it."

"Then it's all right if you were there," said Reynolds. "But I must see it for myself. Extend the men, Macnamara, and tell them to keep a good look-out. Hilloa, Macpherson, what's the matter?"

"I'd like you to come and look at Oxenham's horse, sir; it's going lame, I'm thinkin'."

"Then tell Oxenham to go back to camp. He knows the way, and he'll be quite safe. We've no time to look at sick horses just now. We must push on. About eighty yards apart there. Which way do you intend going, Mr. —?"

"Johnson," said the scout. "I'll have to get back to the column, but if I go by the ridge it will cut off a big corner. I'll be glad of your company so far."

"The idea of asking you to waste time looking at sick horses!" he added, as he rode off with the lieutenant. "Those Scotsmen are so painfully in earnest about the merest trifles."

"I wish there were more like him," said Reynolds, cutting him short. "That's the sort of man I like to have with me in a tight corner."

"He's big and ugly enough," laughed Tarlenheim, good-naturedly, "and such men are generally most estimable individuals. It's only in fiction that the heroes are good-looking."

The Celt overheard these last words, but his expression was as inscrutable as that of the sphinx. He had tried to catch his lieutenant's eye, but the General's order was in the latter's pocket, and he did not understand Macpherson's importunity. He, however, passed the word along the extended line to keep an extra good look-out.

Miles away to the right and left of them on the tops of the distant hills they could see the heliographs flashing like great diamonds, and they knew that the cordon of British Generals were sending messages to one another, and that the great half-circle was gradually closing in upon Prinsloo and De Wet, and the several thousand Boers who were with them—pressing them back against the Caledon river and the mighty Drakensberg Mountains in Basutoland, whose heavenward soaring peaks gleamed white with virgin snows—a strange contrast truly to the sad-hued, sun-dried, rolling veldt where the heated air-waves danced.

Johnson of Rimington's—whom we shall still call Tarlenheim—rode alongside Reynolds, and his conversation was, if anything, more entertaining than ever. There might have been no lurking enemy within a hundred miles, judging by their light-hearted laughter. Half-an-hour, and they came to the ridge, but not a sign of a Boer had they seen. At one place, and dividing it, a high narrow kopje arose; to the east its sides were almost precipitous, and round its base were strewn great square cubes of rock as if some Titanic hand had been playing with monster dice and set them down carelessly. It was a commanding position, but the ground they had passed over, like the country in front of them,

was terribly broken. It was a labyrinth of ridges and dongas. A whole Army Corps might have camped unseen within five hundred yards of them.

"Where is the camping-ground you spoke about?" asked Reynolds, turning, nonplussed, to his companion. "This is surely not the place you meant?"

But his companion was riding on in advance, and would not or did not hear.

Before Reynolds could catch up to him the *tick-tock* of a Mauser rang out on the extreme

"Close in on the kopje," yelled Reynolds, "and cover among the rocks."

He followed these words with a loud shrill upon the whistle he always carried. The long straggling line as one man turned towards the centre and closed at full gallop, the horseless men getting up behind comrades. In a couple of minutes they were comparatively safe behind the great rocks. At the same time it was painfully obvious that they were completely surrounded.

While this was going on the man who had led them there was hastening away, when, to his un-



A MURDEROUS HAIL OF LEAD, MOSTLY OF THE EXPLOSIVE OR EXPANSIVE KIND, CRACKLED AND SPATTERED ON THREE SIDES OF THEM.

right, and the crack of a Lee-Metford replied. Then two or three more shots broke in crisply upon the retentive ear of the noiseless wilderness. Then a brisk crackle of musketry from unseen cover of rock and heath burst out in front of them. It spread from right to left; from front to flank, and from flank to rear. A couple of horses staggered and dropped. The bullets were whizzing past like a ghostly flight of bees.

speakable disgust, he felt his horse shrink beneath him, and realised that it was shot. He slipped quickly to the ground, and found Reynolds standing close to him.

"Here, catch hold of this stirrup-leather, quick!" cried Reynolds. "We've no time to lose—the beggars are all round us!"

For a moment the discomfited hero hesitated; his hand, as if accidentally, stole down to his

sidé, and he looked at the lieutenant as a tiger might do at its prey just before the psychological moment when it springs.

But in another moment the grinning face of Macpherson, with an unholy light in his eyes, rose up before him. The Scot rode right up to him and pushed a stirrup-leather into his hand.

"Confound you!" he exclaimed, "d'ye want to get kilt? You've got to come wi' us."

Macpherson's hand, like a band of iron, actually closed on his as they rode towards the shelter of the rocks.

Von Tarlenheim swore audibly. These serious-minded eaters of oat-meal were as uncompromising as they were ugly.

The twenty-five men distributed themselves among the rocks that strewed the base of the precipitous kopje. A murderous hail of lead, mostly of the explosive or expansive kind, crackled and sputtered on three sides of them. The Boers began to show themselves, and promptly the troopers opened fire. They were all good shots, and the enemy realised they had not the sixty-rounds-per-year men to deal with.

Von Tarlenheim stood by silently with a peculiar set grin upon his face. There was an expression on it that suggested something to Reynolds, but the bare idea was too horrible and preposterous. He must banish it from his mind. Still, there was something that had to be explained. He must out with it.

"I can't understand," he said, "why you told us there was an open flat here that would make a good camp. It's just about the last place in the world that a General would think of coming to."

"I didn't say this was the ridge—it's the one beyond," explained Von Tarlenheim. "I'm afraid the Boers are here in full force—you'll never be able to hold out."

"Won't we? You'll see," shortly rejoined Reynolds.

"I can see them bringing up a machine gun," quietly observed Macpherson. "You'll hae tae look out, lads—there'll be some stour fleeing presently."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth than the hoarse, lustful bark of a pom-pom broke out on the right front. There was a deafening clatter and an acrid, sulphurous odour in the air as the shells struck and exploded on the rocks. A horse had moved from a sheltering boulder, and a shell, striking it fairly on the forehead, blew its lead to atoms.

Within a few yards of it a trooper dropped his rifle and fell forward on what was left of his face—the section of a shell had done

that. Another man was shot in the side, and a dark ominous stain about the size of a walnut immediately showed over the spot. A comrade pillowed the head of the dying man upon his knees, and bent over him to catch the words the white lips tried to frame. At last they came—"So long!"—and nothing more. And while as yet that comrade held his head a bullet sputtered on a rock hard by, and he too fell—the dying on the dead. There where they fell, they lay; and while the rifles rang the ghastly shambles grew.

But still that little band of heroes held their own; only the strange officer with the inscrutable grin upon his face, peering eastward from behind a jutting rock, seemed to consider the situation hopeless.

"You'll have to chuck it, you fellows," he said, coolly enough; "better to hoist the white flag than to get wiped out altogether."

As he spoke the Boer firing ceased as if at a given signal.

"There! Now's your chance," he said to Reynolds; "they're stopping to give you an opportunity of surrendering."

The lieutenant, with a white, set face, turned on him fiercely.

"Oh, confound you and your white flags!" he cried. "You seem fond of them—you brought us here—you lied to us! I believe—yes, I'll swear you were trying to escape when your horse was shot."

"You are mad! You lie!" and Von Tarlenheim sprang to his feet.

But Macpherson had crept up, and at that moment levelled a revolver at his head.

"You hound!" he cried. "I thoct as much at first, but now I'm sure! You are Schmidt the Boer spy who sold the Yeomanry last weck, but you'll never—"

"You fool!" With a sudden movement the traitor struck the pistol upwards, and felled the Scotsman to the ground with his clenched fist. In another moment he had leapt amongst the scattered boulders, and, before a shot could reach him, was scuttling and doubling amongst them like a lizard.

But vengeance was at his heels in the shape of the Scotsman, who, bleeding from a cut on the forehead, snatched up a bayonet and made after him. It was a chase which those watching are never likely to forget. And while it lasted there was a lull in the hostilities, for the Boers were sending in a messenger to demand a surrender.

Up the steep side of the kopje sprang the traitor, and, at his heels, his face streaming with blood, followed the Highlander, the fire of grim determination in his eyes, and the lust of

vengeance in his heart. Von Tarlenheim was lithe and nimble as a deer, but the rush of the Celt was like that of an angry tiger. Up, up the narrow pathway sped the two, keeping their footing like wild goats on giddy ledges that overhung the chaos of cruel rocks beneath. Up, up, over the bald forehead of the kopje overlooking the precipitous western face, and in and out amongst the jagged stones and the wild-aloe stumps. They were now nearly at the summit and something had to happen. Space yawned on their right, and a final ledge threatened their further progress. Von Tarlenheim turned on his pursuer, and, snatching a revolver from his belt, levelled it full at Macpherson's head. An exultant light lit up his eyes, and his lips were drawn back like those of a snarling cur's, showing the gleaming teeth beneath.

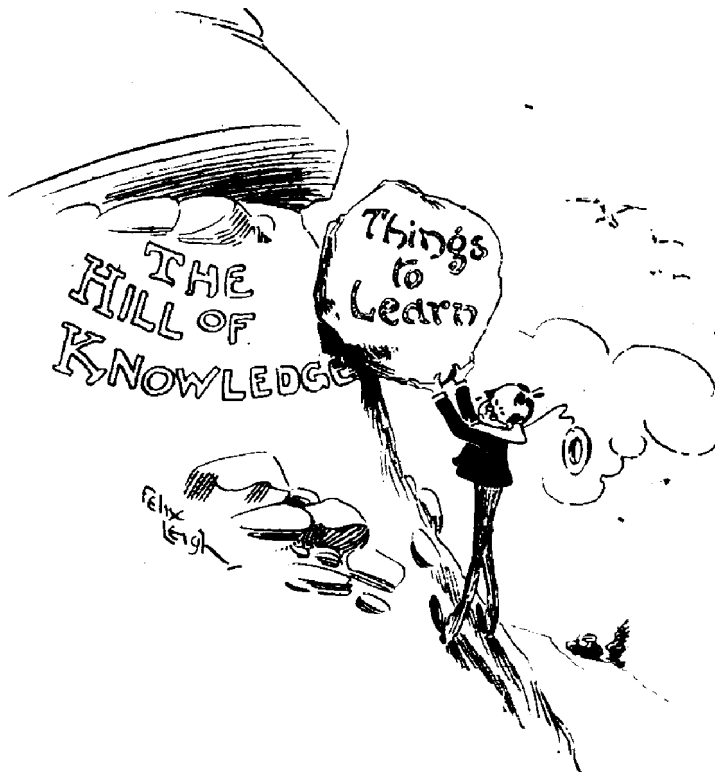
As he drew the trigger a smart upward stroke of the sword bayonet sent the pistol flying into the air; and then the Celt caught him by the throat with his left hand, and ran him through the body with his right. The dying eyes of Tarlenheim resembled those of a snake when it lies with its back broken—they blazed with blind, impotent rage, and, more terrible still, with the realisation of his fatal folly.

So miserably perished he who in self-conceit pitted his puny brains against God's immutable laws.

As Macpherson withdrew the bayonet he detected a circular outline upon the dead man's tunic. He ripped it open, and, to his intense satisfaction, found two small mirrors such as are used for heliographing purposes. He himself could work the heliograph with any signaller, and he was quite high enough to signal to headquarters at Hammonia some eight miles distant. To adjust the reflectors was the work of a minute or two. His dots and dashes, like flashes of light from a great diamond, briefly told the straits of the little force. An answering gleam of light on the high headland above Hammonia said that the message was understood. And then a bullet from a neighbouring kopje smashed the mirrors, and Macpherson descended again to assist his comrades. A regiment with machine guns was already galloping to their relief.

When the Boer messenger came in to demand their surrender, Reynolds handed him the spy's blood-stained hat, and told him to tell the Boer commanders that if they reckoned forgery among their weapons of war they must also recognise its penalties. If they wanted to take them, he added, they had better hurry up.

When the reliefs came, half-an-hour later, Reynolds and his men had more than held their own, as the Boer dead left on the field fully testified.



THE MODERN SISYPHUS.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR



The Stamps of Great Britain.

(Continued from page 128.)

Surface Printed Stamps.

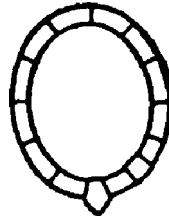
1855-7.—With this series commenced what is termed the surface printing of English postage stamps, which has been continued ever since. Surface printing is done from



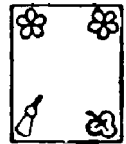
steel plates engraved in relief, the portions in relief giving the impression of the design of the stamps.

The series consists of 4d., 6d., and 1s. values, all stamps of new designs. The 4d. stamp was added as the result of a postal treaty with France reducing the single rate to that country from 10d. to 4d. The new 6d. and 1s. superseded the expensively produced embossed stamps of those values. The old 1d. and 2d. stamps remained in use undisturbed. The 4d. is watermarked with a garter, that is, an oval band with a buckle at the foot. Specialists note and collect three sizes of this watermark, which they distinguish as small, medium, and large. The small garter is a small oval in the centre of the stamp, the medium garter is much larger and just clears the edges of the stamp, and the large garter touches the edges—top, bottom and sides. The difference in size between the medium and large garters is so

little that it is sometimes difficult to decide between them. The 6d. and 1s. are watermarked with four heraldic emblems, *i.e.*, two roses, a thistle, and a shamrock, as illustrated. The beginner will do well not to trouble himself too early about varieties of watermark, but the more advanced stamp collector will find them an interesting study. It will be noted that there are no letters in the corners of the stamps. The absence of letters in the corners of the stamps is the distinguishing feature of the stamps of this series.



WMK. GARTER



WMK. EMBLEMS.

PERFORATED. NO LETTERS IN THE CORNERS.

	UNUSED.		USED.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
4d., carmine, wmk. garter	—	0	2
6d., lilac, wmk. emblems	20 0	0	2
1s., green, wmk. emblems	40 0	0	9

1862.—Same design as the last issue, but with the addition of small letters in the four



corners of each stamp, and two new values—a 3d. and 9d. Another slight alteration to be noted is the addition of a hyphen between the words "six" and "pence" in the 6d. The 4d. is watermarked with a garter and the others with emblems.

PERFORATED. SMALL WHITE LETTERS IN THE CORNERS.

	UNUSED.		USED.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
3d., rose, wmk. emblems ...	12	6	3	6
4d., red, wmk. large garter ...	10	6	0	2
6d., lilac, wmk. emblems ...	15	0	0	3
9d., bistre, wmk. emblems ...	17	6	6	6
1s., green, wmk. emblems ...	30	0	1	6

1865.—Design as in last issue, but with larger white letters in the corners. The 10d. is a new value. The hyphen is still maintained in the 6d., and the watermarks are unchanged. This series is notable for the addition of plate numbers. Specialists collect the plate numbers of every stamp, but the beginner should not attempt it.



PERFORATED. LARGE WHITE LETTERS IN EACH CORNER.

	UNUSED.		USED.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
3d., rose ...	10	0	0	6
4d., vermillion ...	7	6	0	2
6d., lilac ...	12	0	0	2
9d., straw ...	40	0	10	0
10d., red brown ...	25	0	4	0
1s., green ...	12	6	0	8

1867-9.—Same designs as last issue. The hyphen has been removed from the sixpence, and the 2s. is a new value. This new value



WMK. SPRAY OF ROSE.

was printed first in blue and subsequently changed to brown. The brown 2s. had a very short life, from January to October, 1880, when the value ceased to be issued. It is therefore counted a rarity, as will be seen from the catalogue price quoted below. This issue is distinguished from the last issue by the watermark, a spray of rose, as illustrated, in place of garters and emblems.

PERFORATED. WATERMARK, SPRAY OF ROSE.

	UNUSED.		USED.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
3d., rose ...	6	0	0	1
6d., lilac ...	7	6	0	2
9d., straw ...	16	0	3	6
10d., red brown ...	20	0	3	0
1s., green ...	8	0	0	4
2s., blue ...	50	0	2	0
2s., brown ...	£7		65	0

1872-3.—A new design for the 6d. as illustrated. Stamps of this new design were first printed in chestnut brown, then in yellow brown, and then changed to what the cataloguers call a grey. The grey, as will be seen in the pricing, is the commoner colour.



PERFORATED. HEAD IN HEXAGON. LARGE WHITE CORNER LETTERS.

	UNUSED.		USED.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
6d., chestnut ...	20	0	1	3
6d., grey ...	15	0	0	6

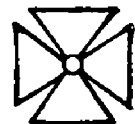
1867-82.—High values, as illustrated. The large white letters in the corners are repeated,



but the watermarks vary, the first printings being watermarked with a Maltese cross, and



WMK. ANCHOR.



WMK. MALTESE CROSS.

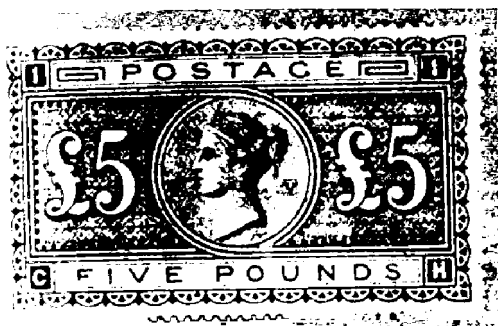
the later with an anchor. Specialists make varieties of blued paper on which all the values are found. The perforations also vary, from 15 in the earlier printings to 14 in the later.

PERFORATED. COLOURED CORNER LETTERS.

	UNUSED.		USED.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
2½d., lilac rose, wmk. anchor ...	10	6	0	4
2½d., blue, wmk. orb ...	5	0	0	2
3d., rose, wmk. spray ...	5	0	0	1
4d., vermilion, wmk. large garter ...	25	0	2	6
4d., sage green, wmk. large garter...	7	6	2	0
4d., grey green, wmk. large garter...	20	0	8	6
6d., chestnut, wmk. spray ...	—	—	—	—
6d., dark grey, wmk. spray...	4	6	0	3
1s., green, wmk. spray ...	10	0	0	9

PERFORATED. WATERMARK, MALTESE CROSS.

	UNUSED.		USED.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
5s., rose ...	55	0	3	6
10s., grey green ...	—	—	27	6
£1., brown lilac ...	—	—	40	0



CURRENT CANADIAN STAMPS.

I am indebted to Mr. Kenalm S. Ellison, a CAPTAIN reader, for the interesting information contained in the following official letter :

17, Victoria-street, London, S.W.

The following are the denominations and values of the postage stamps of Canada ON SALE at this office:—

The stamps hitherto received from Ottawa are of various issues.

No stamps of any other denomination are offered, and no charge is made above the face value of the stamps if personal application is made for them. If they are required to be forwarded through the post, *stamped addressed envelopes must be supplied for their transmission.* They will be sent at the purchaser's risk unless the registration fee of 2d. is also remitted.

In ordinary circumstances, no larger order than for 5s. of each denomination can be executed at any one time.

No used stamps are on sale.

PERFORATED. WATERMARK, ANCHOR.

	UNUSED.	
	s.	d.
5s., rose ...	12	6
10s., grey green ...	30	0
£1., brown lilac ...	70	0
£5, orange ...	85	0

1873-80.—In this series the white corner letters give place to coloured letters. A 2½d. stamp is added for the new foreign rate under the Postal Union, and an 8d. stamp is provided to prepay the rate to Australia, *via* Brindisi.

At first the 2½d. was printed in lilac rose, and watermarked with an anchor,



WMK. ORB.



then the watermark was changed to an orb, and finally the colour of the stamp was changed to blue, the Postal Union colour for the foreign rate. The 4d. was changed from vermilion to sage green, and then to grey brown. In the 6d. the plate numbers were removed from the lower angles to the side angles of the hexagonal frame.

Canadian Currency.		Sterling Equivalent.
		s. d.
50 cent.	Jubilee ...	2 1
50 "	Ordinary issue... ..	2 1
20 "	Old issues	0 10
20 "	New Green	0 10
15 "	" "	0 7½
10 "	Maple Leaf and Numeral Varieties...	0 5
8 "	" " " "	0 4
6 "	" " " "	0 3
5 "	" " " "	0 2½
3 "	" " " "	0 1½
2 "	" " " "	0 1
1 "	" " " "	0 0½
½ "	" " " "	0 0½
10 "	Special Delivery	0 5
2 "	Maps	0 1
2 "	Surcharged Maple Leaf	0 1
2 "	Surcharged Numeral	0 1
2 "	New Pink	0 1

Notable New Issues.

There is not much to chronicle this month in the way of New Issues, but there are plenty of indications of the flood of King's Heads that are on the way. Already we

have had several of our English stamps with the King's Head, and the full set will no doubt be ready for the Coronation. In the next number of *THE CAPTAIN* I hope to give an illustration of the complete set, as all have been announced but the 4d., 5d., and 10d. A German paper has seen early specimens of the new King's Heads for the Transvaal. They are described thus:—"In a large upright oval, occupying about half the area of the design, is a bust of King Edward, whilst above the oval is a small crown, and below it 'Transvaal' in small lettering. In each corner is an oval bearing the value, and at either side, in minute capitals, 'Postage' and 'Revenue.'" From this description it will be gathered that the design breaks away from the set type of the Cayman Islands, which is apparently to be the stock design for all Colonies that will accept it. Some changes are announced in the Cook Islands series. The $\frac{1}{2}$ d. blue, bird type, is to be changed to green, and the 1d. brown, Makea type, to red, the Postal Union colours. Nothing further has been heard of the overprinting of the Queen Makea stamps with a Crown. I have only seen the 1d. brown so far, and I question very much if we shall hear any more of such an unnecessarily ugly daubing of the face of the ex-Queen of the Cook Islands.

British Guiana.—The 6 cents is chronicled with name and value in ultramarine in place of brown.

British Levant.—Our current King's Head $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. stamp has been overprinted "40 paras" for the use of British post offices in the Levant.

Curacao.—I am indebted to Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. for the current $12\frac{1}{2}$ c. of Holland, overprinted "12 $\frac{1}{2}$ ct. Curaçao."

Gambia.—The 1d. has appeared with the King's Head. The type is the same as the Cayman Islands.

German Empire.—I am indebted to Messrs. Ernest Wood and Co. for specimens of the new German issue. The inscription at the foot of the stamp has been changed from "Reichpost," i.e., Imperial Post, to "Deutsches Post," i.e., German Empire. I understand the colours and values are the same as before.

Roumania.—The inscription of value in the 1 bani has been changed from "bani" to "ban," and Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. send me a copy of the 15 bani changed in colour from black to lilac.

Spain.—The 15 c. of the current set has been changed from black to mauve. Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. send me a specimen of the new colour.

Uganda.—To provide the new values of $\frac{1}{2}$ anna and $2\frac{1}{2}$ annas, current British East African stamps of those denominations have been overprinted "Uganda."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. W. W. (WINDSOR).—Your Cape of Good Hope, surcharged with a capital G, is a Griqualand. Its value depends upon its type of G, and may be from 1s. 6d. to 40s. You will find all the different types set out in Gibbons' Catalogue, Part 1.

H. S. (PRESTWICH).—Your stamp is a Danish local of no particular value.

W. E. S. (HADLEIGH).—I cannot say anything about the value of Brazilians without seeing them. You will find them priced in the catalogues. 225 is the rarest English 1d. plate number. The other plate numbers are not worth much used. A set of the whole lot, except 77 and 225, can be had for 10s. Some unused old red 1d. English are worth 7s. 6d., and a great deal more. The Salvador overprinted "Franco Official" is an official stamp. The Victorian frank is used in Government offices. It is very common.

G. B. (HEREFORD).—See note under "New Issues" about King's Head stamps. Do not believe reports of impending changes in $\frac{1}{2}$ d. You should certainly use stamp hinges. Stamp hinges, as now made, will always peel off without injuring the stamp. Stamp paper has to be soaked off. Nothing looks worse than daubs of stamp paper hinges.

George Jordan.—The best way to detect forgeries is to become intimately acquainted with genuine stamps. The forgery is as near an imitation as the forger can make it, and to set out the differences that mark the forgery of each stamp would take a couple of volumes of *THE CAPTAIN*, and it would be placing my life in jeopardy to ask the "Old Fag" for such an amount of space.

O. H. S.—Inverted watermarks are not worth paying a farthing extra for. The initials "C.A." on English Colonial stamps mean Crown Agents, and "C.C." means Crown Colony.

R. E. (PUTNEY).—There are no 3c. and 6c. values in Trans-Mississippi or Pan American stamps.

H. F. (BRADFORD).—I do not know the number of Niger Coast 1s. C.A. printed. The remarks you refer to apply to the issue watermarked C.A.

S. R. (WIGTON).—South Australian 1867-70, 6d. blue; and 1875-93, 3d. sage green. "Specimen" might be worth about 6d. each.

The Emperor and the Waggon



By N. R. MARTIN.

I OWE everything in life, nay, more than once even my life itself, to my friendship with Joachim Murat. I little thought that when Joachim ran away from our seminary at Toulouse to join a Chasseur regiment that he would become the greatest cavalry leader the world has ever known, and die a king. As little did I think when I was expelled from the same seminary for drawing caricatures of the Principal that I should become Commissary-General Perigueux, and the wealthiest man in France. Yet the fates would have it so, and though Murat died by the hands of his own soldiers, and I, in spite of my wealth, am an exile from France, it is better to have served the great Emperor for twenty years than to have dragged out a monotonous existence in our native province of Languedoc.

When Murat was appointed General in Italy he sent for me. "Perigueux," he said, "you have the head for figures; I have not. If I appoint you Commissary-General to my army, I know, though you will rob, you will not rob your old seminary comrade. It must be share and share alike, as it was when we raided orchards in the old days."

And right well did I serve him. Other generals might complain with cause that their men were robbed of their provisions, but Murat's division were never on short rations. Why, I have known the cavalry division to cheer me as I rode into camp. Cheer a Commissary-General! Such a thing was never known in the Grand Army before. My nickname round the camp fires was "the Marshal of the Soup-kettles," and it did my heart good to hear the men shout it as I passed. Never did Murat regret my appointment. Every sou of profit I made out of the rations or the purchase of booty from the troops I shared with him. Even though he spent his share so prodigally that he never had a franc to spare, whilst I, through careful investment in land, grew richer every day, yet Murat never doubted my honesty and only said: "You have the head for figures, Perigueux; I have not."

It was Murat who secured me my appointment as Commissary-General for the great Austrian campaign of 1805. For the first time I came in direct contact with the great Emperor. Never before had a Commissary-General such opportunities—why, I remitted to France three million francs as my share of the profits of the campaign.

I received orders at the beginning of the campaign to provide provisions for six months. I consulted Murat, and he advised me that four months' provisions would be ample. "Before that time," he said, "we shall be victors, or there will be no one left for you to make your account to, Perigueux." So when the campaign began I started with a comfortable sum of money in hand and a corresponding deficiency in supplies. The delay at the fortress of Ulm rendered me nervous, for I feared that before the end of the campaign my deficiency would be discovered. However, Murat laughed at my fears and I began to be reassured as we made our rapid march on Vienna. But then we delayed at Vienna, and though I spent money out of my own pocket on supplies and took by force all the stores I could lay hands on, yet when the movement which ended at Austerlitz began I was still nervous—any enquiry would show that the supplies were deficient, and the Emperor was a stern man. I shall never forget my first interview with the great Emperor. Murat, Davoust, and Massena were enjoying some fine Hockseimer in my tent on the evening of the last day in November, when the corporal on guard entered, and, saluting, said, "General Duroc with a message from the Emperor." I rose hastily as Duroc entered. He saluted the generals and then said to me, "Perigueux" (no title you observe; Duroc was always uncivil to me), "you are to go at once with your report of the stores to the Emperor." I bowed and was about to leave when Murat drew me to one side.

"Are you short of supplies?" he whispered.

"Frightfully," I answered.

"Then don't tell the Emperor, Perigueux; he might hang you."

I followed Duroc to the Emperor's quarters, and was ushered into the presence of the great man. The Emperor was writing at a table and for a time ignored me. Little did I think as I saw him scribbling his sprawling writing over sheets of paper that he was composing his ever-famous address to the army before Austerlitz. At last he had finished and looked up at me.

"Commissary General Perigueux?" he said.

I saluted.

"And how do the supplies stand, Perigueux?" he continued pleasantly.

hundred waggons." He turned on me with an angry flash. "Perigueux," he said, "I know Commissary-Generals. When the army marches to-morrow all your provision waggons must pass my quarters in the morning. Report to me when you are ready to march them past."

He waved his hand to show that the audience was at an end.

I went back to my tent disconsolate. The others had gone, but Murat had waited for me.

"Well?" he said, as I entered.

"I have told the Emperor that we have fourteen days complete rations for the army."



THE EMPEROR BEGAN TO COUNT THE WAGGONS AS THEY PASSED.

"Fourteen days complete rations for all the troops, sire," I answered confidently.

"Good, in case of victory," said the Emperor. "but sadly inadequate in case of defeat."

A sudden inspiration came to me. "Sire," I said, "I have never been used to contemplate the possibility of defeat."

"Ah, Perigueux, if a Commissary-General talks like this, how will my brave soldiers talk?"

If the great Emperor had a fault it was that he was scarcely just to the non-combatant section of his army.

"Fourteen days," said the Emperor, meditatively, "then you will have some four or five

"What have you?" said Murat calmly.

"Barely four days, and I have to march the waggons past him to-morrow."

"It is a bad business," said Murat. "but I think I can see a way out of it. How many waggons of booty have you?"

"About a hundred," I answered.

"Have them well covered with canvas and march them past."

"I thought of that," I said, "but even then I am two hundred waggons short."

Murat laughed and said, "Leave it to me, Perigueux. March your waggons past the Emperor's quarters in the morning. Rely on me; I shan't desert an old friend."

In spite of Murat's promise I passed a sleepless night.

Early in the morning I waited on the Emperor.

"Ah, Perigueux, you are here early. Tell one of the guard to place a seat for me outside, and then let your waggons defile past."

The seat was placed by the roadside and the march past commenced. To my horror, the Emperor began to count the waggons as they rumbled by.

"Some of your waggons are badly packed, Perigueux," he said, pointing to one from which the tarpaulin bulged in an unseemly way. I knew that waggon only too well—it was loaded with pictures looted from Austrian castles.

"I will reprimand the waggoners, sire."

"Do so," said the Emperor sharply.

The march past continued till 180 waggons had passed before the Emperor. "There are only about twenty more," I thought, "and then I shall be detected. Had I not better confess to an error of calculation and throw myself on the Emperor's mercy?" Only the thought of my old friend's promise restrained me. At last the two hundredth waggon passed by, and still the procession continued. "Two hundred—two hundred and ten—Murat must have raided the district for miles round—two hundred and twenty—it is a miracle."

Still the waggons defiled past. I thought I was mad or dreaming till the three hundredth waggon passed, and then all at once I comprehended Murat's scheme. Only my dread of the Emperor prevented me from roaring with laughter. At last the four hundredth and last waggon passed and the Emperor rose from his seat.

"Perigueux," he said, "you are some waggons short, but you are a prince of Commissary-Generals. After I have won my next battle I will either decorate you or hang you. It depends how the supplies last."

I went back to Murat in delight.

"Joachim, you rogue," I said, "you have saved me for the present."

Murat laughed loud and answered, "It was good, was it not, to turn the waggons down the side road, march them round the wood, and bring them past the Emperor a second time? Trust an old soldier for stratagems, Perigueux."

"It is good for the time," I said, "but he has promised to hang me if the supplies run short."

"Bah! we fight to-morrow or next day. We shall capture the enemy's supplies."

"But if we are defeated?" I said.

"The Grand Army never is defeated, Perigueux, but if such a miracle should happen it will be your misfortune to report that two hundred waggons have been captured by the enemy."

That night the Emperor's proclamation was read to the soldiers by their camp fires. As I walked through the camp I forgot about the waggons and the deficient rations. The anticipation of victory intoxicated everyone. If I had but one night in my life to live again I would choose the night before Austerlitz. Years afterwards I saw Murat in the midst of his Italian Court. "Fine, is it not?" he said, pointing to the pomp around him, "but I would give all of it to be back in the old army again talking of the victory we had just won, or were just about to win."

Never have I seen sunrise greeted with so much joy as on Austerlitz day. Most of my teamsters left their waggons and joined the fighting ranks. What a sight it was when the Emperor rode through the army before the battle! The old soldiers of Italy and Egypt roared their delight when the "little corporal" passed. Yet Davoust told me that the only thing the Emperor said during that triumphal progress, which Cæsar might have envied, was "that the horses of the First Chasseur Regiment were badly matched." What a man!

Of the battle I need say nothing—it is written in history—but at the end of the afternoon when I saw Murat leading his brigade for the final charge he nodded pleasantly to me, and I knew that all was going well. I went to the cavalry camp and waited. It was nearly midnight when Murat returned.

"Ah! friend Perigueux," he said, "my rogues have captured waggons enough to content you. Be off and get them brought into camp."

Without another word he threw himself on his camp-bed, and ere I left the tent was snoring loudly.

I gathered together my teamsters, and all that night and the next day we were bringing captured stores into camp. I worked for thirty-six hours without resting, but when I fell asleep it was with the comfortable consciousness that the army had a month's provisions in hand. The Emperor was so busy dictating terms of peace to the vanquished Austrians and Russians that he forgot my existence for a week. At last one morning that rascal of a Duroc summoned me. "Perigueux, you are to wait on the Emperor instantly."

I mounted my horse and rode by the rascal's



THE EMPEROR PINNED THE CROSS TO MY UNIFORM.

side. I knew by the way he licked his thin lips that he expected I should get into trouble. Duroc always hated me; and to do me justice I always hated Duroc. When I reached the Emperor's quarters I met Massena at the door.

"The Emperor is just coming out to inspect my brigade," he said. "By the bye," he added, with a wink, "I hear a queer story about you, Perigueux."

We stood on one side and the Emperor came out.

"Ah," he said at once, for nothing escaped his keen eyes, "here is our worthy Commis-

sary-General. How many days rations have you for the army now, Perigueux?"

"Twenty-one, sire," I answered promptly.

"Your supplies are like the widow's cruse. Ten days since you had a fortnight's supplies—now you have three weeks'."

"Some of the supplies were captured from the enemy, sire," I said, modestly.

"Perigueux," said the Emperor, "I promised to hang you or decorate you. I think on the whole I had better do the latter. Lend me your cross, Duroc."

Duroc, a little grudgingly, complied. The Emperor pinned the Cross to my uniform. I saluted and was about to bow myself away when the Emperor took me by the ear.

"You will give a contribution of a million francs to the Invalides," he said, humorously; "don't imagine that you have deceived me, sir."

There was a roar of laughter as I rode away. I heard afterwards that the rogue Duroc had ferreted out the truth about our little contrivance, and had apprised the

Emperor. Fortunately the Emperor was in a good humour and laughed so much at the idea of his counting the waggons twice over, that in the end he said, "I cannot possibly hang the rogue after this, so he shall have his decoration, but I will make the scamp pay handsomely for it."

But never again did I dare to impose upon the Emperor. Often when I told him the state of supplies he would say,

"You have not counted the waggons twice, Perigueux?"

I knew better. The great Emperor was not a man to deceive twice.



J. O. Jones

And How He Earned His Living.

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

Author of "Tales of Greyhouse," "Love the Laggard," etc.

Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.

J. O. JONES, an old Greyhouse boy of enormous strength, obtains a mastership at Adderman's, a notoriously ill-managed and unruly private school. On his first evening, whilst taking prep., he orders a boy to go to the headmaster's study. The boy—who proves to be the headmaster's son—refusing, J. O. Jones carries him to the study. Mr. Adderman is intensely vexed by the incident, and warns Jones not to use violence with the boys. Mr. Samuels, the second master, promises to inform the Head should Jones infringe these instructions. Shortly after, a parlour-boarder named Harper arrives. His self-possession and indifference to the opinions of others exasperates some of the fellows, among them Bradwell, a member of the Sixth. One night a raid is made on Harper's room by Bradwell and his gang, and Harper narrowly escapes being suffocated. Jones intervenes, and thrashes Bradwell for speaking insolently to him. Mr. Samuels enters the room while Bradwell is receiving his due, and subsequently reports Jones's conduct to the Head.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PENALTY.

"**L**ARD the latest?" said Mr. Atkins. It was the 'twixt-breakfast-and-school period. Atkins had one half of the morning paper, and Huntingdon had the other half. Atkins was leaning over the fire; Huntingdon was lolling back in an arm-chair, displaying a long reach of shin-bone clothed in gaudy sock. Mr. Huntingdon was smoking a pipe, although he did not enjoy any form of tobacco stronger than a mild cigarette. He imagined, however, that it behoved him as a man, and, moreover, as a Cambridge man, to suck loudly at a huge briar, and keep a pound tin of some strongish mixture near at hand.

As, however, Mr. Huntingdon was not a real smoker, and as Mr. Samuels and Mr. Atkins both preferred cigarettes to pipes (Green es-

chewed the weed entirely), that 1 lb. tin would have taken a long time to diminish had not J. O.—at Huntingdon's instigation—helped himself liberally to the mixture, which he found palatable and quite to his liking. Had not J. O. been there to assist, it is probable that Mr. Huntingdon would have felt himself compelled to *burn* a little of the tin's contents occasionally, by way of making them go.

"Well," said Huntingdon, shortly, "what is the latest?"

"Jones has got the sack."

Green, who was standing by the window, turned towards the speaker with a look of genuine concern on his face.

"What's he been doing?" asked Huntingdon, seizing upon the opportunity to let his pipe go out.

"Been 'ammering Bradwell."

Huntingdon shrugged his shoulders indifferently, and turned to his paper again.

"I'm sorry; 'e's a nice feller," added Atkins.

But he did not look sorry. Both Huntingdon and himself were jealous of the good order Jones invariably kept in his own class-room, in the Long Room, in Hall, and in the dormitories.

Although J. O.—owing to his stern methods—was loathed by his own form, the rest of the school was inclined to tolerate him, and to show him, perhaps, a little respect. Not that he was popular. Adderman's had got into such a rotten state that it was the master who was most lenient—i.e., Mr. Samuels—who was regarded as being the "best sort" in the Common Room. Both Atkins and Huntingdon set an enormous number of impositions, and frequently handed

long lists of offenders' names to the headmaster. Jones was compelled, owing to the lack of discipline that had hitherto obtained, to be exceedingly strict, and keep a good many fellows in, but his detention roll was light compared with that of Atkins and Huntingdon.

Jones had strengthened his position in another way. Walking out into the upper field one day, during the "quarter" break in the morning's work, he discovered a crowd of fellows, as the term went, "hacking the football." The majority of them were content to feed the members of the Fifteen and watch their mighty kicks. It was a good kick from the railings bordering the playground down to the chestnut tree near the fence which divided the upper field from the lower.

Baron, the school full-back, could drop his ball near the tree five times out of six, and so could Dick Oliphant, the county player. Both were fine kicks. So when Jones appeared, Baron first showed the new master what he could do in the drop-kicking way, and then, with a "Bail, sir?" swung the leather over to Jones with little ceremony. Jones took the ball without agitation, and dropped it neatly *over* the chestnut tree into the field beyond.

He accomplished this amiable little feat just as the bell rang out its harsh warning that the all-too-brief break was over.

Baron looked at Oliphant, and said, "Fluke, wasn't it?" and Oliphant replied that it was good enough for him.

Thereafter Jones joined regularly in the hack-about, and Miss Lucy, viewing the scene from her bedroom window, heard the frequent "Ball, sir?" then a full, fair, and deep *p-r-r-omp*, as J. O.'s right toes met the taut football and sent it sailing like a bird into the lower field or hard about there.

"He's a mighty fine drop-kick," said Oliphant to Baron, one day, "I don't know whether he's any good besides. He looks as if he'd be useful in the pack."

"We don't want any masters," growled Baron, "they're a nuisance," and Bradwell, standing by, chimed in with a similar expression.

So the good-natured, easy-going captain said no more about asking Jones to play, and Jones was not the man to suggest it himself. Besides, it seemed a pity to alter the XV., as Adderman's this season had gone from victory to victory, beating other schools and towns and regiments in the various rounds of the Ardenshire Cup struggle. Singularly enough, Ardenwood itself had been equally successful, and it seemed highly probable that the town and the school, if the luck of each held, might yet have to meet in one of the concluding rounds.

But Mr. Atkins is still full of the news confided to him that morning by the second master.

"The gov'nor," he said, "was inclined to send 'im off at once, but Samuels prevailed on 'im to let Jones stop till the end of term. Jolly good chap, Samuels."

Huntingdon made no rejoinder. He had his own opinion about Mr. Samuels.

"Well, I for one shall be sorry to see Jones's back," said Atkins, determined to keep the subject going, "what do you say, Green?" he added, turning to the junior master with friendly condescension.

"I think," said Green, quietly, "that if Jones goes, Adderman's will lose the best master it ever had—and the finest fellow."

Huntingdon cast a look of undisguised contempt on the youthful speaker, and Atkins demurred to this opinion in his own choice way.

"Oh, come! that's laying it on a bit thick. Jones is all right, we know, but it's a large order to say that he's the best master the school ever 'ad. Why, he's only been 'ere a month, and he's managed to upset the gov'nor twice already."

"You must remember, Green," put in Huntingdon, icily, "that discipline consists of something more than knocking fellows about."

"Jones," said Green, who seemed, for the moment, to have come out of his usual state of quiet submission, "does not knock the fellows about."

"Then why has Adderman sacked him?" retorted Huntingdon.

At that moment Jones, who was on duty, came in from the playground like a big breath of fresh air.

"Sacked whom?" he demanded, as he took his pipe out of the rack. "I'll borrow a bit of your mixture, Huntingdon, if you don't mind," he added.

"Go ahead," said Huntingdon, with alacrity, and J. O. helped himself.

"Well," he repeated, "*who's* got the sack?"

"Why," said Huntingdon, not looking very comfortable, "Atkins there says that—er—well, not to make any bones about it, that *you* have."

"Indeed," returned Jones, placidly, "this is the first I've heard about it."

"Oh, then, it must be a mistake," put in Atkins, hastily, "it was only *'inted* to me—"

"*By whom?*" demanded Jones, wheeling round and gazing at the music-master with steady, truth-demanding eyes.

"Well, if you will 'ave it," said Atkins, uneasily, "it was Samuels."

"Thanks," said Jones.

"'Ope it's all wrong," added Atkins.

"Thanks," said Jones again.

Then J. O. walked to the window and stood

by Green's side gazing out upon the field, where one or two of the XV. were practising place-kicks.

A few minutes later Johnson shuffled into the Common Room.

"Mr. Adderman would like to see Mr. Jones," he announced, and shuffled out again.

Atkins and Huntingdon exchanged glances. Jones put down his pipe and walked out. Not a word was spoken during his absence. Five minutes later he returned, and took up his pipe again.

"Well?" ventured Atkins, whose cockney curiosity could not wait.

"Well," returned Jones, walking to the fire-place, "as you seem to be determined to know what really only concerns myself, Atkins, I may as well inform you that Mr. Adderman has told me that he will not require my services after the end of this term."

"Then Samuels was right?"

"Samuels," said Jones, without a trace of anger in his voice, "was quite right, though I do not think it would have occurred to a gentleman to make public something that had evidently been told to him in confidence."

Then Jones knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and, as the bell was ringing for school, collected his books and papers, and went off to his classroom.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MAN WHO HAD TO GO.

THE news that Jones had "got the sack" was soon all over the school, thanks to Master Tom Adderman, who had also received information on the point from Mr. Samuels, and proceeded to spread the intelligence with vindictive glee.

Adderman's heard of it with mixed feelings. The Third Form, for instance, held a self-congratulatory meeting, and gave three groans for the Tyrant, the better-disposed fellows being coerced into groaning by those who detested J. O. and his iron rule. Several of the Sixth received the announcement with genuine regret, openly stating it as their opinion that Jones was the only thing in the shape of a real master Adderman's had had for many a long day.

Oliphant, the captain, said, in his easy-going way, that it was hard lines on such a decent chap; on the other hand, Baron, who was unreasonably jealous of Jones's superb drop-kicking, inwardly rejoiced that his rival (for as such he had come to regard the new master) would be shortly departing. Bradwell celebrated the occasion by giving a card-party in the box-room to his special cronies, and drinking "death to Jones" in a peculiarly bad brand of whisky.

It was characteristic of Harper that, when he heard the news, he said nothing. But he turned the matter over in his mind a good deal.

Meeting Jones in Ardenwood one afternoon (for it was one of the parlour-boarder's privileges to go into the town as often as he pleased) he raised his hat politely and stopped.

"I wish to tell you, sir," he said, "how sorry I am to hear that you will be leaving us at the end of this term."

"Thank you, Harper," said Jones, "I'm sorry myself."

"Is it irrevocable?" demanded Harper, calmly.

"I fear so," said Jones.

They walked on together, and presently headed back to the school.

"There is no doubt" continued Harper, "that Adderman's is in a shocking state. When my guardian suggested to me that I should go to school for a year or two, I replied that I should be quite willing to fall in with his wishes, if he could find a 'place where I should not be driven with too tight a rein. You see, I've been used to a free life, and I didn't relish the idea of having to keep within certain bounds, and spend my leisure hours in a class-room with a lot of chattering boys. So my guardian applied to Paine, the scholastic agent, and Paine recommended Adderman's. I do not regret coming here. The place is full of interest to a student of human nature."

"I agree with you," said Jones.

"Adderman——" continued the new boy.

"Mr. Adderman——" suggested the new master.

"Mr. Adderman," said Harper, "is not a bad sort of man at heart. I have had some pleasant talks with him on commercial matters. Miss Lucy is always charming, and I extract considerable entertainment from other people connected with the establishment. Miss Peters, for example, though she does not know it, amuses me immensely with her grim looks and rasping speeches. Johnson, the manservant, is an interesting, though decayed, specimen of his class; Mr. Atkins is redolent of Camberwell and Peckham——"

"I must remind you that Mr. Atkins is a colleague of mine," said Jones.

"I beg your pardon. I meant no offence. I simply wished to point out to you, sir, that Adderman's, on account of the various personalities that find shelter under its spacious roof, does not bore me."

"Well, Harper," said Jones, as they turned into the drive, "I think you might become an influence for good in the school, if you exert yourself a little. One of the vices of the place is this card-playing which goes on amongst

the older boys. The fellows mortgage their pocket-money for weeks ahead over some stupid game. See what you can do——"

"I will try, sir," said Harper, "but I don't know that I can be of much use. The fellows don't like me."

"They'll like you soon enough if you choose that they shall," said Jones, with conviction; and then the two parted, Jones making his way to the Common Room, to write to Essie, and Harper steering for the drawing-room, where he had an idea that Miss Lucy would be shortly presiding over the tea-table.

As he entered the drawing-room, Lucy Adderman, who was sitting near the fire with a book on her knees, put up a warning finger. Harper then perceived that the headmaster was lying on the sofa, asleep.

Harper approached noiselessly, and seated himself by Lucy.

"I am glad you have come," she whispered, laying her hand on his arm, "I was getting nervous. Papa has been talking so queerly in his sleep."

"Perhaps, then," said Harper, in an equally low tone, and in a serious way that contrasted very strikingly with his usual airy manner, "I had better not stop here. I may overhear things not intended for my ears."

"No, no," she whispered, hurriedly, "do not go. I can trust you."

It was evident to Harper that Lucy was much disturbed. Glancing at her father, he was struck by the change in Mr. Adderman's appearance. The headmaster was dozing feverishly; at times his lips moved slightly—his face was haggard, and there were deep lines under his eyes.

Harper sat quite still, and he saw that the girl was comforted by his presence. There was growing up between these two a brotherly and sisterly bond which both found very pleasant. Harper was the sort of brother Lucy would have liked to have, so very different was he to that graceless cub, Tom Adderman. On his side, Harper discovered in Lucy the qualities he would have preferred in a sister, had he been blessed with one. But he was alone—an orphan—without, indeed, a relative in the world now that his uncle was dead. Adderman's was the only home he knew, beyond his solicitor-guardian's rather formal London residence, and he was concerned to find the school in such a state of misrule—and to find Mr. Adderman himself in such an unsatisfactory condition, mentally and physically.

Lucy was only a few years older than himself. You might almost have said that they were boy and girl comrades. Besides, they had a mutual love for music, always a strong tie and a sweet linking of natures—for is not beautiful music written in moments of heaven-sent inspiration? Yes, this is so, though the makers of it may be

godless men, unthinking of the source whence proceed the melodies that flow from their brains to the ruled paper before them!

As Harper and Lucy sat there, the wintry sunshine cast its pallid rays on the sleeper's face, showing up the furrows and crow's-feet left by a life of worry and disquiet. The gentle tick of the clock on the mantelpiece seemed unnecessarily noisy as it fell upon the stillness of the room; this, save for the occasional fall of a cinder on to the fender, was the only sound that disturbed the silence.

Presently the sleeper again spoke, and again Lucy laid her hand on Harper's sleeve.

"No . . . Samuels . . . I won't do that . . . I won't send him away at once . . . I am sorry . . . he has disobeyed my orders . . ."

The headmaster heaved a deep sigh, and, for a few moments, his breathing was very thick and irregular.

"Ought we to stay here?" whispered Harper.

"I do not like to leave him, nor do I like to wake him," replied Lucy, "and I do not want you to go. I can trust you."

Harper took the girl's hand in his, and pressed it gently. His face was very grave and tender.

"It's a pity, Samuels . . . he's a good man . . . I should like to keep him . . . but . . . it won't do . . . the parents . . . the end of the term will do . . ."

Suddenly the headmaster sat up and gazed before him with open, but unseeing, eyes.

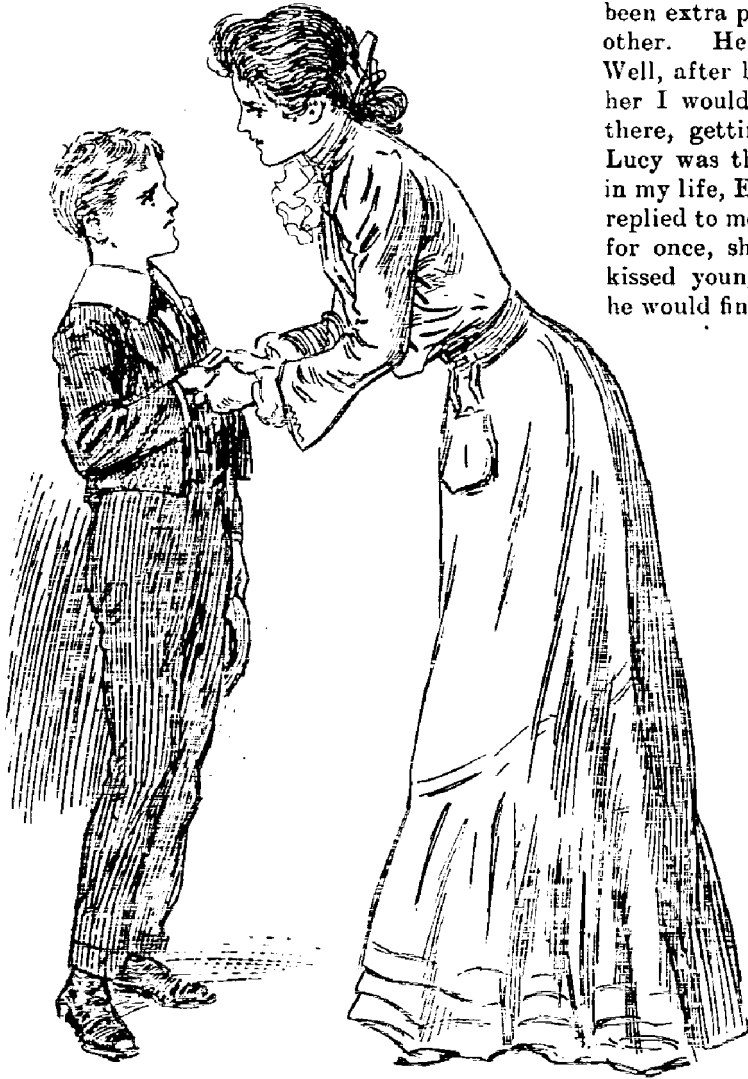
"I tell you . . . I won't send him away at once . . . you have an unreasonable dislike . . . you . . ."

He fell back again and closed his eyes. The wintry sun, shining across the sofa, showed him to be sleeping peacefully. The two by the fire remained motionless, Lucy gazing despondently into the dying fire, Harper, knowing that his presence comforted her, staying by her side. Gradually the February afternoon drew in, and the sun-rays by degrees fell away from the slumberer's face.

Meanwhile, J. O., according, once more, to faithful promise, was penning Essie a strict account of his fortunes. "Well, old girl," he wrote, "the bolt has fallen. I am to go! I had occasion, the other night, to spank a fellow named Bradwell for cheek, and that upset Adderman, who said that my 'brutal methods' would be the ruin of the place. So I go at Easter. However, I mean to earn my thirty-three, six, eight. I've got some time still, and it won't be my fault if I don't leave Adderman's a bit better than I found it. I'm going to make myself pretty obnoxious during the next two months, and there are a dozen of the worst characters here who will have reason to remember me

after I have gone. I'm pretty sure I shall lick the Third into shape before I've done with them; they're not bad fellows really. They let off steam by holding meetings about me, but that doesn't do me any harm. Funny, isn't it? The worst young rogues of the gang are the ones I find most interesting. The other day, Jordan, the ringleader of the form in every sort of mischief, received news that his sister was very ill. I

door, and let him have it out. When he'd done, he mopped up his face like a little man, and came and told me how awfully sorry he was for 'ragging' me. I said I'd forgotten all about that. Then we had a little yarn, and he went off to bed feeling a bit better. Next morning he turned up at breakfast in his best clothes. Poor chap! The sight of him doing his best to keep a brave face on was enough to soften the flint-like heart of the weird Miss Peters—who, by the way, has been extra polite to me lately, for some reason or other. Her smile rather upsets me, though. Well, after breakfast I went to Miss P. and told her I would see the young 'un off. He was in there, getting his fare home from her. Miss Lucy was there, too. I was never so surprised in my life, Essie, as by the tone in which Miss P. replied to me. She was another woman—in fact, for once, she was a woman. When Miss Lucy kissed young Jordan, and said that she hoped he would find his sister better when he got home,



MISS LUCY KISSED YOUNG JORDAN.

Miss P. looked quite upset. I don't suppose she has ever shown so much feeling before, all the time she's been at Adderman's. Perhaps she has taken a fancy to Jordan, who is a good-looking, smart, well-set-up little chap, though a terror in the mischief way. I suppose—speaking of Miss P.—there's some heart in her after all. There's often a bit of a tragedy in the lives of those stern-faced, hard women—who can say what has been Miss Peters' history?—she's about fifty now, but she was a girl once, and, I dare say, a handsome one. Well, I bundled Jordan down to the station, and explained the engine to him and bought him some papers, and he went off pretty cheery. The sequel is—I know you like me to yarn on about the fellows here, so that's why I'm telling you all this—Jordan's sister hung between life and death for several days after he got home. Then one day she opened her eyes and saw

him, and, lo and behold! she mended from that minute. Glad to see him, I s'pose. I've had a letter from his mother, giving me the news. A jolly letter too, with all sorts of nice things in it. The little one's out of danger, but Jordan is staying at home a bit longer, as his sister likes him to be near her. I am expecting a different kind of letter from Bradwell's mater, asking me why I've presumed to spank 'her Willie'! If his people have a real appreciation

noticed he was cut up, and didn't like the other fellows to see it, so I sent him down to the station to get our magazine—you know!—and when I was giving him the money for it, I told him he needn't hurry, and he tumbled to what I meant. "That night he was summoned home by telegram. I was correcting exercises alone in the Common Room when the poor kid came in and showed me the message, and broke down badly. She is his only sister. I locked the

noticed he was cut up, and didn't like the other fellows to see it, so I sent him down to the station to get our magazine—you know!—and when I was giving him the money for it, I told him he needn't hurry, and he tumbled to what I meant. "That night he was summoned home by telegram. I was correcting exercises alone in the Common Room when the poor kid came in and showed me the message, and broke down badly. She is his only sister. I locked the

of Bradwell's character, they ought to feel very much obliged to me!

"Well, old girl, I must close up now. I'm going into the drawing-room to-night, as Miss Lucy has asked me to; so I must get ahead with my exercises. My regards to all the animiles. To you, love, etc., from 'J. O.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OPINIONS OF JOHNSON.

BUT such is the contrariety of feminine human nature, that when J. O. put on a clean shirt and a black coat and marched boldly into the drawing-room after supper, he enjoyed very little of Miss Lucy's company or conversation. Indeed, she vouchsafed him less of both commodities than she bestowed on Mr. Huntingdon and Mr. Atkins, and J. O., considering the special invitation she had given him, felt, in a mild way, damped. For J. O., though by no means a susceptible man, had discovered that Miss Lucy was occupying his thoughts more than, perhaps, she ought to have been doing, for he told himself that a man had no right to fall in love on an income of £100 per annum—of which, by the way, he was only certain, at present, of one-third, less agent's commission. You will observe that J. O. had practical views, and was not the sort of man to go through life moping and miserable because some girl had declined to share with him the sweets and bitters of mundane existence.

In short, J. O. had not fallen head over ears in love with Lucy Adderman, though it cannot be denied that, had he and she been thrown together much during a country-house visit—that choice play-time of Cupid's—there is no knowing what might not have happened to Mr. Jones's heart. As it was, he had the Third Form to tame and other wholesome duties to perform, and so, although he felt damped by Miss Lucy's conduct, he did not come downstairs the next morning with the marks of a sleepless night on his face. On the other hand, he looked remarkably fit as he made his way to his seat in Hall, and bowed to Miss Lucy as she smiled at him from behind the coffee-urn.

It may be that Miss Lucy felt a little disappointed on failing to observe any signs of depression in Mr. Jones's countenance—but we cannot speak with authority, for when a young lady of nineteen cannot diagnose her own feelings, it is not likely that anyone with less hardihood than a palmist or fortune-teller will be likely to make the attempt.

Mr. Samuels, however, went to his couch in a state of elation, and came into breakfast beam-

ing over with smiles for everybody. He had found Miss Lucy, overnight, everything that was charming and womanly; she had played his accompaniments with sympathy and feeling, and afterwards she had chatted with him in a girlishly confiding way that had filled the heart of the second master with hopes as high as the heavens above him. Harper, too, he had been pleased to note, had been particularly polite to him, and had for once departed from his usual habit of occupying the piano stool for an unconscionably long period just when he (Samuels) or Huntingdon wished to play the fiddle or sing a tenor song, as the case might be.

This sign of grace in Harper caused a softening in Mr. Samuels' manner towards the parlour boarder. He talked to him in a friendly way about his studies, and came to the conclusion, before breakfast was over, that he might, with tact, make Harper into a useful ally. Harper, he knew, saw a good deal of Miss Lucy; it might be as well, then, to keep in with the lad on this account if for no other.

True, Mr. Samuels observed once or twice during the meal a curious smile lurking about the corners of Harper's mouth; this made him uncomfortable for the moment, but he reassured himself with the reflection that Harper was a queer fellow, and that this odd, sudden smile of his was probably only a mannerism.

Persons other than Mr. Samuels soon became aware that Harper was apparently turning over a new leaf. Mr. Huntingdon, for example. The fits of merriment which used to seize the boys sitting in Harper's neighbourhood in school became less frequent. Mr. Huntingdon attributed this change in Harper's conduct to the influence which he was gradually exercising over the new boy. It was a matter of personality. This was the difference that lay between Jones's rough methods and the methods of a man who was a disciplinarian by instinct, Mr. Huntingdon told himself. He was subduing Harper by sheer force of will. In time he would become the most respected master in the school—his weapons being firmness, gentlemanliness, and some hidden power which he could give no distinct name to, but which existed, and which was capable of subduing, in time, the most turbulent of boys. He owed not a little, further decided Mr. Huntingdon, to the fact that he was a Cambridge man. The boys appreciated a Cambridge man, one who bore the University hall-mark; they liked to be controlled, in fact, by a gentleman. This fellow Jones had merely been to a rough public school. He had not been polished and trimmed and refined by a University education. He was a cub out of a poor parson's brood—an uncouth fellow with big muscles and few brains, who should rightly be

tilling the soil on a Canadian farm or rounding up cattle on a New Zealand run.

When Mr. Huntingdon, on his way down the corridor, noticed the beautiful order kept by the Third, as compared with the din and hubbub in the other class-rooms, he felt sorry for the Third—held thus in check by sheer terror of Jones's bull-like strength! Poor Third! How they must have envied the happier state of the Fourth, whose master was a Cambridge man, and therefore a scholar and a gentleman! Poor little Third.

Notwithstanding Mr. Huntingdon's self-satisfaction, he had to shout several times for silence, when he reached his own room, before he obtained any semblance of it. When Jones entered the Third room he never shouted for silence. When their form-master appeared, each boy in the Third bent over his work and shut off talking-steam. It was an immediate, involuntary recognition of his authority. And yet Jones's days at Adderman's were numbered!

One afternoon Harper was the only occupant of the drawing-room when the butler brought in the tea-tray. He put it down on a small table near the fire. Harper was reading a book.

"Thank you, Johnson," he said, without raising his head.

The man-servant fussed about for a quite unnecessary length of time, arranging the cups and afterwards mending the fire. At length he stood erect and gave a short cough.

"Well," said Harper, fixing his dark eyes on the butler's face and reading there a desire for conversation, "what is it, Johnson?"

"I should like a word with you, Mr. Harper, sir."

"Fire away," said Harper, pouring himself out some tea.

Johnson bent his head.

"What's wrong with the master, sir?" he asked, in a curiously suppressed and mysterious voice.

"Consumption or heart disease, I should say," quietly replied the new boy.

"Is that all, sir?" demanded Johnson, with a catch in his voice.

"All? Well, isn't that enough?" returned Harper, taking a bite out of a piece of cake.

"I mean, sir," said the butler, nervously rubbing his hands together, "them are ordinary diseases. You can deal with 'em."

"Are you suggesting, then," said Harper, "that Mr. Adderman has some complaint which cannot be dealt with?"

"O.e about a mind diseased?" queried the butler, in an awestruck tone. Then he stepped back a pace and gazed fixedly at the parlour-boarder.

"Asylum," said Harper, promptly.

"You will excuse me, sir," said the butler, "if I say you must be a very cold-blooded young gentleman to talk in that orf-'and voice about a poor gentleman as is not as sound on top as he once was."

"Do you mean that Mr. Adderman is going out of his mind?" demanded Harper.

"That's what I mean, and I'm not the only one of that opinion," replied the butler.

Harper carved himself another piece of cake and began to consume it. The butler shuffled slowly round the table, picked a magazine off the floor, shuffled a little further off, and then returned to the tray.

"And that's not all, sir——" he began.

"What! Somebody else going mad?" interrupted Harper.

Johnson put his hand over his mouth to conceal a smile.

"There's Mr. Jones, sir——"

"Mr. Jones is quite healthy," Harper assured the butler, "both in mind and body. He's a picture of health."

"I mean, sir," explained the butler, "there's Mr. Jones is leaving. Now we all say in the kitchen that Mr. Jones is the one 'ope of Hadderman's——"

Harper helped himself to sugar.

"What else do you say in the kitchen?" he asked carelessly.

"Why, sir," cried Johnson, letting himself go in a sudden burst, "that he's a gentleman what doesn't treat honest folk like dirt, as some I knows of does, and always has a 'Good-morning!' and a 'Good-night!' for you, and a 'Yes, please' and a 'No, thank you!' We servants notice them things, Mr. Harper, and what we all think is that 'e's the one 'ope of Hadderman's——"

"You said that before, butler," remarked Harper, stirring his tea.

"Yes, and I'll say it again!" cried Johnson, "and a thousand times if need be. Cook and me and the maids 'ave gone over it all 'eaps of times, and the conclusion we've come to every time is that Mr. Jones is the one——"

"Oblige me," said Harper, rising from his chair and walking to the fire, "by not making use of that phrase again. It sounds like a kind of fish. Now, Johnson," he went on, more seriously, "listen! You and cook and the others are not the only people in the school who are noticing things. Mr. Adderman is not well—we can all see that—but he has not got consumption or heart disease, nor is he going mad. I have seen similar cases in the course of my travels, and I can tell you what is the matter with him. He is suffering from nervous prostration——"

"It seems worse than that, sir," put in Johnson.

"That, however, is what it is," continued Harper; "when people are suffering very severely from their nerves, they appear to have all sorts of things which they have not got. Mr. Adderman is overworked and worried; he ought to take a long holiday—a year's holiday. However, we shall see what the future brings forth. Meanwhile," he concluded, approaching the butler and fixing his piercing eyes full upon the shrinking servant's face, "hold your tongue! You'll do the school infinite harm if you go about tattling. And don't encourage the others to tattle. Do you hear?"

"I do, sir," said Johnson.

"Then here's a sovereign for you," said Harper, placing that coin in the butler's palm.

And Johnson retired, gasping.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH BRADWELL IS TAKEN DOWN TWO PEGS.

AFTER that talk with Jones, Harper used his eyes and his ears very freely in the course of his goings to and fro about the school premises. Thus he discovered that Bradwell was the head and front of the card-playing epidemic. For Bradwell did not stand high in his parents' esteem, and was kept rather short of pocket-money by them in consequence. The result was that he looked elsewhere for funds.

Most of the boys at Adderman's being of the well-to-do class, among the bigger of them Bradwell found several quite willing to risk their cash, which, in some cases, was by no means inconsiderable. His friend Bull was always ready to play—and Bradwell "plucked" him as readily as he plucked other pigeons. Bradwell, Bull, and Co. generally played in an underground apartment called the box-room, a room which held the "play-boxes," these being the receptacles of such varied articles as cakes, jars of pickles, tins of sardines, pots of bloater paste, skates, birds'-eggs, and pets of the nature of stag-beetles (which were fed upon sugar), white mice, grass snakes, and sometimes even toads, which were nourished on crumbs and flies.

In that dim, underground room the gamblers shuffled and dealt in safety. From where they sat they had a view of the short flight of stone steps which led down to the box-room, and so were always able to slip away the cards on the approach of a master.

The most easily-plucked of the pigeons was a boy with the imposing name of George Beauchamp Fairbrother; but at Adderman's they called him

"Molly," for short. He was a slim, weak-knee'd boy, with fair hair, a peach-like complexion, and a retreating chin. Unfortunately, his mother, a widow lady who was very well off, indulged his every whim, and gave him a far larger allowance than was good for him. Bradwell soon got Molly into his clutches, and deliberately swindled him every time they played cards together.

One afternoon, some ten days after Harper's conversation with J. O., Bradwell and his friends were quietly playing nap in the box-room, when Bradwell, observing the approach of a person whom he suspected of being in league with the authorities, hastily swept all the cards off the big box which they used for a table, together with what money happened to be lying about at the time, and got up. The other two, scenting danger, followed his example as far as getting up was concerned; as regards the loose change, they were somewhat behind their leader. A moment later Harper strolled in.

"My good fellows," he said, "pray proceed with your game of cards. I would not interrupt you for worlds."

"We weren't playing cards," growled Bradwell.

"Now that is a story," returned Harper playfully, "because I saw you."

"You didn't," replied Bradwell.

"My friend," said Harper, steadily regarding the ringleader of the party, "you are strangely lacking in manners. I must repeat that I saw you three playing cards as I came down the steps."

"It's a lie!" exclaimed Bradwell.

"Sir," said Harper, quietly, "I allow no man to use an expression of that sort to me. I must ask you to withdraw your words."

"I'll see you hanged first," said Bradwell.

"Then," said Harper, "I must force you to. But as I do not wish to mark you—or, if it comes to that, to be marked myself—I propose that we use boxing-gloves. Has anyone a pair?"

Fairbrother's indulgent mother had provided him with everything a school-boy could possibly want, as well as with a good many things he could well dispense with. Amongst the former were some boxing-gloves, which Molly very willingly lent to the other boys, but took excellent care not to make use of himself.

"I've got some," he admitted, in reply to Harper's question.

"Then we shall be obliged by the loan of them," said Harper.

At this Molly hastened to his box and procured the gloves.

"Sir, I thank you!" said Harper, in his politest way, as Molly handed him the gloves. Then he turned to his opponent.

"Are you ready, Mr. Bradwell?" he asked.

"Yes, I'm ready," returned Bradwell, testily. He was glad of this opportunity, for he was both taller and heavier than the other, and anticipated an easy victory.

"Then let us take up our respective positions," observed Harper, amiably.

"Out of the way, you grinning apes," observed Bradwell to Bull and Molly, brushing them back with his left arm, "now," he added, addressing Harper, "come on!"

So they started sparring, cautiously, with the object of finding out each other's weak points. Harper acting entirely on the defensive, Bradwell began to press, but Harper still contented himself with parrying the other's lunges. So Bradwell, not being able to get past Harper's guard, adopted rushing tactics, hoping thus to drive Harper into a corner by sheer weight. But just as it appeared to the onlookers that Harper was being penned in, the parlour boarder slipped under his opponent's left arm, thus obliging Bradwell to drive him into the opposite corner, where he repeated his dodging feat; then back they went, Harper still parrying Bradwell's blows, and only hitting out very occasionally, and then with no great force.

"Well, this is a fool's game," puffed Bradwell, "you do nothing but run away."

"I'll stay still if you like," said Harper.

"All right, stay still."

Harper did not only relinquish his retreating methods; indeed, it shortly became apparent to Bull and Molly that Bradwell was beginning to lose ground. To make a long tale short, Harper drove Bradwell, without actually hitting him on the face or body, right up to the wall. Arrived there, he dropped his hands.

"There, that'll do," he said, in a business-like tone, "you see, I can look after myself."

"You wouldn't make much of a show with your knuckles," retorted Bradwell, blowing like a grampus.

"Would you like to try?" asked Harper.

Bradwell murmured something, but as it did not sound exactly like "Yes," Harper pitched his gloves away, and proceeded to dust his clothes with a silk handkerchief.

"I'm sorry," said Bradwell, sitting down on a box and rubbing his forehead, "as you can use your hands, why did you go under so easily that night we rained you?"

"For the simple reason," said Harper, "that you came upon me and turned my bed over when I was asleep. After that I was helpless. However, I don't think anything of that sort will happen to me again. And now let us forget that we have been opposed to each other in any way. Why don't you go on with your game?"

There being no longer any reason why the denial should be kept up, Bradwell kicked the boxes into position again, sat down, and produced the pack. It occurred to him then that if Harper were to play, he would be as much a culprit as any of them.

"Take a hand?" he said.

"I rarely play," the parlour boarder smilingly replied.

"Come on," said Bradwell, who knew the back of every important card in his pack, and turned his knowledge to much advantage, "we won't be hard on you."

"Well," said Harper, "I haven't anything particular to do, so I may as well join you. What is the game?"

"Nap."

"Oh—how do you play it?"

Bradwell dealt a trial hand and explained the rules. "Quite simple, you see."

"Yes," said Harper, taking a halfpenny out of his pocket in a very important manner.

"You'll want more than one halfpenny," grinned Bradwell.

After some search, Harper found another halfpenny. Bradwell grinned again, and Molly felt entitled to give a sarcastic little snigger, for Molly was not infrequently the proud possessor of a golden sovereign. He wasn't in possession very long, I am sorry to say, for Bradwell objected very strongly to pride of purse among his school-fellows, and in Molly's case took prompt measures to cure Master Fairbrother of his fault by winning a good deal of the sovereign away and borrowing the rest.

"You won't find a penny much good," Bradwell informed Harper.

"It seems to be an extravagant game," said Harper, gravely searching for more coppers, "don't you think the stakes are rather high? Why not play with farthings?"

"Haven't got any farthings," was Bradwell's ready explanation.

"Well," said Harper, with a resigned air, "I suppose we must play beyond our means, which is a thing I object to on principle. Here is another penny," he added sadly, producing the coin in question from his purse.

"I suppose you don't have extra much pocket-money?" observed Molly, conscious of his own wealth.

"No," replied Harper, with a melancholy shake of his head, "not much."

"How much?" asked Molly.

"Twopence a week," acknowledged Harper, hanging down his head as if he were ashamed to look opulent Master Fairbrother in the face after such an avowal of poverty.

"Poor chap," said Molly; "I say," he added impulsively, "let me lend you some!"

Harper stole a quick glance at the fair-haired, weak-looking lad. Then he shook his head.

"No, sir, I will not take advantage of your generous offer," was his reply, "not, that is to say, at present. I may want it later on. Why," as his face lightened up, "what's this?"

And with a glad smile the parlour boarder produced a shilling from one of his waistcoat pockets.

"Six weeks' chink!" observed Molly.

"If I lose it," said Harper, in a lugubrious tone, "I shall be penniless for nearly all the rest of the term."

"Oh, no," returned the good-natured Molly, "I'll see you're not that."

"pictures" by the private marks he had put upon them, went "four" and made a scoop of sixpence. The next round was won by Fairbrother, who, having a king and an ace of the same suit, announced his attention of going "two," and proudly gathered up the three pennies which fell to his lot, looking, indeed, as if he had accomplished something very notable in winning a round with two cards which were absolutely unbeatable. But Molly's little win reminded Bradwell that he had forgotten to bar "two," so he at once made a rule to that effect.

Harper, having paid out every time, had now lost fourpence-halfpenny.



"IT SEEMS TO BE AN EXTRAVAGANT GAME," SAID HARPER.

Again Harper fixed his dark eyes on the face of Bradwell's victim.

"Sir, your hand!" he exclaimed.

Molly smiled, and put out a thin, clammy paw. Harper grasped it so earnestly that Molly with difficulty kept back a yell of pain.

"Your pardon," said Harper, "my depth of feeling made me forget my strength."

"I say—cut all this cackle," growled Bradwell, who was impatient to win even the parlour boarder's modest funds, "here, cut for deal."

Lowest having dealt, Bull went "three," and won the first round.

Then Bradwell dealt, and, having previously shuffled the cards himself, and knowing all the

"You're beginning to understand it?" grinned Bradwell.

"Yes," said Harper, ruefully, "one has to pay for one's experience, I suppose."

At the fourth deal Bradwell went "Nap," which meant losing threepence to or winning sixpence from each player. Of course he won, and gathered up the money with a chuckle.

"Dear me!" sighed Harper, "my small stock is running very low. I have only a very little left now."

In two more rounds the parlour boarder was cleared out, Bull winning one round, and Bradwell the other. Harper was the picture of despair.

"I fear, my young friend," he said to Molly, "that I must now take advantage of your kindness. Will you lend me sixpence?"

"Have a shilling," said Molly, generously handing him that sum.

"A thousand thanks," said Harper, gratefully.

Then the game went on, first one winning and then the other. By some lucky chance or other, Harper kept his shilling, regularly winning back what he lost, but not making any advance.

After a time, Bradwell, who was now shuffling the marked cards to his own advantage rather carelessly, became aware that Harper was watching him closely. The dark eyes followed Bradwell's big fingers in all their movements. Bradwell began to feel uncomfortable.

However, Bradwell won several times in succession, so he took heart of grace, and cheated valiantly. Harper was watching the backs of the cards, however, and still keeping up his corner, in that he did not lose all his money.

Bradwell, as I have said, had his run of luck, and then, gradually, but with deadly sureness, his good fortune began to forsake him. He now observed that whenever Harper dealt the cards, Fairbrother inevitably got a good hand, while he got a bad one.

Every now and again Harper would make a mistake which quite led the others—with the exception of Bradwell, who was beginning to have his doubts—to think that he really was a novice at the game.

Presently Molly went "Nap," and got it. Bradwell scowled as he handed over his sixpence. A few rounds later Molly went "Nap" again, and once more took a sixpenny piece from each player. And four deals later he went "Nap" again, and again successfully, Harper being obliged to borrow another shilling from the victorious player.

Bradwell was now looking very black indeed. He, who had sat down to win from everybody round the box, was actually losing.

"Our young friend is fortunate to-day," said Harper, calmly, as he took up his cards, "ahem! Let me see. Well—yes, I will go Nap this time, for a change."

As Harper had dealt the cards himself, it struck Bradwell that there might possibly be two people at the box who knew something about light-fingered gambling. However, he said nothing, although there was thunder in his face.

"Thank you," said the parlour boarder, sweeping up the coins, "I am getting on famously. I trust Molly and I are not impoverishing you, friend Bradwell?"

Bradwell only grunted, and Harper smiled affably when Molly won again. Fairbrother's blue eyes were lit up with excitement, and his

peach-like complexion was radiated with a bright flush.

The parlour boarder's slim white fingers now began to manœuvre in a fearful and wonderful way, when it was his turn to deal. And as he seemed to know exactly what the other three held, and went accordingly, he at last had the satisfaction of finding himself in possession of every halfpenny the other three had sat down with.

"Hang you," said Bradwell, "I thought you said you didn't understand the game."

"I am at liberty to say what I please when I meet gentlemen of your persuasion," returned Harper.

"What do you mean?" demanded Bradwell, blushing hotly.

"I mean," said Harper, in his smoothest, silkiest voice, as he arranged his winnings in two piles in front of him, silver and copper, "I mean, Mr. Bradwell, that you are a scoundrel. You deliberately cheated all three of us during the first part of the game, and then, in the second part, I followed your lead, and cheated you. I don't think you will do any more gambling for some time, my friend."

Bradwell sat silent, unable to utter a word.

Harper divided his winnings into equal portions, handing one portion to Bull, and the other to Fairbrother.

"Mr. Bull," he said, "take your money back, and have no more card dealings with Mr. Bradwell. As for you," he added, turning abruptly to Molly, "if ever you touch another card while I am at this school, I——"

Molly turned a pair of frightened eyes on Harper.

"What will you do?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Harper, getting up from his box and sauntering to the door, "I don't bother my head about babies."

CHAPTER XV.

A BLOW FOR THE PRO-JONESES.



OUNG Jordan came back to Adderman's feeling very lively, reported himself to the matron, and then, with his hair neatly brushed and in a broad white collar, quite clean, which showed up well against his black Eton coat, marched into the Third Form room in time to hear J. O. Jones violently denounced as a villain compared with whom Sweeney Todd and Titus Oates were harmless little children. Ten minutes later young Jordan emerged from the Third Form room with his tie somewhere under his ears, with his collar crumpled into a poor-looking piece of dirty linen, with his nose bleeding, with his right eye bunged up, and his

smart Etons covered with dust and ink and chalk. He was followed by other youths whose appearance was very similar to his own.

The fact was, Jordan, on entering the room, had walked up to the principal speaker and briefly ordered him to "shut up." On that gentleman's refusing to do anything of the kind, Jordan had pushed him off the little platform on which Jones's desk stood, had mounted Jones's desk, and had declared in resonant tones that Jones was a jolly good sort, and that he (Jordan) was prepared to fight anyone who was of a different opinion. The challenge was promptly accepted by about half the form; but Jordan found supporters as well. All along there had been a certain number of Third-Formers who were secretly well-disposed to Jones—though they had not dared to say so, owing to their fewness—and these, fired by Jordan's martial attitude, rallied round him. In the majority of bosoms present, however, the memory of many detentions still rankled, so the majority were against Jordan. The two parties, therefore, met with a terrific crash, and there ensued a battle that was brief, breathless, and gory. The little knot of Jones's supporters fought with desperate courage, but they were quickly overcome, and shot, with yells of triumph from the other side, into the passage. Jordan fought like a lion and inflicted a large amount of injury on his opponents. As he was picked out for special punishment by the Anti-Jones party, he came off worst of all his set, and his appearance for the next week or ten days was as unpicturesque as you can well imagine.

Thereafter it was civil war in the Third, the rest of the school looking on with grins of approbation and amusement. There were fierce scrimmages between the contending parties in the playground and in the dormitories, as well as in the class-room. In the Third you either had to be Pro-Jones or Anti-Jones, and gradually these terms crept into general use in the school, and all sorts of fellows who weren't in the Third proclaimed themselves to be either of the party that was for the new master or of the party that was opposed to him. In addition to the pitched battles and less important engagements, there were numerous side-fights of an intensely interesting description. Jordan could easily vanquish any one pugilist in the Third, and so, thirsting for greater victories, he tackled and thrashed several junior members of the Fourth who had ventured to remark in his hearing that Jones was a cad. During the short periods of peace he sent glowing and ferocious accounts of the campaign to his little sister, now convalescent. These letters were read to the invalid in horror-stricken tones by her mother, who wrote and reproved Jordan for his murderous tendencies (though admitting that he had de-

veloped them in a good cause); his father, it must be regretfully recorded, used to chuckle over the letters in private, though in public he would gravely admit that his son and heir's conduct was reprehensible and barbarous.

It was a curious kind of literary fare to submit to an invalid child, but Jordan's sister threw on it. Phyllis Jordan was a fair-haired, blue-eyed little girl, with a face that reminded one of an angel in a church window. It was, therefore, quaint—almost startlingly so—when a wan smile swept across the white little face in its halo of golden hair, when the little lips opened, and Mrs. Jordan bent her head to catch the lightly-breathed request: "*Please read about how Harry made Pug Brown's nose bleed!*"

Then, in soft, sick-room accents, young Jordan's truculent epistle would be read to the little girl, and when it was finished another wan smile would flit across the angel face, and she would ask for the letter in which her brother described how, after the tremendous fight in the Third Room, Harper, the parlour-boarder, got a piece of raw steak from the kitchen and gave it to him (young Jordan) to put on his black eye.

The Pro-Jones party was steadily increasing in numbers, and getting more heart by reason of several successes over the Anti-Joneses, when an incident occurred which brought about the desertion of many from the standard which young Jordan had unfurled; and caused, moreover, even those who remained true to J. O. to look somewhat askance at their hero.

Adderman's had got its bad name mainly because it had a weak headmaster. But other causes had contributed to its evil repute. The influence of the seniors over the juniors was either negative or for the bad.

The power for good a monitor has in a school is illimitable. The younger boys take their cue from him; they deem that what he does is worthy of imitation. At Adderman's some of the seniors, as I have said, were boys who had been expelled from public schools. Mr. Adderman's money-grubbing instincts led him to accept pupils whom many a poorer schoolmaster would have resolutely declined to harbour within his walls.

A little leaven leavens the whole lump, and these boys with tarnished names did infinite mischief among their fellows. Of the negative order were fellows like Oliphant, intent on football or the particular hobby they affected, and quite indifferent as to what was going on around them. So, though they did not do the community any harm, they did not do it any good, save in promoting an athletic spirit by their devotion to games.

Baron, the full-back, was not vicious, but he was exceedingly selfish, and did not care who suf-

ferred so long as he got his own way and extracted a fair amount of amusement from his school existence. He promoted many a fight in the box-room among the juniors, betting freely on his own candidate and inspiring his man with advice and encouragement. One day, Jones, returning from the town, became aware, from shouts and other sounds, that a mill of considerable interest was in course of procedure in the box-room. J. O. was not squeamish, but he had noticed that a good many of the Third Form had been looking the worse for wear of late—that, indeed, far too much fighting was going on. Here, then, thought he, was a chance of making an example of two warriors.

So, without further hesitation, Jones descended the stone steps and entered the box-room to find it crowded with a yelling throng that was witnessing an encounter between Jordan and a boy in the Fourth called Turner, who was just about Jordan's equal in strength and science and pluck.

So keen was the struggle and such the interest it had aroused that for a few moments Jones remained unnoticed. Meanwhile J. O. took in the situation. He had fought a good many fights himself in his youth, both at home and at school, and he was well versed in all aspects of such encounters. He saw at a glance that both boys had received a lot of punishment, and were almost done. Both, however, were very game and dogged, evidently prepared to fight to their last gasp. Any fellow of authority with humanity in his composition would, however, have stopped the fight before it had got to this point. It would only have been ordinarily merciful and sportsmanlike to have done so.

In one corner, on a high box, sat Baron, sponge, towel, and water by his side. He was egging on his man—Turner—with vociferous cries. Baron was an *Anti-Jonesite*, and so was his candidate.

Jordan's backer was a boy of no particular consequence in the Fifth.

"Now, young Turner, finish him off—plug him on the jaw!" yelled Baron; "let him have your right oftener. Good! You'll win me my money yet!" as Turner made a furious onslaught, "you'll have him done now—wipe him out—bash the young brute—"



"YOU WILL WRITE ME FIVE HUNDRED LINES, AND YOU WILL NOT GO OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL BOUNDARIES UNTIL YOU HAVE FINISHED THEM."

"Keep your guard up, Jordan," cried the opposing backer, "let him waste his breath, and then hammer him. Bravo!" as Jordan gallantly met his opponent's charge, "keep on jabbing him—don't let him in—bravo! Oh, bravo!" as Jordan sent his foe reeling back with a smashing blow between the eyes.

From the other fellows came similar pieces of ring wisdom. One big, red-faced boy, standing on a pile of boxes, contented himself with

bellowing: "Hit him in the nose, sir; hit him in the nose. Hit him in the nose, I say, in the nose, in the NOSE!!!"

This youth, who seemed to be addressing his remarks to the pugilists with strict impartiality, had worked himself up into such a state of excitement that, just after Jones entered the room, he and the boxes went down with a crash together, eliciting a storm of jeers and laughter, in the midst of which Jones walked between Jordan and Turner and brought the fight to a sudden and unexpected termination.

"That will do," said Jones, quietly, amid a breathless silence, "go and clean yourselves."

The two juniors, only too glad of the opportunity, retired into the midst of their respective supporters.

Then Jones turned to Baron, who, looking decidedly sheepish, had risen from his seat.

"I'm surprised to find *you* here, Baron," he said, "did you organise the fight?"

"No," said Baron.


"I fancy I heard you refer to a bet; think again."

"Well, I came in as they were starting the row, and saw they did it in order," said Baron sullenly.

"And you are a monitor! A pretty example of a monitor! You not only organise a fight, but you make it go on until the thing has resolved itself into a bit of butchery. You will write me five hundred lines, and you will not go outside the school boundaries until you have finished them."

(*To be continued.*)

BALQUHIDDER.

 F any of the readers of THE CAPTAIN want to know of a place well suited for summer holidays, let them go either to Balquhiddier or to Lochearnhead. At Lochearnhead the chief attraction is the loch, and Balquhiddier has its bonny braes, its lovely tints, and its absolutely unparalleled scenery. Some may say, especially the juvenile class: "Who cares for scenery? We want fishing, shooting, cricket, rowing." Well, let me say to this class that for shooting, fishing, rowing, and climbing there is no more superb spot than this abode of Rob Roy Macgregor. Think of the air, think of the freedom to roam about, unseen and unheard, the total lack of smoke and stuffy atmosphere, which are so detrimental. And besides, have the juvenile class no desire at all to see this historical land of the brave Rob Roy, for the sake of seeing it?

There are only about half-a-dozen really big houses, but if one prospects for the best some time beforehand, the matter is easy enough.

For a moment Baron was speechless—he could hardly understand it. He—Baron—one of the crack footballers of the neighbourhood—the envied and admired of his schoolfellows—had he got to write five hundred lines for a mere assistant master at Adderman's! For a moment it occurred to him to make some insolent retort; then the memory of what had happened to Bradwell flashed across his mind. Jones stood before him erect, burly, and muscular, a man who would stand no nonsense, and who had a temper which could flash out with uncomfortable suddenness, especially when he had a righteous reason for indignation.

Baron looked at Jones, met Jones's steady eyes for a moment, then dropped his own and blurted:

"But—I've got to play in the cup-tie against Ardenwood."

"You won't unless you have done the lines," replied Jones.

"But—it's the semi-final."

"I don't care a button about that. You have got to write me five hundred lines. This is Thursday. If the lines are not handed to me, properly written, by Saturday mid-day, you will not play in the cup-tie. So you had better set to work on them at once."

And Jones walked out of the box-room in a way that kept the tongue of every fellow there quite still in his head until the sound of this redoubtable and determined new master's footsteps had died away in the distance.

There is really only one serious objection to Balquhiddier and Lochearnhead, especially the former, and that is the amount of rain. To those who are not accustomed to mist and rainy, wild weather, this is an obvious disadvantage; but on those who are strong and healthy, the effect is marvellous. Visitors reap wonderful results from a visit to this locality, and return home twice as hard and twice as ruddy as before. To artists, the advantage is beyond doubt. A really good artist could make a name by reproducing the heavenly pictures seen after rain.

Yes, say I, visit Balquhiddier, visit Lochearnhead, and visit, if you can, all the places thence to Oban. There you will find nothing but hospitality, good will, and joy. I say it firmly, and will always stick to it, that no place in the British Isles can ever equal the Western Highlands, and the Braes of Balquhiddier.

P. RAMSAY JARD.

PHOTOGRAPHING BIRDS'-NESTS.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. DAY.

THE object of this article is to give a few hints to my fellow collectors on photographing the nests of wild birds *in situ*.

No one who has yet to try this particular branch of photography can possibly appreciate its troubles and disappointments. It also has its rewards: for instance, I spent two hours swaying thirty feet high in a fir tree waiting for the wind to drop to take a

and tying them to the tripod, one of them being placed in the sandbank and the other two on the ground.

A hedge-sparrow's nest was very easily photographed, by pressing down the near side of the nest, which made the eggs appear more prominent. The moor-hen's nest was taken by standing the camera in the river, and it shows the nest built among the rushes above the level of the water.



A SPARROW-HAWK'S NEST AND EGGS.



MOOR-HEN'S NEST.

photo of the sparrow-hawk's nest. Having climbed a tree about six feet from the nest and placed the camera a little higher than the level of the nest—the tripod was tied to the branches by a school-fellow of mine—a plate was exposed.

A sand-martin's nest was at the end of its tunnel about two or three feet long. Having scraped away the sand until the nest could be seen, I fixed the camera by adding extra sticks


I once photographed a tawny-owl's nest, situated in a hollow tree, by reflecting the sun upon the eggs while exposing the plate.

It is desirable to obtain permission from owners and occupiers of land to prevent awkward interruptions whilst photographing a nest. I find these gentlemen willing and glad to help a genuine naturalist. A quarter-plate camera is the handiest size.



THE MOSQUITO'S SONG.
"I stood on the bridge at midnight."
By James Harrison.

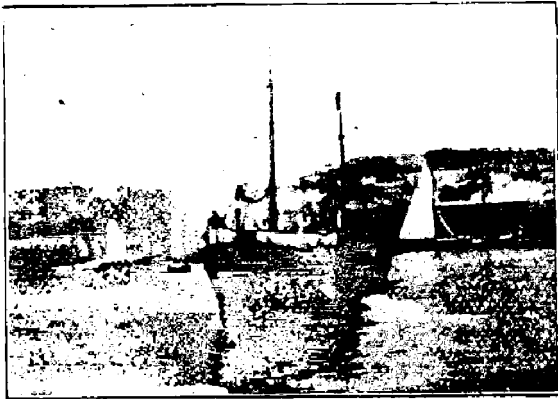
THE CAPTAIN



CAMERA CORNER

HAND CAMERA PHOTOGRAPHY, AND ON DARK ROOMS.

[In our March issue we gave a few hints on the purchasing of photographic apparatus, both hand and stand. This month I am publishing an article dealing solely with hand cameras and the best way to use them. "Medallist" you will remember as the contributor of an article to the first volume of *THE CAPTAIN*, entitled "Simple Photography for School-boys."—PHOTO. ED.]



NO. 1.—TUG LEAVING HARBOUR.

A S example is better than precept, four reproductions are given of photographs which were taken with a hand camera of subjects which could only have been obtained by such means. A description of the circumstances under which each photograph was exposed is given, and the faults of the "shots" are explained.

The first photograph, No. 1, "Tug leaving Harbour," was taken from the deck of one of the Weymouth and Jersey steamers, as it was starting from Guernsey, and the foam caused by the screw is seen in the foreground. The tug is waiting till the Jersey boat has cleared the entrance of the harbour. The hand camera being in readiness for any likely subject, the moment the tug was in a good position the shutter was released. The time of year was September, about 10.30 on a bright sunny morning, and in order to avoid any chance of vibration from the screw of the steamer the shutter was set to work at about the one-fiftieth of a second. It would have

been better if a slightly longer exposure had been given, so that more detail could have been shown on the shadow side of the tug.

No. 2, "Obstructionists," was a "shot" secured whilst on a cycling trip. The geese were noticed coming out of the gate on the left, so the photographer dismounted, leant his bicycle against the hedge, quickly unslung his hand camera, and crossed over the road. A plate being always ready for exposure, with finger on the shutter release, the flock was watched in the finder, and when well spread across the road three exposures were made, one after another, but each of course on a separate plate. The geese found the bicycle the point of attraction, the photographer being unnoticed till he proceeded to mount, when he found it impossible to ride through the flock, whose angry cries brought other geese from the adjoining field. Note here infuriated geese can be very unpleasant at times. This was also taken in September, at 2 p.m. The shutter worked at about one-twentieth of a second. In development not sufficient accelerator was used to commence with, in consequence the print is just a little chalky, and some of the detail in the whites is lost.



NO. 2.—"OBSTRUCTIONISTS."

No. 3, "The Circus Procession." Here the exposure was made from an elevated position, in August, about one o'clock on a dull afternoon, with a small pocket camera. (Owing to

the poor light and the shutter working at too quick a speed, a good deal of detail is lost in the shrubs and trees.

No. 4, "A Brindled Beauty," is a good example of the use of a hand camera, for it would have been impossible to set up a stand camera amongst the herd of bullocks, because in all probability they would have been startled; become restless, and gradually moved



NO. 3.—THE CIRCUS PROCESSION.

away. As it was, the plate was put in position and the shutter set some distance away from the herd; the photographer then walked slowly towards the feeding bullocks, not looking at them, but at the image in the finder; when the one in the immediate foreground started to take a mouthful of grass, thus disclosing the others in the distance, the shutter was released and the photograph secured. The photographer then turned his back, changed the plate, set the shutter, and made another exposure, but the result was not quite so successful. This also is the result of an exposure made in September, about 2 p.m., in sunshine, and the shutter working at about one-fifteenths of a second. In Nos. 1, 2, and 4 plates of ordinary rapidity were used, in No. 3 an Eastman film. If the examples given are studied, with the remarks on them, a good deal can be learnt as to the methods to adopt; but now some hints follow as to what to do, and what not to do.

1. Study your hand camera before exposing any plates, whether it be one with automatic plate changing, or one with dark slides; remember, it is often not the most expensive tools that turn out the best work, a great deal depending upon the individual who uses them.

2. Always use the same procedure in working; for example, set shutter, change plate, release shutter, then set shutter again, and

so on, always having a plate ready for exposure.

3. The best position to hold the camera in depends upon the subject; for example, in the reproductions, in No. 1 the camera was held in front of the waist; in No. 2 the photographer knelt down on one knee, and rested the camera on the other; in No. 3 it was held fairly high to clear a tree; in No. 4 the exposure was made with the camera under the arm. The most useful position is just in front of the waist.

4. When making the exposure be careful not to jerk the camera, and hold the breath as the shutter is released.

5. Avoid attracting attention and be as quiet as possible. If a likely subject in a street or crowd is observed, make all the necessary arrangements before the correct spot for exposure, then walk up to it, keeping your eye on the crowd, not the finder, and release the shutter; then walk on as if nothing had happened. A useful plan is to change the plate, set the shutter, etc., whilst apparently looking into a shop window.

6. Hence from the above, practise judging subjects without the use of the finder.

7. Always give as long an exposure as possible if the shutter has adjustable speeds; up to one-twentieth of a second is quite fast enough for most subjects, but in narrow streets as slow as one-fifth of a second must be given. On the other hand, at athletic sports, and at the seaside, as fast as one-fiftieth or even more rapid exposures are required.

8. In making the exposure take care to keep the camera level; the plate should be at right angles to the ground.



NO. 4.—A BRINDLED BEAUTY.

9. The best months of the year for hand camera work are April, May, August and September.

10. Use a plate of ordinary rapidity whenever possible; that is, for most subjects when the light is good, and time of year and subject are suitable. In narrow streets and confined situations quick plates are required. At the seaside always use slow plates.

11. Commence the development with a solution which has more accelerator or alkali in it than in that employed for time exposures. When the detail is out, mix a fresh solution with more of the "density giver" in it, and use that.

12. It is possible with practice to give slow exposures up to one or two seconds by making use of some temporary support, such as a railing, or tree trunk, or low wall, etc.

And now to conclude with some "Don'ts."

1. Don't try impossible subjects, viz., snapshots indoors, or under a verandah, etc.

2. Don't change about from one plate to another, or try every new developer.

3. Don't expect to have good results with shutter exposures before 9 a.m. or after 4 p.m.

4. Don't take photographs of people in positions which would offend them.

5. Don't "snap off" all your plates because you have a dozen in the camera; try and obtain a satisfactory result each time of exposure; but if you have a good subject, give two or three plates to it.

6. Don't be discouraged by failures.

7. Don't hurry the development; remember the shorter the exposure the longer the appearance of the image.

8. Don't look at cattle when photographing them, except in the finder, but do watch people.

9. Don't be afraid to write up to THE CAPTAIN if you want any advice, but

10. Don't pack glass negatives simply with a piece of paper round them; always put them in a box well padded with screws of paper, and put the stamp on a loose label tied on with string.

MEDALLIST.

ON DARK ROOMS.



AT this time of the year many of our readers will be having their enthusiasm for photography re-awakened, will have many plates to develop, and will, perhaps, be thinking of fitting up a dark room. A "developing room" would be a much better name, because although daylight should be rigidly excluded, the room should not be dark. If it is possible to fit up a room in the house for this purpose, it is generally better than a separate room outside, it being more protected from changes of temperature. If possible, it should

not be smaller than four feet by six feet, and should also be of the same height as an ordinary living room. Care should be taken that, when excluding daylight, air has a free passage into the room, and some means of ventilation without admitting light should be devised. Special ventilators are procurable from most photographic dealers, but they are usually of insufficient capacity. An ordinary sheet-iron pipe, or a square wooden box with elbows which would trap the light, may be used. If water can be laid on, it is a great advantage.

Artificial light should be used for developing by, and should always be of the same standard. If you have an oil lamp, the wick should be carefully trimmed and the flame always turned up to the same height; if gas is the illuminant, the same size burner should be always used. Electric light is by far the best because it doesn't vitiate the atmosphere and is so easily screened, but a lamp of the same candle power should always be used. If oil or gas is employed, especial care must be taken to carry off the fumes from the lantern; or the lantern may be arranged outside the dark room. The objection to daylight is that it is so changeable, especially in the evening; and one is very apt to get unequal negatives unless one works with a steady light. The best position for the lantern is at the right-hand side of the sink, so that the light from it falls on the work, and not into the worker's eyes. It should be fitted with grooves so that different coloured screens may be used according to the work in hand. For all ordinary plates a brilliant yellow light is safe. (I employ one thickness of canary fabric and one of orange sandwiched between one plain glass and one ground or opal glass in front of a sixteen candle-power electric lamp.) For lantern plates and bromide papers a canary fabric will be sufficient; while for isochromatic plates it is necessary to use red fabric, and even then to screen the plate either by means of a cover or a shutter on the lantern during development, especially at the commencement.

In front of the sink should be a few shelves for bottles of developing solutions, etc. There should also be a bench or table with a waterproof cover on which the fixing bath may be kept quite apart from the developing sink.

If the dark room must be out of doors, it should be placed in as shady a position as possible, so that it may be protected from the strong sun in summer, and bleak winds in winter.

The room should be kept as far as possible for the development of plates and bromide papers only. All printing operations should be conducted in a more open room.

Any ordinary room may be converted into a dark room by having a light wooden frame made

to fit the window, this frame being covered with one thickness of brown paper and one of strong black fabric pasted together. A strip of felt should be glued round the inside of the wooden frame which fits up against the frame of the window, in order to make a light-tight joint. This frame can be fixed up by means of either thumb-screws or ordinary screws, the only objection to the latter being that a screwdriver is necessary when putting up or taking down frames.

REVIEW.

WE have just seen the new F. O. P. "Frena" camera. "F. O. P." stands for "plates or films," and this camera may be used for twelve plates in sheaths or forty films packed in the usual Frena manner. It is made in what is known as the "memorandum" size, and gives pictures $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $2\frac{3}{8}$ inches. It is fitted with a good single lens of $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches focal length, having rotating stops of the values F/11, F/16, F/22 and F/32; the shutter is approximately timed and marked for exposures of one-tenth, one-twentieth, one-fortieth and one-eightieth of a second, and time exposures. It is of the "fixed focus" variety, and, used at full aperture, objects fifteen feet from the camera and beyond are in focus. Frena magnifiers may be had for objects as near as three feet. The plates or films are changed by two simple movements, but with films care should be taken to see that the change is complete. It is also fitted with two brilliant finders, and an indicator showing the number of films or plates used. Sockets for the tripod are added to order only. The F. O. P. camera measures 7 inches by $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches by 4 inches, costs one guinea, and is certainly cheap at the price. More expensive patterns with better lenses are in preparation.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. Riding (WOOLWICH).—(1) There are several methods of finding the focal length of a lens. The

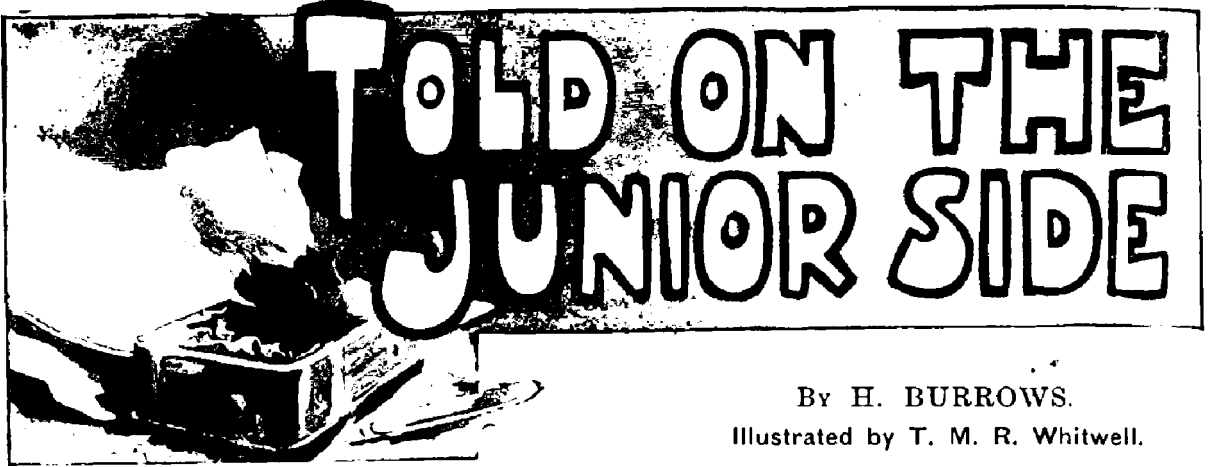
simplest method requires a long-focus camera and a foot rule. Set up your rule in a good light, place the lens to be tested in your camera, and proceed to focus the rule, or as much of it as possible, on the ground glass, taking care to keep the focussing-screen parallel to the rule. Shift the camera to and from the rule until the accurately focussed image of the scale is exactly the same size as the original. When this is done, carefully measure the distance between the ground glass and the rule. One-fourth of this distance is the focal length of your lens. Another method, which is not so accurate, is to focus a very distant object on the ground glass, and the distance of the focussing-screen from the lens diaphragm or stop is approximately the focal length of the lens. (2) We will endeavour to give an article on a home-made enlarger in a future number.

P. Leigh-Bennett (BOURNEMOUTH).—While it is extremely desirable to give both negatives and prints a most thorough washing, it is not necessary that they should be left in running water for as long as three hours. A print carefully washed in several complete changes of water for a quarter of an hour, or half an hour, may be considered sufficiently washed; in fact, it is far better that a print should be *thoroughly* washed in a short time than that it should be left soaking for a long time. Negatives are slightly more difficult on account of the impervious nature of the support. They should, if possible, be washed standing on their edges in a grooved tank, or supported, film downwards, in a dish, taking care that no air-bells remain attached to the surface. They may also be washed by frequent and complete changes of water.

"Lowe's Bcy."—To renovate the leather covering of your hand-camera, the best thing I know of is to give it a clean up with "Ronuk." There is a special black "Ronuk" made for boots, which you might use; but if your leather is very much faded it would be advisable to get a local cobbler to give it a sponge over with his black dye, and afterwards polish it with ordinary "Ronuk," which is also an excellent preservative for leather.

Anonymous (ST. LEONARD'S-ON-SEA).—Yes, an under-exposed negative may be strengthened by intensification in the following manner: Make a strong solution of bichloride of mercury, and add to it $\frac{1}{2}$ dr. of hydrochloric acid to 10oz. of solution. Place the negative in this until it is white, then wash it very thoroughly and pour over it some ordinary hydroquinone developer until it is blackened. The bichloride of mercury should be purchased pulverised, and is extremely poisonous. **Bernard Wadsworth (CHESTERFIELD).**—The apparatus you mention costs two guineas.

The Photographic Editor.



By H. BURROWS.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

VI.—ALICE.

SOME people seem born with the spirit of contradiction. I recollect that when, as a very young man, I commenced to make the acquaintance of chop-houses and restaurants, there was an old waiter who used to patronise his youthful customers immensely, and never lost an opportunity of setting them right. Did I order my meal in my mother tongue, as more befitting the modesty of the entertainment, straightway he turned each item into that hybrid French which is the delight of restaurant proprietors. Did I speak by the *carte* less equivocation should undo me, forthwith he proceeded to translate my demands into the plainest of very plain English. He would not allow me to be right in the smallest particular. "Waiter!" "Yes, sir." "Serviette, please." Regarding me reproachfully he would exclaim, in tones that made each syllable convey a correction, "*Nap-kin*, sir? Yes, sir." Next day I entered the restaurant determined not to be put upon. "Waiter!" "Yes, sir." "*Napkin*, please." Regarding me even more reproachfully, he ejaculated, "*Ser-ri-ette*, sir? Yes, sir." Then I gave it up as a bad job.

And as I call to mind some of the fellows I knew at school, I cannot help thinking that, if they have lived to be men, they must have developed into something very like that old waiter. For instance, there was Walters, once captain of No. 5. Walters, as you may recollect, was the beau ideal of a soft or spooney; but, like many another weakling, he sought importance by displaying a spirit of contradiction whenever he could do so with reasonable safety. Even as a small boy he

was ever opposed to our schemes or wishes. I recollect that on one occasion Lewis jokingly proposed some mischievous project so patent in its folly that it was at once scouted as absurd. To our great surprise the meek and mild Walters straightway declared himself in its favour; and so scathing were his comments upon our doubtful courage that he actually persuaded the boys to adopt it. Lest I should seem to detract from the goody-goody character which Walters enjoyed (it was so objectionable to everyone else that I am sure he enjoyed it), I hasten to add that, having carried his resolution, he left it to others to perform it—and to bear the inevitable consequences. It was just the same when, as a bigger fellow, it became necessary to consult him on matters of greater importance. The head was wont to leave many minor questions to be settled by the elder boys, subject to his right to veto their decision. But he attached much importance to a unanimous decision. "If all are not agreed," he would declare, "we had much better go on as we are." This gave Walters his opportunity, and many were the devices to which we resorted in order to circumvent him. Once when an old boy at Oxford proposed to bring down a College eleven to play the school, we managed to secure the desired match by proposing a resolution to decline it. We then gave way to Walters' inevitable opposition, and all were quite happy until a few days after the acceptance someone betrayed the ruse. Walters was wild with rage, but it was then too late to retract. Nevertheless, he nursed his wrath and waited an opportunity for revenge. Nor was it long in coming.

Although the river ran close to the school premises, the head always forbade the forma-

tion of a rowing club. According to tradition there had been a fatal accident in the early days of his connection with the school,

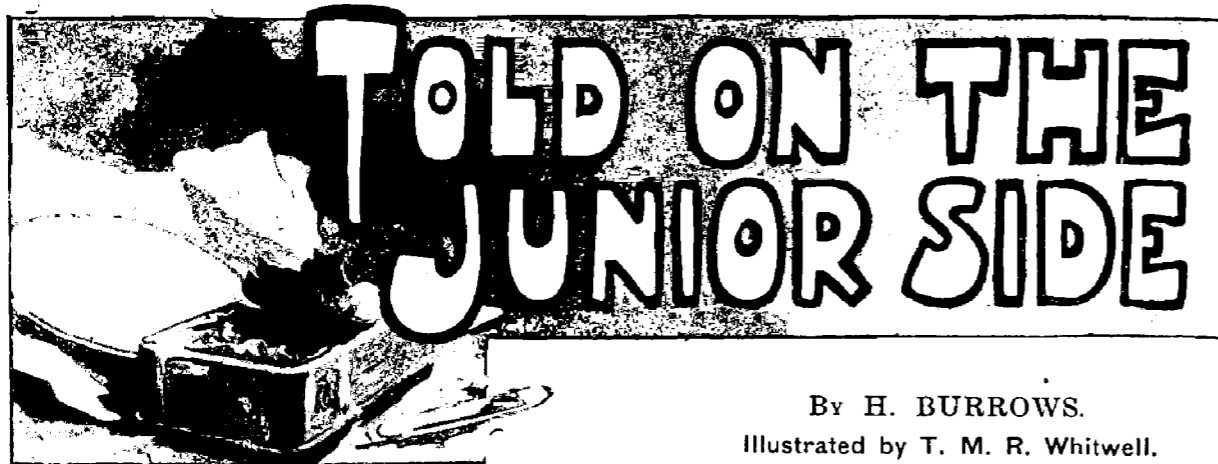
constant dripping will wear away a stone, and at last the head began to show signs of yielding. He would promise nothing definitely.



"EXCUSE ME, MADAM," COMMENCED CARTER, LIFTING HIS CAP.

which accounted for his resolution. Again and again the school petitioned. Old boys and parents were called on to exert their influence. Even some of the masters occasionally joined in the movement; but for many generations of boys all had been in vain. Yet

but if the elder boys would memorialise him on the subject, he would take the matter into consideration. But, said he, the petition must be unanimous. When we heard this condition we could hardly refrain from groaning aloud. Walters was jubilant. There was



TOLD ON THE JUNIOR SIDE

By H. BURROWS.
Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

VI.—ALICE.

SOME people seem born with the spirit of contradiction. I recollect that when, as a very young man, I commenced to make the acquaintance of chop-houses and restaurants, there was an old waiter who used to patronise his youthful customers immensely, and never lost an opportunity of setting them right. Did I order my meal in my mother tongue, as more befitting the modesty of the entertainment, straightway he turned each item into that hybrid French which is the delight of restaurant proprietors. Did I speak by the *carte* less equivocation should undo me, forthwith he proceeded to translate my demands into the plainest of very plain English. He would not allow me to be right in the smallest particular. "Waiter!" "Yes, sir." "Serviette, please." Regarding me reproachfully he would exclaim, in tones that made each syllable convey a correction, "*Napkin*, sir? Yes, sir." Next day I entered the restaurant determined not to be put upon. "Waiter!" "Yes, sir." "*Napkin*, please." Regarding me even more reproachfully, he ejaculated, "*Ser-vi-ette*, sir? Yes, sir." Then I gave it up as a bad job.

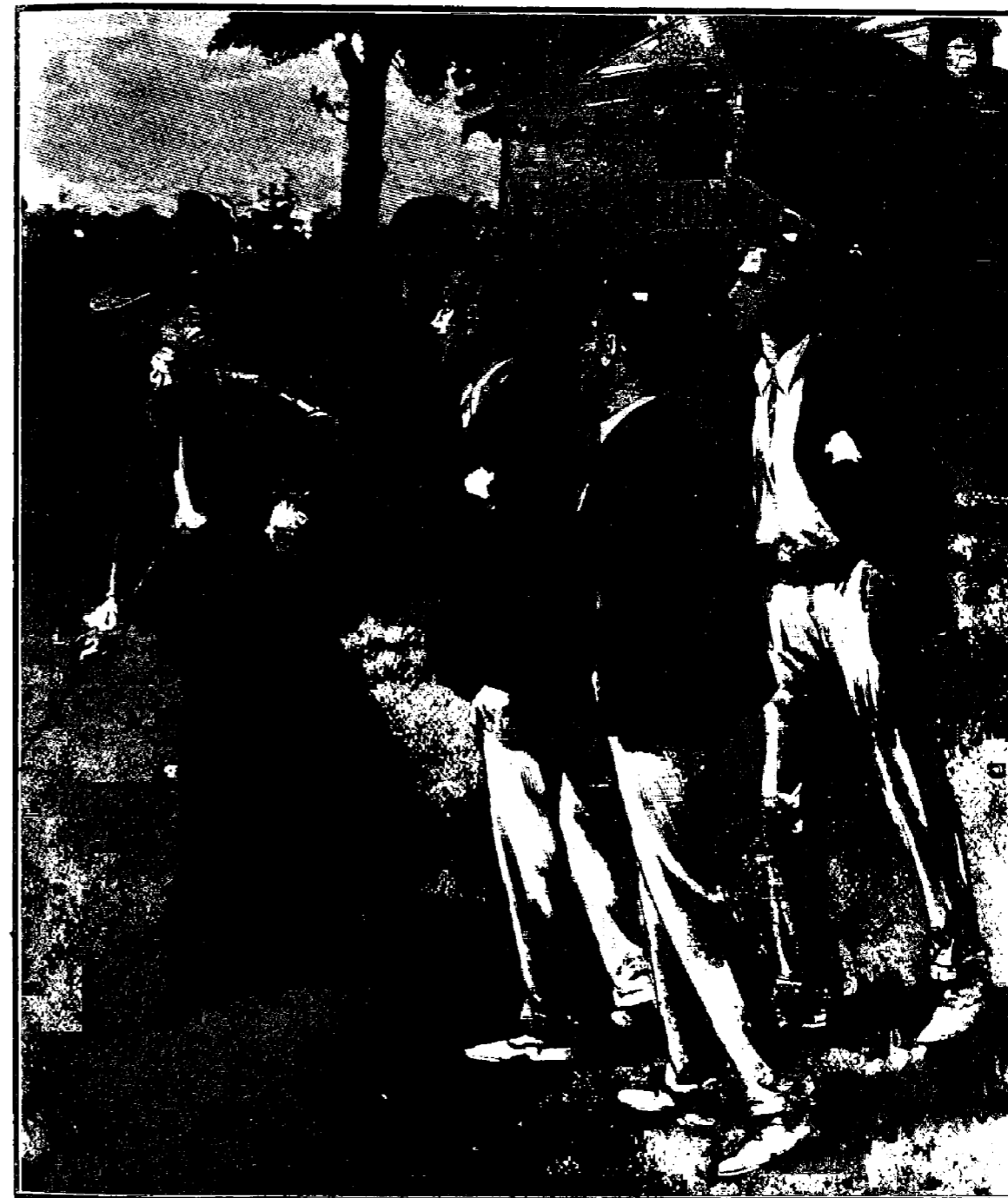
And as I call to mind some of the fellows I knew at school, I cannot help thinking that, if they have lived to be men, they must have developed into something very like that old waiter. For instance, there was Walters, once captain of No. 5. Walters, as you may recollect, was the beau ideal of a soft or spooney; but, like many another weakling, he sought importance by displaying a spirit of contradiction whenever he could do so with reasonable safety. Even as a small boy he

was ever opposed to our schemes or wishes. I recollect that on one occasion Lewis jokingly proposed some mischievous project so patent in its folly that it was at once scouted as absurd. To our great surprise the meek and mild Walters straightway declared himself in its favour; and so scathing were his comments upon our doubtful courage that he actually persuaded the boys to adopt it. Lest I should seem to detract from the goody-goody character which Walters enjoyed (it was so objectionable to everyone else that I am sure he enjoyed it), I hasten to add that, having carried his resolution, he left it to others to perform it—and to bear the inevitable consequences. It was just the same when, as a bigger fellow, it became necessary to consult him on matters of greater importance. The head was wont to leave many minor questions to be settled by the elder boys, subject to his right to veto their decision. But he attached much importance to a unanimous decision. "If all are not agreed," he would declare, "we had much better go on as we are." This gave Walters his opportunity, and many were the devices to which we resorted in order to circumvent him. Once when an old boy at Oxford proposed to bring down a College eleven to play the school, we managed to secure the desired match by proposing a resolution to decline it. We then gave way to Walters' inevitable opposition, and all were quite happy until a few days after the acceptance someone betrayed the ruse. Walters was wild with rage, but it was then too late to retract. Nevertheless, he nursed his wrath and waited an opportunity for revenge. Nor was it long in coming.

Although the river ran close to the school premises, the head always forbade the forma-

tion of a rowing club. According to tradition there had been a fatal accident in the early days of his connection with the school,

constant dripping will wear away a stone, and at last the head began to show signs of yielding. He would promise nothing definitely.



"EXCUSE ME, MADAM," COMMENCED CARTER, LIFTING HIS CAP.

which accounted for his resolution. Again and again the school petitioned. Old boys and parents were called on to exert their influence. Even some of the masters occasionally joined in the movement; but for many generations of boys all had been in vain. Yet

but if the elder boys would memorialise him on the subject, he would take the matter into consideration. But, said he, the petition must be unanimous. When we heard this condition we could hardly refrain from groaning aloud. Walters was jubilant. There was

no need to inquire as to his views. Triumphant superiority oozed from every pore in his skin. And whilst the school fumed and fretted, he went about his studies with added zest; showing up such verses as to cause the senior classic to fairly beam upon him, and to prophesy many honours for so apt a pupil. Bannister declared that the master's encomiums nearly made him sick. "A scholarship, indeed!" quoth he. "Why, if *that* is what the fellow wants, I would give him the money myself to be rid of him." As a bosom chum of that youthful spendthrift, I happened to know that he had about eighteenpence in his pocket. But we all applauded the sentiment.

Meanwhile the days were fast slipping by, and we all felt that unless something was done, and that quickly, the head would soon recede from his favourable attitude. "But what can we do?" asked Carter, as we moodily paced the fields one evening after the conclusion of a match. The application of physical force to a monitor was out of the question, and we could think of no stratagem which seemed to promise success. "By jove! look there," cried Carter suddenly. I looked, and beheld a female form issuing stealthily from the cricket pavilion. "She has been after the things," said I, and started off at a double. The figure remained unmoved, so, deeming my surmise mistaken, we began to slacken our pace. "Excuse me, madam," commenced Carter, lifting his cap. "What ho!" responded a well-known voice. We stared agape, and then a light broke in upon me. "Lewis!" cried I, and Lewis it was; but so successfully disguised that his own mother might not have known him. "By Jove! it's scrumptious," said Carter, turning him about unceremoniously; "but what is the game now?" "Have you noticed Walters' verses lately?" inquired Lewis. "Oh, confound Walters' verses!" ejaculated Carter. "Confound them, by all means," said Lewis; "but they are—well, considering this is a respectable school, I think it is just as well they are in Latin. Funny what the masters will allow in a dead language. Spooney is not the word for them. I believe Walters is in love." "In love?" cried Carter, incredulously. "I do not mean with anyone in particular," explained Lewis, "except, of course, his own sweet self. But in love with love, you know. Got it bad, like a fit of measles. You should just have seen the last ode of his to Sophonisba. There was nothing he would deny her if she would only just smile upon him." "I don't quite see," commenced Carter. "Then

look straight before you, chuckle-head," interposed Lewis; "I am Sophonisba."

Then the scheme dawned upon us, and we began to laugh immoderately. "That will do," said Lewis. "I have found that our precious jewel takes solitary walks every evening in the long field. I shall take the lane and come in that way. You cut across and hide by the hedge, and then you will see—what you will see." We parted accordingly, and soon descried Walters mooning by himself in the long field. So closely did he pass our hiding-place, that we could discern the title of the book he was reading. "'Ballads of Sentiment,'" quoth Carter, in a disgusted whisper; "good heavens!" Suddenly a truly feminine scream rent the air, and Lewis rushed wildly into the arms of the astonished Walters. "Save me, oh, save me!" he (or she) cried. "W-w-what is it?" gasped Walters. "The bull! The bull!" cried Lewis. "Where, where?" cried Walters, gazing round with (I blush to write) the obvious intention of securing his own safety. "There, there!" said Lewis, pointing excitedly to Farmer Brown's old cow which, securely tethered, was quietly munching grass three fields away. "Oh, *there!*" exclaimed Walters, much relieved, "that will not hurt you." "How brave you are!" said Lewis, gazing admiringly into his countenance. "Oh, I am so frightened. Would you, oh, would you see me safely across the fields?" Walters blushed scarlet. "I will," said he; and no man at the altar ever threw more determination into those words. So on they went, and we followed at a safe distance. They turned down the lane, and Carter and I deemed it wise to follow no further.

For a few days following we in the secret were kept on tenterhooks as to the success or failure of the stratagem. "You must really try and bring it off soon," said Carter to Lewis; "every evening I am afraid something will let the cat out of the bag." "Hurry no man's cattle," responded Lewis; but he was evidently impressed with the need for speedy action, and later in the day his fag brought us a note telling us to be at the big elm near the river at the usual time.

Safely ensconced in the big tree, we watched the couple slowly approaching. I should like to write that they made a very pretty pair, but truth compels me to admit that Walters' vacuous countenance and ungainly figure looked but ill by the side of Lewis, who really made a most presentable female. They halted under the shadow of the elm. "Oh, the river; the lovely, lovely

river!" gushed Lewis, ecstatically. Walters opened his mouth, and evidently tried to think of something flattering to utter, but floundered hopelessly over the attempt. "How I should like to go for a row one day," proceeded Lewis, gazing tenderly at his (or her) companion. Walters hemmed. "Won't you take me, dearest?" "Well—er—the truth is—

we might have a rowing club if we liked," said Walters desperately, "but——" "Oh!" cried Lewis, breaking away from him, "you won't even do a little thing for me that can be done for the asking! So that is the value of all your fine promises, Mr. Walters! I don't believe you mean a bit of that poetry you write about me!" "But, dearest Alice—"



"AND WOULD THEY WHIP YOU VERY MUCH, POOR DEAR?"

er—we are forbidden to go on the river, you know," stammered Walters. "Forbidden!" ejaculated Lewis scornfully, "and I thought I was talking to a man and not to a big gaby or a schoolboy. And would they whip you very much, poor dear?" "Of course not," said Walters angrily; "the idea of whipping a monitor! Besides, I was never whipped in my life." ("More's the pity!" murmured Carter). "But surely," persisted the temptress, "they would let a monitor go if he asked? Only just once, now?" "I believe

commenced Walters. ("Alice!" ejaculated Carter.) "Don't dearest Alice me!" sobbed Lewis; but by this time they were out of earshot, and Carter and I descended choking.

And that very night Walters came rushing into the monitors' room in a state of great excitement. "What are you fellows doing about the rowing club?" Carter stifled a yawn of studied indifference. "Personally, I am doing nothing," said he. "Just like you all," said Walters; "you pretend to care so much about the school, but you never do any-

thing for it." Carter shrugged his shoulders. "If you are so keen about it, you can get up a petition," said he; "but don't bother me to draw it, that's all." "Will you sign it?" cried Walters. "Well, of course, if you really ask me——" The petition was forthwith prepared, and signed by all the monitors. It went before the head the next morning, found him in a good humour, and our rowing club became an accomplished fact.

And for days afterwards a certain quartette

were amused at the spectacle of Walters lounging by the river side, evidently awaiting the appearance of his dearest Alice. She did not come; and occasionally some echo in Lewis's voice caused him to look at us suspiciously. But we said nothing. "We have got all we want out of the fellow," said Carter, "and it would be a shame to make him a laughing-stock for the whole school." "Besides," added Bannister judiciously, "we may want to try the same trick again, you know."

WINTER v. SUMMER.

WO begin with, I will deal with the games and pastimes of the two seasons.

Cricket, that sport which, in the minds of some boys, is deemed the king of games, is ably met by that second king of games, football, and I think that the partisans of the latter pastime are even more numerous than those of the former. That it has the favour of the masses is clearly demonstrated by the vast quantities of people that weekly visit the playing grounds of the great teams of England.

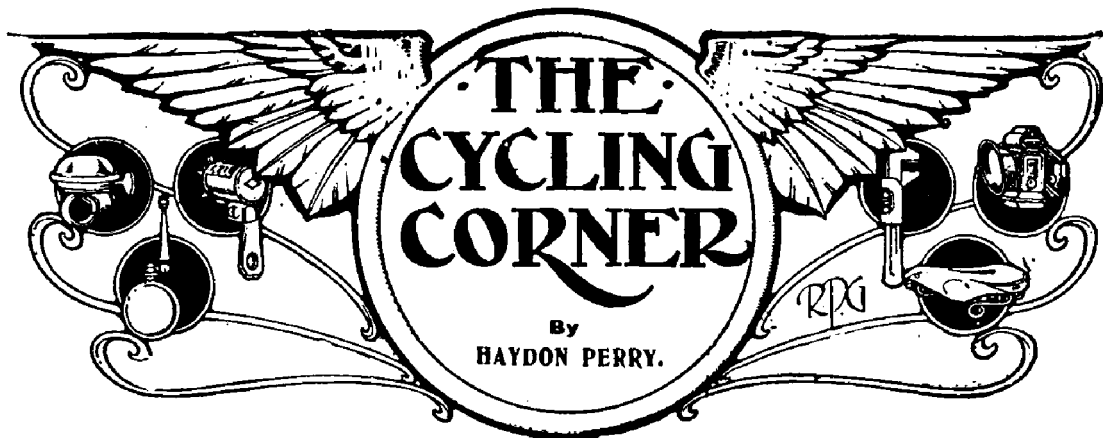
I do not attempt to deny that the pastimes of Summer are more varied than those of Winter, but what I *do* say is that there is more real enjoyment in one of Winter than in three of Summer. I know that this is a bold assertion to make, but who can imagine anything more delightful than a long skate on good ice, when you skim along like a bird in a way that makes the blood run more quickly through your veins and fills you with renewed energy and activity?

Who again will not agree with me in saying that a walk on a crisp frosty day is more

productive of good results than one on a scorching hot Summer day? In Summer it is pleasant to go to the sea for a few weeks, but in Winter there is no need of such change. Every object we see presents to us a different appearance, transformed, as it is, by the icy hand of Winter, to that which it has in Summer. The very trees in our garden make us think we are in Fairy-land, and we laugh and shout in the exuberance and vitality of our spirits.

Winter is not only superior to Summer as regards its pastimes, but also as regards its healthfulness. In Summer, as is well known, ample scope is afforded for the spread and growth of disease; in Winter we are spared the anxiety of guarding against this deadly peril, and the cold, concerning which there are so many grumblers, becomes our friend. I fancy that by this time the delights and possibilities of Winter will be manifest, and I feel quite justified in thinking that the majority of English boys share my opinion, namely: that Winter is the more enjoyable and delightful season.

W. KENTISH.

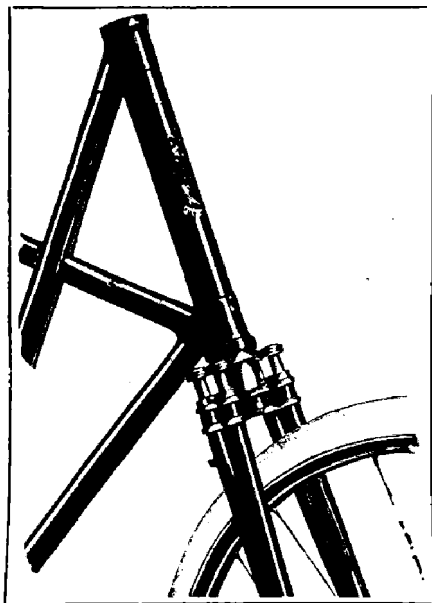


NIGHT RIDING.

BEFORE turning to the main topic in hand I will say a word about our illustrations. An example of the Humber frames to which I recently alluded is now shown. The ingenious system by which the duplex tubing is designed so that the pairs of twin tubes cross and re-cross each other, yet never terminate at unsupported points, may thus be clearly understood, even by such as find it difficult to follow closely the most careful verbal description. The girl's machine is necessarily less complete as regards strength, but I have said before that the task of the cycling engineer in this connection will probably never be simplified until it becomes the English practice for the knickerbocker costume to be regarded as the one most fitted for all forms of cycling. Pending the arrival of that period the girl's Humber frame must rank as a truly admirable attempt to solve a very difficult problem.

In the accompanying illustration is shown an anti-vibrating front fork. I have never cared much for devices of this class; but a number of them is now being exploited, especially from America, and they therefore demand attention. Some inventors achieve their ends in killing vibration by means of air cushions. I have not yet seen one device of this kind that seemed to me to be good. In the Beeston Humber cross frames the rigidity is very great, and to reduce any vibration that may in consequence reach the handle grips the firm employ a powerful spring concealed within the steering tube. It is free from any lateral motion, and so does not affect the ease of steering. I would rather have this than compressed air, which I should always mistrust for the purpose; but I still cling to the belief that the proper point at which to kill vibration is where it first arises, namely, where the tyre makes contact with the road, and not after it has travelled through the frame to the

rider. The early makers all strove to obtain rigidity. This was more than twenty years ago, and experience has proved that they were right. It would seem strange if now that the cross frame has given the most rigid forms of cycle yet obtained makers should find it necessary to undo some of their work by destroying of set intent something of the very quality they had so long been engaged in accentuating. If instead of the small tyres at present fashionable larger sizes were in vogue there would be no complaints of vibration wandering up from the roadway, until



HUMBER ANTI-VIBRATING FRONT FORK.

the unevenness of its buffetings reached the handles or seat of the rider.

I have been examining two cross frames made by the Referee Cycle Company. The machines turned out by this firm deservedly bear a high reputation. They have nothing shoddy about them. Their makers have a name to preserve, and they may be trusted. Anyone who remembers previous chat on the

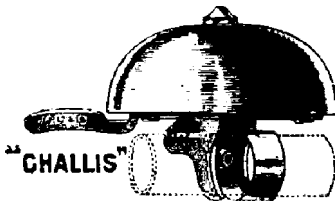
subject of cross frames will see at a glance that the double-cross Referee frame is in design far preferable to the single. You see in the former there is no such thing as a tube terminating at a point unsupported by other tubes, and so liable to set up unhealthy thrusts in the one tube it does abruptly make junction with. In short, the Referee double cross-frame is a very strong form of frame indeed.

For night riding, of course, it is more than commonly necessary to have a trustworthy



PIGGOTT'S "STERLING" SPANNER.

mount, and to have it well equipped, for breakdowns at a time when no aid may be obtainable are more serious than ordinary mishaps. This remark, I need hardly say, has special reference to very late riding, of which I shall say more presently. One should be provided with a first-rate lamp, well tended on the lines I sketched in the long chat devoted specially to the purpose; and the bell should be in good working order, for a more frequent warning is often prudent when riding in the dark, which may cover unknown dangers such as neither eye nor ear may have notice of. Tyre repairing materials should be seen to be complete before starting out, and, lastly, tools should be seen to be in good order, and carried in sufficient number to fit



LUCAS' "CHALLIS" BELL.

all parts without exception. The form of wrench known as the monkey wrench, and of which Mr. John Piggott supplies an inexpensive example in his "Sterling" spanner, often obviates the necessity of carrying quite a number of special wrenches and spanners only made to fit special parts. Besides, such a spanner confers upon you the power of helping a stranded roadsider when possibly none of your own special tools would be found to fit the nuts of his machine. To one who has truly realised that his birthright is a share in the great commonwealth of the road, there is a peculiar pleasure in rendering,

when occasion offers, such chance assistance. If it involve some trifling sacrifice of one's own pleasure, or some small disappointment in the way of a non-fulfilment of predetermined plans, then so much the better, for we feel that a service rendered has more of value in it if it costs us something. It is, of course, much seldomer at night than in the daytime that one has a chance of helping a stranger on the road, but none the less it is as well to be prepared.

On the general question of night riding there is some difference of opinion. I have heard it held by a doctor of repute that night riding is bad for the nerves, seeing that the rider has constantly to keep his mind at high tension in order to avoid unseen dangers which may suddenly loom up before him. I noted while he was speaking that the good doctor wore spectacles, and it did not take a Sherlock

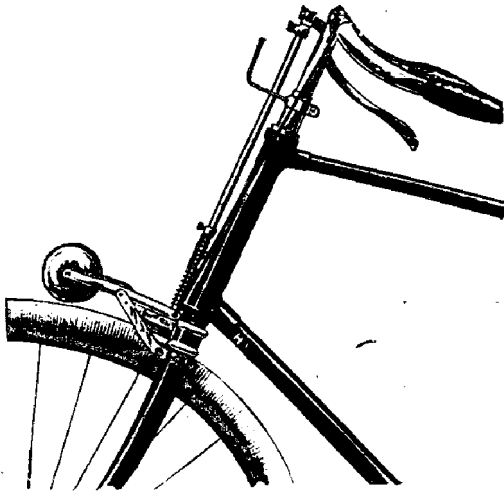


BROWN BROS. "SNAKE" BELL.

Holmes to infer that his daylight vision was not of the best. My own belief is that anyone with average eyesight can see quite well enough in the dark to ride at average speeds without any anxiety at all, especially in cases where the road is not strange to him. Here I would put in a word as to when and where night riding should be indulged in. For my own part I begrudge every mile of night riding when I am caught belated in a country that is new to me. This is because I ride *to see*, as I hold that every fellow and every girl who means to get the most out of the pastime should do. It is only in country that is quite familiar to me that I truly enjoy night riding, and under such circumstances I find it exhilarating in the highest degree. To touch once more the medical aspect of it. I challenge contradiction that night air is the finest soporific known. For one suffering from sleeplessness there is nothing that has come within my experience that is at all "in it" as a curative measure to compare with a short cycle ride taken late at night. Everything is so still and so calm that the suggestion of repose, even to a mind bothered

with too great a load, such as overwork for an "exam.," or some business worry, is almost irresistible. I remember at a time when I was "stewing" hard a master gave me a bit of advice. He said, "Whatever you've been reading, let the last thing be ten minutes of something light and pleasant, such as 'Punch,' for instance." I found that it worked admirably. But now when I am worried about anything, and have doubts as to whether I am ready for the really sound and splendid sleep that marks a state of perfect health, I find that a couple of miles on the bicycle is far more effective than ten minutes of the most amusing reading.

An unknown lady correspondent once wrote to me telling me how in the height of summer, in the very hottest weather, she made a practice of touring by night. She



GAMAGE'S NEW TYRE BELL.

seemed unquestionably to enjoy it, and her account of her midnight snack of sandwiches and soda water taken by the wayside within scent of a beautiful and odorous wood certainly sounded attractive. I could not help thinking, as I read, how strange a transformation had come over our social customs, and how it was that cycling under such extraordinarily unconventional circumstances was now possible; whereas my correspondent's mother had probably no more thrilling amusement to fall back upon than her crochet. The particular object of the letter was to ask me whether there was any real danger connected with night riding so far as tramps and gypsies were concerned. The reply was, of course, in the negative. The gypsies are a people of whom none need be afraid, and the tramp is by no means so black as he is painted. You will often find a certain chivalry buried somewhere within his nature

which the mere presence of a lady will bring out and make assert itself. But all the same I cannot recommend any of my readers, be they boys or girls, to indulge in the curious pastime of *touring* by night. The all-night ride, if it is undertaken at all, should be over familiar ground, and not through new country, where the eye will miss nearly every beauty there is to be seen.

There are so many things to be remembered about all-night riding that I must purposely limit myself to only one or two. One has reference to our old friend the lamp. Just as in a long summer evening, when the light fades gradually, it is difficult to tell the exact moment when lamp time has come, so it is increasingly difficult in the small hours of a summer morning to decide when the time for extinguishing the lamp has arrived. In each case the eye is apt to prompt the rider to make the change too early, and especially is this the case as regards approaching sunrise. An oculist who really is an oculist will be able at once to tell you the reason for this; and I, who am no oculist at all, could tell it you if I had the space. But you may take it that it is so, and that it is safer to work by the almanac than by your own senses. Another tip I would give—only one among many that I should like to give if the subject of cycling by night could be spread over more pages—refers to provision against sudden cold. We have a climate that is proverbially capricious. At all times when the weather is doubtful, or when it is what is sometimes called "treacherous," it is advisable to have something to fall back upon, especially in high summer, when most fellows very properly ride without a waistcoat. In case of a sudden chill it is well to have something in hand. Girls can do it easily for themselves, and a fellow can get his sister, or someone equally willing, to do it for him. The secret is to get some common brown paper, and out of it to cut a sort of cuirass in the shape of the front half of a waistcoat, or of a *corsage*, and then to fold this up so that it will go comfortably into the pocket. It occupies practically no space, but it is always there, and can be slipped inside the blouse or shirt in case of unexpected chill during the night ride, and will be found to answer the required purpose admirably.

For the cyclist who is properly equipped the joys of night riding are well nigh limitless. As I have intimated, I would not, if I could help it, ride over strange country in the dark; for that would be to lose all the time the very things I ride to win. But

when I am in familiar country the thing is all different. I can recall glorious night rides. There was one with the Malvern range on the left—with the setting moon trying to steal through the little wisps of cloud that hovered in the west, and that gave a silvery background to the serrated edge of the mountains that Malvern stood upon. There was one with Buxton just below me, where the cold grey of morning melted into a strange pool of greenish mist, half enveloping the town. There was one on a road on the outskirts of the Norfolk Broads when the faint dawn showed the indescribable colours of the sedges and the rushes, and the opal light grew over these same and over the placid water. I could go on for a long time talking about places, the aspects of which I know by night. But let no one be tempted by what I say to do his exploring by moonlight, still less in the dark. The night is very beautiful: but it is in the daylight that the open-eyed explorer should do his work.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. M. (NOTTINGHAM).—You can get the trailing cars from John Piggott, Cheapside, E.C. "**W. W.**" (EDINBURGH).—Your name, and a fuller address than "Edinburgh," are matters to which I am entitled before replying to you. The rules of this correspondence are so simple that there is no excuse for not complying with them. When you write to me, say who you are and where you live, ask clearly in black ink on white paper the information you require, write on one side only, and remember that I like best to help those who help themselves, and who refrain from asking things they could themselves find out with a little trouble. "**Amicus**" (no address).—See the last answer. (a) I cannot account for it. Personally I prefer the brown ones. (b) The set in the

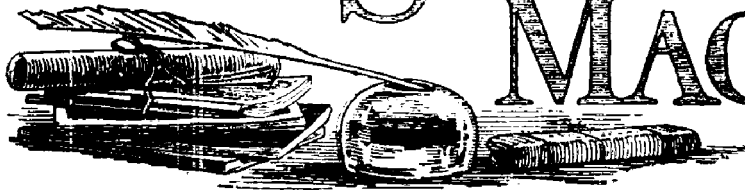
basket will just fit in, whereas things bought separately can hardly be expected to do so. Convenience in packing is a large consideration. (c) Those by Joseph Lucas, lamp makers, of Birmingham. There are none better obtainable. **G. W. B. (STRAND).**—Am very glad to have been of service to you. Yes, I have spoken well of Premiers, and have no reason to change my mind. On the whole, I should think you have made a very good bargain. If you have the machine in twelve months' time, I should like to hear again from you then concerning it. It is of great assistance to have readers willing to report upon one or two years' experience of a mount they have had in use. "**Despair**" (HACKNEY).—You need not christen yourself with so woeful a name. The seamless seat knickers made by Messrs. Spencer Bros. will get over the difficulty. The patent is a Manchester patent, and for the sake of others who may wish to avail themselves of it, I give the patentees' address. It is Messrs. J. Harding, Son, and Co., 18 and 20, New Brown-street, Manchester. In London I believe the firm first named are the chief agents. Their address is at 108, Fleet-street. The prices run from about 6s. to 12s. 6d., according to the various qualities. No doubt, as in most other forms of clothing, the dearest would prove the cheapest in the end. "**Tess**" (JELTON MOVBRAY).—You may rely upon the Globe Polishing Paste to do what you require. The Referee is all right. I was thinking of illustrating it this month, but fear the pictures are too big to fit our pages. The hill climbing difficulty will be got over if you persevere in the right way, that is by always trying as far as you reasonably can, but never overdoing it, and always getting off a good point short of exhaustion. **Ellen F. (BROUGHTON).**—Don't think for a moment that cycling will spoil your rowing, although it may for a time tempt you away from it. The two exercises go splendidly together, because the one does for the upper portions of the body just what the other fails in doing. There is a certain forty mile run that I know of with a beautiful river at the end of it. I can hardly think of anything that could make a cyclist more fit than a "week-end" spent in such a run. a day of sculling, and a run home again. Anyway, it's the best thing I've yet found out.

H. P.



INTELLIGENT TOUCAN: "What I say is, when you have available advertising spaces, why shouldn't you utilise them for the benefit of your fellow creatures?"

SCHOOL MAGAZINES



"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

(Continued from May.)

St. Michael's Chronicle (Michaelhouse, Bulgowan, Natal).—Full of most interesting articles, while the school news is not neglected. In "Reminiscences of Batavia," R. A. Durand thus describes the capital of Java. "Imagine a town of giant dolls' houses built in Burmese and Japanese style, trim avenues of beautiful trees, broad, clean streets, and thousands of living, grown-up dolls masquerading in Oriental fancy-dress; the picture-books of one's childhood animated. That is Batavia. And what strikes one most is that the masqueraders do not look a bit self-conscious, in spite of their fantastic dress. . . . Representatives of many nations congregate in Batavia. Blue-gowned Japanese, wearing white pith helmets shaped like inverted saucers; portly Chinese merchants, dressed in a grotesque combination of yellow silk clothes and the billy-cock hats of Hampstead Heath, their pigtailed interwoven with blue silk; lean tawny Malays, Hindoos, Javanese, and effeminate-looking Cingalese, jostle each other on the sidewalks." The only drawback to this veritable fairyland appears to be the difficulty in getting a decent bath.

St. Thomas' College Magazine (St. Thomas' College, Colombo).—We are always glad to welcome these records of school life in the "British dominions beyond the seas," and the publication before us suffers nothing by comparison with any of our home productions. The debating society and magazine have enjoyed a flourishing existence of 23 years, which speaks well for the energy of the boys in that tropical climate.

St. Winifred's Magazine (St. Winifred's School, Kenley).—In very good taste and well illustrated. We congratulate St. Winifred's on the completion of their school chapel, and trust that by now sufficient funds have been forthcoming to make the organ an accomplished fact.

Sandwich School Magazine.—We like the get-up of this. The short poem, called "The Last Shot at Colenso," is good, and the story of how "Sandown" beat Manfred College at athletic sports makes a readable piece of fiction.

The Spencerian (Spencer College, Wimbleton).—We do not quite know for what purpose this

has been sent us. It is the first number, and was published as far back as 1895, so that a review of it now would be just a trifle late in the day. We should be glad to see the *current* number, and to review it.

Stanley House School Magazine (Stanley House School, Bridge of Allan).—Contains more articles and verses than almost any other school magazine. In the December number are nearly a dozen contributions, all of them interesting, while the school notes supply what is needful in other respects.

The Tamensian (the Magazine of Lord Williams's Grammar School, Thame).—This might have an index of contents. It is neat in appearance and otherwise covers everything that is wanted.

The Tasmanian School Journal is a monthly illustrated paper for boys and girls, published at Hobart, Tasmania.

The Tonbridgian does not go in for outward show, but there is little fault to be found with the contents or the way in which they are arranged.

Truro College Magazine (July and December).—In "Glimpses of German School Life" we find the following description of a prize-giving: "This was held in the Kursaal, a large hall belonging to the public gardens. The room, in beauty and dimensions, would not have disgraced a palace. At one end a fairly large stage was erected, and on this a simple desk was placed, whereon the prizes were arranged. These did not consist of beautifully bound volumes, but were

merely medals of little value, silver for the juniors, gold for the seniors." The article points out very clearly the advantages and disadvantages of the German methods of education. This magazine reflects credit on all concerned in its production.

West Kentian (the Magazine of the West Kent Grammar School).—Its quiet dark-green cover, good paper and printing are all that one could wish, but the effect is rather spoilt by the advertisements. "A Lover of English Scenery" puts in a plea for the beautiful valley of the Wye, which, he considers, quite equals the scenery on the Rhine or Mosel. The Old West Kentian Club has an excellent programme, and appears to be going strong.

No. 8 Vol. 1.

**Stanley House
School
Magazine.**

1901. DECEMBER 1901.

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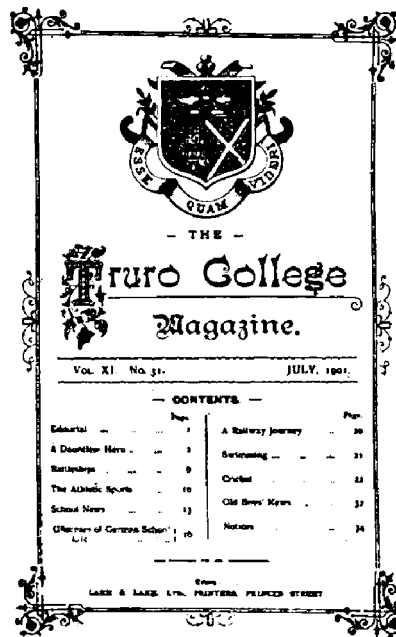
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LEST Summer should charge me, an ardent sun-worshipper, with disloyalty, let me chronicle first the favours I have received of her. A bronzed complexion, a pair of brown, freckled hands, and what little muscle desultory looting and cricket have given me; these things I owe to Summer, and having acknowledged the gifts with gratitude I hasten to bend the knee to Winter, a mistress, if I may say it without ungallantry, far worthier of a man's fidelity. She is no coquette, luring one from duty by promises of sunshine and flowers and laughter. There are stern battles to be fought, fair fields to be won under her generalship, and at the first hint of her frosty breath upon one's cheek one's dormant faculties spring into pulsing motion. Down from the dusty shelves come the long-neglected books, and while the wintry sun shines faintly down upon a world of snow and ice without, within one grapples with those severe, uphill tasks which alone can fit one for the lusty race along the rough road of life. And when study is over, and the brain swims a little with the effort of it, what better restorative has Summer to offer

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"CAPTAIN" CLUB

• • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

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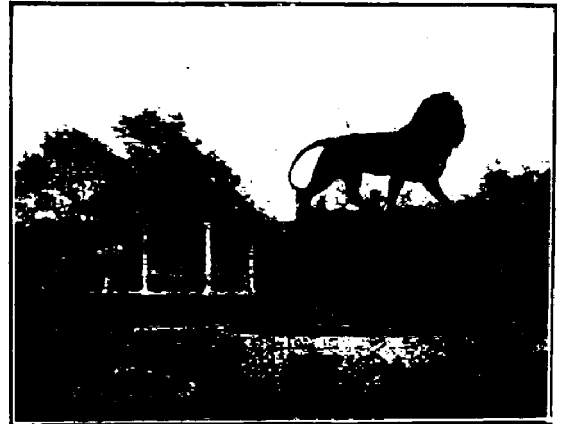
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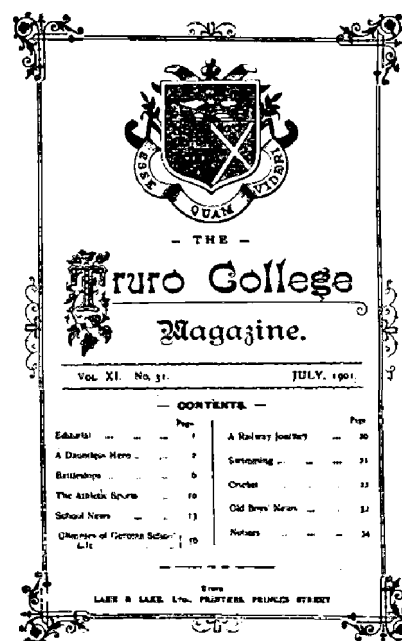


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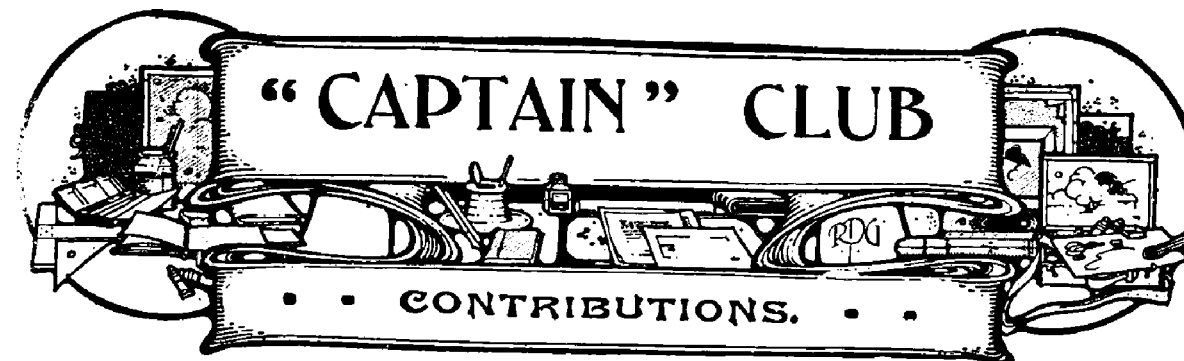
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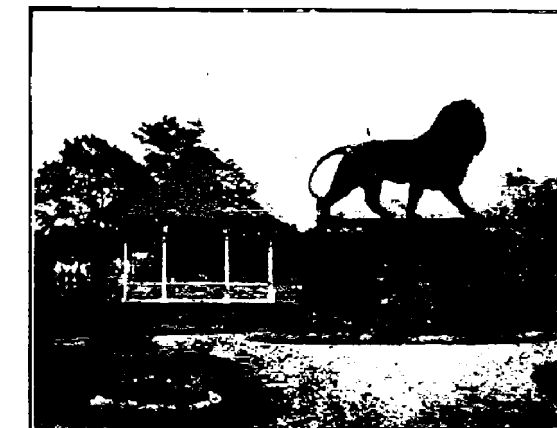
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duty called, were ready to sacrifice their lives to cover the retreat of the fleeing troops. Two hundred and eighty-two of these brave fellows were left dead on the field.

Four years later a memorial fund was raised, and Mr. E. Simonds, the sculptor, was commissioned to erect a statue in the Forbury Gardens, Reading. In the December of 1886, the late Lord Wantage, V.C., then Lord Lieutenant of the County, unveiled the statue. It is a bronze lion, shown as if walking forward, with mane erect, snarling.

It measures from mane to paw 13 feet 4 inches, its chest has a girth of 14 feet, and its forearm is 5 feet round. From this the huge size of the beast may be judged; it is the largest and undoubtedly the most magnificent representation of a lion in the world.

The oblong pedestal on which it stands is of terra-cotta, and rests on a foundation of concrete. Each of the four faces bears an inscription. Front face: "This monument records the names and commemorates the valour and devotion of 11 officers and 317 non-commissioned officers and men of the 66th Berkshire Regiment, who gave their lives for their country at Girisk, Maiwand and Kandahar, and during the Afghan campaign 1879-80. 'History does not afford any grander or finer instance of gallantry and devotion to Queen and country than that displayed by the 66th Regiment at the battle of Maiwand on 27th July, 1880.'—Dispatch of General Primrose."

Rear face: "Erected in 1884 by residents in Berkshire and by comrades and friends of those whose names are here recorded."

On the remaining faces are inscribed the names of the three hundred and twenty-eight men who perished during the campaign.

HARRY LONG.

A Kaffir Necklace.

THE object depicted in the accompanying photograph represents a Kaffir necklace given by a native woman to Private Taylor, of the 10th Hussars, when serving in South Africa. It is composed of black and white beads, not threaded in the ordinary way, but woven together. In the centre there is attached a Transvaal coin, on the obverse of which is the image of ex-President Kruger, and on the reverse its value. The hairy appendage is a tuft of fur from an animal's tail, and acts as a clasp.

W. MOUNTSTEPHEN.



C. B. FRY LEAVING THE WICKET AT EASTBOURNE AFTER HIS INNINGS OF 219 NOT OUT.
Photo by Edgar Baker.

A New Version of the "Death and Burial of Cock Robin."

WHO caused the untimely decease of the lamented Redbreast?

"I," replied the Hedge Accentor; "with my implements for the chase, I have caused the untimely decease of the lamented Redbreast."

Who had the painful solace of witnessing his untimely decease?

"I," responded a lowly member of the Diptera tribe; "with my diminutive optic I had the painful solace of witnessing his untimely decease."

Who performed the honourable duty of arresting the flow of his sanguinary fluid?

"I," made answer a member of the race sometimes allured by the piscatorial art, "with one of my insignificant kitchen utensils, I performed the honourable duty of arresting the flow of his sanguinary fluid."

Who will perform the office of preparing his winding-sheet?

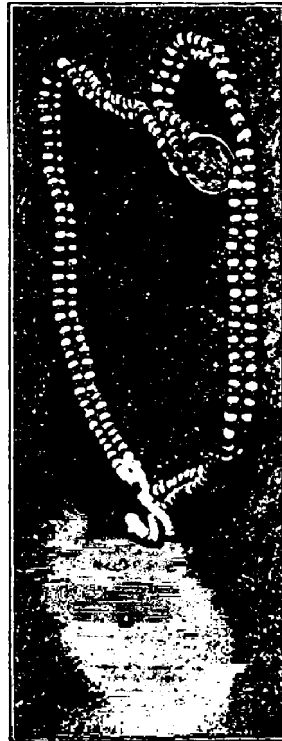
"I," declared a member of the Coleoptera order; "with my lowly instrument of domestic use, I will perform the office of preparing his winding-sheet."

Who will prepare his last resting-place?

"I," retorted the bird of wisdom; "with my agricultural implements, I will prepare his last resting-place."

Who will officiate as chaplain?

"I," asserted a specimen of the order of British Corvidæ; "with the assistance of my small but useful tome, I will officiate as chaplain."



A KAFFIR NECKLACE.

Who will pour forth sweet and ecclesiastical melody?

"I," avowed the Throstle, noted for tunefulness. "as I repose in my verdant habitation, I will pour forth a flood of sweet and ecclesiastical melody."

Who will have the mournful satisfaction of bearing him to his last resting-place?

"I," made reply one of the family of birds of prey; "if it is not at the time when the dark curtain descends, shutting out the glorious light of the solar system, and leaving to us only the pale cold light of the nocturnal luminary and constellations; I will have the mournful satisfaction of bearing him to his last resting-place."

Who will be foremost, in the large crowd assembled, to show respect to the lamented deceased?

"I," murmured in soft accents the bird often connected with the softer emotions; "for my tears are for him, who had my heart's affection; I will be foremost, in the large crowd assembled, to show respect to the lamented deceased."

Who will cause the sad tidings to spread by making to sound in a mournful tone the hollow body of metal?

"I," vociferated, in stentorian tones, a male member of the Bovine tribe; "because to me is given the honour of being able to sound the said body of metal; I will cause the sad tidings to spread."

All the feathered denizens of the upper firmament broke into loud lamentations when the tidings were brought to them of the untimely decease of the lamented Redbreast.

G. STERLING.

Boulogne.

BOULOGNE, which is perhaps one of the most anglicised of French cities, is also one of the most picturesque and interesting. Boulogne is usually, though on somewhat dubious grounds, identified with the Gesoriacum of the Romans. At an early period it began to be known as Bononia, a name which has been gradually modified into the present form. In 882 the town was destroyed by the Normans, but restored about 912. From about that time till 1477 it was the head of a separate countship, which was united to the crown of France by Louis XI. In 1544, Henry VIII. took the town by siege; but it was restored to France in the following year.

It was at Boulogne that Napoleon made his great preparations for the invasion of England;

that was in 1803. Lady Hamilton died here in poverty in 1815; Thomas Campbell in 1843. Dickens was a great admirer of Boulogne. It was on the 18th of August, 1855, that Queen Victoria landed here. This was the first visit of an English sovereign to France since Henri VI. was crowned in Paris in 1422. Boulogne consists of two parts, the High, or Oold Town, and the Lower, or New Town. The former, situated on the top of the hill, is of comparatively small extent, and forms almost a parallelogram surrounded by ramparts of the 15th century, planted with trees. In this part are the Palais de Jus-



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE LIVERPOOL MAY-DAY PROCESSION, TAKEN FROM THE ROOF OF THE ROYAL HOTEL.

By Alfred Owen.

tice, the Cathedral, and the Hotel de Ville, built in 1774. The belfry tower, which is the most antique monument in the place, was built in the 13th century. In the château, now used as barracks, the Emperor Napoleon III. was confined after the famous attempt to effect a landing in 1840. It is a beautiful old construction, and is surrounded by a deep moat. Near by is the cathedral church of Notre Dame, built (1827-1866) on the site of an old building destroyed during the Revolution.

Among the objects of interest in the neighbourhood the most remarkable is the Napoleon Column, or Colonne de la Grande Armée, erected on the high ground above the town in honour of Napoleon on the occasion of his projected invasion of England. Commenced in 1804, the monu-

ment was only completed in 1841. The pillar, which is of the Doric order, is surmounted by a statue of Napoleon by Basio. A strange thing to be noticed is that the statue is turning its back to England. From the dizzy height of this column, which is 166 feet high, the coast of Dover is distinctly visible on a clear day. On the edge of the cliffs to the east of the port are some rude brick remains of an old building called Tour d'Ordre, said to be the ruin of a tower built by Caligula at the time of his intended invasion of England. A fine breakwater, inaugurated by President Carnot, protects the harbour, which is formed by two long piers running out from the mouth of the river. Boulogne boasts a fine casino, a theatre, a hospital, and a museum, connected with which is a public library containing 30,000 volumes. Boulogne has a large English colony, two English chapels, and a sailors' institute. It is altogether a charming little place.

O. FRIEDERICI.

The Birds of Caithness.

THIS very little known part of our island is very rich in bird life. Snipe, grouse, partridge and duck abound, and many other common birds. Here we find the somewhat rare turnstone, also the dunlin, redshank, oyster-catcher, sanderling, little auk, and others. Among the high cliffs and rocky part of the coast there are countless numbers of common and black guillemots, long-tailed duck, eider duck, and solan geese (or



P. F. WARNER, MIDDLESEX.
Photo by A. L. Money.



A. C. MCLAREN AT THE WICKET,
BRIGHTON.

Photo by A. L. Money.

gannets, as they are most commonly called), while a glimpse of the greater black-backed gull may sometimes be obtained. The geese and wild swans are mostly seen in hard weather. Plover, both green and golden, inhabit the meadowland in vast quantities. The cormorant and shag-crested cormorant share the rocky cliffs with the gulls, and on the grassy ledges are numerous herons' nests. Woodcock are scarce except in winter, when they come in from Norway and the moors round. Of course there are other birds, but I think these are the most interesting, and I may add that some of them are not to be found in any other parts of England or Scotland.

F. W. R.



C. B. FRY AND E. KILLICK.
Fry 209, Killick 200, at Brighton, 1901.
Photo by A. L. Money.

"Captain" Club Criticisms.

Thomas Pittaway.—You are an optimist. "Gone is the storm, the snow, the mud." I'm not quite sure. You never know what this climate will do. **Egg Collector.**—Though I have no space for your little essay, I agree with you that egg-collectors should go about the business with humanity and delicacy, not disturbing the nests more than is necessary and only taking eggs they absolutely require for their collections. Only one egg should be taken. It should be borne in mind that a mother-bird cares as much for her eggs as a human mother for her children. How many boys give this a single thought? **R. C. Tharp.**—"Ping-Pong" accepted. **Edwin L. Read.**—Have accepted "Fat Boy." **Exwyzed.**—Although there are some good points in your little essay, "Are THE CAPTAIN Competitions Worth Trying For?" I think you harp too much on the money side of the question. It is always worth your while to enter for a competition. Why?

Because a competition is a pleasant recreation; because you are measuring your strength with those of your own age; because you are sharpening your wits on a useful grindstone; because you are deliberately giving your ingenuity, knowledge, patience, and pluck a thorough trial. These are only a few reasons. I am glad you say that we cater for every class of reader. We try to. During THE CAPTAIN'S existence we have set over 250 competitions, and this has been a considerable tax on our powers of invention, as you may imagine. Each "Hidden Book," for instance, has to be thought out, and this work is divided between the artist and the editor, who have done some tough cogitating, be assured. But the enthusiasm, goodwill, and thorough friendliness of our readers amply reward us for all the trouble. **A. Mann.**—Have just accepted a rather better poem on Ping-Pong than yours. Your best verse is:—
 When you've smashed a dozen rackets and a score of ornaments,
 And the surface of your table is a mass of little dents,
 Then you get enthusiastic, and you play in tournaments,
 And you say, "O, what a charming game is Ping-Pong!"

R. V. Southwell.—"The Golf Ball" contains a certain amount of merit, but is not quite satisfactory. Shall be glad to see more of your work. I am looking out for short, humorous poems, let me tell you. **C. Francis.**—Hope to be able to use essay on "Marcus Brutus." **Winifred D. Ereaut.** Autograph Collecting is accepted. In future be careful to number your pages. **How to Make a Ping-Pong Table.**—Sorry cannot find space for this. The author did not attach his name, by the way. **E. Day.**—Your essay on "Gibraltar" does not contain quite enough information. **Young-feller-my-lad.**—To be blunt, there's too much cackle and not enough 'osses in the essay you submit. Hoping you'll take this in good part, yours truly, *Old-feller-my-lad.*
Contributions have also been received from:—Golconda (accepted), J. H. Walker, W. H. Thomson, G. T. Atkinson, F. R. Ducé, "I. K. E.," Beetle, E. S. Rigg, Albert G. Scott (accepted), "Viator," M. E. Pratt, and others whose names will appear next month.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —,
 Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—
 Competition No. —, Class —, "THE CAPTAIN,"
 12, Bursleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by June 12th.

The Results will be published in August.

No. 1.—"Hidden Books" (FIFTH SERIES).—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe the title of a well-known book. Write the title of each book under each picture, fill in your name and address, tear the page out, and post to us. There will be three prizes, viz., first, £1; second, 10s.; third, 5s.; and twenty consolation prizes consisting of books by CAPTAIN authors. In the event of a number of competitors sending correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. No age limit.

No. 2.—"Eleven Best All-round Cricketers."
 —Send, on a post-card, a list consisting of what

you consider to be the eleven best *all-round* cricketers in this country. **THREE PRIZES** of 7s.

Class I.	...	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Twenty.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—"Drawing of a Head."—Draw, *from life*, the head of a man, woman, boy, girl, cat, dog, horse, cow, or any living person or animal. The drawing may be executed in pen, pencil, water-colours, or oils. The prizes will be goods (to be chosen by winners) from our advertisement pages to the value of 7s.

Class I.	...	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Twenty.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"For Competitors Who Have Never Won a Prize."—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, on "The Sort of Competition I Like Best, and Why." Nobody who has ever won a prize or consolation prize may enter for this competition. **THREE SWAN FOUNTAIN PENS** will be the prizes.

Class I.	...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—"Photographs of Games."—**THREE PRIZES** of 7s. will be given for the three best photos. Any sort of game. I may add that we like humorous as well as serious photos.

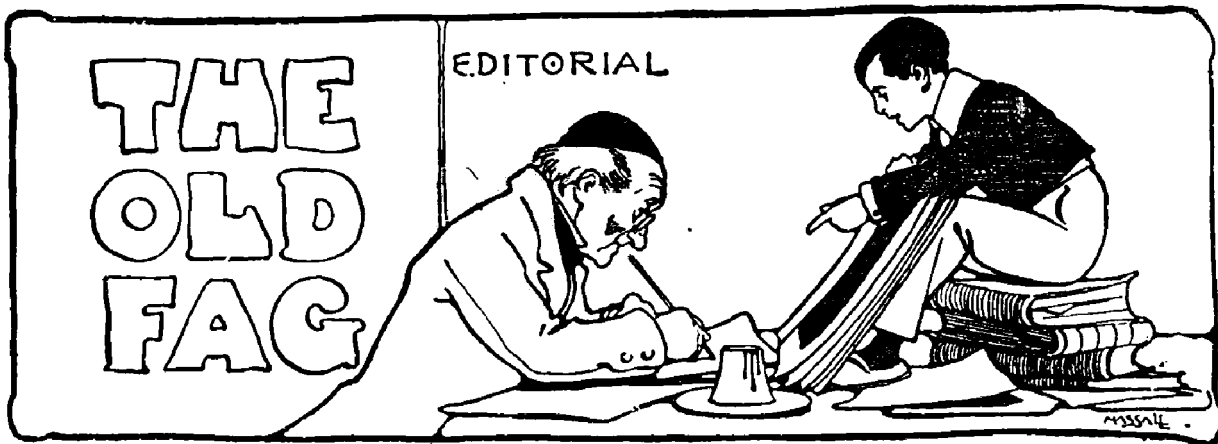
Class I.	...	Age limit: Twenty-three.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 6.—"John Gilpin was a Motorist."—Write a poem, in the style of "John Gilpin," not exceeding twenty verses of four lines each, describing the adventures of John Gilpin mounted on a runaway motor-car instead of a horse. Prize: 10s. 6d.

One Age limit: Twenty-five.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

It is, nowadays, one thing to have an office, and another thing to get to it in any sort of comfort. My way to Burleigh Street lies along the Strand—the Fleet Street end of the Strand—and it is upon this unfortunate thoroughfare that the housebreaker and the Irish navvy have descended with truculent energy. By “housebreaker” I do not mean the person *you* are thinking of—I refer to a person who ruthlessly pulls down old and picturesque dwellings to make room for brand-new public-houses, theatres, shops, and other severely modern and unpoetical establishments. The upper end of the Strand, on the Law Courts side, has practically been delivered over to the housebreaker. A stranger might think that an earthquake had occurred in this locality, so thoroughly has the housebreaker broken up the houses thereabouts. He is at it day and night; he is at it in the fair May sunshine, and he is at it when the rest of London is asleep. It is a wild, weird scene; I wonder some artist does not perpetuate its memory on canvas. The fierce gas-flares; the ragged walls—centuries old, some of them; the strange pits and mounds; the burly, coatless labourers stolidly demolishing the homes of our great-great-grandfathers; the gaudy advertisements standing out in bold relief on the lofty hoardings; the little knots of seedy loungers watching the busy workers at their midnight toil—all this makes a picture worthy of a master-painter’s brush!

If these old walls could talk, what stories they could tell us! Stories of ever so long ago. Some of these houses that are being swept away must have existed in Shakespeare’s day—those who lived in them then probably witnessed the productions of his plays at the Globe Theatre of that epoch. And now they are crumbling under the housebreaker’s hammer. Look your last on them—on the Old Homes of Old London, for we are cutting a fine new street right through the very heart of them.



I AM CONFRONTED WITH THE
LEGEND “NO ROAD,” WHERE FOR-
MERLY THERE WAS A VERY NICE OPEN
ROAD.

And that brings me back to the point where I started—to the office. It is this new road to Holborn—King Edward VII. Street—which causes my quiet amble of yore to take a zigzag course which is perfectly bewildering. I am confronted with the legend “NO ROAD” where formerly there was a very nice open road. Then I have to go back and try another way. Not long ago I could walk down Newcastle Street into the Strand, and think out new competitions while I was doing so. Now the two thoroughfares are joined by a light foot-bridge, and while I am making the crossing I daren’t think of competitions, or, indeed, of anything save my own personal security. Walking to the office was once a pleasure, but now it is an athletic performance, for you have to keep a sharp look out for cabs and buses, keep your wits about you, and dash from one side of the road to the other at a speed which doesn’t agree with people whose joints are getting a little stiff. (At the same time I’m quite willing to jump

any old man of my own age for a new hat. Signed, O. F.) If you are fat you get squashed sadly in the two-foot allowance of side-walk which they give you, and if you are thin people think they can easily squeeze past you, with the result that you emerge from the two-foot way looking like a pressed dandelion. You feel inclined to go to Salisbury Plain after that, so as to take a long walk with plenty of room on each side of you.



IF YOU ARE FAT YOU GET SQUASHED SADLY IN THE TWO-FOOT ALLOWANCE OF SIDE-WALK.

After being stopped for the third time by a scaffold-pole laid across two trestles, I asked a policeman how I could get to Burleigh Street. "You see that man sitting on the path eating bread and cheese?" he asked. "Yes," I said. "Well," said the policeman, "you don't go that way." "What's the good of mentioning him, then?" I demanded. The policeman looked annoyed. "If you don't keep a civil tongue in your 'ead, old feller," he

remarked, "you'll be taken where you won't like." "If that's on the way to THE CAPTAIN office," I rejoined, "it'll be where I will like." "Move on!" said the policeman, testily, and as he seemed to scale about eight stone heavier than myself I thought I'd better take his advice.

So I got into a cab. "Burleigh Street," I observed to the cabman. "That'll be half-a-crown," replied the cabman, "becos I has to go out of my way so much." "I'll make it three shillings if you'll hurry," I replied. He whipped up, but two minutes later drew in his horse with a jag that threw it on to its haunches. "All right, guv'nor," cried the cabby, "don't be afraid. 'E's used to this game. Whoa-p, my pretty!" And he somehow got his pretty away from the scaffold-pole just as his pretty was evincing a strong desire to jump it. Evidently an old hunter, that cab-horse.

Well, we eventually arrived at the office, after many adventures, and in the full-

ness of my heart I gave the cabman three-and-sixpence. On reflection, it occurred to me that if I took a cab to the office every day it would run into money. However, I dismissed these unpleasant reflections. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. But—and I think there is something in this—any reader who happens to meet M. Santos-Dumont might tell him that the sooner he invents a balloon that can be steered properly, the sooner the Editor of THE CAPTAIN will be able to enjoy an air-ride from his home to the office-window. It would save him a lot of cab-fares and altercations with policemen, when you come to think of it. What a boon a Twopenny Balloon would be!

CORONATION NUMBER.—Our next issue, which will be published on the 21st of June, will contain a large amount of material, got up in THE CAPTAIN'S own special way, having a bearing on the great event of this year. Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes will write on "The Boyhood of King Edward"; a number of CAPTAIN artists will contribute pictures entitled "What I Hope to See and Do at the Coronation"; the frontispiece will be a drawing by Mr. E. F. Skinner, depicting "The Seven Edwards"; and there will be other items of Coronation interest. These will not, however, take up so much space as to prevent the usual features from appearing. THE CAPTAIN will be as usual, *plus* the Coronation. And now let's go and book seats.

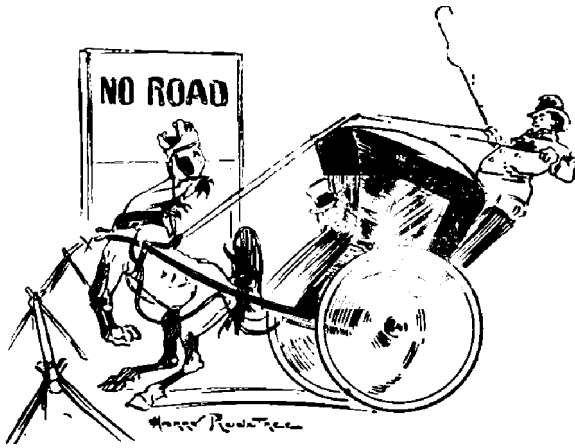
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Monaro sends me an interesting letter from her home in New South Wales. She lives on a sheep station, 350 miles from Sydney and 37 miles from the nearest railway line. "The burden of being a Commonwealth is almost too much for us at present," she says; "it only represents taxes and Members of Parliament at £270 a year, but we have a grand Governor-General, who is a tremendous favourite." My correspondent goes on to tell me that she gets dreadfully bored sometimes out there in the bush, and so to while away the time she "gards hard—digs, plants, waters, weeds," and sometimes wheels the fresh earth into the garden. In addition, she and her sister ride and drive



"IF YOU DON'T KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE IN YOUR 'EAD YOU'LL BE TAKEN WHERE YOU WON'T LIKE."

a great deal, as they both love horses. I think a good many English girls will sympathise with the rather lonely lot of Australian girls like these, who live so far away from shops and libraries, and other things that delight the feminine heart. I shall be



"ALL RIGHT, GOV'NOR, DON'T BE AFRAID. 'E'S USED TO THIS GAME."

most pleased to read the little essay on Australian girls which my correspondent proposes to send me.

Timber Toes.—You will find reading a great consolation, and the knowledge you will acquire thus may prove, in a degree, compensatory. I am very sorry to hear of your misfortune, but glad to notice the brave heart that shows itself in what you write. As to books—have you read Nathaniel Hawthorne? "The House with the Seven Gables," by this author, is one of my great favourites. And have you read Oliver Wendell Holmes's essays? There is a lot of thought as well as fun in them. His novels, too, are well worth reading. Like the "Seven Gables," they have an old-world charm which I find very fascinating. Try these books, and when you are through with them write to me again. Meanwhile, I will think out a list for you.

Royal Marine.—(1) On first joining the Royal Marine Light Infantry, you are second lieutenant. (2) No, you cannot live on your pay. (3) You cannot join the Marines straight away, as you seem to think. You must go to Sandhurst for a year, divided into two terms. If your father is only a private gentleman he will have to pay £150, exclusive of uniform and books, but, if you are a King's Cadet, he will not have to pay anything. (4) The competition is very keen. (5) Obtain from Foster, Groom and Co., of Charing Cross, S.W., or Gale and Polden, of Aldershot, a copy, price 1s., of the papers set for the competitive examination for entrance to the Royal Military College, Aldershot.

Jacobites.—Thank you for your very nice letter. I read of the ghost, the cave, the pipers, the

otters, the dogs, the witch, and the ruins with great interest, and I am very much obliged to little Madeleine for the violets. I am afraid I shall not be able to accept your invitation to visit you in August, as I am going to another place. I am sure it must be delightful at your home among the Scottish mountains. Although I cannot come, however, I shall not forget how kindly you asked me.

Our School Army.—"A Pauline," commenting on Mr. A. E. Johnson's statement to the effect that every school corps of real importance was present at the fight on the Fox Hills, says:—"It is one of the greatest disappointments of the St. Paul's School cadets that they are not allowed to attend, the reason being that the school authorities do not allow the necessary day off for it. St. Paul's has every right to rank itself among those corps that are of real importance, having two companies, 150 in all; and is, besides, one of the senior corps in the annual camp at Aldershot in August."

Baby.—Woman has the quicker instinct, man the stronger brain. Looking at the question from all points of view, I should certainly say the average boy is the intellectual superior of the average girl, because, for one reason, the male intellect has for many generations been developed more than the female. When girls give their minds to it, they can often prove themselves the superior of boys, but then girls do not as a rule receive so complete an education as boys.

McD.—Send a stamped envelope and repeat your question *re* Matric. The general run of readers would not be interested in the list. Perhaps it would serve you as well if you contented yourself with studying music, English subjects, etc., unless, of course, you are going to be a governess. Tell your brother to remember Mr. Fry's hints on "moderation" in exercise.

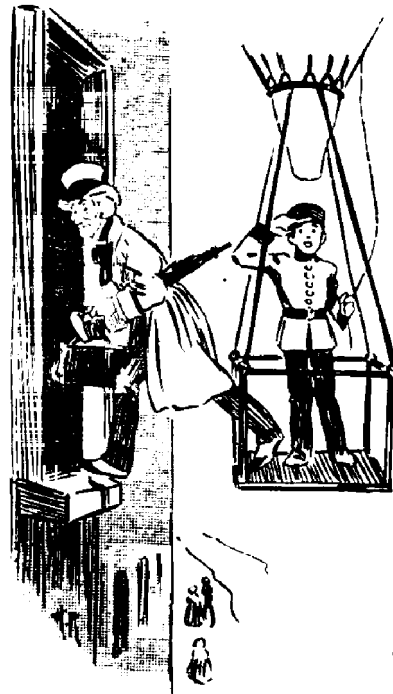
Rustum.—I am afraid I cannot arrange for Mr. J. O. Jones to be your tutor, even at £365 a year, as he is at present engaged in work which he cannot leave, as you will see when you reach the end of the story. But I am very pleased to hear that you like him so much. If you are not satisfied with your school, you should tell your father. I read your letter with much interest.

H.H.S.—*The Cricketameter* is a bright little production, but you ought to have put the scores in. You can only discover what your literary capacities are by going in for competitions, contributing to C.C. pages, etc. If you are any good, your work will soon attract notice.

Hugh Leslie Dobrée sends me the following, which he has compiled: *Winners of Captain Competitions*, Volume VI., October, 1901, to March, 1902:—England, 148; Scotland, 23; Wales, 7; Ireland, 6; Channel Isles, 3; Total, 187.

R.G.F.—(1) We cannot make an exception in your case by omitting your name and address. (2) "Tales of Eliza's" will be published in book form in due course. "Smith's House" has not yet appeared as a book.

One to Three.—You can obtain the Navy List, price 1s., from any good bookseller. **John W. Penberthy.**—We send badges to all parts of the world.



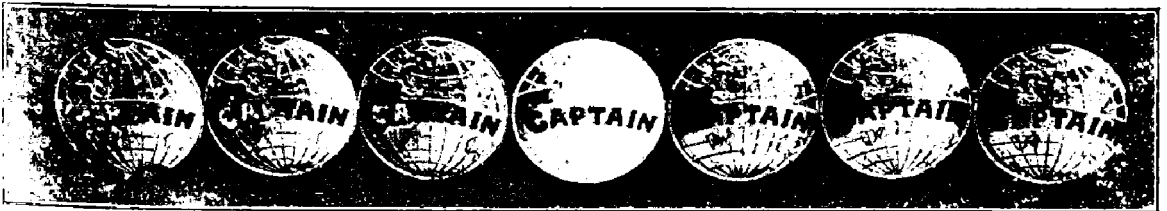
WHAT A BOON A TWOPENNY BALLOON WOULD BE!

The Hoverian (HOVE HIGH SCHOOL).—This little magazine, which arrived after our other reviews were written, is a business-like and brainy production. Mr. J. E. MacManus, the well-known journalist and song writer, and father of the sub-editor of the magazine, contributes a most humorous article, in which he strives to prove that the missing link between a man and a monkey—the link that Darwin missed, in fact—is a boy. He also says that Darwin, though an observant and intelligent man, did not look in the right place. He went pottering about amongst geological formations and fossilised bones, when he ought to have gone straight to a boys' school. We observe that the sub-editor, after his exhausting labours in connection with the magazine, threw down his pen and forgot his griefs in the dissipation of ping-pong, which he calls "the game of the British nation." In spite of this eulogy, I fancy that a few people will still go up to that nice little ground at Hove to see Ranji snick 'em through the slips, and our Mr. C. B. F. open his shoulders to the Australian fast bowler.

N. Wells and "Oof."—Send your coins to W. S. Lincoln and Son, 69, New Oxford-street, London, W. Enclose sufficient stamps for their return by registered post in case they have to be sent back to you. **F. G. Skinner.**—"The Queen of the Jesters" and "The Footsteps of a Throne" can be obtained from any bookseller, price 6s. each. **F. C. Cooper.**—We do not value coins. See reply to N. Wells. **E. C. Crowther.**—I don't think there is such a book as you mention published now. All you want in the way of stage plays, etc., you can obtain from Samuel French, Ltd., 89, Strand, London, W.C. **A Reader** (S.W.).—Full particulars and a free syllabus re examinations for a qualified chemist can be had of R. Bremridge, Esq., Secretary, Pharmaceutical Society, 17, Bloomsbury-square, W.C. **R. G. T. Gillman.**—"Pigeon-Keeping for Amateurs," by J. C. Lyell, price 1s. 2d., post free, from L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C. **"Careless."**—You can stick those papers together again with "Secotine." Buy a tube from your stationer. **J. W. Nicholls.**—All you have to do is to buy THE CAPTAIN regularly. **G. A. Kendrick.**—Clubbed. Get "The Ilford Manual of Photography," price 1s. **Chief Officer** (COLOMBO).—I hope to print your letter on "A Boy's Life at Sea." **C. M. Perkins** (TASMANIA).—I'll remember your grievance, C. M. P. **Adda Jones.**—And yours, Adda. How old am I? Some people think I

am 101, and some 102, but I am not really as old as that, although I certainly am pretty aged. Will remember about comps. **Wm. C. Murphy** (WINDSOR, ONTARIO).—I regret that I cannot put readers in communication with one another. **F. R. Hartley.**—I have the matter of Club notepaper under consideration. **Lindsay Boyle.**—(1) Yes; send stamps to cover return postage. (2) Your writing is satisfactory and quite readable. **W. N. Kenwick.**—Clubbed. **Harold B.**—I think that for the present you had better regard yourself as the family member of the Club, but you must send your full name and address. **E. Day.**—I am very pleased to hear from you, Miss Ethel. **Basil O. Parks.**—We have already dealt with Jamaica in one or two small contributions. No space for a long article. **Cally.**—Clubbed. You'll get fatter in time. A good many young fellows like you are "all bone and sinew." By all means get a "Developer." **P. Wilcock.**—Keep a dog. **G. Baines.**—Your writing is not disgraceful. **H. Crosley.**—There is room for improvement in yours. **Curiosity.**—A letter addressed to Mr. Henty, care of the publishers of his books (see foot of title-pages), will be forwarded to him. **C. C. M.**—The book you mention is published by the Religious Tract Society, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C. You can get a list of T. B. Reed's works at the same place. I do not think Mr. Gooch is back yet. **Blackbird.**—The qualification is that you must take in THE CAPTAIN regularly. That's all. **D. C. Trevor.**—You argue well, but I must still decline to advise anybody to go on the stage. The average successful actor will express a very similar opinion. Ask one. **Longshanks.**—Clubbed. Hope that elbow is all right by now. **Nuisance.**—Not at all. You are a good worker, and, I am sure, an excellent fellow. Trust you will pull off that scholarship. **A. Marc.**—(1) Live with a French family. (2) See answer to "Blackbird." **Official Representatives** Appointed: John W. Bonsor (Croydon); G. H. R. Laird (Glasgow Academy); Geoffrey Blackmore (Sanderstead); Frieda Kipping (Nottingham); H. Davenport Rice (St. Leonards-on-Sea). **Letters, etc.,** have also been received from Isabel Jones, Harold Scholfield, Jack S. Potts, F. Kipping (Clubbed), "Captain Clubite," "England for Ever!" "Jay" (Clubbed) and others whose communications will be acknowledged next month.

THE OLD FAG.



"CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

Roma file purchasers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB. See previous numbers for further particulars. Readers are informed that "The Captain" badge may now be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying, please state which kind you require, and address all letters to: Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burileigh Street, Strand, London. The Badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.

Results of April Competitions.

No. I.—“Hidden Books” (THIRD SERIES).

WINNER OF £1: LEONARD M. ANDREWS, 79, Aberdeen-road, Highbury, N.

WINNER OF 10s.: FRED PRICE, 24, Cumberland-street, Canton, Cardiff.

FIVE SHILLINGS DIVIDED BETWEEN: Horace Rogers, 15, Brookley-grove, Brookley, S.E.; and G. Osborne, 9, Hayercroft, Brixton Hill, S.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Nora Perkins, 26, Canfield-gardens, Finchley-road, N.W.; Edward Beale, 136, Erlanger-road, New Cross, S.E.; Walter E. Plummer, Pevenhill, Eastbourne; John V. Haswell, 11, Grange-terrace, Sunderland; Alex. C. Adams, 19, De Burg Hill, Dover; Dorothy Binner, 18, Broomgrove-road, Sheffield; A. B. Newcomen, Sunny Bank, Coleford, Glos.; Laurence Douglas Wood, 16, Quernmore-road, Stroud Green, N.; Hope Portrey, 29, St. Nicholas-road, Barry, Glam.; Gladys Morris, Ivy Cottage, near Abergwili, Carmarthen; R. A. H. Goodyear, Tune-street, Barnsley, Yorks.; C. Prosser, 7, Tallis-street, Cwmpark, Rhondda Valley, S. Wales; Wm. A. Whitehead, Fir Bank, Fulwood, Preston, Lanca.; C. M. Anderson, Stenries, Oaken, near Wolverhampton; Mrs. E. B. Watson, Maison Haute, St. Aubin, Jersey, C.I.; Arthur Bottjer, 143, Jamaica-street, Stepney, E.; Gertrude Willett, The Cedars, Chislehurst, Kent; Arthur Newton Rookaby, Castlegate, Grantham; H. G. Daniell, Horton School, Ickwell Bury, Biggleswade, Beds.; the Rev. A. R. Bulkeley, Ardingly College, Bayward's Heath, Sussex.

No. II.—“Telegram.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SANDW DEVELOPER: Ernest Shott, 22, Crowdale-road, Camden Town, N.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: J. Baines, 7, River Bank, Putney, S.W.; and H. E. Tetlow, 552, Chamber-road, Hollinhead, near Oldham, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alex. M. Laing, L. D. Saunders, Maurice P. French, R. Harold Royle, A. Terry Davis, John R. Turnbull.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SANDW DEVELOPER: S. J. Gilbert, 8, St. Mary's-road, Bearwood, Birmingham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Joseph Carley, 63, Forbes-street, West Gorton, Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. J. Snelson, W. L. Taylor, J. H. Jenner, A. P. Chalkley, David Pryde, J. Gill, L. E. V. Tiffen, Gifford B. Hindmarrs.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF SANDW DEVELOPER: W. Terr, Bardo, Hailsham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Douglas Hounam, H. Hinson, E. Hubbard, Alfred Edenborough, L. Hubbard, Reginald Chapman, Ethel Chapman.

No. III.—“If I were King.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 7s.: John B. Edgar, Ashton, Lockerbie, N.B.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: James J. Novin, 23, Suffolk-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Maud M. Lyne, 2, St. John's Villas, Cheltenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dora Wolferstan, R. A. H. Goodyear, Gertrude Sterling, Wilfred White, William Bullough, Winifred Lynch, Roy Carmichael, Harry Payne.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Lionel D. Saunders, Albion Cottages, Heavitree, Exeter.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Thomas Martin, 150, Stapleton Hall-road, Stroud Green, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. G. Richardson, Dorothy Owen, Bridget E. Talbot, Nellie Kennedy, Hugh F. Walker, Gladys M. Brandreth, Harry Mullett, G. T. Atkinson, George Birrell, William Cameron.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the “Captain,” “Strand,” “Sunday Strand,” “Wide World,” or one of the books by “Captain” authors advertised in this number.

COMMENTS ON THE APRIL COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—The correct list of books will be found on an advertisement page. As usual, there were a great many entries, and four competitors got the list quite right, so, of course, neatness was taken into consideration. Picture No. 4 appears to have been the most difficult to guess. “The Newcomes,” “The Scalp Hunters,” “Through Thick and Thin,” “The Lost Hair,” and “Peg the Rake” being among the suggested solutions.

No. II.—The three prize telegrams, in which the words had to begin with the letters in “CAPTAIN COMETS,” are as follows:—

Class I.—Clever Allround Play. The Australian Innings Now Concluded. Our Men Proved Superior.

Class II.—Collapse Australiana. Passed Total Afternoon. Injury Noble. Colonials On Monday Played Substitute.

Class III.—Congratulate All Persons That Australia Is Now Collapsed. Our Men Played Splendidly.

No. III.—A large number of our readers seem to have very

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Thomas E. Long, 1, Clarence Villas, Peterborough-road, Wakefield.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: A. Grigsby, Ingleside, Bulmershe-road, Reading.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Marguerite Schindhelm, Joseph Carley, R. Bruce Beveridge, Frida Phillips, Ethel Chapman, P. R. Laird.

No. IV.—“Twelve Most Popular Outdoor Pastimes.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF TABLE TENNIS SET: R. A. H. Goodyear, Tune-street, Barnsley.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Magdalene Toole, 84, Shield-road, Liverpool; and Stella Brown, Mansfield, Mus-selburgh, Scotland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. White, W. Turton, Percy Bennett, H. F. Rowe, Alice K. Tancock, George Motterhead, Frank A. Garratt, Ethel Salkeld, Nellie Kennedy, W. H. Peach, Emily J. Wood, Dora Wolferstan.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF TABLE TENNIS SET: Enid Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: C. B. Tidboald, Oakvill, Hartley, Plymouth; and W. E. Plummer, Pevenhill, Eastbourne.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. E. Gullaher, Ernest B. Holmes, W. Wylie Stuart, C. Wolferstan, Lionel D. Saunders, A. G. Pearson, G. E. Petch, Geoffrey L. Austin, C. W. O. Scantlebury, F. Neale, Harry Mullett, Thomas Martin.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF TABLE TENNIS SET: A. R. Burnett, 62, Sterndale-road, West Kensington Park, W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: J. S. Tombs, The Grammar School, Haverfordwest; and P. R. Sergeant, West-ridge, Apsley Guise, Beds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. M. MacGregor, G. W. Plummer, F. H. Johnson, M. Shearman, Maud M. Russell Smith, M. Falcon, Dorothy Hall, Alexander Gellatly, H. B. Wrey, Edmund Leighton, Marcel Martin, Tom Mitchell, H. L. Smith, D. Maxwell Ross, Hilda Schaffer, Ida H. Russell Smith.

No. V.—“Stamp Competition.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF STAMP ALBUM: T. R. Davis, 6, Thurlby-road, Norwood, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (a set of the original stamps cut up for the competition) have been awarded to: H. C. Waterhouse, Gordon Villa, Maybank-road, South Woodford; R. H. Royle, Third Avenue, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham; E. W. Floyd, Brent Knoll, Mayow-road, Forest Hill, S.E.; H. S. Spain, Red Rectory, Wragby; G. A. Callister, 5, Gladstone-avenue, Wood Green, N.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF STAMP ALBUM: G. F. Sandon, Jesmond, Sundridge-avenue, Bromley, Kent.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (as above) have been awarded to: J. G. Horner, The Marsh, Rainow, near Macclesfield; M. Falcon, Sapworth, Warwickshire; K. C. Marrian, 5, Prince's Parade, Muswell Hill, N.; P. Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.; D. C. Bennett, 49, St. Andrew's-road, Southsea.

No. VI.—“Parody.”

WINNER OF 7s. 6d.: J. E. BAINES, Summerfield, Morley, near Leeds.

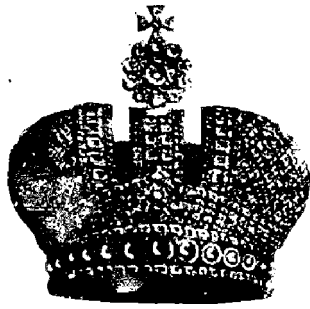
CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Jack Loutet, Brankham Villa, Dalkeith-road, Dundee; William Kentish, Hampton House, Church-road, Moseley; Edwin H. Rhodes, Woore, near Newcastle, Staffs.; C. V. Thompson, Ashleigh Cottage, Johnstown, Llanemore, Mullingar.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. C. Early, Pierce R. Butler, Mollie Siddons, Mabel A. Thorman, Dudley Bateman, John S. Cox, D. C. Langley, R. C. Tharp, E. Deadman.

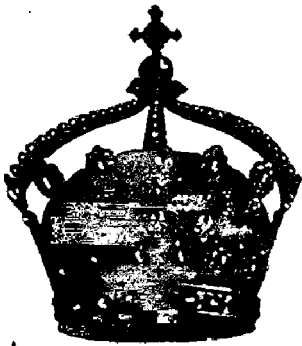
definite ideas as to what they would do if the cares of sovereignty were thrust upon them, though most of them seem to agree that they would prefer to avoid the honour. Many of the essays were exceedingly good, and Class I. maintained the usual high standard.

No. IV.—The list, according to the majority of votes, is as follows:—1. Cricket. 2. Football. 3. Tennis. 4. Cycling. 5. Hockey. 6. Boating. 7. Golf. 8. Fishing. 9. Swimming. 10. Skating. 11. Shooting. 12. Riding. This proved a most popular competition, especially with Class III., in which over twenty sent the correct list. Photography, which was included in many lists, can hardly be considered a sport.

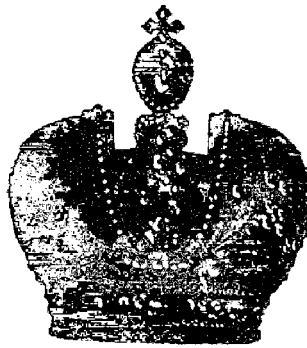
No. VI.—Quite a large number of good parodies were sent in. The winner's parody of “Excelsior” was clever and amusing, and the gentleman who advocated the purchase of THE CHURCH to the tune of “The Absent-Minded Beggar” showed considerable skill.



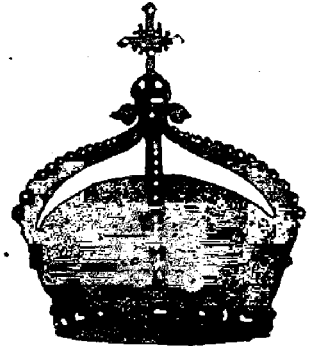
CZARINA OF RUSSIA'S
CROWN.



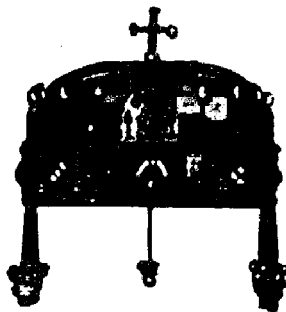
CROWN OF THE EMPRESS
OF GERMANY.



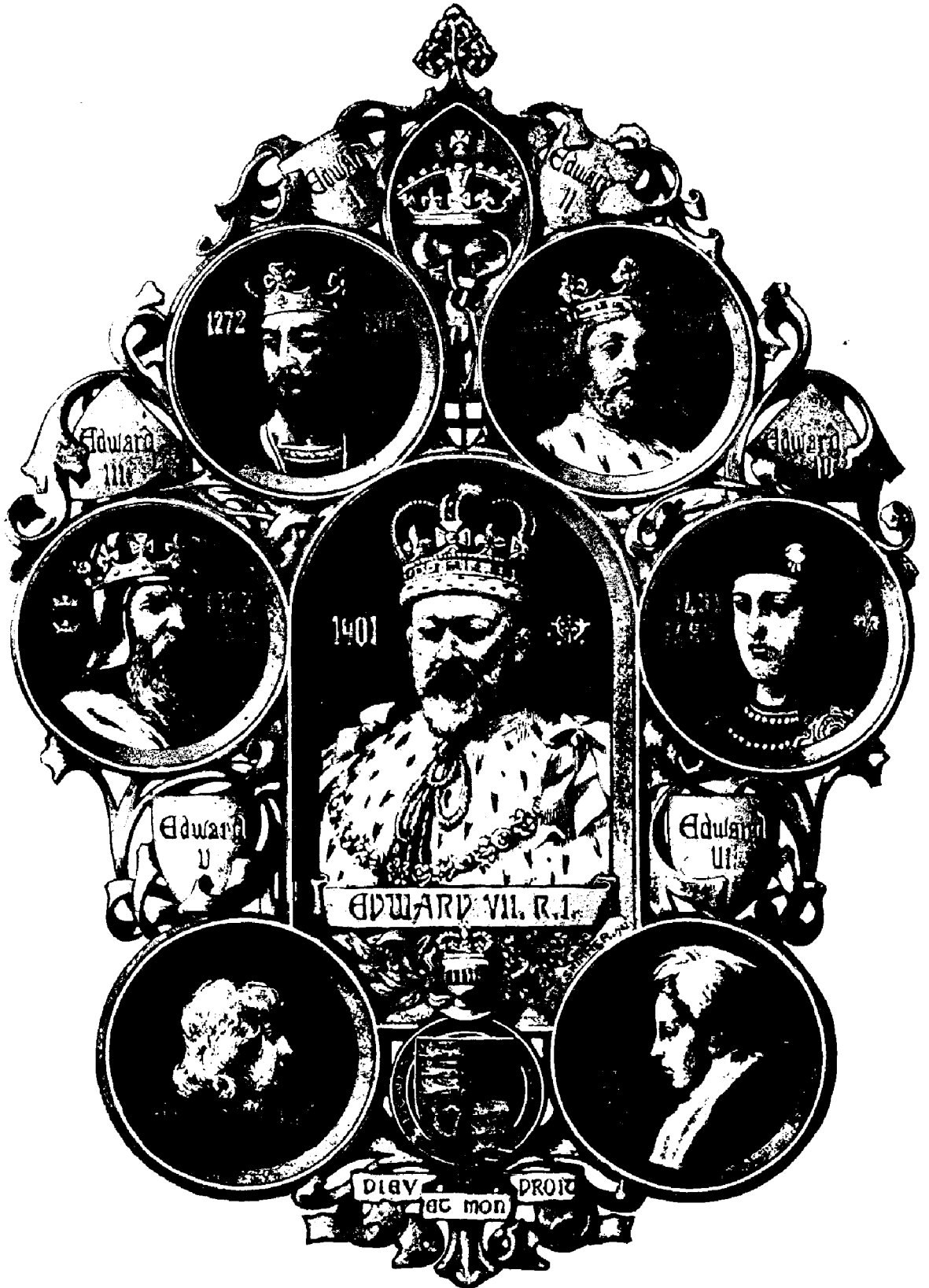
CZAR OF RUSSIA'S
CROWN.



CORONET OF THE PRINCE
IMPERIAL OF GERMANY.



THE HUNGARIAN
CROWN.



The Seven King Edwards.

From a painting executed specially for THE CAPTAIN by E. F. Skinner.

The Boyhood of King Edward VII

By Mary Belloc-Lowndes.

ILLUSTRATED FROM
PAINTINGS & ENGRAVINGS

NOWADAYS Princes, even those whose lot it may be to become the Sovereigns of great peoples, are brought up very much as are non-Royal lads. The Navy has become, not only in the case of Great Britain, but in many Continental countries, the training ground of heirs-apparent, and it would be hard to improve on a life which makes boys, whatever their rank, hardy, resourceful, and early acquainted with the great world beyond their home seas.

Edward VII. (and probably to this day he regrets that this was the case) had, as a boy, to contend with the old order of things. Not for him were the joys of public school life, or the free, happy existence led by the youthful Royal middies on a man-o'-war deck. Almost from the hour of his birth much thought and trouble were spent both by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and also by their responsible advisers, on the great question of the future Sovereign's education; indeed, he was only four months old when Baron Stockmar was asked by the Queen to draw up a long memorandum on what his education was to be. One very sensible suggestion of his was actually carried out, namely, that an English lady of rank should be appointed to supervise the Royal nurseries. The choice fell on Lady Lyttelton, who retained this privileged position till our Sovereign was ten years old.

The King's early childhood seems to have been uneventful. He was not allowed to appear much in public, and, unlike what has been done with Prince Edward of Wales, no steps were taken to train him for the more ceremonial side of his life; on the contrary, the Prince, his brothers, and sisters led a most retired existence. Very little was known of them by the outside world, and even to this day few are aware that at the age



H. R. H. ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES,
DRESSED IN THE GARB OF THE PUBLIC
SCHOOL BOY IN 1854.

From the engraving by J. B. Hunt.

of eight his Majesty had a very bad fall from an iron-barred gate which it was feared at the time would disfigure him for life. Not even the most intimate friends of the Royal family were allowed to bestow costly toys on the occupants of Queen Victoria's nurseries. The Royal children were taught to take their pleasure in natural and simple ways. The Princes' great delight was in outdoor amusements, and when at Osborne they went in very actively for gardening, and the miniature tool-house, where they kept their little spades, and rakes, and wheel-barrows, has been carefully preserved. When at Windsor and in London the Prince of Wales was allowed to enjoy the pleasures usual to the other young people of that day; thus, Tom Thumb was received by the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and much amused the Princes and Princesses by his quaint ways. They also sometimes went to the circus, and even to the theatre.

In one matter the future King was more fortunate than many of his contemporaries—he often accompanied his parents on pleasant journeys to Ireland, to Scotland, and even to



KING EDWARD VII.
EQUIPPED IN HIS FIRST
BOY'S SUIT AS AN OR-
DINARY SAILOR.

the Continent. He was only five years old when he paid his first visit to Cornwall. A year later saw the Royal family in Scotland, and this was significant owing to the fact that the Prince of Wales has among his titles that of Duke of Rothsay. When he was seven he came across the future Archbishop Benson, who thus described him:—

“The Prince of Wales is a fair little lad, rather of slender make, with a good head and a remarkably quiet and thinking face, above his years and intelligence I should think.” The Prince early became devoted to Scotland, Bal-

moral being an ideal home, and while there he had the joy of being constantly out with his father on the moors.

The Prince of Wales had scarcely attained what is known as the age of reason, that is, his seventh year, when the greatest public anxiety began to be manifested as to how his actual education was to be carried on, and the general feeling was voiced in an anonymous pamphlet entitled, “Who should educate the Prince of Wales?” After much discussion and much consultation, it was finally decided that the little Prince should be handed over to the tender mercies of the rather ominously-named tutor, Mr. Henry Birch, an ex-Etonian, who had been Captain of his famous school, and who had taken high honours at Cambridge. Mr. Birch proved the greatest success, his Royal pupil became warmly attached to him, and to the end of his life remained on the most affectionate terms with his old dominie. Of course, to Mr. Birch was left the task of grounding the future King in all the rudiments of ordinary knowledge, but the

graces of life were not neglected, and before he was ten years old Edward VII. had received lessons in elocution from the famous actor, Mr. George Bartley, but not till many years later did he make, even in the smallest sense of the word, a public speech.

The first official appearance of the King among his future subjects took place when he was eight years old, when the then Prince of Wales represented the Queen at the opening of the Coal Exchange. The Prince and the Princess Royal, accompanied by their father, proceeded to the City in State, the Royal barge conveying them from Westminster. In order to amuse them, many very quaint and interesting city customs were revived, and the two Royal children were specially delighted with the swan barge.

So fled away the King's early childhood. He was thoroughly well grounded in all the “ologies,” and the outbreak of the Crimean War enabled him to see some history in the making, for on the occasion of his first appearance in the House of Lords the Addresses of the two Houses, in answer to the Queen's message concerning the outbreak of the war, were solemnly presented. During many months the whole kingdom was absorbed in



KING EDWARD VII. IN 1846.



KING EDWARD VII. IN HIS HIGHLAND DRESS.

From an engraving.

the progress of the contest. The Prince of Wales was deeply affected by the sad stories of privation, and by the splendid record of heroism which found its way home from the distant Crimea; and when an exhibition was held in aid of the Patriotic Fund, the Prince was represented by a very good drawing, which was sold for fifty-five guineas.

The Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal accompanied their parents to Paris, and are said to have greatly enjoyed the experience; indeed, the former felt so thoroughly at home among our Gallic neighbours that he begged the Empress Eugenie to ask him to stay on a little while after his parents had gone home. When she replied that his parents would surely feel being parted from him even for a few days, he exclaimed: "Not do without me? Don't fancy that, for there are six more of us at home, and they can do without me quite well for a little while." It need hardly be said, however, that the Prince duly returned home with his parents.

In those days far less attention was paid to athletic sports and to outdoor life than is

now the case, but Prince Albert was far in advance of his times, and he realised how valuable to his young son would be an unconventional glimpse of rural England. Accordingly, the future King, at the age of fourteen, went for a delightful walking tour through the western counties. On this occasion he was accompanied by his then tutor, Mr. Gibbs, and by Colonel Cavendish, but of the adventures they had on the way no record remains. A short stay in Germany followed, and, in order that he might not be dull, a certain number of boys, sons of his parents' old friends, were sent out to be with him. But even when actually travelling from one historic spot to another, the young Prince's education was not neglected, and there began to be a feeling in the country that the Prince of Wales was really being over-educated, and would, if care was not taken, soon develop into something "very like a prig." *Punch*, though most loyal, gave vent to the general impression by publishing some amusing verses entitled, "A Prince at High Pressure," and, in special reference to the discussion which was then going on as to where his Royal



A PORTRAIT OF KING EDWARD AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.

Highness was to complete his education, the following verses may be cited:—

To the south from the north, from the shores of
the Forth,
Where at hands Presbyterian pure science is quaffed,
The Prince, in a trice, is whipped to the Isis,
Where Oxford keeps springs mediæval on draught.

Dipped in grey Oxford mixture (lest *that* prove a
fixture),
The poor lad's to be plunged in less orthodox Cam.,
Where dynamics and statics, and pure mathematics,
Will be piled on his brain's awful cargo of cram.

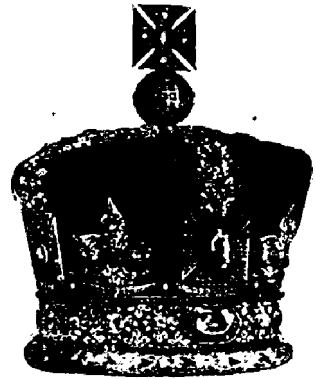


KING EDWARD VII. IN HIS FIRST MILITARY UNIFORM.

Possibly, in deference to popular feeling, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert wisely decided that they would make a break in their son's arduous studies, and send him to represent them in one of those outlying

portions of the British Empire which it was not then the fashion to call, as it is now, Greater Britain. During the course of the Crimean War, Canada had levied and equipped a regiment of infantry for service in the field, an action which was to be touchingly repeated almost exactly half a century later. The Sovereign was deeply touched at this manifestation of loyalty, and she promised that as soon as the Prince of Wales was grown up he should pay a visit to the Dominion. Accordingly, the future King had not celebrated his seventeenth birthday before the plan of his historic tour had been completed, the Prince Consort himself arranging every detail, and giving the most minute instructions to the Duke of Newcastle, who, it was arranged, should accompany the Prince and his suite as a sort of guide, philosopher, and friend. This memorable journey of the British heir-apparent to the great American Continent aroused the greatest enthusiasm, not only in Canada, but in the United States, whose President, Mr. Buchanan, warmly invited the Prince of Wales to Washington.

The first stopping place of the Royal party was St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland,



THE STATE CROWN OF ENGLAND.

the oldest British Colony. There the Prince was received with rapture, and the fishermen and their wives, when welcoming him to their rough island home, exclaimed, much to their Royal guest's amusement, "God bless his pretty face and send him a good wife." Then followed the tour through Canada, the boy Prince winning golden opinions wherever he went, his popularity being much increased by one trifling incident, which, however, gave pleasant proof of the future Sovereign's kind-heartedness. Having had it brought to his notice that an old sailor, who had actually served with Nelson at Trafalgar, had just been court-martialled for a somewhat serious offence, the Prince earnestly begged that the

conviction might be quashed, and that the old tar might be restored to his rank in the Service.

While on Canadian soil, the Prince was naturally treated and greeted as heir-apparent, but when he crossed over to American territory it was arranged that he should simply be regarded as a private individual—"Lord Renfrew, travelling for his pleasure." It need hardly be said that the warm-hearted Americans had no notion of allowing this fact to be otherwise than formally recognised. Every city he went through was illuminated, thousands and thousands of people gathered to greet the Royal lad, and it was said with some amusement that nothing but the sight of George Washington come to life again would have aroused more interest and enthusiasm among the American people. On the last day of October, 1860, the Prince arrived at Washington to stay as the guest of the President at the White House. This brief visit was made especially notable by a memorable event—the visit of England's future King to the tomb of Washington. It was observed at the time that there was something grandly suggestive of historic retribution in the reverential awe of the great-grandson of George III. standing bare-headed at the foot of the coffin of Washington. For a few moments the Prince stood mute and motionless; then he proceeded to plant a chestnut by the side of the tomb.

In republican New York enthusiasm burst all bounds. The Royal party were met by the Mayor, and driven through a line of half a million spectators to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. In the Prince's honour a splendid ball was given, and it was characteristic even of the thoroughness with which Americans do everything that a special service of china and glass was manufactured for the ball supper, the Prince's motto, *Ich Dien*, being emblazoned on every piece.

After the Prince's return home he began work again very seriously, and was entered as an undergraduate at Trinity College,

Cambridge. Charles Kingsley, to whose works the Prince was devoted ("Westward Ho!" being one of his special favourites) gave the future Sovereign a number of private lectures. He led the same life as did his fellow undergraduates, with the exception that he lived at Madingley, a village near the old University town. During the Long Vacation he went on military duty at the Curragh, being treated exactly as were all the other junior officers, and it was in Ireland that Prince Albert spent his last birthday in company with his eldest son. Perhaps because



KING EDWARD VII. AS AN UNDERGRADUATE AT OXFORD IN 1860.
From the painting in the Bodleian Library Gallery.

Copyright, C. Van Noorden.

it was felt that useless jealousies might be aroused, it was arranged that the Prince of Wales should spend a brief time at Christ Church, Oxford, and also at Edinburgh University.

Even when a hard-working student, the King always managed to find time to indulge in some of his favourite sports. He became a keen deer-stalker when still a child, indeed, his first deer-stalking expedition took place when he was only eight years old. When at Oxford

he hunted regularly, and even during his American tour he put in a few days' shooting very shortly after he had entered the United States. Like most boys of less exalted rank, King Edward VII. was very fond of reading books of adventure and novels of action. From a very early age he read and re-read the novels of Sir Walter Scott, and when he was a boy he laughed and cried, as did the rest of the nation, over "David Copperfield" and other works from the pen of the immortal Dickens.




THE CROWN OF ENGLAND



QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT WITH THEIR CHILDREN.
King Edward VII. is seen standing by his mother, on her right.

From a painting by Winterhalter.



TALES OF ELIZA'S

BY
FRED SWAINSON
AUTHOR OF "ACTON'S FEUD" ETC.

No. IV.—A "FLANNELLED FOOL."

NOW I do think that, in the ideas Lanceham held so long regarding school life, there was more than a little sense. He changed them at the end a good deal, and this story deals with the reason why. But all the same, though I never held with all Lanceham's fierce contempt of athletes and athleticism, still, beneath his old scorn I think you will find some justification for feeling in the way he did.

Therefore, since he will never write on the subject in the way he once spoke, I myself will make a few observations. I do not count in the story one whit. I am merely like the chorus in a play, which explains things, and you mustn't think I've any animus to work off against athleticism in general. Nor have I any particular brief to speak for the silent, dumb scholars who go from school to college unwept and unsung, for I never was in their galley: I was better in the fields than at books, and my "better" was remarkably modest. Having cleared this much ground, so that you will understand my locus, I will begin.

I suppose every school is in essentials very much like every other school. I mean, the fellows are. There are the dullards, dense, denser, densest; the average, fair to good; and the smart set—clever, very clever, horribly clever. This applies both to games and books. The outsider rarely hears of the fellow who is top-sawyer in the schools, for this, somehow, is a matter which only concerns the fellow himself, his father, his mother, his cousins, his aunts—and his beaks. Jove! I musn't forget them.

You'll never be able to forget the privilege of knowing a beak who has passed one of the smart set into Woolwich or Sandhurst, top

or thereabouts. He crows everlastingly over it, but if, instead of spreading himself over one clever dog and getting him in who could get in himself, he would tune the mere average up to concert pitch, there'd be some sense in it. But *we* have all to go to the crammers. (This is a little private growl.)

But no fellow who was ever a trifle above average on the river, at the wickets, on the footer field, or who ever put on the gloves for his school, goes without his share of glory. There's "Wisden" waits with open arms for him, ready to enshrine his averages even to the decimals; you read that Frankie caught a crab for St. Catherine's Hall yesterday, and that Wren still buckets abominably at No. 4; you know what a terrible right Acton, the Amorion, had—the evening papers printed it; and how Bourne and Vercoe (the St. Amory's pair) romped home in the rackets final. As for footer, well, what's Charterhouse but a place where they manufacture internationals, and Merchiston a school, somewhere in the cold north, whence four or five of the fellows pass right into the Scottish fifteen? We all know to what schools the Christophersons, the Frys, the Jacksons, the MacLarens, the Don Wauc hopes went, but can any of you tell me any fellows in any year who went to Oxford with a Balliol at his saddle bow? Your own school is barred, of course. You can't. Now I don't think that all the honour and glory of school life should go only to the fellows with the solid muscles and the clear eyes; some of it ought to settle on the fellows who can use their brains. Lanceham is the fellow who once held this view with me, and this story serves as the *apologia* for his reconsidered opinion.

I can remember Lanceham coming to Eliza's, though it is years ago now, as well as though it were yesterday. He was tall and thin, and anyone could gauge that his legs were about as thick as an ordinary fellow's arms, and his arms about as thick as cricket stumps. He seemed a trifle top-heavy, too—as Kipling says, "Over-engined



TO WATCH HIM PLAY FOOTER WOULD HAVE MOVED THE GODS TO TEARS.

for his beam"—his head being rather large, when you noticed closely. Nothing to strike one at a casual glance, however. He was not bad-looking either, but there was a kind of perky brightness or sharpness always somehow cock-a-hoop on his face, and this gave him a conceited air which was more than a trifle irritating to most fellows. He never lost this look until the last term he was in Eliza's.

He belonged to the smart set; not to the clever nor the very clever, but to the hor-

ribly clever. There was never any doubt about this from the moment he came to us. What took us weeks to acquire he knew without teaching, nearly, and he had a memory for prose and verse which was almost uncanny. Take him for all in all, Eliza's never had quite his equal, and, when I've said that, I've said enough about his headpiece. For the rest, I never heard anyone had anything to say against Lanceham, definitely; the most you could get was that they didn't like him: he was too beastly cocky; but one or two of the slow team admitted that he was always good for a leg-up for the beaks if asked civilly, and one or two of the improvident said he was always "good for half-a-crown if you were short." And it could not be denied by any that Lanceham looked good form.

Given a fellow of his headpiece and calves, need I say that he was an utter fool at games?

To watch him play footer would have moved the gods to tears or laughter. I can see him now stepping gingerly over the muddy fields like a prim little girl. I can see him shutting his eyes when the ball came whizzing, wet and soggy, in his direction, and I can see him dancing round about, like a hen on a hot plate, just behind a mud-bespattered *melée* of juniors, praying that the ball would keep away from his quarter. And his cricket! Well, you didn't know whether jeering or cheering would meet the case better. He shied from his wrist and elbow *à la* Mary Ann—three shies for fifty yards on the *Times* instalment system; he started running when the ball came in his direction as though he were determined it shouldn't catch him up, and I'll swear he didn't make ten runs in his life. This was when he was a kid. From the moment he was in the Fifth and was free from compulsory games I'll also swear he never put his hand to a bat or his toes to a ball. And yet this curiosity could explain to you, and illustrate it with diagrams, the exact way the *retiarius* threw his net, and could have told you the names of the gladiators whom Nero favoured. He could just steer a boat, but couldn't swim across the Lodden to save his life—or anyone else's.

Jack Corser was a horse of another colour. He was one of the best all-round athletes Eliza's had, the sort of fellow you'd always choose third or fourth in any side you had to pick. He was not exactly of the Bignell nor Roberts type, which was a cut above him in most ways, but he rarely disappointed. He was tall and burly, had big hands and

big feet, and a large face on which health and honesty and very little else were written. The worst that could be said of Jack was that he was uninspiring. There were no shades about him.

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him"

and certainly nothing more. In a word, Corser was a plain, matter-of-fact fellow, always good-tempered and serene, whose first thought at school was for games, and his next, perhaps, for a good dinner.

Robert Lanceham and John Corser were in the same house—Sharpe's—and you may safely guess that two such opposites would, in the ordinary course of affairs, have met so rarely that each would have been to the other barely a name. But they did meet, and the meeting was unfortunate.

It was just on account of a little stupidity of Corser's down at the Pool that bred the intense dislike that Lanceham cherished for years against his house fellow. Jack Corser, who, in his chuckle-headed days, did one or two idiotic things, never did a more idiotic piece of fooling than when he shied young Lanceham into the Pool. Lanceham, in his usual bread-and-butter style, was standing shivering on the brink, watching the fellows taking-off from the boards and going down into the cool waters rigid as lances with the soundless plunge which comes of long practice. I don't suppose Lanceham envied them their skill—he was a self-sufficing youth—but I expect he was jolly well wishing that he had got his compulsory, *pro forma* dip over, and were dressed, and going about his usual business. At this moment, Corser, like a fool, caught Lanceham in his brawny arms and swung him far out into the Pool. The splash and shriek were simultaneous—a shriek that sung in one's ears after the waters had choked the voice that uttered it. I have never seen such a scared face as came to the surface, either. Horror and uttermost fear were printed there as legibly as in a book, and we saw the hands shoot up and clutch compulsively at nothing. Of course at this Lanceham went under again, as though he had been pulled down. Then we saw that the had passed beyond a joke. Lanceham had lost his head and was drowning under our eyes. Corser saw this as soon as any of us, and, in a twinkling, he was in the Pool, shooting out for all he was worth to the place where the bubbling water told its tale. He went under, and came up with his hand gripping Lanceham by the neck. We helped him to pilot his burden to the bank, and then Lanceham was hauled up high and dry.

Five minutes afterwards he sat up, and—here is the funny part of it—sitting there, naked, in the warm June grass, he called Corser every stinging name he could put on his tongue, with a voice that simply tingled with hatred and fear. There was more concentrated venom poured out upon Jack's silly head in that few minutes than I imagine he'll ever be anointed with again.

He, strong and brawny, thewed and sinewed from his heels to his head, stood the flow of Lanceham's eloquence with uneasy blushes until he could stand it no more. He said:

"I'm sorry, Lanceham, really, but hang it, man, don't cough curses at me like that."

Then he turned on his heel and dropped again into the Lodden, as though to wash Lanceham's tingling diatribes out of his ears.

From that moment Lanceham loathed Corser. It sounds foolish that such a thing should be the cause of such a hate, but Lanceham had something shrewish or feminine in his nature, and a stupid thing like Corser's performance got on his nerves and stuck. He somehow couldn't forget.

The years went by: Lanceham went into the Sixth, and Corser got into the various elevens. Since that acrid meeting at the Pool they had not exchanged a dozen words. Then, when Lanceham was top-sawyer, by heaps, in the schools, and Corser had only managed to struggle out of the Fifth by a miracle, they met in conflict again—this time legitimately enough.

For some reason or other old Corser wanted Jack to gain the Seale Medal for History. I think this was because he had, in days gone by, secured it himself, and thought, in the way governors usually think, that Jack could do what he had done. Which, as we all know, is a lamentable *non sequitur*. Jack, of course, didn't look with any enthusiasm on the prospect, but he said he'd do his best. He carefully explained to his father that the opposition was terribly strong; that such fellows as Ranger, Ponsford and Lanceham were not in existence at Eliza's in the Sixties, and that Carver's private opinion was that there never had been any fellow to touch that thin, long-legged, sarcastic person, whom he had once shied into the Pool. Therefore, though he was to rest assured that the son would struggle manfully for the honour of the house of Corser, the head thereof was not to buoy himself up with hopes.

Of course, Lanceham had entered for the Seale; he jolly well entered for—and won—

every little scholastic honour that Eliza's had to offer. He glanced up and down the list of entrants pinned on the notice board, booked the date, and smiled superior. He didn't fear the opposition. A couple of hours' grind per night for a fortnight previous to the examination would, thanks to his prodigious memory, meet the case, and the verdict would be, as usual, Lanceham first—rest nowhere. Lanceham was rather glad, on the whole, that the subject was one he knew fairly decently already, for he was rather busy with some extra school work which took up time. He had become editor of the *Elizabethan*, and it was his ambition to make his first number a real stunner; the kind of thing which would hit the school in the eye and make it gasp. There was to be a brilliant little poem in mock-heroics on the "cock-house"—Bultitude's—which would make the rest of Eliza's weep with joy; he was going to sonnetise in subtle irony the horse pond's placid wave, and he had a scheme for a series of school epigrams. He would cut short footer accounts—he smiled to think of the gnashing this would cause—and, instead, would give a little more space to the school debating society. And so on. And, of course, all this forging of thunderbolts took time, and, if you add to this waste the hours that a little incursion into print—the local print—*re* a short history of St. Elizabeth's School—absorbed, you will see that Robert Lanceham had not many minutes left for strictly private work. Yet Lanceham had no misgivings about the Seale.

Far otherwise with Corser. He loyally fulfilled his promise to Corser, senior, and, after the usual afternoon footer or run, he sported his oak. This was not nearly so pleasant as those jolly evenings of last term, when, tea over, he, with one or two of his chums, had flouted the time carelessly with the gloves in the gym or in intellectual conversation (athletics) round a decent fire in his den. He wished, when the friendly knocks sounded on the door, his father had not had that little ambitious itch, and he wished many times that the eventful day were over.

A week before it came Jack received from home a copy of the questions his father had to answer in the days gone by, and a little paternal advice on the subject of "looking them up." Jack benignantly complied, smiling to think how fussy people get in middle age, and at the idea of *his* keeping any examination papers for *his* thirty years. "I'm sorry for Pater, though. I wish he

were not so keen on it, when I don't stand an outside chance."

What I'm about to write now is, I know, the kind of thing that you'll say doesn't happen in the twentieth century, but it is a fact all the same. When the day came, of the ten questions half were practically identical with those which the father had passed on to the son, and the rest were more or less nearly connected with the letter of advice. Jack, even in the sobering atmosphere of the examination room, gasped with astonishment. Why, he was primed to the gullet with all that appertained to every question. Couldn't he sketch out fully the policy of Pericles, didn't he understand all about the supremacy of Athens, the why and the wherefores and the why nots? And the general survey of Xerxes' campaign and the true inwardness of Marathon and Salamis! Oh! clover! He ran his eyes again, after he had rubbed them, over those beautiful ten, and then clutched his pen and paper. He wrote feverishly for three hours, and just didn't finish the last when Carver moved off the dais to collect the papers.

"Anyhow," murmured Corser, as he pinned his budget of Athenian reflections together. "I've done enough for glory, if I haven't laid Lanceham low. I suppose, though, he'll have finished number ten and given old Pericles' laws in the original Greek, just to show he knows rather more than there is to be known about them. I was too busy to look his way. Wish I had."

If he had, Corser might justifiably have been surprised. Lanceham didn't write feverishly at all, but had occasionally to put his pen down and consider, and occasionally, also, to give the little impatient scrape with the foot which betokens a mind not quite at ease. Nor was Lanceham at ease either. As a matter of fact, he had cut down his reading for the Seale to one hour instead of doing a steady two-grind, the *Elizabethan*, with the epigrams, the sonnets, the parody of a popular novelist, etc., etc., *plus* the concluding chapters for the local print, having poached upon what should have been the Seale preserve. Now he paid the penalty in an indifferent paper. Why hadn't he thrown the unnecessary aside? Well. Lanceham had run over in his mind's eye the names of the entrants for the medal, and then, with his haughty consciousness of his superior abilities, had decided that one hour would be enough. And now he wished he'd stuck to his original scheme; he had not satisfied himself.

He went out of the room rather gloomily, and, as he was putting his foot into the street, a heavy hand smote him resoundingly on the shoulder. Lanceham spun round angrily. "Can't you keep those little attentions for your friends, man?" he said, acidly.

"Meaning you aren't one, eh?" said Corser, with a laugh. "Sorry, really. How did you like the papers, though? That is what I wanted to ask you?"

"What is that to you?" said Lanceham, shrilly, like an angry girl.

"A vast deal, old cock, for, 'pon honour, I believe I did well. Ranger did six, and he says they were only so-so, and Ponsford's thrown up the sponge. The rest don't count."

"Thanks," said Lanceham, moving on.

"I mean," said Corser, good-humouredly, stepping alongside, "the rest, bar you. Hanged if it isn't you or me for it."

Lanceham stopped dead, and ran his eye over the burly, heavy fellow by his side with a glance of contempt. The intellectual pride mounted to his head as he looked at Corser's ruddy, open, healthy, uninspired face. This heavy lout, with a hand like a butcher's, beat him. That couldn't be possible. He said with a sneer, "Then *you're* all right. Good-day."

"Surly beast," muttered Corser, "hanged if he doesn't think he's in the Pool now. Well, all the same, he's put in a lot if he's beaten my performance. Pater's tips would set up any mortal crammer."

Two days after the examination for the Seale Medal, Corser and Lanceham met again. In the Debating Society Corser had been put up to speak for the motion: "That

the prominence of athleticism in public schools is a desirable thing." Lanceham had gladly consented to speak against the motion.

Corser's was the usual oration. He expatiated on the great advantage to Britain of her athletic sons, showed how favourably we "lined up" against Frenchmen and "the lesser breeds without the law," brought in Wellington's "Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, sir," showed how cricket and football, etc., helped study, emphasised



"CAN'T YOU KEEP THOSE LITTLE ATTENTIONS FOR YOUR FRIENDS?"

how games promoted healthy rivalry and good fellowship, and how a fellow learned to take a hiding gracefully and a victory decently, and how it was necessary for every one to learn the lesson that you can't play a lone hand in this world, but must work for the common good, a lesson which every fellow learned who ever played games. Since athleticism did all this and more, it deserved the prominence it had, and he jolly well hoped it would never have less.

Corser struggled through his facts and figures in his usual good-tempered style; he hardly took the trouble to get up much steam; weren't the advantages of athleticism patent to everyone?

Then Lanceham got up, and the minute he was on his feet you realised that here was a fellow who had a view on a matter which interested him more than a little. As he stood up, and you looked at his pale, clever face, eager with the elation of battle, and heard his arguments, you saw that the fellow had a grievance. We realised how his unpopularity generally had cut him to the quick—we never knew this before—how the scholar thirsted for the honour of his craft, and how in his mind there was a genuine scorn of all this worshipping of bone and muscle. I can't give you his speech *verbatim*, but its outline was something like this: No sensible man could deny that athleticism was overdone in England at the present day. Could any fellow in that room tell him who was head of Winchester? Not one! But he would guarantee there were twenty who knew the best bat. (Agreed.) Now, as reasonable beings, he asked them to decide whether a higher quality went to the making of runs or the making of a scholar. Yet the worthier goes unrecorded. He took Corser at his word; how *did* we "line up" against foreign nations? He had heard that the German officer was a particularly well educated man, and that some of ours knew more of the points of polo ponies than of tactics. (Various cries.) He threw sarcastic doubts on the Wellington story (more cries), and denied *in toto* that after a heavy game of cricket or footer a fellow felt better inclined for study. Had any of the eleven done a stroke of work the night after they licked the Carthusians? (Laughter.) He denied that participation in games was even healthy. (Rot.) Every noted athlete died young, but perhaps this was because the gods loved them. (No, no.) Oh! the gods did not love them, then. (They don't die young). They do. (Here Lanceham reeled off about a dozen names, and as the fellows

listened to the deadly register they had not the heart to jeer. The list was too true.) And the brotherly love which athletes had for each other—he had heard other tales! (Name.) (Lanceham complied.) Look at the time they gave to games—pretty well a quarter of their school life. ("You don't," and various cries.) Did they come to Eliza's only to do 100 in 10 2-5 and to clear 5.10? Why, there were fellows who would rather beat Bignell's drive than win a Balliol! And the fags to a man (loud laughter) would rather be kicked by an eleven's man than picked up by—anyone else. And then the printing of athleticism. Let them consider that for a moment. The head of a great college at Oxford had just died, and he found in the morning's paper exactly four lines about him in small type. And on another page—a column and a half—was a description of the Ping-Pong Final. (Lanceham laughed the real bitter laugh that comes from the heart, and we—well, *this* went home. His ending was rather sensible.) "I don't say that games should not be played. I believe in moderation. They ought, say, to have about half the time now given to them. They are vastly overdone, vastly over-honoured, and printed to death. I beg to give an unhesitating NO to the proposition before this meeting."

As I said before, this is not *verbatim*, but you can gain a general idea of Lanceham's drift. We all thought it clever, but—but—but—tinged too much with that superior, acid sarcasm which was Lanceham's bane. It did not increase his popularity.

On the morrow Elizabethans received a shock which made them tingle with surprise and satisfaction.

For the Seale Medal, Corser (John) had beaten Lanceham (Robert) by 89 marks.

The most miserable fellow that night in Eliza's was Lanceham. In his rage he consigned the *Elizabethan*, the parodies, the sonnets, and the local paper to all the furies. He, beaten by that chuckle-headed idiot Corser! This was gall and wormwood indeed, and yet seemed champagne to the poisoned draughts the fellows poured out for him. Doesn't the mere average like to see the biter bit?

Burke sang across the street to Lanceham, "What do you think of the eleven's men now?"

"Jove! he's been cheating, Lanceham. Probe it to the bottom, do."

"I say, Lanceham, full reports of this in our rag. Roman type, and all the trimmings."

"Couldn't you throw this into a sonnet? It would please Jack."

The whole school metaphorically stood over his carcass and crowed. It only wanted Corser to come and condole with him to make his anguish complete.

"Jove! Lanceham, I never dreamt that I'd lift this, but I'll tell you how it was. The Pater—"

Jack was going on in his good-natured heavy way when Lanceham cut across his words with icy politeness.

"I congratulate you, Corser; you're a better man than I—by eighty-nine marks. I think that's all—eighty-nine marks. Good-night."

On the morrow the school went home for the Easter holidays.

That humiliating reverse of last term had taken a little of the edge off Lanceham's conceit; he was as proud as Lucifer still, but not quite so aggressive. Some cousins of his had come to live near Hornby, and whenever they paid him a visit the school had the privilege of observing its greatest gun in the schools pointing out the great guns in the cricket eleven to them. It was very rarely we had ever seen Lanceham taking the air and the sunshine on the benches before. He looked rather more the every-day-young-man when he did so, and I noticed that the proud, superior look vanished when he strolled round with people who evidently knew and liked him. Finally, I began to believe that Lanceham was human after all when I met him piloting a little maid, aged twelve or thereabouts, out of the cricket field and into Moon's for strawberries and cream. After that I saw them often, most Saturdays, in fact, sometimes on the river, sometimes watching the cricket. As he talked to the little girl, answering her questions, he did not seem the same fellow. You could hardly recognise the cold, superior Lanceham.

It had been a fearfully hot day in July; one of those days when no one need envy the eleven fielding out in the fierce glare, but such an one when we give thanks for the coolth of the elms and for Moon and his ices. After tea there was a general exodus



HE WAS CRASHING THROUGH THE BRUSHWOOD FOR DEAR LIFE.

to the river, and Upson had not a single boat left in the stables after six. Corser had gone late and drawn blank, so he started for a lazy stroll up the river. Then he cut into a shady backwater near the Rodden Wood, and lay on his back, watching the swallows wheeling in the sky. Beyond the little eyot, which separated the Rodden backwater from the Lodden, he could hear the jolly beat of sculls, and the clear whistling of water under the keels as the school boats went up and down, and occasionally a boat nosed its way curiously through the backwater. Finally, towards dusk, he heard an unorthodox splashing at the top outlet, and the strains of a music-hall chorus trolled out vociferously; then the Elizabethan knew by the symptoms that a party of the Hurlstone gentry was disporting itself in the usual fashion. Corser grunted with disgust as he watched three unmitigated cads tearing their boat through the reedy backwater. No one was steering, and their course was as drunkenly crooked as themselves. They bucketed along, now and again nearly lifting themselves into the water as their sculls

caught a bank. "If they don't go in themselves, hang it, they'll have someone else in," murmured Corser, as he watched them tearing for the lower outlet.

As Corser prophesied, so it happened. A boat, stealing cautiously into the backwater, was caught broadside-on by the nose of the down-coming craft, and the next moment Corser saw it turn turtle and shell out three people into the water.

Corser sprang up as though he had been stung; then in a moment he was crashing through the brushwood for dear life. He saw the cads who had done the mischief pull furiously down stream in the gathering dusk, and leave the people in the water to their fate. Corser ran that hundred yards in record time, and when he came opposite the place all he could see was a fellow struggling desperately. This was Lanceham, who, clinging to the stern of the upset boat, was fighting frantically to free himself from the entangling rudder lines.

Corser yelled, "Are the others in the water?"

"Yes; for heaven's sake, save them."

Corser was in the water in a moment, and as he went in he caught sight of a little drowning girl, who came bubbling to the surface. He seized her by the dress and then, holding her out before him as a dog does a stick, he swam for all he was worth to the bank. He thrust her well into the willows, and, almost before she had time to cough, he was in the water again, swimming like the leviathan to a troubled patch of water far out—it seemed very far to Corser.

Saving the girl had been mere child's play to what Corser now had in hand. The lady had lost her head, and clung madly to poor Jack, who, when he felt her frenzied grasp, thought they would go to the bottom together. It was a long and bitter struggle, and Corser has told me since that, when he finally landed her, he could not for his life have gone another yard. Then for five

minutes he lay on his back with his head buzzing like a swarm of bees. It was above an hour before a wet, nerve-shaken, but thankful quartette walked back to Eliza's.

Had Lanceham not been caught in the lines he would assuredly have gone to the bottom. It takes decent swimming to go through slimy, clinging reeds, and Lanceham couldn't swim ten yards at the best of times.

There was no pride about Robert Lanceham as he came into Jack Corser's den before breakfast on Sunday morning to say some things he'd thought of during a sleepless night. He had black rings under his eyes, his face was white as paper, and for the life of him he couldn't keep his under lip still. The warm, deadly waters of the Lodden had washed away the sarcasm and the sneer of pride from his mouth well and thoroughly, and his eyes, as they looked upon the blushing Corser had a vastly different glint from the usual contemptuous glance. He didn't get on very far with his *Miserere*, for Corser simply won't stand sentiment.

"Jove! Lanceham, one might think I'd done something wonderful. Please shut up. And what the deuce have you to beg my pardon about? How is Dorothy and her Mater? They're all right, eh? Theu say no more, but have some breakfast, and let us be friends."

They were. If you come to Eliza's any Saturday in summer you'll see Lanceham reserving a corner of a seat for a friend who is engaged piling on the runs for the old place, and when he comes you'll see a small girl lifted up between them. Dorothy doesn't know which she admires the more. If Corser's head is among the stars—she thinks so—it is quite certain that Lanceham will always walk among the lilies of this world.

Robert Lanceham's views on the prominence of athleticism are not quite what they were. My opinion is, though, that there was more than a grain of sense in his old outlook. What do you say?



THE PORTUGUESE
CROWN.



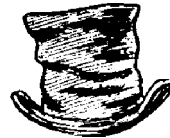
IRON CROWN OF
LOMBARDY.



THE CROWN OF THE
"GREAT ABBASSIN."



THE SHAH'S
CROWN.



KING OF
IMFERRY'S CROWN.



WILLIAM THE
CONQUEROR'S CROWN.

OUR SCHOOL ARMY.

By A. E. JOHNSON.



THE ASHBURTON SHIELD.

The Marlborough and Harrow scoring boards at the 500 yards range.

“ASHBURTON DAY” AT BISLEY.

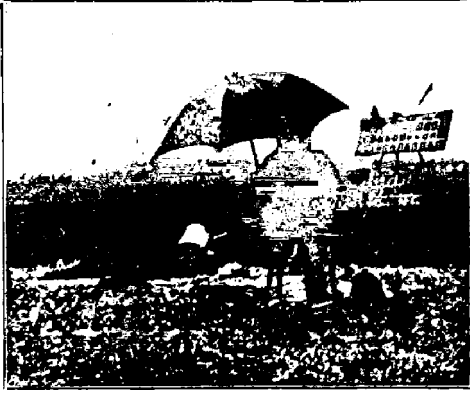
VERY different, save in its main features, was the scene at Wimbledon forty-two years ago, when Eton, Harrow, and Rugby met to shoot for the first time for the Ashburton Shield, from that which is now to be witnessed every July on “Ashburton Day” in Bisley Camp. Then a small knot of interested or distinguished onlookers gathered round the solitary three competing teams—which at that time numbered eleven instead of eight members—watching the laborious effort with which they charged their awkward muzzle-loaders, and cheering when a successful marksman hit the target—much more difficult a feat than at the present time. To-day, a row of between twenty and thirty big scoring boards stretches its cumbersome length down the firing point opposite the well-known “Ninety Butt” at Bisley: the various school eights, in uniforms of scarlet, blue, black, and grey, with here and there a tartan kilt, are busily engaged in getting through the allotted number of rounds with due expedition, the individual members firing together in pairs, letting off alternate shots; while outside the ropes which mark off the enclosures reserved for range officers and privileged spectators, a throng of visitors, representing almost every public school of note in the country, and including a fair sprinkling of ladies, whose presence is usually

missed on other days at Bisley, promenade up and down, or disperse, as the competition draws near its end, and the issue becomes a question of moment, into excited groups round the scoring boards of those schools which have yet a chance of success.

The story of the annual struggle for the Ashburton Shield is not a little illustrative of the development of the Volunteer movement in the public schools. Given in the second year of the National Rifle Association's existence, 1861, to wit, by the third Baron Ashburton, the Shield is open for



DISCUSSING CHANCES AT THE ETON SCORING BOARD.



THE SPENCER CUP.
The Solitary Marksman.

competition to all *bonâ fide* public school volunteer corps. In the first year, as has already been stated, only three schools, Eton, Harrow, and Rugby, were represented. The records of the match, in the light of modern experience, read curiously enough. Eton and Harrow finished firing some little time ahead of Rugby, Harrow having the better score. With nine shots to go, Rugby had tied the Harrow score. But of the next six shots, not one hit the target: a significant illustration of the value of the old muzzle-loader as an accurate weapon! The seventh shot, however, was successful, and Rugby thus became the first winners of the Shield. For several years the entry of schools remained small, and the trophy was most frequently carried off by Harrow. Gradually, however, with the formation of other school corps, the number of competing schools increased, and now the long line of black-boards, described above, is a familiar feature of "Ashburton Day." And with the extraordinary increase in the

strength of our school army since the outbreak of the South African war, we may expect to see in the near future—when the recruits shall have gained some experience in the marksman's difficult art—a still larger entry at Bisley.

With the evolution of the modern breech-loading rifle from the old Hay muzzle-loader, the conditions governing the competition for the Ashburton Shield, as for all rifle shooting, have changed considerably. The ranges, however, two in number, have always remained the same, and competitors still have to shoot at both 200 and 500 yards. Originally the teams included eleven members, who each fired five shots at either range. In 1870 the number of shots was raised to seven, and in 1877 the teams were reduced to eight members. The Hay muzzle-loader was used for two years only, being replaced in turn by the Long Enfield and the Navy 5-groove, breech-loaders coming in with the Snider in 1871, followed by the Martini, which has been succeeded by the modern Lee-Metford or Lee-Enfield. Recently important changes have been made in the position. Up to 1899, shooting took place kneeling at 200 yards, and prone at 500. In 1900, new regulations enforced the standing position at 200 and the kneeling at 500; while last year further alterations were made, by which the dimensions of the target were reduced, and the prone position ordered for both ranges.

Ashburton Day at Bisley is fraught with the utmost interest to the public school man of whatever ilk, for it is one of the few occasions upon which the leading public schools meet in rivalry upon common ground. To the man learned in public school lore, the event is a never-failing source of entertainment, since it affords him delightful oppor-



THE ASHBURTON SHIELD.
The long line of scoring boards at the 200 yards range.



AN EXCITING FINISH.

Firing off the tie-shots in the Spencer Cup Competition of 1900. Sergt. E. V. Carpmael (Dulwich) is seen about to let off the winning shot.

tunities of comparing the little idiosyncrasies which serve as hall-marks, one might say, of the different schools, in the motley throng of competitors. To the casual visitor also the proceedings are picturesque enough; the different uniforms, relieved by the dazzling white of the ubiquitous "Bisley hats," blending with the colours of the ladies' dresses, and producing a singularly vivid scene of gaiety.

The day used formerly to open with a parade of the competing teams, who were inspected by the Camp Commandant, and then marched down to the firing point of the 200 yards range. But this interesting and attractive function has recently been dispensed with, to the sorrow of the visitor with an eye to the picturesque, but much to the joy of the competitors, who felt such a performance immediately before the commencement of the shooting to be an unfair tax upon their powers. Thus it comes about that the various members of the various teams nowadays saunter casually to their allotted stations, independent of time so long as they reach the firing point in readiness for the "Commence fire." For a little over an hour the shooting continues, pair after pair from each team going down and getting through the statutory seven rounds. Meanwhile, the growing scores are chalked up on the black-boards, the latter being often decorated by shields bearing the emblazoned arms of the school, with possibly a knotted ribbon of the school colours. Sometimes the luckless competitor would gladly dispense with the publicity thus

given to the progress of his fortunes. One can imagine the feelings of one miserable wight who last year, in shooting for the Ashburton at the second range, missed with his sighting shot, and followed up this initial effort with a string of six misses and—a bull!

As the limit of 80 minutes is approached the firing becomes more and more desultory, until all the schools have finished. Anxious comparisons are made, and the leading five or six teams make their way canteen-wards for lunch with hopes so high that in an ecstasy of self-denial they confine their mid-day refreshment to a cup of Bovril. Meanwhile, the pairs who have been shooting, just beyond the long line of teams engaged over the Ashburton Shield, for the Cadets' Trophy—a junior event, as it were, governed by much the same conditions as the Ashburton, which serves, as a rule, to absorb the energies of the two reserve men who have just failed to get into their school eight—are likewise



A CLIFTON TRIO.

At the 200 yards range.

wending their way back to the Camp, comparing scores, and discussing with animation the same old topics of "verniers," "windage," "mirage," and what not, so beloved of marksmen of every age and size, even though they be diminutive as Bandsman Hyde, whose stature can be calculated from the statement that his rifle, seen in the portrait we reproduce, was, at the time the picture was taken, one inch less than its owner, after having been shortened in the stock by two inches.

The scene in the Camp after lunch is a very bright one, and the expert in such things may spend a very pleasurable half-hour identifying for the benefit of his friends the numerous uniforms that are everywhere to be seen. There swaggers a Blair Lodge Highlander in the kilt and scarlet tunic of the famous Black Watch; here stalks a Malvernian resplendent in the uniform of the Royal Horse Artillery. The grey and light blue of Eton follow close upon the grey and dark blue of Harrow. Scarlet men, blue men, "invisible green" men, and grey men: there is every shade of colour known to military tailors in the passing throng, in the midst of which steps a stalwart figure in the notable kilt and dark grey tunic of Glenalmond.

Lunch over, the general rendezvous is the firing point of the 500 yards range. Firing begins promptly, and proceeds as in the morning, save that there is more excitement in the air now. Visitors arrive in increasing numbers, and famous "Old Boy" colours are to be seen on every straw hat. A very pleasant afternoon it is, until the division of the crowd of spectators into two cumbrous clumps gives warning that the competition is drawing to a close, and that the issue lies between two schools. There is a brief interval, and then a sudden burst of cheering announces



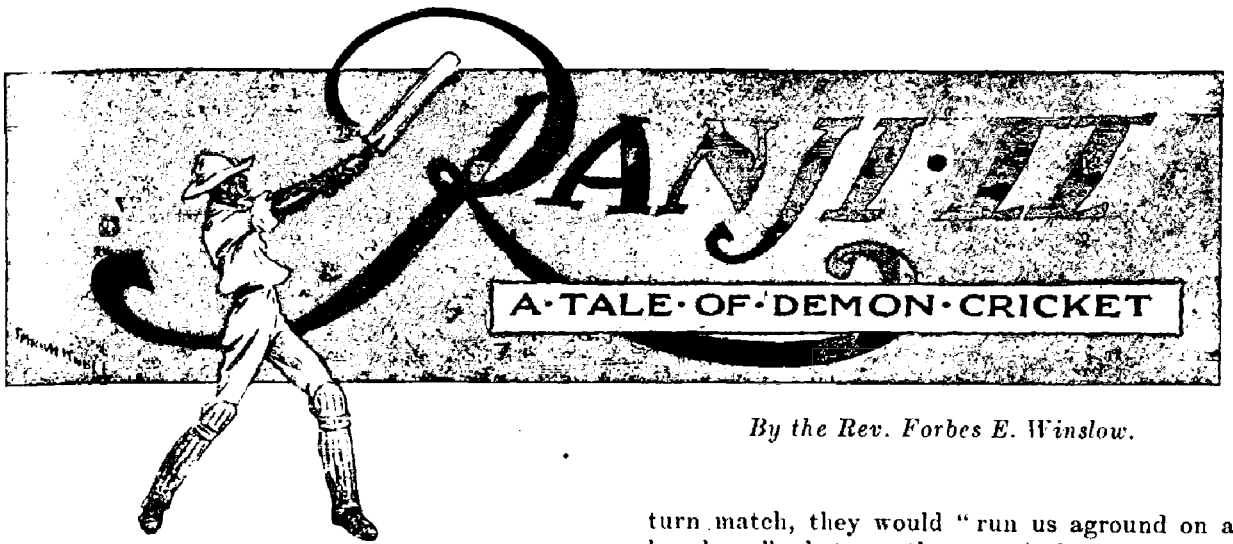
BANDSMAN HYDE, OF RUGBY.
The smallest boy who has ever shot at Bisley.

that the home of the Ashburton Shield for the next twelve months has been decided upon.

With very little delay, the shooting for the Spencer Cup begins. This is competed for by one man from each team, nominated before the commencement of the Ashburton Competition. The conditions are seven shots, prone, at 500 yards. Thirty-five is thus the "possible" score, and, the competitors being picked men, it is seldom that a total of less than 33 has any chance. Not infrequently a tie for first place results, in which case three "tie shots" are fired to decide the matter. A notable instance of this occurred in 1900, when Sergt. E. V. Carpmael, of Dulwich, Corpl. C. S. Mears, of Uppingham, and Lieut. Little, of Charterhouse, each made 33. As the result of the tie shots, Carpmael won with two bulls and a "mag." Our illustration called "An Exciting Finish" depicts the event, the furthestmost figure being that of Carpmael about to fire the winning shot. It should be noted that the kneeling position was required by the conditions in force in 1900.

It is always difficult to follow the rapid progress of the shooting for the Spencer Cup, and as a general rule there are contradictory reports as to the actual winner. Eventually, however, a definite announcement is made, and the Cadets' Trophy having also by this time been lost and won, the Present make room for the Past, in the persons of the teams of five "Old Boys" from the various schools, who have been waiting

their turn to shoot for the Public Schools' Veterans' Trophy. But few visitors stay to watch this competition. The majority, content to learn from to-morrow's paper how the Old Boys fare, hasten away from Bisley's sun-baked heath, and on the way home discuss with much noise but little knowledge the ethics of magpies, rikkers, back-sights, and barley corns.



By the Rev. Forbes E. Winslow.

WE, the 203rd King's Own Royal Inexpressibles, were stationed, until such time as orders came for going forward to the North-West Indian Frontier, at that delightful spot which is called Chum-Chum, on the East Coast of the Malay Peninsula.

It has a small white Settlement, and is populated, moreover, by Chinamen, coolies, Malays, Burmese, and an assortment of interesting, if not wholly innocuous, vagabonds, from all the far-off quarters of the globe. For Chum-Chum is a seaport, doing a tidy trade in Eastern commodities, and therefore frequented by Mercantile Jack; it is a coaling station, and is often visited by a cruiser or despatch-boat of His Britannic Majesty's navy.

We had just finished mess, and were sitting somewhat lazily in our verandah that overlooks the bay, enjoying our pegs and our cheroots, and the deliciously cool breeze that was tempering the somewhat oppressive heat of the day, when our adjutant, who had the proverbial eyes of the lynx, suddenly shouted out, "By Jove! there she is; out there in the offing."

We looked in the direction to which he was pointing, and presently we saw a stately cruiser. As she steamed swiftly in, we now recognised her as our old friend and occasional sporting antagonist, the *Rattler*. She was returning from a cruise in the Indian seas, and was evidently making for our harbour.

Between the *Rattler* and ourselves there had been for some time past a good deal of friendly rivalry. As representing the two arms of His Majesty's Service we had tried conclusions one with the other. We had scored well at polo, for sailor-men are not the best horsemen in the world, while they had beaten us badly at boxing and miscellaneous athletics. About two months since we had given the tars a good day's leather-hunting at cricket, and the *Rattlers* had left us vowing that, when the opportunity came for a re-

turn match, they would "run us aground on a lee shore," whatever that nautical phrase might imply. The very sight of the ship stirred up the spirit of sport that was ever latent within us, and scarcely had the *Rattler* settled down to her moorings than our Junior Subaltern was on board, presenting the Colonel's compliments, and asking for a return match at cricket at the Captain's convenience. The answer came back that the match must come off next day, as the ship was under orders to sail for Hong-Kong as soon as she had provisioned, which would probably be about sundown on the morrow. A little impudent imp of a midshipman who brought the answer further told us that the captain had empowered him to make arrangements for the inclusion of an Indian cricketer in the *Rattler's* team, which on this occasion would consist of twelve men, the *Rattlers* on their part conceding to us the right of adding a civilian from the Settlement to our number. As one of the leading merchants was an old Blue, and a most useful bowler, as well as a first-class bat, this proposition suited our book, and we arranged to begin as early in the day as possible, so as to have a good long spell of it.

At the time appointed, the two teams entered the field. A large contingent from the ship was present, for the captain had given a liberty day ashore to as many of the crew as he could spare, and the jolly sea dogs were full of fun and prospective triumph, for their band played them on to the ground to the strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes."

Considering our climatic difficulties, we had secured a very good pitch; news of the event was sent round the Settlement, and the enclosure from an early hour was filled with Europeans and natives. We won the toss, and, out of compliment to our sailor friends, we put them in first.

Ranji II., as we found the Hindoo gentleman was called, and the chief boatswain, a sturdy tar hailing from Portsmouth Hard, made their way

to the wickets, the band of the Inexpressibles striking up a tune that was very popular at the time with us.

"Oh! Polly, keep your hair on, your hair on, your hair on,

And don't go nagging so."

Ranji II. was a fine swarthy specimen of a typical Hindoo, wiry, well set up, and feline in his movements. It was whispered about the ground that he was a Rajah *incognito*, and had rendered the captain of the *Rattler* a special service when that gallant sailor had been out tiger-hunting in the Punjaub, and so Ranji for the time being was a guest of the ship. Ranji, on getting to his wicket, took a good steady look round, and swung his arms about a bit, as if he had been a little cramped on board ship; he was very particular, we afterwards heard, about making his block-hole, and formed a curious kind of double triangle with one of the bails before he was quite satisfied. I was in the tent scoring, for I had recently been troubled with a sharp attack of dysentery which had weakened me somewhat, so I was obliged to be but a spectator of the fray.

And now the fun began. MacGregor, the old 'Varsity Blue, was bowling at the upper end to Ranji. The very first ball the Hindoo hit for a clean six right over the bowler's head. "Look out for squalls yonder," shouted the Rattlers from their tent, and look out accordingly we did, for we realised even thus early that we had got a handful. The second ball went for four to square leg, then followed another sixer, this time a drive to the on, a cut for four, and a leg-bye for two, and the over was finished, with 22 up on the scoring-board, the Rattlers dancing horn-pipes and rolling about with convulsive laughter, our men correspondingly grim, dignified, and silent.

The boatswain, by name Mike Cassidy, now opened his shoulders and hit three fours in succession, carefully blocking the other two balls of the over so as to get breath, for the pace had been fast and furious. And now it was Ranji's turn again. He went in now for a couple of extraordinary, not to say uncanny hits, for twice running he hit the ball straight up into the air over long field's head; each time it went right out of sight, and of course "lost ball" was called; at last, after what seemed an interminable age, a little black speck was seen in the blue heaven, and with a rush and a whizz the ball came down with such power that on the second occasion it sank into the ground some six inches, and had to be dug out with a stump. I can vouch for this, for the whole incident was so singular that we rushed *en masse* from the tents to see what had taken place. The Rattlers were in raptures. "Why don't you sojers put a man up

aloft?" they shouted. "How's that for high, my hearties?"

A little later on the wily Hindoo hit a ball well to square-leg, and simultaneously all the fielders put up their hands and covered the ground hard by to where they were standing, just as if the ball had been hit to them. They varied this ridiculous performance by all rushing together for Ranji's next hit, tearing in from all parts of the field to mid on, where they collided, and lay kicking and struggling on the ground in one compact mass, like to a scrimmage at football. The Major, who was keeping wicket, was choleric at all times, but this fairly roused him, "What the unquenchable Prince of Darkness," he shouted, "are you chaps doing? Have you got sunstroke, or are you playing the fool? Are we a set of lunatics, or are we playing sober cricket?" The Inexpressibles, rubbing their heads and their shins, limped sadly back to their respective posts, being able to say nothing by way of justification, save that they had all been possessed of a sudden ardent desire to field that ball at all hazards. To give further emphasis to the situation, the *Rattler's* band, ever ready for a chance of striking in, enlivened the proceedings with the tune of "'E dunno where 'e are."

Truly Ranji II., who had now become, from his sheer devilry, a universal favourite with everyone, save the team of luckless, perspiring soldiers out in the field, was a marvel. It mattered not who bowled (and all our men went on in turn) he treated them all alike, and by the time the bell rang for lunch had made 176, the boatswain keeping up his wicket to the healthy tune of 83.

To our intense disappointment, Ranji did not join us at lunch. We were told that he was a high caste Brahman, and as such was not allowed to sit down to a promiscuous meal. Of course, we cross-examined the Rattlers as to the antecedents of their treasure, but they all said that it was a point of honour with them not to betray the confidence of their guest, who desired to be *incognito*. It was evident, however, that they were brimming over with some private information that gave them the most intense amusement.

When lunch was over, our men took the field again. The Indian Rajah, who had been refreshing himself in some mysterious way in a distant part of the ground, changed his tactics, and instead of keeping religiously within the crease, stepped out boldly to every ball, and treated our bowling, which I must admit was now getting very ragged, with the utmost contempt; the boatswain followed suit, and a nice game they had of tip and run. To cut a long story short, the innings was declared "closed," Ranji carrying out his bat for 296, the boatswain, likewise not

out, with 125 to his credit; the total, with the addition of a few wides and byes and no balls, amounting to the formidable aggregate of 444.

Our men, from playing so long in the tropical sun, were in sooth dead beat, and were heartily glad to get back to the shelter of the tents, and the genial neighbourhood of iced drinks.

After the usual interval, it was our turn to face the music, and go in. It was universally decided that the stone-wall game—the sort of thing Yorkshire delighted Brighton with last year—wouldn't be a bit of good. The day was waning, and hard slogging was our only chance. So we sent in our two big hitters, the Major and Corporal Johnny Dobbs, a gigantic Dalesman, the

next, and Ranji tossed him up a yorker, which bowled him. Three other wickets went down consecutively to the remaining balls of the over, and the record on the scoring board was five wickets for no runs. Ranji seemed to have absolute control of the ball, which in his hands seemed a thing possessed of intelligent life. For instance, he would bowl wide to leg, and the ball broke back and took the off stump; he would next bowl wide to the off, and the ball would break back and make matters uncomfortable for the leg stump; he pitched a ball into the air after the manner of a lob, and it described curves and parabolas just like a boomerang; then it suddenly swooped down and took off the bails. Mike



TEARING IN FROM ALL PARTS OF THE FIELD.

biggest man of his day in the British Army. Ranji went on to bowl at the pavilion end, and the Major, earnestly intent on his revenge, stood up to receive the first ball.

Considering what our openly pronounced tactics were, it seemed to us that the Rattlers were standing in far too near, in fact, in dangerous proximity to the batsmen. Little did we know what was in store for us. The first ball that Ranji bowled sped like a missile from a gun; in the twinkling of an eye the Major's middle stump was not only taken clean out of the ground, but shattered into fragments. MacGregor went in

Cassidy, at the other end, was likewise in good fettle, for he secured two wickets, a regular "rot" by this time setting in, and but two runs were made off him. Ranji went on again, and with three successive shooters did the "hat trick," and the innings finally closed with all out for six runs!

"Cricket, sir!" said the wrathful Major to one of Ours, "I don't call this cricket, but pure, unmitigated skittles. There's some devilment about the whole affair—why, the ball is bewitched!"

"I say, why the dickens did you leave your

wicket; you weren't out, you know?" said our senior Captain, who had but lately come into the enclosure with a number of the First Battalion who had been "up country."

"Not out! By the powers, we just were. Why, man alive, we were all clane bowled, and what's more, we couldn't get a hit in edgeways," said Tim O'Sullivan, one of our team.

"But we did not see anything of all this, did we, boys?" answered the Captain, turning to his comrades, who all expressed their agreement.

"Then all I can say is that we are all bally candidates for Colney Hatch together," said the Major; "you men must have had sunstroke like the rest of us. Not out, indeed! Do you think that I would have come so tamely from the wicket after such a spell of leather-hunting, unless I jolly well knew that it was a case of 'his funeral's to-morrow'? That Indian beggar smashed my middle stump into smithereens—and the rest—oh, they were in such a blue funk, poor kiddies, a babe in arms could have settled their hash. Ask the umpires."

Of course we had to follow on, and as our first two batsmen went to the wickets the Rattlers cried out, "Oh! give the poor sojers a chance." The band struck up "Slap bang! here we are again," and the sailors shouted out the chorus. The point was taken, and ever after, until we sailed happily for India, we were called "The Slap-Bangs." Although we were in no mood for asking favours, I must confess we were considerably relieved to see that Ranji was not going on to bowl. Instead whereof, he had a kind of roving commission in long field over the bowler's head. A chubby little middy, scarcely higher than the stumps, was put on to bowl lobs for the first over, and a corresponding little middy, equally chubby and impudent, was awaiting his turn as a lob bowler at the other end. It was evident that the poor sojers were to have a chance. The field stood somewhat close to the wicket, but Ranji prowled about outside, as the Major growled, "seeking whom he might devour." The Indian ran like a hare, or a "millennium of hares," as Tim O'Sullivan said. He seemed to have an intuitive perception of where every ball was going to be hit, and he was there before the ball. As to getting balls past him, it was a sheer impossibility; and if a ball went up into the air, as balls have a lamentable tendency to do, he was bound to catch it. Four of us he caught out by what seemed almost impossible, not to say incredible, catches. Then he returned the ball when fielded with such lightning rapidity, and such deadly accuracy of aim, that he ran two of us out. The middies bowled out two more, and we had then made some eighteen runs all told.

When the eighth wicket fell, the boom of a

gun was heard, and the cruiser hoisted a signal, "All on board."

Oh! how we rejoiced, for now the match would be drawn. "We'll have time for just one more over," said the senior lieutenant, who was captaining his side, "Ranji, will you please go on."

Ranji went on. Again he did the blessed hat trick!

So we were beaten, badly beaten, by—well, I have not time or patience to tot up the humiliating figures.

Off went the Rattlers to the tune of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," Ranji, as the hero of the day, high hoisted in their midst, and crowned with garlands of tropical flowers after the custom of his own land.

An hour later there was only a faint cloud of smoke in the offing to awaken recollections of this awful match.

* * * * *

Some months after, we were at Peshawur, on our way to the Frontier; we had just come out of the bazaar, when we saw a crowd in the distance, and were told on inquiry that a famous Indian juggler and conjurer, Shere Ali by name, was giving a performance. The Major and I, and a few more of Ours, strolled forward to see what was going on.

"Why, surely, I've seen that beggar before, only he was then in flannels," said the Major. "Yes, he's the twin brother of our old friend Ranji, but then these blessed Hindoos are all as like as two peas; see one, see all," he added.

Shere Ali went through the usual conventional tricks, such as the growth of the mango tree, and the basket trick, with all its gruesome details. Then he did something we had never seen done before, although we had heard of it. He took a coil of rope and threw it up into the air; one end rested on the ground, the other was hitched up to something of which we had no knowledge. His assistant, a spruce young Hindoo, went hand over hand up the rope, and disappeared out of sight. Arming himself with a very formidable Pathan knife, Shere Ali went up next, likewise vanishing from our gaze. Presently most horrible, heartrending cries were heard, and to our horror the freshly severed and bleeding members of a full-grown man were thrown down limb by limb; first the legs, then the arms, then the trunk, and finally a ghastly head, which we recognised as belonging a few moments ago to the conjurer's assistant. While we were gazing in horror upon the hideous spectacle, Shere Ali, in the most ordinary and calm manner, sauntered up from the rear of the crowd, and, looking at the bleeding and still quivering limbs before him, uttered an ejaculation in Hindustani. He waved us aside, and then collected the members of the poor murdered man together

and covered them reverently with a shawl that he had on his arm. He then sat down, put his hands together as if in prayer, and to our utter astonishment we saw the shawl begin to move; stepping forward, Shere Ali now lifted the shawl, and there was his assistant restored to perfect soundness of limb; not a vestige of any mark could be found upon him. While we discussed this, Shere Ali waved a wand that he had in his hand, and the air around us was filled with legions upon legions of white butterflies; another wave of the wand, and a cohort of blue butterflies came up with the wind, and finally many thousands of a most beautiful ruby colour. They filled all the air around us, and covered us from head to foot, suddenly vanishing as swiftly as they had come, actually passing out of sight and mind as our fingers sought to clutch them. We turned round to interview Shere Ali, but he had gone, and no one knew where. Possibly ere this he was hundreds of miles away, for he was a Yoga, and had all kinds of strange, uncanny faculties, dematerialisation being, by common report, one of them.

Later on, I happened to meet a member of the Staff Corps, likewise *en route* for the front. "Shere Ali?" said he, as I told him of our recent experience. "Oh, yes, I know him well. He stands at the head of his special cult. His vaunted powers, however, I think, are largely mesmeric. I have taken photographs, snap shots, from time to time of his various performances, and have never been able to fix the most wonderful of them, so that I am convinced they are but illusions."

"But," said I, "is it possible for one man to mesmerise many hundreds of spectators, most of them absolute strangers to him?"

"Nothing is easier, my dear fellow, if you only know how to do it. Depend upon it that all you saw to-day was nothing else but pure, unmitigated hypnotism. You were made to believe by the simple force of that man's will. By

the way," he continued, "if he would go to London and get them to give him *carte blanche* at Lord's or the Oval, he would astonish the *quidnuncs*, for he is an adept at hypnotic cricket.

"Hypnotic cricket!" said I.

"Yes, he can do anything on a cricket field. He makes believe all the time, and can produce the illusion of an exciting match and its various details from beginning to end. Every one upon the ground comes under his influence, and is mesmerised into a firm faith in the game's actuality. I have seen his performance; in fact, at Calcutta he goes by the name of 'Ranji the Second.'"

"Oh," said I to myself, "you wicked, unscrupulous, traitorous Rattlers!"



HIS ASSISTANT WENT HAND OVER HAND UP THE ROPE AND DISAPPEARED OUT OF SIGHT.

The Jubilee Year (1887) Series.



NOTE.—The first twelve stamps form the series issued in the Jubilee year. The high values on the page, which were then in use, were retained as part of the set.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR



CONDUCTED BY

E. J. NANKIVELL

R.P.G.

The Stamps of Great Britain.

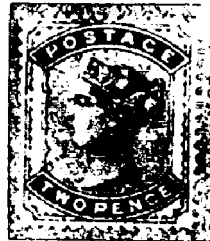
(Concluded from page 243.)

1880-3.—In this series a new watermark, a large crown, or, as it is also called, an Imperial crown, was introduced. The 2½d. value was changed from lilac rose to blue, the 3d. from rose to carmine, and the only two surcharges that have ever been placed on English stamps for home use form part of the

new stamps were coarsely engraved for rapid surface printing.



IMPERIAL CROWN.



series, viz., the 3d. printed in lilac, and overprinted "3d." in carmine, as illustrated, and the 6d. also printed in lilac and then overprinted in similar type, "6d." in carmine.

SAME TYPES. WMK. IMPERIAL CROWN.

	UNUSED.		USED.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
2½d. blue	3	0	0	1
3d., rose	5	0	1	9
3d., in carmine on 3d. lilac	3	6	1	0
4d., grey brown	5	0	0	6
6d., grey	4	0	1	6
6d., in carmine on 6d. lilac	4	0	1	3
1s., orange brown	7	6	1	3

1880.—Five stamps, ½d., 1d., 1½d., 2d., and 5d., all of new design. All watermarked Imperial crown. The ½d., 1d., 1½d., and 2d. superseded the grand old Perkins stamps of those values which for so many years had been printed by hand from steel plates. The



NEW DESIGNS. WMK. IMPERIAL CROWN.

	UNUSED.		USED.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
½d., green	0	6	0	1
1d., Venetian red	0	4	0	1
1½d., Venetian red	2	6	0	2
2d., rose	3	0	0	2
5d., deep indigo	7	6	0	6

1881.—In this year it was arranged that instead of having one set of stamps for postal and another set for fiscal purposes, one penny stamp should serve for both postal and revenue requirements. Accordingly, a new penny stamp was prepared and issued, inscribed "postal and inland revenue." Specialists note a variety, one



having 14 dots or pearls in each angle of the frame, and the other the permanent design, 15 pearls. The 14 dot variety is catalogued at 4s. to 5s. for unused, and 3d. used.

NEW DESIGN. WMK. IMPERIAL CROWN.

1d., purple ... Unused, 2d. Used, 1d.

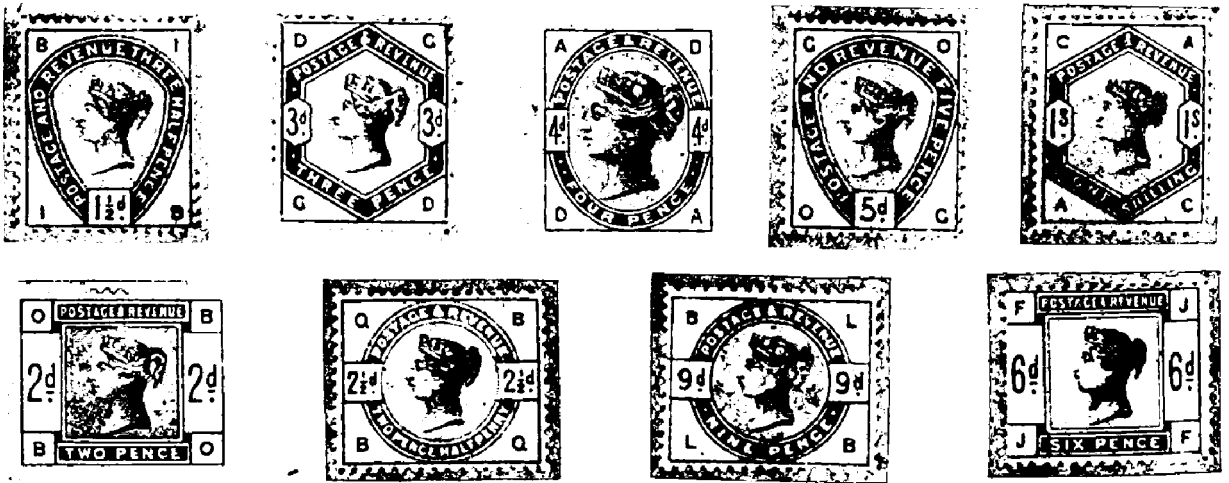
1883-4.—High values. 2s. 6d. a new value and 5s., 10s., and £1 of new designs. All with coloured letters in the angles, and all (except the £1) watermarked with an anchor. As they are all still to be had at the Post

1883-4.—This series is known as the unified series, i.e., all inscribed for postage and revenue. The 1d. lilac was retained unchanged, but all the other values are of new designs as illustrated.

NEW DESIGNS. WMK. IMPERIAL CROWN.

	UNUSED.		USED.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
½d., slate blue	0	4	0	2
1½d., lilac	2	6	0	3
2d., lilac	3	6	0	6
2½d., lilac	1	6	0	2
3d., lilac	3	0	0	4
4d., dull green	5	0	0	9
5d., dull green	2	6	0	5
6d., dull green	2	6	0	4
9d., dull green	5	6	4	0
1s., dull green	8	6	1	0

1887.—Jubilee issues. Of this series I need say very little. It inaugurated the printing of stamps in two colours. The double printing, being more expensive, was, however, confined to those stamps for which there was the smallest demand. The new process yielded very effective stamps in the case of the 4½d., 9d., and 10d. The letters



THE UNIFIED SERIES OF 1883-4.

Office, I need not quote price for unused, but the price for used will be of interest, and as they will all be superseded almost directly by the King's Head issue, readers of THE CAPTAIN will be wise to secure nice used copies while they are to be had cheaply. The illustrations of these stamps are included in the full page of the Jubilee issue.

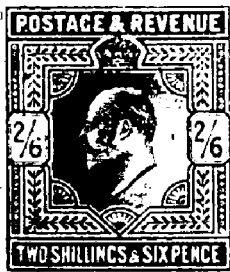
NEW DESIGNS. COLOURED CORNER LETTERS.

WMK. ANCHOR.

	USED.	
	s.	d.
2s. 6d., lilac	0	4
5s., crimson	0	6
10s., ultramarine	2	0
£1, brown lilac, wmk. 3 Imperial crowns ...	15	0
£1, brown lilac, wmk. 3 orbs	17	6

in the corners were discontinued. All the stamps are inscribed "Postage and Revenue." All but the ½d. are new and special designs purposely issued in the first month of the year of her late Majesty's Jubilee. They are now being superseded by the King's Head issue, and as being recently current I need not append any catalogue prices. In 1900 the ½d. was changed to Postal Union green, and the 1s. from green to green and scarlet. The rarity of the series is, and will be, the 3d. printed on orange-coloured paper instead of the usual lemon yellow. Only a small supply seems to have been printed on this paper. It is left unpriced in the catalogues. The series is fully illustrated in

The King's Head Coronation Series (1902).



NOTE.—The 4d. and 6d. are of same design as the 1d. The 1½d. and £5 are discontinued, and the 10d., which will be included in the King's Head series, is not yet ready for issue.

the full page under the head of "The Jubilee Year Series."

NEW DESIGNS. WMK. LARGE CROWN.

- ½d., vermilion.
- 1½d., purple and green.
- 2d., green and red.
- 2½d., purple on blue.
- 3d., purple on yellow.
- 3d., purple on orange.
- 4d., green and brown.
- 4½d., green and scarlet (1892).
- 5d., lilac and blue.
- 6d., purple on rose red.
- 9d., purple and blue.
- 10d., purple and scarlet.
- 1s., green.
- £1, green.

1900. SAME TYPE AND WMK. COLOURS CHANGED.

- ½d., blue green.
- 1s., green and scarlet.

1902.—Coronation or King's Head issue. This issue is mainly confined to the simple substitution of the King's Head for the late Queen's Head, without otherwise materially changing the designs. A small central crown surmounts the head. The high values, more especially the £1, have undergone slight changes of design. The whole series, except the 10d., which is not yet printed, is illustrated in the full page of the Coronation series. The ½d., 1d., 2½d., and 6d. have undergone a change of colours.

NEW DESIGNS. SAME WMK.

- ½d., green.
- 1d., carmine.
- 1½d., purple and green.
- 2d., green and red.
- 2½d., blue.
- 3d., purple on yellow.
- 4d., green and brown.
- 5d., lilac and blue.
- 6d., purple.
- 9d., purple and blue.
- 1s., scarlet and green.
- 2s. 6d., lilac.
- 5s., carmine.
- 10s., blue.
- £1, green.

For most of the stamps used to illustrate the foregoing description of issues I am indebted to Mr. J. W. Jones, who very kindly placed his fine unused stock at my service.

A King's Head Album.

I have several times been asked by readers of THE CAPTAIN if I knew of any album for King's Head Stamps, and I have had to reply in the negative. But Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., now announce that they are about to publish a "King's Own Postage Stamp Album," of which full particulars will no doubt duly appear in our advertisement pages when the album is ready for publication. I

understand that it will be very neatly got up, and will be sold at a reasonable price.

Notable New Issues.

There are promises of interesting new issues in course of preparation. For a long time the King's Heads will be gradually coming out in the various British Colonies. As yet, we have had only a few. But after the summer holidays, when the stamp pages are resumed, there is certain to be a big batch to illustrate and chronicle. Meanwhile, it may be noted that Brazil has ordered a new set from Bradbury, Wilkinson and Co., and Denmark has offered prizes for the best designs for a new series. The King's Head supplies have gone out to the Gold Coast and Grenada. The Crown overprint on the Cook Islands stamps, which was issued on the 1d. brown, has been abandoned. It was a failure. Very few were issued, and there are to be no more. But Queen Makea's portrait can hardly be retained now that the islands have been annexed to New Zealand. As dealers experience considerable difficulty in getting supplies of Southern Nigeria and Northern Nigeria stamps, readers of THE CAPTAIN will do well to complete their sets of these colonies before they are superseded by the King's Head series.

Bechuanaland Protectorate.—Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. inform us that the English Queen's Head ½d. green has been overprinted "Bechuanaland Protectorate."

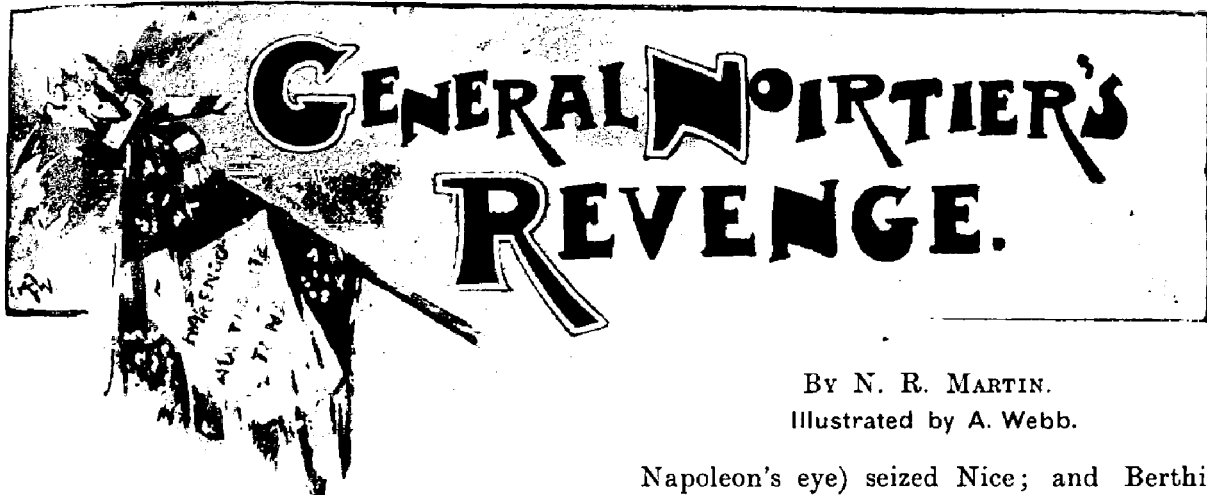
Cape of Good Hope.—The design of the 3d. has been changed to the standing figure of Hope, as on the current 1d.; colour, carmine rose; wmk., anchor; perf. 14.

Cook Islands.—The ½d. has been changed in colour to pale green, and the 1d. to carmine, the Postal Union colours.

Cayman Islands.—Here is an illustration of the new King's Head series for this colony, of which the 2½d. blue, 6d. brown, and 1s. orange have been issued. This type is apparently to be the key type for the smaller colonies, whose stamps are supplied by Messrs. De la Rue, the only alteration required being the name at



the top. It is the same design as the Queen's Head ½d and 1d. previously issued for the colony, with the King's Head in place of the Queen's. Wmk. C.A., perf. 14.



BY N. R. MARTIN.

Illustrated by A. Webb.

PERHAPS you wonder that after fifteen years' service—after fighting at Marengo, at Austerlitz, and at Jena—after the wild warfare of the Peninsula and the terrible retreat from Moscow—I am merely a broken captain. Others who fought for the same master are marshals and ambassadors, one even is a king—but they betrayed him in the days of his evil fortune. I had served the Great Emperor; not for promotion or pay would I condescend to serve the Bourbons. Their emissaries told me: "You have served fifteen years without promotion; every beardless boy has been preferred before you; now the King will give you the colonelcy and the Cross of Honour."

"It is too late," I answered; "at my time of life one cannot change masters."

Many, however, who are still loyal to the great memory, have wondered at my ill-treatment, so for their reading I will set down the story of my two meetings with the Emperor, and the dastardly revenge of General Noirtier.

I first served under the Great Emperor—but he was not Emperor then, his glories were all before him—in the Italian campaign of 1800. Every schoolboy knows how our army crossed the Alps, how we scaled precipices which the Austrian General had pronounced inaccessible; how we drew our artillery by night wrapped in tow beneath the guns of the enemy's forts. It was an awakening for the imbecile Austrian General Melas when he found that sixty thousand French troops were pouring into Italy. Before he apprehended danger we had seized the impregnable fort of Bardò—but was anything impregnable to that army of ours! Then Murat, that bold cavalry leader, made a successful dash on Milan; Suchet (a good soldier under

Napoleon's eye) seized Nice; and Berthier won the battle of Montebello. Before Melas had time to understand his misfortunes the net was closing round him. He moved this way and that, for an Austrian is always anxious about his retreat, but found that he would have to fight. So, like a brave man—for brave he was though stupid—he took up his position on the little hills that border the plains of Marengo. If we could have waited we should have starved him out, for our flanking movement was nearly complete; but our commissariat had not yet crossed the Alps, we were short of ammunition, and most of our troops were living on the country. These things did not trouble us; we were all young, from the General downwards, and we were only too pleased to see the enemy stand.

I shall never forget the day before the battle, for it was on that day Desaix, having eluded the English cruisers, returned from Egypt and joined the army. I overheard one of my men, a raw recruit, say that evening, "Desaix's arrival is worth five regiments to us."

"Fool," said my sergeant, "as if we needed more regiments."

There was a shout of laughter at the reply, but it is worth repeating, for it showed the spirit of the army of Italy.

Next morning the fight began early. As soon as it was light the Austrians crossed the little river Bormida and attacked us. We had not expected this; it had been our intention to have attacked them. They came on in three columns, calm and resolute. Lannes and Victor's corps had to bear the brunt of the attack. For two hours the enemy attacked our infantry. They had the advantage in numbers, we in discipline. The fight was very stern, but till ten o'clock all went well. We, of the heavy cavalry, waited for the enemy to break, for we could not attack unbroken infantry amongst the vineyards. Soon

after ten we heard two loud explosions in the rear of our infantry. We looked at one another gloomily, for the destruction of those two ammunition waggons by a chance shot might imperil the centre of our army. Then in another hour we began to see an unusual thing. Men began to straggle to the rear, first by twos or threes, then in groups, then in entire companies. They shouted wildly for ammunition; some of them, when they found that there was none to be had, returned to the fight, determined to use the bayonet only. Still the heavy Austrian columns pressed on, our line was broken in several places, whole regiments seemed to waver, and then the front of our battle crumpled up like a piece of paper and our infantry retreated from Marengo. General Bonaparte sat his horse unmoved. He occasionally looked through his glass at the other side of the plain, but the spectacle of the retreating troops below did not seem to interest him. He had a terribly calm bearing in battle. Our General of the Cavalry Brigade, Kellerman, spoke to him several times, but the only answer he got was a contemptuous shake of the head. Evidently the time for our work had not come yet. Our infantry re-formed in the village of San Giuliano, and a strong column of Hungarian Grenadiers rushed from Marengo to attack our new position. They were ten thousand strong, and came on most determinedly. As the Hungarians emerged from the cover of the vineyards, General Bonaparte turned to Kellerman and nodded. The heavy cavalry only numbered a thousand on that eventful day; most of our cavalry were at Milan with Murat, but we had a great commander in Kellerman. He was no tactician, but if you showed him the enemy that was enough. He had no belief in bloodless victories, and was happiest in a fight against heavy odds. That day the odds were heavy enough, heaven knows, so Kellerman laughed as he ordered the trumpeter to sound the charge. He rode at the head of the brigade, a big stout German-looking man, as we galloped down the hillside towards the Hungarians. They were brave men, those Grenadiers; as we neared them they fixed bayonets, closed their ranks, and waited coolly for our charge. Ah! that was a shock—like a wave breaking over the enemy's column the impetus of our charge carried us completely through them. There was little chance to use the sabre as we crushed our way through the mass. Then we turned, and the real work began. Kellerman was in the thick of it, shouting like a school-

boy. We charged again and again, but the Hungarians, though broken, were stubborn. If we had accounted for a couple of thousand, still, we had lost half our numbers, and our horses were tiring. Things were looking grave to everybody but Kellerman, when we heard heavy firing on the enemy's flank, and knew that Desaix's division had arrived. Kellerman rose in his saddle and shouted, "One charge more and we have them." There was a hasty scattering volley, and then, as our infantry took them in the rear, the Hungarians broke and ran. We raised a great shout when we knew that the victory was ours, and the young officers dashed in to secure the enemy's colours. I was lucky enough to be near the standard of the Royal Hungarian Regiment. A young ensign was hurrying it out of the battle. I tried to ride him down, but he turned and shot me in the shoulder, so I cut him down and tore the colours from the staff. My shoulder was bleeding badly, so I drew out of the pursuit, and found General Kellerman seated on a wall wiping his forehead.

"Pah!" he said, "we always fight on a hot day. Why, you're hurt, youngster. Take your standard to the General, and say we shall account for all of them. There will be seven or eight thousand prisoners. Then get away to the surgeons."

I saluted and rode back half a mile to the place where I saw the bright uniforms of the staff. As I rode up to them I saw General Bonaparte walking impatiently up and down in a frenzy of rage.

"Desaix," he shouted, "was late, was late! Two hours late in the flanking movement. I will have him court-martialled, dismissed."

"General Desaix was shot through the heart at the commencement of the movement," said Berthier.

"Ah!" said Napoleon, reflectively, "then he will not have to be court-martialled."

That was Napoleon Bonaparte's way; he was as hard as stone, indifferent to the death of any man; but a wonderful general.

He then turned to me and said, "And what have you to say, my boy?"

The bad temper had vanished, and the General was in his easy familiar mood.

"General Kellerman desires me to report, sir, that the enemy are utterly broken, and that he expects to have seven or eight thousand prisoners. He sends you the standard of the Royal Hungarian Regiment."

"Did you capture it, lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are wounded, *captain*. See to

your wound. Berthier, take his name and regiment for promotion."

Overjoyed, I saluted the General. I was indeed lucky to be promoted by my General on my first battlefield.

However, I took no more part in that campaign. The bullet had carried some cloth from my uniform into my wound, and blood poisoning set in. For six months I was an invalid, and when I recovered peace had been made.

For two years the peace lasted, to our great disgust; but Napoleon required peace till he had settled the internal affairs of France and made his position as Emperor secure. Then he threw off the mask, and war was declared against England. If we had held control of the seas for twenty-four hours England would have been doomed; but the British ships lined the Channel, and at last the Emperor in despair said that he would conquer England in Germany. We marched at the beginning of October. To my disgust, just as we reached the German frontier I was detached to bring two squadrons of recruits from Marseilles. I protested to my colonel, but it was useless. Some one had to go, and I was the youngest captain. I had a dreary journey of more than a week to Marseilles, and when I reached that town was in a thoroughly bad temper. I had missed the first part of the campaign for the sake of those wretched recruits. When I arrived at Marseilles I found that though my men were ready their horses were not, and I had to wait impatiently till enough heavy troop horses were procured. One evening as I was sauntering on the Canebiere, I noticed some cavalry officers seated in a wineshop. I knew one or two slightly, so I joined them. They were talking on the usual topic of cavalry officers—the relative advantages of light and heavy cavalry. I did not take any part in the conversation myself until an officer said, "Where are your heavy cavalry leaders? Have you a man fit to wipe Murat's shoes?"

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HE TURNED AND SHOT ME IN THE SHOULDER.

"General Kellerman," I interposed.

"Pah! Kellerman! a drunken hound!" he answered.

Now, though I had never known General Kellerman to go to bed sober, yet it was not the place of light cavalry upstarts to criticise him.

"You are mistaken, sir," I replied.

"Do you give me the lie, sir?"

"If you persist in your slander of a brave General, I do."

After this there was of course nothing for it but a duel. We adjourned to the garden behind the wine shop, and in five minutes I had run my young friend through the left arm.

"Who is he?" I asked one of my acquaintances, as they were taking the youth away to the hospital.

"Lieutenant Noirtier, son of the General of the garrison."

"Ah!" I said, "the General can scarcely court-martial me for duelling, or people will say that it is because I had wounded his son."

"Rest assured," said my friend, "General Noirtier dare not punish you for this."

However, the next morning directly I rose I received a message that General Noirtier required my attendance at his quarters. It was the 23rd of October—I shall never forget that date—and as I went up to the fort I noticed that the semaphores, by which communication was kept up along the coast, were working briskly. I thought casually that there must be important news from Spain that morning.

General Noirtier received me politely, and asked me to be seated. He was a long, lean man with a perpetual smile playing over his thin lips.

He said to me, "I hear, Captain Godoy, that you have transgressed the edict against duelling. Under the circumstances, I can take no notice of your action, but I do not intend to allow a man of your quarrelsome disposition to remain in Marseilles. You must set out for Austria at once."

"But, sir, my troop will not be ready for a week."

"I take on myself the responsibility of your troop. Good and important news has arrived from Spain, and you must start at once with my despatches for the Emperor. Your horse is waiting outside, so without a moment's delay you must start."

As I listened to that old General, with his bland smile and pleasant manner, I thought that he only wished to get rid of a firebrand like myself, and that that was the reason he gave me the despatches. If I had known the truth, general or no general, I would have run him through the body as he sat smiling there.

"There are your despatches, Captain Godoy. Remember, you must deliver them into the Emperor's own hands. Take care you lose no time on the road."

I cannot describe my joy as I found myself riding towards the Italian frontier. I laughed as I thought that as a punishment General Noirtier had given me my heart's desire—orders to join the Grand Army. I reflected that if he had known my impatience to go he would have taken steps to keep me in Marseilles, and I rejoiced that I had come so well out of an awkward scrape.

I might, if I chose, describe my adventur-

ous ride through Turin and Milan, and thence through the passes of the Tyrol to Austria. I could tell how many horses I wore out—how every traveller gave way to me—how at the magic words "Despatches for the Emperor" the surliest innkeeper furnished me with his best steed. At last, tired and saddlesore, I reached Vienna on the morning of November 18th. There I heard that the Emperor was at Allensteig, a small town forty miles to the north. Though I could scarcely keep my saddle I remounted, and reached Allensteig in the grey of the evening. When I rode up to the Emperor's quarters I was informed that he was dining. I sent a message to General Berthier that I had important despatches for the Emperor's own hand, and in a moment I was admitted.

The Emperor sat laughing at the table with Davoust and Murat.

"Ah!" he said, as I entered, "whom have we here? One of my Marengo boys! Is it good news you bring, Captain Godoy?"

The great Emperor never forgot a name or a face.

"Yes, sire," I answered, saluting as I presented the despatches. I was then intending to retire, but the Emperor said genially: "Wait—wait, Captain."

He tore open the despatches and read them. As he did so his face grew darker and darker. At last he threw the despatches on the table, swore a horrible Italian oath, and shrieked to Murat: "Can I be everywhere at once? That scoundrel of a Villeneuve has sold my fleet to the English—not a ship left, Spanish or French! Oh! I will hang him to his own topmast. And you, sir" (turning to me), "how dare you tell me you brought good news? Not a word! Away! out of my sight, or I will have you flogged through the camp."

I left the house a broken, ruined man. I saw now how I had been trapped. General Noirtier knew that the Emperor never forgave the bearers of bad news, and I had borne the news of the greatest naval disaster France had ever known. I knew that my military career was ruined, for the Emperor never forgot. At Austerlitz my squadron took four guns, my lieutenant was promoted, but the Emperor crossed my name off the list. So year after year it went on—my juniors became colonels, brigadiers, marshals—I remained a simple captain. I was mentioned in despatches again and again, for when a man sets no value on his life it is easy to be brave. General Ney did me the honour to say to me that when he made his report of



"HOW DARE YOU TELL ME YOU BROUGHT GOOD NEWS?"

a battle he always included my name amongst the officers who distinguished themselves as a matter of form. "I know you, Godoy," he said.

Through the weary years I fought on. One episode only enlivened my life, for I met young Noirtier, now a colonel. Of course, we quarrelled again, and I had the felicity of ending his career by a thrust in tierce. Would that his father had been a younger man!

I fought through nearly all the campaigns. I saw the dreary retreat from Moscow, when General Ney and myself formed the rearguard of the Grand Army; I saw the magnificent manœuvres by which the Emperor fought tenfold numbers in 1814, and I was one of the last to ride away from the fatal field of Waterloo. Yet never did the

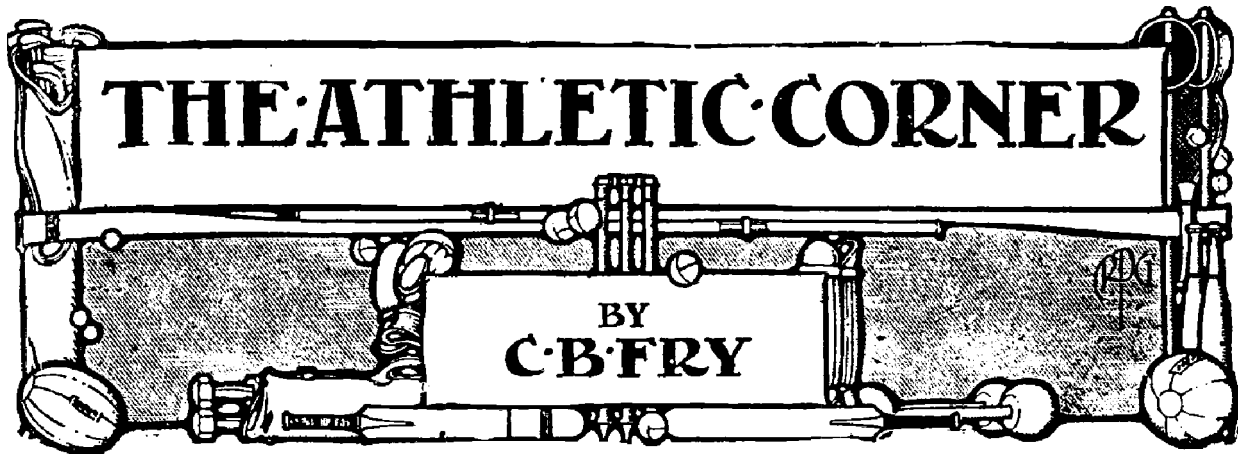
Emperor show that he knew of my existence. But later, when he was a prisoner in a far-off desolate island, he must have thought of me, for one of the last clauses in his will reads, "I bequeath to Captain Godoy, of the Dragoons, my gold-mounted sabre."

That is all I received for fifteen years' service, but I was well paid. I like to think that when he was a lonely prisoner his thoughts turned to one who, in spite of injustice and ingratitude, was always loyal, whilst others, whom he had loaded with benefits and honours, betrayed him. He thought of the others in his hours of success, he turned to me in the hour of his failure.





This is a typical cricket crowd in front of the Pavilion at the Kennington Oval after a "Test Match."
Photo by E. Hawkins and Company.



ABOUT CRICKET CROWDS.

SOME first-class cricketers of my acquaintance affect to take no notice whatever of the crowd; for them, in theory, crowds no more exist than newspapers. All the same, crowds (and, in parenthesis, newspapers) have a decided effect on cricket. One effect is none other than that of making first-class cricket as now played possible; for the county club nowadays requires a big income to carry on with, and the source of the income is the crowd. Talking of the expenses of county cricket, I am at the present time away in Yorkshire and Lancashire for a week with the Sussex team, and have just received from the Sussex secretary a little cheque for £120—no, dear reader, I am not paid for playing for Sussex; the cheque represents one week's wages to the professionals of our team. So the game comes expensive, and the crowd pays the piper.

But that is the mere business side of the question, a side of the question that the old-world cricketer who writes letters to the papers about the decadence of the modern game, and the evil results of gate-money, does not take into consideration at all.

The crowd also has a distinct influence upon the actual play in the field it encircles. A keen crowd makes a keen game and an apathetic crowd has a demoralising effect upon the play. I hate an apathetic crowd; it creates an atmosphere of don't care. Give me either an enthusiastically well-disposed crowd, or else one that is bitterly hostile. A crowd that cheers you to the echo if you play a ball back to the bowler for no runs puts you in favour with your bat at once. You feel a thrill of enthusiasm, and forthwith produce your best efforts. If a crowd is hostile and lets you know it, then the antagonism in your nature is roused, and you

feel bound to fight every ball bowled. Either way, there is some zest in the air.

Of course the temper of a crowd depends a great deal upon the run of the game. When the game shapes into a dramatic crisis, then the crowd works itself up into sympathy. It was a remarkable experience for all present when some years ago Australia for the first time beat England. It was at the Oval. England had a small score to get to win in the fourth innings. Wicket after wicket went down before Spofforth's demon arm. When, towards the end, the issue hung in the balance of a couple of boundary hits, the silence was absolute. Not a whisper. And when the last English batsman was out with seven runs still wanting, for some seconds so still was the crowd that every man might have been of stone. Then suddenly the crowd burst into a tremendous cheer that must have been heard miles away. It was wonderful hearing, that cheer after the silence.

The ordinary crowd at a county match is for the most part fairly impartial in awarding its praise. If you are on the visiting side you generally get a bit of acclamation if you make a good stroke. But the home batsmen are cheered for any stroke whatsoever, so it brings runs to the home side. Fluky snicks between the slips or between your legs and the wickets are as much appreciated on your own ground as your best off-drive.

The crowd, however, has a different attitude towards the real good stroke and the lucky snick. The good stroke is loudly and solemnly applauded—it is a good sound piece of cricket, and is accepted as a serious piece of workmanship. But the lucky snick for two between your legs and the wicket, that is a pungent joy to the crowd; the crowd roars with laughter, not because you had

no idea whatever how you played the ball or how it went where it did, but because the crowd thinks you have done something very artful, and have very neatly taken a point off the bowler.

At the Oval Robert Abel is a tremendous favourite. But the Surrey crowd loves not so much his real fine stroke as any little half hit for one run, any little touch that steers the ball clear of a fielder. The fine stroke is cheered and clapped, but the "ikey" little stroke is received with frenzied delight. Part of the crowd whistles loudly through its fingers and shouts "Bob—eye," with the accent on the "eye." Sometimes when Bobby is going rather slow, and perhaps is not quite at his best, then the crowd may want to know all about it. "What's the matter with yer, A—bel?" comes from the back row. But as a rule the Surrey crowd is kind, and not over-critical. Tom Richardson is a tremendous favourite at the Oval as a batsman. He is invariably received with cheers when he comes out last man in. The crowd expects some fun, and gets it if Tom survives a couple of overs. It does not much matter whether Tom hits the ball or not; what the Oval crowd likes is to see him swing his bat. Indeed, though in many respects a very cricket-loving crowd, there is a vein of frivolity at the Oval. Consequently, Mr. Craig, the Surrey poet, who boasts that though there are others, Tennyson and Longfellow, who can write better poetry than himself, no one can sell poetry as freely, finds plenty of scope for his wit and his wares at the Oval. "Bravo, Surrey, the county of my birth; bravo, Yorkshire, my adopted home," never fails to hit the mark at the Oval.

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In the south of England one rarely comes across an amusing crowd, except sometimes at the Oval. But occasionally funny incidents occur. At Bristol, one Bank Holiday, E. M. Grace was batting. For some reason or other an individual in the crowd was displeased with E. M.'s play, and signified the same in the usual manner. After standing the abuse for about an over and a half, E. M.'s patience was exhausted. "Hold my bat a minute," he said to the wicket-keeper, and made a bee-line for the objectionable point. The abusive man did not wait; he struggled out of the throng and set off for the gates at full speed. E. M. could not get through the ring, so hunter and hunted ran parallel with each other, the one inside, the other outside, the ring. Just as E. M. got through a narrow outlet near the gates he

saw his quarry's heels diving over the turnstiles, so he gave up and returned to the wicket to continue his innings.

There is no doubt that what most delights the crowd everywhere is high, hard hitting. Probably cricket would be nearly half as popular again as it is were six runs allowed for hits over the ropes, and batsmen thus encouraged to go in for high driving. When G. L. Jessop goes in, the crowd, be it ever so apathetic, wakes up into a buzz of anticipation. At each great hit a tremendous shout of approval follows the ball. And if the flashing hitter gets out, you can distinctly feel the crowd subside into itself and disappointment. The Gloucestershire captain is, I think, the batsman above all others that the crowd delights to see. Ranjitsinhji is, of course, followed with peculiar zest. He is so interesting and surprising. But the crowd cannot see what he is doing so well as they can see Jessop's outright driving. The crowd suspects Ranji of intense cunning, and greets his simplest stroke with sympathetic laughter.

At Lord's, when Albert Trott goes in, there is a hum of excitement like that which welcomes Jessop. It is a standing tradition that Trott will try to hit over the pavilion, and everyone expects him to live up to this. He certainly does his best, though he takes in with him a bat weighing about 4lb., because, he says, the extra lb. keeps him steady.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. Orchard.—There is no reason whatever why you should not get up at six o'clock and have a practice at the nets till 8.30 before going to business. But half-an-hour is quite long enough at the nets at a time. If you take exercise like that before breakfast you ought to have some light food before you start. Nothing that I know of is better for this purpose than a cup of Plasmon Cocoa with two or three Plasmon biscuits.

A. Needham.—It is rather difficult for me to offer you advice. If your doctor tells you you must not play cricket, I suppose you must not. I do not see why cricket should be worse for you than any other outdoor exercise. You might try golf and tennis. A goalkeeper has to trust to his own judgment whether to run out or not. Generally speaking, it is better for him to run out and try to stop the forward shooting than to stand still and be shot at. But, of course, it is impossible to give general advice on the point. If a goalkeeper runs out and clears successfully, he is much praised; if his effort does not come off, he is severely blamed. Of course, if you run out you must choose exactly the right moment, and make up your mind to get hold of the ball at all costs. Anything is better than hesitation; if you feel inclined to run out, do so, but do so at once.

P.W.P.F.C.—I wish you every success in your

project of forming a football club. You might find some of the information you require in the Badminton volume on Football, but I am not sure. It seems to me that if you have a clear conception of the object of your club, there should be no difficulty in drafting a few simple rules. Elaborate club rules, unless absolutely necessary, are a mistake. You might, perhaps, get some useful advice by writing to the Secretary of any successful club you know of. I am sorry I cannot be of much use to you.

J. Theron.—The colour of the Worcestershire County Cricket Club is plain dark green. The monogram of the Club is, I think, worked on it in yellow. If I were you I would have dark green with a very narrow stripe of yellow about a quarter-of-an-inch broad. Yellow stripes should be about three inches apart. The stripes on the cap might be about one and a-half inches apart, and should run round, not up and down.

G.O.—No one ought to smoke until he is fully grown. And then only moderately. Cigarette smoking of the cheap kind is pure idiocy. The best way to improve your pace is to practise short full speed dashes of about 30 yards. But for football you need activity in turning and dodging as well as mere sprinting power.

Douglas Lewis.—One guinea for six lessons is certainly not out of the way for instruction in boxing, provided the instructor is a capable man. Personally, I prefer light dumb-bells to the exercising appliances now so much advertised. Between the various elastic exercises there is little to choose. Your measurements seem pretty fair.

C. W. Campbell.—I am not quite sure what is the best course to pursue when you get the stitch in a paperchase. Stitch is, I believe, usually simply slight cramp of the inter-costal muscles, that is to say, of the muscles which expand and contract your chest as you breathe. You ask whether it is better to persist or to stop until the stitch disappears. I do not think it is a good thing to persist at the same pressure under which the cramp came on. You should ease down a bit, breathing very gently and carefully for a few hundred yards. Of course, the very fact that you get the stitch proves that you are running without being properly trained. If the respiratory muscles have been gradually developed by previous running over shorter distances, you do not get cramp in them. You will find in many of the books on training now published various exercises described to improve your breathing capacity. These are very useful, and you should pay attention to them.

H.R.W.B.—I am very much obliged for your interesting letter about the Cup ties. My "spot" team, as you call it, has not got into the final after all, but as I spotted it before Christmas, and it got into the semi-final, I do not consider I was a bad prophet. I am glad to hear you appreciated Needham's play. Thickett is a heavy and powerful tackler, and is specially effective, I think, on a muddy ground. Perhaps he was not at his best when you saw him; usually he is a fine kick. The referee you mention is, I agree with you, rather too particular about the minutiae of the law, and often stops the game when he need not; still, he is very correct. The referee in your school match was wrong, according to the letter of the law. If he penalised a player for tripping anywhere inside the 12 yards line, he was bound to give a penalty kick. Personally, I think the referee ought to be allowed to use his discretion in such a case, as, in fact, your referee did; but at present the law does not allow this.

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In the south of England one rarely comes across an amusing crowd, except sometimes at the Oval. But occasionally funny incidents occur. At Bristol, one Bank Holiday, E. M. Grace was batting. For some reason or other an individual in the crowd was displeased with E. M.'s play, and signified the same in the usual manner. After standing the abuse for about an over and a half, E. M.'s patience was exhausted. "Hold my bat a minute," he said to the wicket-keeper, and made a bee-line for the objectionable point. The abusive man did not wait; he struggled out of the throng and set off for the gates at full speed. E. M. could not get through the ring, so hunter and hunted ran parallel with each other, the one inside, the other outside, the ring. Just as E. M. got through a narrow outlet near the gates he

saw his quarry's heels diving over the turnstiles, so he gave up and returned to the wicket to continue his innings.

There is no doubt that what most delights the crowd everywhere is high, hard hitting. Probably cricket would be nearly half as popular again as it is were six runs allowed for hits over the ropes, and batsmen thus encouraged to go in for high driving. When G. L. Jessop goes in, the crowd, be it ever so apathetic, wakes up into a buzz of anticipation. At each great hit a tremendous shout of approval follows the ball. And if the flashing hitter gets out, you can distinctly feel the crowd subside into itself and disappointment. The Gloucestershire captain is, I think, the batsman above all others that the crowd delights to see. Ranjitsinhji is, of course, followed with peculiar zest. He is so interesting and surprising. But the crowd cannot see what he is doing so well as they can see Jessop's outright driving. The crowd suspects Ranji of intense cunning, and greets his simplest stroke with sympathetic laughter.

At Lord's, when Albert Trott goes in, there is a hum of excitement like that which welcomes Jessop. It is a standing tradition that Trott will try to hit over the pavilion, and everyone expects him to live up to this. He certainly does his best, though he takes in with him a bat weighing about 4lb., because, he says, the extra lb. keeps him steady.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. Orchard.—There is no reason whatever why you should not get up at six o'clock and have a practice at the nets till 8.30 before going to business. But half-an-hour is quite long enough at the nets at a time. If you take exercise like that before breakfast you ought to have some light food before you start. Nothing that I know of is better for this purpose than a cup of Plasmon Cocoa with two or three Plasmon biscuits.

A. Needham.—It is rather difficult for me to offer you advice. If your doctor tells you you must not play cricket, I suppose you must not. I do not see why cricket should be worse for you than any other outdoor exercise. You might try golf and tennis. A goalkeeper has to trust to his own judgment whether to run out or not. Generally speaking, it is better for him to run out and try to stop the forward shooting than to stand still and be shot at. But, of course, it is impossible to give general advice on the point. If a goalkeeper runs out and clears successfully, he is much praised; if his effort does not come off, he is severely blamed. Of course, if you run out you must choose exactly the right moment, and make up your mind to get hold of the ball at all costs. Anything is better than hesitation; if you feel inclined to run out, do so, but do so at once.

P.W.P.F.C.—I wish you every success in your

project of forming a football club. You might find some of the information you require in the Badminton volume on Football, but I am not sure. It seems to me that if you have a clear conception of the object of your club, there should be no difficulty in drafting a few simple rules. Elaborate club rules, unless absolutely necessary, are a mistake. You might, perhaps, get some useful advice by writing to the Secretary of any successful club you know of. I am sorry I cannot be of much use to you.

J. Theron.—The colour of the Worcestershire County Cricket Club is plain dark green. The monogram of the Club is, I think, worked on it in yellow. If I were you I would have dark green with a very narrow stripe of yellow about a quarter-of-an-inch broad. Yellow stripes should be about three inches apart. The stripes on the cap might be about one and a-half inches apart, and should run round, not up and down.

G.O.—No one ought to smoke until he is fully grown. And then only moderately. Cigarette smoking of the cheap kind is pure idiocy. The best way to improve your pace is to practise short full speed dashes of about 30 yards. But for football you need activity in turning and dodging as well as mere sprinting power.

Douglas Lewis.—One guinea for six lessons is certainly not out of the way for instruction in boxing, provided the instructor is a capable man. Personally, I prefer light dumb-bells to the exercising appliances now so much advertised. Between the various elastic exercises there is little to choose. Your measurements seem pretty fair.

C. W. Campbell.—I am not quite sure what is the best course to pursue when you get the stitch in a paperchase. Stitch is, I believe, usually simply slight cramp of the inter-costal muscles, that is to say, of the muscles which expand and contract your chest as you breathe. You ask whether it is better to persist or to stop until the stitch disappears. I do not think it is a good thing to persist at the same pressure under which the cramp came on. You should ease down a bit, breathing very gently and carefully for a few hundred yards. Of course, the very fact that you get the stitch proves that you are running without being properly trained. If the respiratory muscles have been gradually developed by previous running over shorter distances, you do not get cramp in them. You will find in many of the books on training now published various exercises described to improve your breathing capacity. These are very useful, and you should pay attention to them.

H.R.W.B.—I am very much obliged for your interesting letter about the Cup ties. My "spot" team, as you call it, has not got into the final after all, but as I spotted it before Christmas, and it got into the semi-final, I do not consider I was a bad prophet. I am glad to hear you appreciated Needham's play. Thickett is a heavy and powerful tackler, and is specially effective, I think, on a muddy ground. Perhaps he was not at his best when you saw him; usually he is a fine kick. The referee you mention is, I agree with you, rather too particular about the minutiae of the law, and often stops the game when he need not; still, he is very correct. The referee in your school match was wrong, according to the letter of the law. If he penalised a player for tripping anywhere inside the 12 yards line, he was bound to give a penalty kick. Personally, I think the referee ought to be allowed to use his discretion in such a case, as, in fact, your referee did; but at present the law does not allow this.

Augusta Binston and Others.—

Please accept my thanks for your good wishes for my birthday. I did not know I had so many friends.

Black Heathen.—I have already answered you as an old lady, an old gentleman, a Japanese, a little girl, and a Frenchman. Perhaps you will explain your protean characters? I twigg'd right away.

A Future W. Robinson.—Is it J. W. you mean? Him you may well take as your model. I cannot give you very precise instructions about exercises to keep a goalkeeper in form. The only way to become an expert goalkeeper is to get as much practice in goal as possible, with plenty of friends shooting at you. Of course, a goalkeeper needs to be very active and muscular. You might very well, therefore, go in for light dumbbells, gymnastics, jumping, skipping, etc; in fact, all exercises that will make you quick and active. I fear I do not know the names of any secretaries of junior clubs, but surely you can find one in your own district to suit you. Have a look round: and if you cannot find a club, why, found one.

D. Campbell (1) sends an interesting account of the final of the Football Championship of France. Perhaps my readers do not know that there is a French Football Cup? There is. The final was between the Racing Club de France and the Racing Club de Roubaix. It lasted two hours and a half. The latter club won by four goals to three, their centre half shooting a goal from 60 yards on the point of time. (2) I cannot publish the record of your school hockey matches, but it is very interesting to hear that French schools have taken so vigorously to games. I think it is fairly well known over here now that games are going ahead in France. I dare say if you write to the Editor of THE CAPTAIN, he might like an account of the way boys in France have taken to games, of the great difficulties they have experienced, and how they have surmounted them. Especially if you have good photographs to illustrate it. Write to the Editor about it. Thank you very much for the newspaper "Tous les Sports." I had no idea such a paper was published in Paris. I wish English sporting papers were half as well written. How is this for an episode, mes braves? "Peu après, un choc violent autant qu'involontaire se produit entre la nuque du même Matthey (who just above had trompé les arrières roubaisiens et marqué le premier but pour le R.C.F.) et l'arcade sourcilière d'Ernest Lesur qui est fendue et saigne abondamment." The R.C.F. seems to have lost owing to its excès de confiance and too much "jeu pour la galerie." But the match reads a fine one.

C. E. L. Ward.—Your bat ought to weigh, I should say, just under 2lbs. The proper height of a bat for anyone is such that the top of the bat comes just up to the wrist when he is standing full height with his arm hanging beside him. If you write to any of the makers who advertise in THE CAPTAIN, mentioning the height of the bat you require, you will probably get what you want. Shaw and Shrewsbury's address is Victoria-square, Nottingham. Their bats are excellent.

Oxtab-Pantonian, whatever that may be. No, I did not lose the boot-lace of my boot before the Cup Tie final, but apparently the boot-lace lost its virtue. That boot-lace was only a slight quip. I never said I preferred knickerbockers to skirts for girls to play games in. I merely voted for knickers as against under-petticoats. But, anyway, the right kind of knickerbockers, such as I have seen in Paris, as a matter of fact, look exactly like short skirts;

they are full and flowing. But, mind you, I don't fancy myself as an authority on ladies' dress. French girls manage to look very nice in those clothes. It is very difficult to say who are the best batsmen and the best bowlers in England. I think Ranjissinhji is the best batsman, but then he plays for Sussex. There are various kinds of bowlers, and you really cannot compare one of one kind with one of another. Rhodes and Hirst of Yorkshire were the most successful last season. If I can get you the autographs I will, but it is rather doubtful.

Sports.—Many thanks for your commiserations about the Cup. It is impossible to get satisfactory public school records for athletic sports. The conditions are so various; some of the sports are held on grass, and others on cinder tracks, and so on. The records of your school are very good indeed. But 10 2-5th seconds for the 100 yards appears to me a trifle too good to be true. I certainly think that you ought to have gone on with your jumping after 5 feet 8 inches as an under-fifteener. I am very much in favour of inter-school athletic meetings, if they can be satisfactorily organised. I also think that athletic sports ought to be organised at schools as nearly as possible on the same lines as cricket and football. Forms and Houses ought to compete against one another just as they do in games; and boys ought to be taught how to run and jump.

C. H. Regan.—I have handed on your postcard to the Stamp Editor. When I saw your question, "Are British colonials good for investing?" I thought you had mistaken me for the City Editor of THE CAPTAIN: a functionary as yet unappointed.

Too Fat.—No, sir, taking everything into consideration, I do not think you are too heavy.

W. C. Parkinson.—Do I think that intoxicating liquors in any form aid the performance of any physical exertions or retard them? Well, my opinion is that for success in athletics it is best to eschew all forms of alcohol. But there is no doubt that wine is useful as a medicine if a man is stale or jaded. If you do take wine, and you had far better not, only take it with your food.

Corinthian (Hong Kong).—Yes, I think Mr. Burnup was Captain of the Association Team at Cambridge, but I am not quite sure. He has not played for some time now, consequently Mr. Corbett, who plays regularly, must at the present time be considered the better player. I have complied with your request about the autograph.

H. Schofield.—The team that you have chosen to represent the British Isles would certainly give a good account of itself. But there are so many good players nowadays that a couple more teams might be picked likely enough to beat the one you have chosen. I have never seen Meredith play, but I have often been told by good judges that he is the best outside right of the day. Yes, I can play left back just as well as right; in fact, I rather prefer it.

C. G. S.—Thank you for your information. Yes, the book I was thinking of is "With Bat and Ball; or, Twenty-five Years of Australian and Anglo-Australian Cricket," by George Giffen. It is published by Ward, Lock and Co.

Chum.—I do not know why it is that both the Corinthians and Queen's Park are just at present weaker than they used to be. They certainly are, but I see no reason why they should not regain their pristine vigour. Both matches between Southampton and Sheffield United for the Cup were very close and even. Although Sheffield won by 2 goals to 1 in the second match, Southampton had just as much of the game. When a team loses, the critics look

for its faults in order to explain the loss; when a team wins the critics look for its good points in order to explain the win. That is why you see such different accounts of a team in the newspapers when it loses from when it wins.

E. Gray.—No. Yes: both. Yes. It depends. No. Yes. No. No. There you are: and I have answered you also by post.

H. L. Dobrée.—The Bussey "Demon Driver" is all right if you pick the right one. I had one once that turned out a clinker; it was the first bat I used up at Oxford. I do not know anything about the compo. ball Bussey makes. As a rule, compo. balls spoil bats; but this may be a new sort. You should always begin a new bat on an old leather ball. I well remember being caught by Wrathall on the boundary at Bristol, and a first-rate silly stroke it was.

N. de P. Orca.—I am indeed surprised to hear the O.F. has not answered you. Persevere with him: he is an old man and needs reminding of things. Don't be "raggy" with him. I do not play hockey, and I do not consider it equal to football. No, I do not consider skill in batting is advanced by playing on a field so crowded with games that you have to look all ways at once. Worn turf makes batting difficult but gives good practice in defence.

F. E. B.—Sorry you did not look me up at Taunton. Rather, I remember the ride Sammy Woods and I enjoyed with you at Grahamstown. On the contrary, I think you are very wise to take in THE CAPTAIN.

K. M. Holman.—1. Enquire present price of "Book of Cricket" from Geo. Newnes, Ltd. 2. I know of no book giving the hockey clubs. You might find out by writing to the Editor of *The Field*. 3. "Demon" rackets are good: so are Feltham's: it is a mere matter of which you prefer. Good luck to your love of games!

D. M. B.—You are evidently out of training; try walking as much as possible, and a short run daily, increasing the distance as you find you can. I should try and play both hockey and cricket, if I were you; both good games. I do not think they ought to make anyone ill; they never did me. I never edited THE CAPTAIN. The O.F. has been editor from No. 1.

Yes, I am very fond of riding, but have not time for much.

Scot.—What very bad luck, my boy. But never mind, make the best of it. Much of the finest work in the world has been done by fellows who would have had no chance of passing the medical exam. for the Army. It is most disappointing being cut off games, if you are fond of them. Still, there are other pursuits that may interest you. Perhaps you will get better of your ill-health. Live as much as possible out of doors. You are a bit light for your height, but that does not matter much. Look me up if you come to Brighton again: I shall be glad to see you.

F. Carpenter.—No game requires more brains than cricket. But in football quick wits are valuable. I should say judgment is equally valuable in both games.

Carlow.—Your method of training is first-rate. Milk is splendid for you if it suits you; some people cannot take it. Do not eat too much meat; it is a mistake. Have you tried Plasmon? I find it excellent. This is late for you, so I answered you by post.

Inquisitive.—1. The qualification rule in county cricket is the same for amateurs and professionals. 2. Five minutes skipping is ample time. 3. Your proportions are good, though you are on the small side. It is kind of you to wish me success: I will try.

W. Stamford.—The only way to handicap satisfactorily for the long jump is to find out the best previous performance of each competitor, and adjust the allowances accordingly. You might try six inches a year, but I doubt whether this would work well. For boys of 11 to 15 a cricket pitch of 20 yards with a small ball. Each boy should have a bat to suit him. Stumps need not be reduced in size.

C. B. Fry

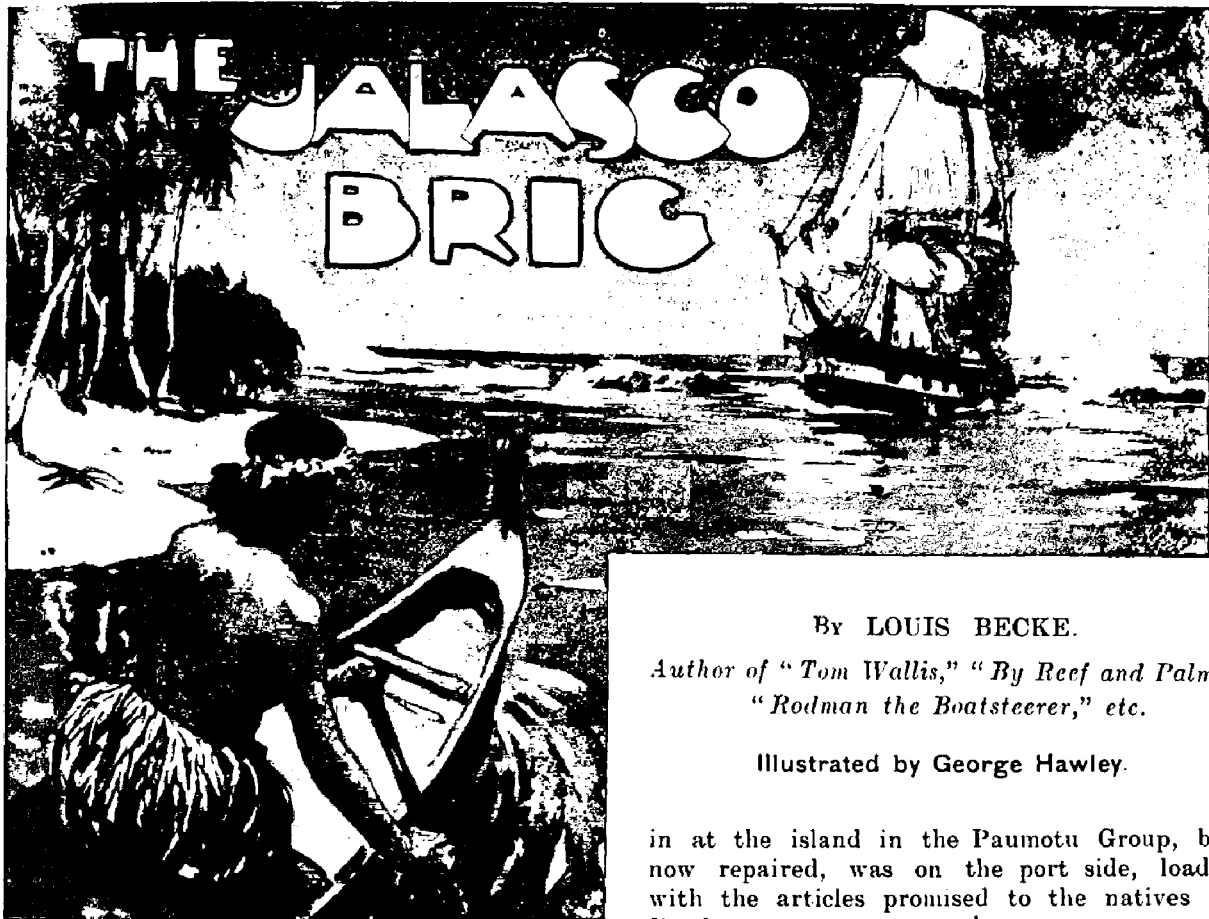


MOORED TO THE BOTTOM.

ABSENT-MINDED BROWNIE: "I wonder why I can't get this punt to move!"



MERRILL WAS STANDING NEAR THE TABLE. (See page 333.)



By LOUIS BECKE.

Author of "Tom Wallis," "By Reef and Palm,"
"Rodman the Boatsteerer," etc.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

KINGSTON, a skipper in the employ of Forestier, a wealthy Vulturano shipowner, is promised the command of a fine brig, the *Jalasco*, which Forestier has recently purchased. Unfortunately, however, before taking over his new command, Kingston asks Forestier for the hand of his pretty daughter, Rosa. Enraged by what he considers the young skipper's presumption, Forestier dismisses Kingston from his service. A little later Kingston is rather mysteriously engaged to act as second mate on the brig *Blossom* (Captain Rowley). Kingston has not been aboard long when certain circumstances lead him to suspect that there has been foul play on the ship, and subsequently he learns from the black boatswain, Worcester, that the *Blossom* is really the *Jalasco*, but has been "pirated" by Rowley and his first mate, Merrill, and some scoundrels in their pay. Thereupon he determines to recapture the brig as soon as opportunity offers. Before many days have passed Worcester is assassinated by the crew, so Kingston has to make his effort alone. The *Jalasco* puts in to the island of Nukufetau for repairs, and Kingston promises to give the natives many handsome presents if they will assist him. They agree to his terms, and he explains his plans to them.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HOISTING OF THE COLOURS.

THE *Jalasco* was ready for sea again. All her guns, stores, and water were aboard; the hides, closely steeved in the lower hold, made on their upper layer a surface as smooth as a board; and aloft she was as spick and span as a new pin.

It was ten o'clock in the morning, and the captain's boat was alongside, ready to take him on shore. A second boat, that which had been stove

in at the island in the Paumotu Group, but now repaired, was on the port side, loaded with the articles promised to the natives by Rowley.

From the shore came the clamour of many voices. Natives could be seen hurrying to and fro among the houses of the main village, and carrying baskets of food to the *fale kaupule*, or council house, where the captain was to be entertained, and every now and then a conch shell would sound a deep, weirdly resonant note.

On the deck of the brig everything was in order, and Merrill, who was awaiting the captain's appearance, kept glancing up aloft with a sailor's pride—and he was a born sailor-man—at the trim spars, with the neatly furled sails tapering gracefully from their carefully smoothed and rounded bunts to each slender yard-arm end.

Kingston, his heart beating high with expectation of what the next hour or two would bring forth, but outwardly calm and indifferent, was on the poop, studiously sewing at a new fore-top-gallant staysail. Rowley had pressed him to come ashore, but he had declined, saying—what was absolutely true—that he had plenty of work to do on board before the brig lifted her anchor again.

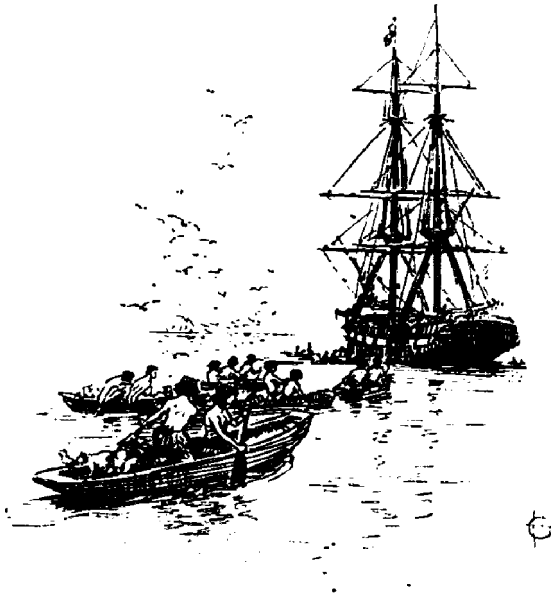
Soon after ten, Rowley came on deck. He was dressed with some degree of care, and his always florid face was more florid than usual; it was very evident that he was highly elated.

"I'm sorry you won't come ashore with me,"

he said to Kingston, "you'll miss a lot of fun. There will be a big dance of about three hundred young men and women, and I've promised the chief that after all the junketing is over on shore, as many people as we have room for can come aboard, and we'll fire the guns for 'em. Get everything ready, Mr. Merrill; give each gun a double blank charge, rammed well home, and have the muzzles well greased—Portugee nigger fashion—to make a big noise."

"You'll find such a lot of people on the decks a great nuisance," said Kingston, with apparent indifference, "as it is, a lot of canoes are sure to be coming off, crowded with natives, bringing their farewell presents of food and other gear, while you are ashore."

"Oh, well, we must try and put up with 'em," remarked Rowley, "it won't do to offend 'em at the last moment."



AS THEY CAME PADDLING TOWARDS THE SHIP THEY SANG MELODIOUSLY TOGETHER.

"No, I suppose we'll have to put up with them," said Kingston, in a tone of discontent, "but our decks will be in a pretty mess after we get clear of them."

This remark freed Merrill's mind of the very last vestige of doubt concerning Kingston. He was now certain that he was as eager as Rowley and himself to leave the island, and at any moment was likely to come to them and announce his determination to "stand in" with them.

Rowley stepped into his own boat, which was manned by four hands, and, accompanied by the other, containing his presents for the natives, pulled ashore, leaving on board his two officers and seven men. Of these seven, only the sentry on the topgallant foc's'le was armed with a car-

bine and cutlass, although the rest carried their knives in their belts. The mate, as Kingston knew, habitually carried a pistol; and aft, on the poop-deck, where the natives were never allowed in greater numbers than half-a-dozen at a time, there were always kept a dozen carbines, loaded and capped, and ready for instant use, except that they were concealed from view by a couple of hammocks spread over them in case of rain, and to prevent the heavy night dews from rusting them. Every morning these carbines were carefully examined by Merrill, who had several times fired and reloaded them since they had been placed there; and Kingston could not but admire the man's continuous caution, even when there appeared to be not the slightest necessity for it. Rowley had twice suggested that these arms should be taken below, or put entirely out of sight, as their presence implied a distrust of the natives, and was likely to be a cause of offence, if not resentment, but Merrill had protested strongly, and appealed to Kingston for his opinion, and the latter, for reasons of his own, of course, sided with the mate and said it would be as well to leave them where they were.

"Just so," said Merrill, "guess we should look pretty sick if a muss did occur, and we were cut off from access to the poop. The men can't work about the deck carrying guns, but they know where to get them if they did want them."

An hour after Rowley had gone ashore, Kingston was still sewing at the staysail; Merrill was engaged with two or three of the men in re-stowing a few small articles in the lazarette, and the rest of the crew were at various tasks on deck. Suddenly the sound of a chorus of many voices came from the shore, and, rising to his feet, the second officer saw a long procession of natives of both sexes marching down from the village to the boats.

"Tell Señor Merrill he's wanted on deck," he said to one of the men, "one of the boats is coming off with a lot of canoes."

Merrill came on deck, and looked at the approaching boat, which was crowded with natives and was accompanied by eight or ten canoes. He could see that there were a number of women in both canoes and boat, and as they came paddling towards the ship, they sang melodiously together.

Kingston went below with leisurely step. Once inside his cabin, he put on his coat, thrust a loaded pistol in the breast pocket, then returned to the poop, and, with the unsuspecting Merrill, awaited the arrival of their visitors.

The boat came alongside first. She was deeply laden with baskets of cooked food—such as fish, pork, bread-fruit, and taro—all of which were passed up on deck. Then the occupants of the boat, some twenty or more of native men and

women, followed. The boat was then veered astern, and the canoes, each of which was manned by four or five stalwart men, and contained live pigs and fowls, came to the side, and the natives clambered on deck, laughing and singing and apparently bent on enjoying themselves.

In a few minutes they were fraternising with the crew, two of them, with several young girls, going up on the topgallant foc's'le to the armed sentry, and placing a basket of young drinking cocoanuts at his feet. Fonu, who was in charge of the party, came aft with another native and ascended to the poop, where he engaged in conversation with the two officers.

"When is the captain coming off?" asked Merrill.

"Very soon," replied the native, who, nonchalantly filling his pipe, was eagerly awaiting an opportunity to whisper a word to Kingston. It soon came.

"I daresay the women would like some biscuits, Fonu," said Merrill, "I'll tell the steward."

The moment he was out of sight, Fonu turned to Kingston.

"We are ready. See, close beside every sailor are two or three of our men. When *you* are ready I need but call."

"Then be prepared. As soon as I fling my arms around the mate, you know what to do; first *saisai le gutu*" (gag him) "and then tie his hands behind his back. Here is cord," and he handed him some spun yarn. "Now, follow me."

He turned and descended into the cabin. Merrill was standing near the table, watching the steward putting out piles of biscuits.

He was about to move aside to let his subordinate pass, when Kingston suddenly threw his arms around him in a vice-like grip.

"You are my prisoner, Mr. Merrill!"

Ere the astonished officer could utter a word, Fonu had gagged him effectually with a strip of soft, beaten bark; and the terrified steward was seized by the throat by a second native, who held a knife to his heart. He submitted to be gagged without a murmur.

"Attempt to move, and you are dead men," said Kingston to the prisoners as they were marched along to the end of the main cabin, "this man," and he pointed to the grim, nude figure of the warrior who had seized the steward. "will kill you the moment you make the slightest noise."

He stooped and examined the lashings on their hands, then, going to his cabin, returned with a carpenter's broad axe—a fearful-looking weapon—which he placed in the hand of the native with a significant gesture, and muttering something to him in his own tongue.

"I don't want to hurt you, Merrill," he said earnestly, "but I implore you, if you value your life, not to let this man think you meditate freeing yourself. I have told him to cut you down without mercy, if you move. In five minutes I will take that brutal gag off."

In another instant he was gone, with faithful Fonu at his heels. The moment they gained the poop, the laughter and sounds of merriment on the main deck seemed to cease as if by magic, and the crew looked up in wonder. Then Fonu, stepping to the break of the poop, clapped his hands.

In a moment a score of natives threw themselves upon the seamen, who, without even a cry, were overpowered and bound.

"Down into the hold with them," cried Kingston, as he tore off the hammocks from the carbines on the poop, and passed them to a dozen natives, who followed the prisoners below with instructions to fell the first man that made any effort to free himself.

Then he darted to the signal locker, took out the brig's colours, and hoisted them at the gaff. It was the signal he had agreed upon with Potiri to announce the recapture of the ship. A loud sonorous shout from five hundred throats answered it, and he knew that Rowley and his men were being made prisoners.

Then, again attended by Fonu and some of the natives, he re-entered the cabin, and went into Merrill's state room, from which he took a dozen pairs of handcuffs—all that were on board. Throwing ten pairs on the table, he came up to the mate, cut the

lashings which bound his hands, and took off the gag.

"All the crew who are on board are prisoners; so, by this time, are Captain Rowley and those with him. The ship is in my hands. I am sorry I had to gag you, but it could not be helped. Now I shall have to put these on."

Merrill quietly held out his wrists for the handcuffs. "You've done the thing smartly, I must say. But you needn't ornament me with these bracelets. I give in."

Kingston shook his head. "I believe you—but I must be careful. Rowley will be here to



MERRILL PUFFED
CONTENTEDLY.

keep you company presently; and, until I get clear of you both, you must wear these things."

"Just so," said the imperturbable American, without the slightest anger in his voice or manner, "but I'd like to think out, over a cigar, why I was such a blazing idiot. There's a pile on my table."

Kingston brought him a couple of cigars, and Merrill, raising his manacled hands, lit one from a match held by his captor, and puffed it contentedly.

"You needn't put the matches in your pocket on my account," he drawled, "I'm not big enough fool to try to do any mischief with them. Reckon Rowley won't like this turn-up any more than I do. Are you going to leave anyone here to minister to my wants in the way of liquid refreshment during these interesting proceedings?"

Kingston laughed, and helped him to a drink. Then he went on deck, just as the captain's boat, now manned by natives, came alongside, with Rowley and the four seamen who had gone ashore with him, securely bound.

They were at once brought on board, and something like pity came into Kingston's heart when he saw Rowley's face, and met his glance. For the moment he did not speak to him, but motioned to Fonu to cut the thin lashing of cinnet which confined his hands and feet.

"I have no choice but to put handcuffs on you, Captain Rowley," he said, "the ship is mine now, and the mate and all the crew are prisoners. I am taking her back to Valparaiso."

Rowley made no answer. He seemed half-dazed, for he had made a desperate resistance, and it had taken half a dozen men to overpower him when old Potiri had given the signal for him to be seized. However, he went quietly below, and was placed beside Merrill. A number of natives stood guard over them.

Then, presently, moved by a not unnatural sentiment of pity, Kingston had them both taken into the cuddy, where they could not see and hear what was to follow—*i.e.*, the rewarding of old Potiri and the head men.

Kingston scrupulously fulfilled his promises to the natives, and, soon after noon, old Potiri and a number of natives, after bidding him a warm farewell, left the brig in half a dozen deeply laden canoes.

Another hour passed, during which time the two prisoners in the cuddy heard the sound of much preparation going on on deck, and then suddenly Rowley said gaspingly to Merrill:

"By heavens, I believe he's getting under weigh. I hear the windlass."

Merrill nodded, but made no answer, and Rowley, bending his head upon his chest, gave himself up to his own bitter reflections. Then

they heard Kingston come into the cabin, where he remained for some time, evidently very busy.

Presently the cuddy door was opened, and Kingston entered, followed by Fonu and some of the islanders. Without speaking, he went up to Rowley and unlocked his handcuffs.

"Come into the cabin," he said quietly but firmly.

CHAPTER XII.

TOWARDS THE RISING SUN.



ONE brief glance at the throng of armed natives, who all but filled the main cabin, showed the captain that resistance meant death.

"Sit down, please," said Kingston, trying not to speak with unnecessary harshness, for he really pitied Rowley when he looked at him—the man seemed to have aged suddenly.

They sat down and waited for their captor to speak.

"As I told you, I am taking this brig to Valparaiso, and, by God's help, I hope to re-establish my name as an honest man. If I did my full duty, I should keep you both—and the crew as well—in irons until we reached there, when I could hand you all over to the proper authorities. But I cannot reconcile myself to the idea of keeping anyone in irons on such a long voyage as is before me. Neither could I liberate you. I shall have to beat against the south-east trades for at least a thousand miles before I get a slant that will enable me to reach the coast of South America. I have no one on board but natives to work the ship. And you know, as well as I do, what it would mean to you if I did take you back."

Neither of them answered, though Rowley heaved a quick, gasping sigh.

"Now, this is what I have decided to do," resumed Kingston; "I have fitted out the long-boat in such a manner that she will easily carry you and all the crew anywhere under a thousand miles. She is provided with a month's provisions and water, and I am giving you a sextant, chart, and the best boat compass on board. Neither of you are navigators?"

Rowley shook his head.

"Well, that doesn't matter. Ninety miles south-west from this island is Funafuti. It is a big island, and you can't possibly miss it. There are one or two white men living there, and the place is well-known to the American whaling-fleet. Ships touch there pretty frequently. What you do after you get there

doesn't matter to me. I daresay you can spin as likely a yarn as you spun me in Arica."

"Go ahead with your discourse," said Merrill, "but cut it as short as you can."

Kingston nodded. "I'll make it as short as I can, I assure you, for the sooner we are clear of each other, the better I'll like it."

Then he pointed to a pile of articles on the cabin table.

"I've gone through both of your cabins, and have had all your private effects taken out. In your cabin, Captain Rowley, I found some money which I suppose belongs to you—about three thousand dollars?"

"It's mine," said Rowley sullenly.

"Well, there it is. And with it is the five hundred dollars you advanced me in Arica; that sum I took out of the sixty thousand dollars belonging to Moreno Brothers. Whether I am doing wrong or not, I have not the time to consider, but, anyway, there is your money. All your gear, Merrill, is there also—money, papers, and clothing."

"You are a right good sort of Britisher," said the American, "and I wish you luck."

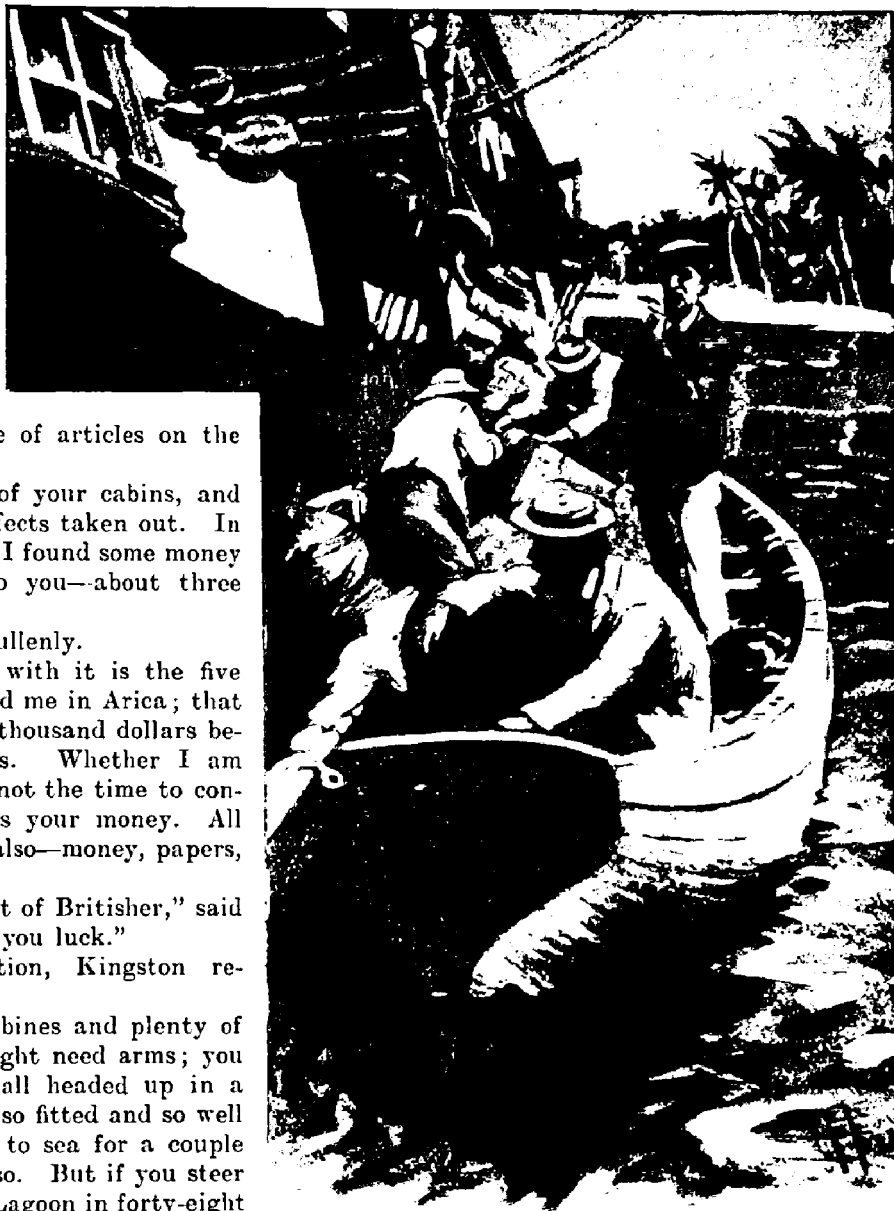
Unheeding the interruption, Kingston resumed.

"I am giving you six carbines and plenty of ammunition, in case you might need arms; you will find the powder and ball headed up in a water breaker. The boat is so fitted and so well found that you could keep to sea for a couple of months if you had to do so. But if you steer S.W., you'll be in Funafuti Lagoon in forty-eight hours after you leave here. You have a good compass—the best I can spare. That is all. You can get your gear together and start in ten minutes. The boat is alongside, all ready."

A quarter of an hour later, Rowley, Merrill, and the crew of the *Jalasco* descended into the boat and pushed off. Merrill alone made a sign of farewell to Kingston, who answered it with a wave of his hand. In half an hour they were outside the reef, and, hoisting the fore and aft mainsail and jib, stood away for Funafuti.

Long afterwards Kingston learned that they reached the island safely, and from there went to Japan in a New Bedford whaler. What became of them eventually he never heard.

Long ere the boat was out of sight there was renewed activity on board the *Jalasco*, for her new crew of wild, excited islanders, aided by



ROWLEY, MERRILL AND THE CREW OF THE JALASCO DESCENDED INTO THE BOAT.

scores of their countrymen, had hove short her cable, and now, with her topsails hoisted and sheeted home, she strained gently at her anchor, buried deep in the coral forest below, as if anxious to be once more slapping the swelling seas aside with her sharp cutwater.

Kingston, pacing to and fro on the poop, watched the last of the shore-going natives descend into their canoes. All round the ship were scores of other canoes, filled with people who had come to say good-bye to Fonu and the new crew.

When the farewells were over, Kingston cried out sharply:

"Heave away, boys."

And with a wild cry, which was taken up by the people in the canoes surrounding the brig,

the waiting crew sprang to the windlass, and as the anchor lifted, the *Jalasco* canted off to starboard, and under topsails and staysails only, began to slip over the smooth waters of the lagoon towards the passage through the reef, Fonu and three or four of his countrymen working like tigers to get the anchor aboard and secured in seamanlike fashion.

Once outside the passage, Kingston hauled to the wind, and let the brig run close along the roaring line of leaping surf on the barrier reef till he was abreast of the village, for the islet of Teanamu, on which it stood, was so narrow that the houses could be seen from either the inside of the lagoon, or from the ocean on the western side.

As the brig backed her main yard and lay gracefully dipping her sharp bows into the ocean swell just beyond the white line of surf, the whole population of the atoll gathered together under the line of waving palms fringing the shore, and a mighty shout came from nearly a thousand throats as her ten guns bellowed out a farewell salute.

And then the *Jalasco* filled again, and stood away on her long, long voyage towards the rising sun.

On the fourteenth day out from Nukufetau, Danger Island was sighted, so, running in close to the reef, Kingston hove to and fired a gun. A fleet of canoes shot out from the lagoon, and the first man to board the brig was José Pimental, who almost wept with joy and excitement as he sprang towards the captain, and embraced him in his impulsive fashion. And then once more the *Jalasco* turned to the east.

Early one morning, and nearly eight weeks after those on board the brig had seen the low

line of palms on Nukufetau sink below the horizon, two men were galloping over a country road ten miles from Valparaiso. One was Kingston's storekeeper friend, the other was Kingston himself. Presently they came to a little, noisy stream, and drew rein. Half a mile away they could discern the roof of Captain Forestier's house, showing through the trees.

"Come, let us push on," said Kingston's friend, "we must get there before they go to breakfast."

They rode straight up the wide path to the door, and the first man to see them was the old merchant. He was standing in the porch, smoking his cigar. His stern grey eyes lit up with amazement when he perceived who was one of his visitors.

Kingston jumped off his horse.

"Just come ashore, sir," he said politely, touching his hat, "the *Jalasco* is in port, safe and sound."

Captain Forestier held out both his hands. "God knows you are welcome," he said huskily, "even had you come without my ship, which I never expected to hear of again."

He drew them inside quietly to his study, and closed the door, and for half an hour they remained together, whilst Kingston related his strange story.

Then Captain Forestier, with misty eyes, went to his daughter's bedroom.

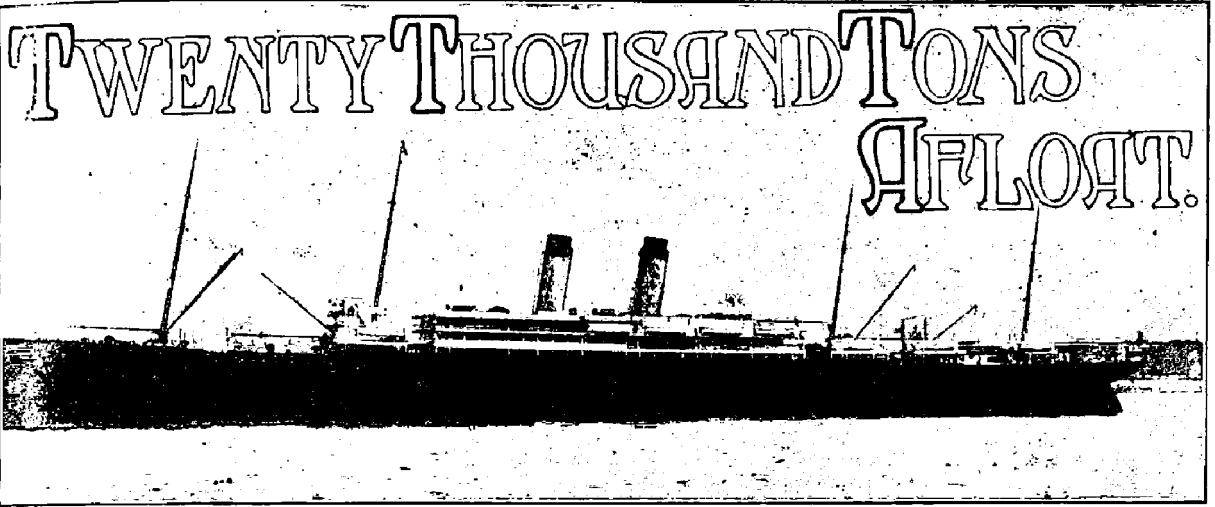
"Rosa, dear. Come here; I want you."

"What is it, father?" and Rosa Forestier, looking paler and sadder than of yore, opened the door.

"Go to my room, my dear," said the old man, kissing her tenderly, "there is someone waiting for you—some one whom you love dearly, and whom I shall be proud to call my daughter's husband."



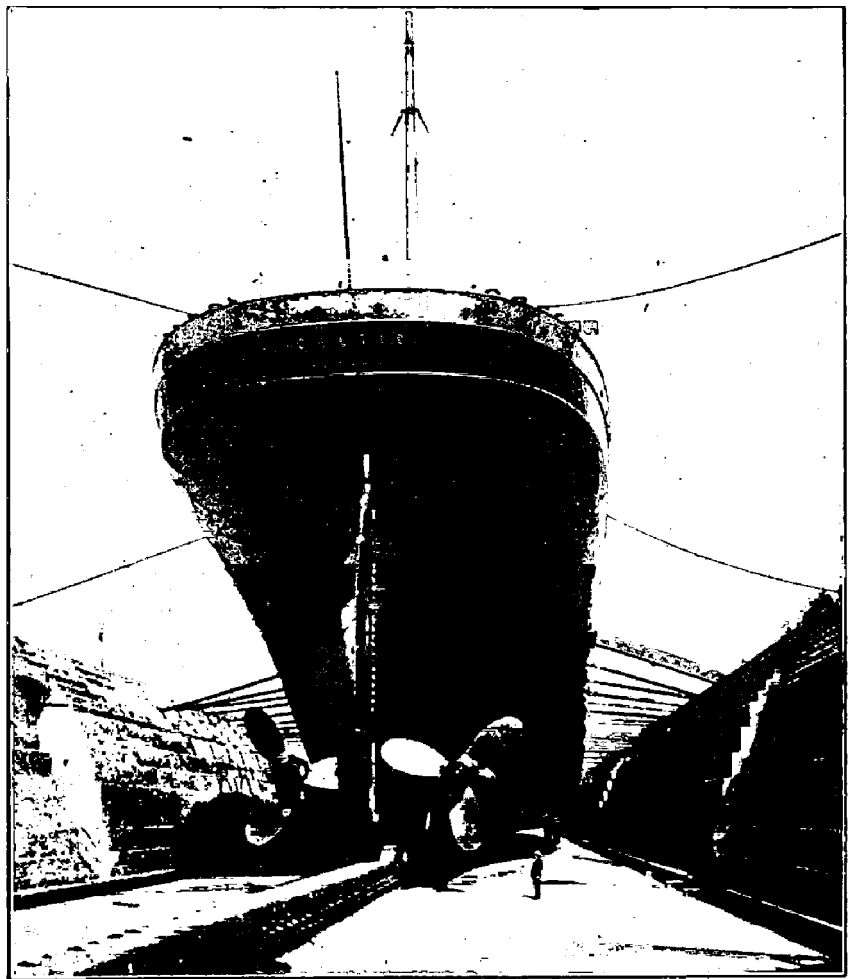
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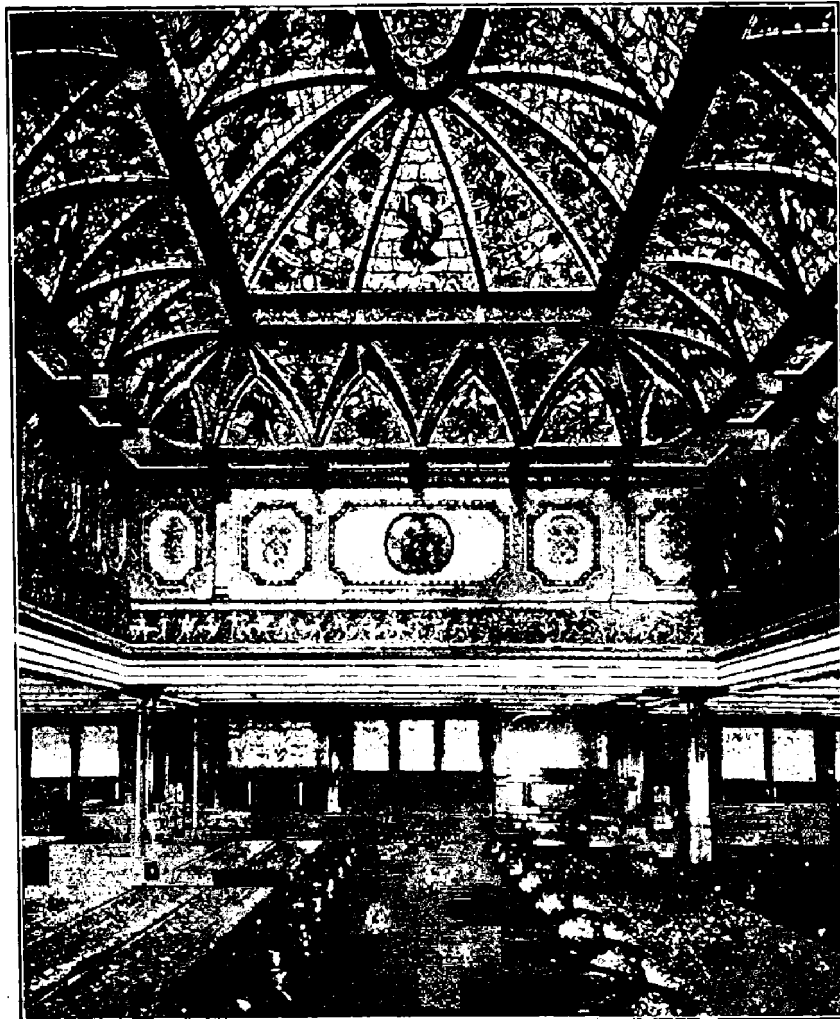
THE "CELTIC"—THE LARGEST FLOATING PALACE USED THIS YEAR BY AMERICAN VISITORS TO THE CORONATION.

IN the article on the "Atlantic Ferry," published last year in the June and July numbers of THE CAPTAIN, an illustration was given of the *Celtic* as she appeared shortly before launching at Messrs. Harland and Wolff's yard, Belfast. Since then this huge vessel—the largest steamship afloat—has been completed and has made many journeys to the United States and back. A further interest attaches to this fine vessel on account of the fact that she is the biggest steamer in the huge fleet controlled by the "Atlantic Shipping Trust" brought into being a few months since by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and also as she is typical of the luxurious floating palaces in which thousands of well-to-do Americans have crossed the herring pond on their way to see the Coronation celebrations of King Edward VII. We are enabled to publish this description through the courtesy of the managers of the White Star Line, who sent us the excellent series of photographs from which the accompanying illustrations are reproduced.

the world—the *Oceanic* and the *Celtic*—both fly the White Star flag, but while the former is a mail and passenger steamer of the largest



THIS GIVES YOU SOME IDEA OF THE MAGNITUDE OF THE "CELTIC" AND HER TWIN PROPELLERS



DOME IN FIRST SALOON.

size and highest type, the latter is known as an intermediate ship; not as fast as the *Oceanic*, but yet speedy. Moreover, the *Celtic* combines large cargo capacity with good passenger accommodation for a great number of people of all classes—from the multi-millionaire to the emigrant with a little capital to start him afresh in the new world—arranged on the best and most approved principles; the greatest advantage, from the passenger's point of view, being derived from the exceptional size and breadth of the steamer.

Despite her great size and tonnage, the skill of the designers and workmen at the great shipbuilding yard at Queen's Island, Belfast, has endowed the *Celtic* with a grace and symmetry often lacking in much smaller vessels. In fact, when you first catch sight of her on the river either at New York or Liverpool your feeling is one of disappointment, for her gracefulness somewhat minimises her magnitude. But when she is forging ahead through stormy seas, in mid-ocean,

or quietly lying in dry dock at her Mersey home, her surroundings are calculated to give you a more realistic idea of her true size and strength. The *Celtic's* launching weight far exceeded that of anything ever before produced, being 14,257 tons; her dead-weight carrying capacity is about 18,400 tons; whilst her gross register tonnage is 20,904—that of the *Oceanic* being 17,274 tons.

Here are a few interesting particulars as to the *Celtic's* dimensions, and then we will have done with figures. Her total length is 700 feet, her beam is 75 feet (7 feet wider than the *Oceanic*), and her depth 49 feet. She was the first vessel ever built to exceed 20,000 tons, and the displacement of this huge vessel at her load draft is 38,200 tons, a figure which but a few years ago would have seemed incredible as applied to a ship. She has no less than nine decks, and all can be divided off into numerous water-tight compartments. There is accommodation in all for

nearly 3,000 passengers, besides quarters for a crew of about 350. The size of the funnels is 14 feet 3 inches by 11 feet, and their height 131 feet above the top of the keel.

Atlantic liners have better claims to the title of floating hotels than any other form of vessel, not merely on account of their luxurious accommodation, but also because the duration of their voyages is so short that there is not enough time for the majority of the passengers to find their sea legs, so to speak, and take a part in the usual methods of whiling away the time employed on vessels bound for other more distant parts of the world, when the passage takes from three to six weeks. Although the *Celtic* is not one of the swiftest of the Atlantic liners, she is, nevertheless, one of the most popular, as her good sea-going qualities, steadiness, airy rooms, and spacious promenades are appreciated by large numbers of people bent on pleasure rather than business, and consequently not in a hurry to make the passage

from the new world to the old in the smallest possible margin of time. Besides this, there is an absence of vibration in slower running and less powerful engines which cannot possibly be obtained to the same degree with machinery of higher power.

But though at first sight the outward appearance of the *Celtic* may be a trifle disappointing, if you have expected to be impressed by her immensity, your expectations will be exceeded the moment you step on deck, and, as the accompanying illustrations bear witness, on boarding her for the first time, you cannot fail to be astounded at the vast proportions of this greatest of great ships. One exceptionally imposing feature is the first-class dining saloon. Situated on the upper deck, it extends the full width of the ship—75 feet—is lofty and airy, and contains seating accommodation for over 300 people. One of our illustrations shows the handsome domed skylight in the centre of the saloon, through which a beautiful soft light falls. The first class accommodation is all amid-

ships on the upper decks (upper, bridge, upper-bridge and boat decks), and the number of such passengers provided for is 353. Aft, on the upper and bridge decks, there is housing for quite 160 second class passengers—excellent, not only in regard to bedrooms and bath-rooms, but also in saloon, smoking and library accommodation. It frequently happens that these quarters are mistaken for the first class; and even then praised for their comfortableness. The majority of the third class passengers are provided for on the upper, middle, and lower decks. Not many years have passed since their large and comfortably furnished dining, sitting, and smoking-rooms would have been considered the height of luxury for saloon passengers. The ventilation in this and all other parts of the ship is effected by a system of electric and steam fans, as well as by natural means; the currents of air are carried along shafts, and are fully subject to regulation.

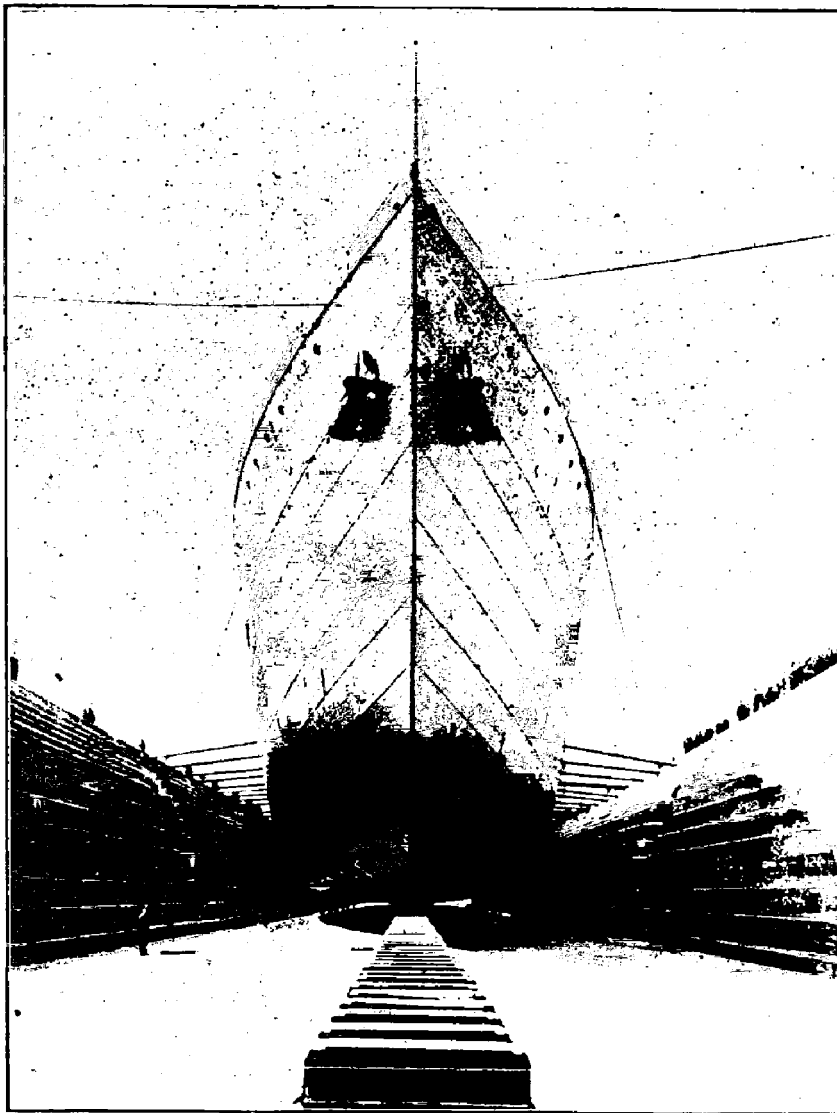
Next to the engines, the

most interesting parts of this great ship are undoubtedly the culinary and stewards' departments. To cater for some 3,000 people is no small matter. In the *Celtic* there are three galleys; the first class is fitted up with a large double-fronted cooking range, many of the roasters and other implements being driven by electric motors. This galley contains numerous ingenious contrivances, including a large steam cooking range containing eight ovens. There are also improved silver grills, steam stockpots, hot closets, and ovens for bread and pastry, so well arranged that even if they did not form part and parcel of the biggest ship in the world they would be interesting to visit on their own account. The third class galley contains what is said to be the most complete steam cooking plant afloat.

The accompanying photograph of a corner of the *Celtic's* engine room gives but an inadequate idea of its enormous size. Looking down from the topmost gallery through a maze of pulsating machinery it seems as if the lights



A CORNER IN THE ENGINE ROOMS.



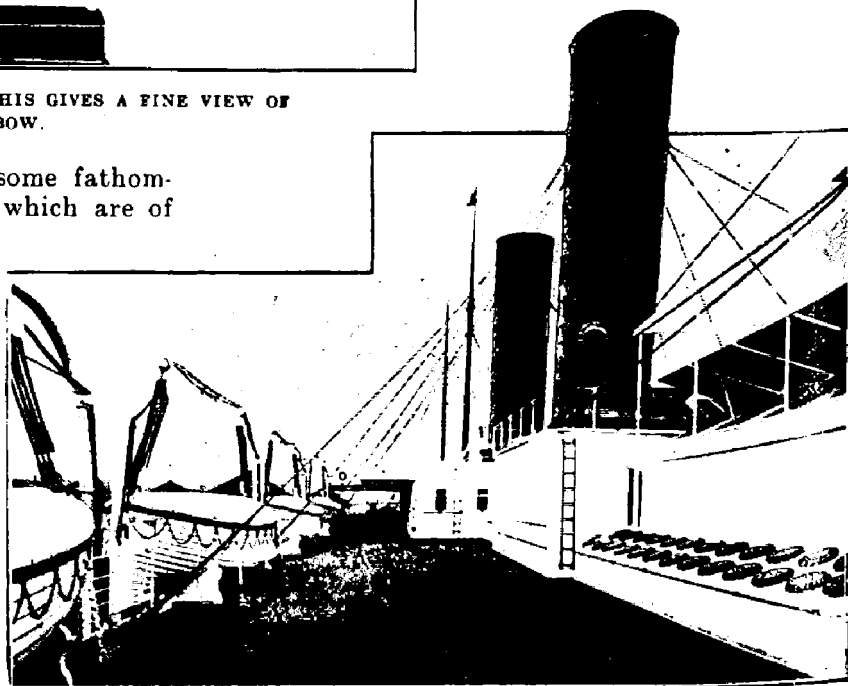
THE "CELTIC" IN DRY DOCK. THIS GIVES A FINE VIEW OF HER GRACEFUL BOW.

below illumine the descent of some fathomless pit. The *Celtic's* engines, which are of the Harland and Wolff quadruple expansion balanced type, drive her at considerably less consumption of coal than is required for a vessel of extreme speed.

But more weird by far is the stokehold. Here are the great steamship's rows of fiery mouths, which need most careful feeding by the grimy, sweating stokers. Theirs is the most arduous work of all on board—though in the *Celtic* everything possible is done to improve the ventilation

of the stokehold, and by the aid of many ingenious labour-saving appliances and short shifts to render their work more tolerable. The boilers are made of "mild" steel, having a tenacity of 28 tons to the square inch, so that it will be readily understood they are able to bear a great pressure of steam. Before being admitted to the boiler the water is distilled and heated by a condenser. The cold sea-water is pumped into numerous tubes, which pass through a chamber, into which the waste steam is allowed to escape. This is rapidly done by contact with the cold tubes of sea-water. In this manner some 4,000 tons of water can be dealt with in an hour.

The *Celtic*, being built both for passenger and cargo purposes, has holds of immense capacity, such spaces having never been seen afloat before. The hatches serving them are of great size, and everything necessary to handle the cargo into and out of the ship is supplied in accordance with the owners' long experience in this department of marine transportation.



ONE OF THE PROMENADE DECKS.



By H. BURROWS.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

VII.

THE JUDGE AND THE POST-HORN.

MOST of our fellows regarded the town as a sort of annexe, which owed any importance it might possess to the accident of our presence. Strange as it may seem, I believe that some of the townspeople did not altogether accept that view. Nay, since the institution of the Modern Side—a barbarous innovation which sprang up during my sojourn—there were even found some of our own fellows to hint that the town had a history of its own, and, tell it with bated breath, was known to fame long before our foundation. We who were familiar with every petty squabble of ancient Greece, but might have been puzzled to put a date to the battle of Hastings, received the suggestion with all the scorn and contumely it most righteously deserved.

Possibly, however, the devotees of jabber and stinks—which was our equivalent for modern languages and chemistry—may have found some support for their heresy in the fact that ours was an assize town. True, the business transacted there was not very great. It generally ranged from the reception of a pair of white gloves to the trying of the theft of a pennyworth of apples. But thither with great pomp and display, and at great expense to the country, came the common law in all its might and majesty to deal with these important matters. And to suggest the discontinuance of the custom would have been as great a shock to the town as the erection of a laboratory in our midst had been to us.

And so it chanced, one afternoon, that Carter and Bannister and I, accompanied by young Lewis, were strolling down the High.

when we became aware that something unusual was going on in the town. The mayor and corporation, we heard, had just gone forth to meet the judge who was coming to open the assizes, and the arrival of the procession was momentarily expected. "Would we like to see it?" enquired the ostler at one of the inns, who was waiting amidst the crowd. We thought we would; and a little bargaining resulted in our being shown into a large room, the walls of which were decorated with post-horns, whips, and many sporting implements, and from which an excellent view of the street could be obtained.

We had not long to wait. Almost as soon as we entered the room a cry arose, "They are coming!" And in a few moments they came. Possibly it was on account of that cynicism peculiar to immature youth, possibly it was that we were too familiar with the every-day occupations of the civic dignitaries, but the fact remains that we were not much impressed by what we saw. First came a couple of queer-looking creatures blowing, or rather attempting to blow, trombones, which gave forth intermittently an uncertain and a wheezy sound. Then a small escort of the most unmilitary-looking volunteers I have ever set eyes upon. Lastly, attended by the mayor and corporation—all trying in vain to appear at ease in their official robes—came the judge. Even the latter was, I fear, rather a disappointment to our youthful eyes. We were beginning to think of demanding our money back, when suddenly it occurred to Lewis that the efforts of the unaccustomed trombone players were painfully inadequate to the occasion. Seizing one of the post-horns which hung from the walls, he flung the window open, and, leaning out, saluted his lordship with a terrific blast



HE SALUTED HIS LORDSHIP WITH
A TERRIFIC BLAST.

which completely drowned the feeble "toot! toot!" of the public performers.

The astonished procession came to a dead halt beneath our window. "By Jove! we are in for it now," muttered Carter, and, seizing another post-horn, he applied himself vigorously to seconding Lewis's efforts. The spirit of loyalty compelled Bannister and me to follow his example; and who shall account for that common impulse which sometimes animates a crowd? Every window in the High seemed suddenly thronged with amateur musicians. Post-horns, trombones, trumpets, tin whistles, kettle-drums, flageolets, flutes, and sundry other instruments, each severally playing on its own, sprang up from all manner of unexpected quarters, and hastened to join

in the discord. For what seemed an epoch, but could only have been a few moments, the procession remained rooted where it stood. Then it slowly moved on, and

the babel died away as suddenly as it commenced.

"And now we had better be off," murmured Carter, and we agreed that his opinion was sound. But, like much other excellent advice, it was more easily given than acted upon. Angry voices and hurrying footsteps were heard on the stairs. The door burst open, and in rushed the local constabulary, followed by divers others, burning to avenge the insult they deemed offered to the town. A desperate dash for liberty, a brief struggle, and then, overpowered by numbers, we found ourselves prisoners in the hands of the enemy. Down the stairs they hurried us to the street beneath, where we found that the mayor—in his serious moments a grocer, of the name of Wilkins—had dropped out of the procession, and was simply shaking with rage. "Where now, your worship?" said the chief constable. "To the lock-up," roared Wilkins, brandishing his mace, "to the lock-up with the young rascals." "Look here, Wilkins," expostulated Carter, "don't you make an ass of yourself, you know." "Away with them," yelled Wilkins, purple with frenzy; and away we went, close guarded by our captors, and accompanied by a boisterous and unsympathetic crowd.

Even the most revengeful youth who had ever smarted beneath his rod might have pitied our dear old Head when later in the day he came to bail us out. Mingled feelings of concern and rage, of perplexity and wrath, had so worked upon him that we hardly recognised the cool, imperturbable figure that we had been accustomed to regard as almost impervious to human feeling. That such a portent boded ill for us we could easily believe. But at present our fate was held in suspense, for we were only temporarily released, charged to appear at the court next morning to answer for our contempt.

Contempt! It sounded a dreadful word. In our most desponding mood dire visions of penal servitude for life floated vaguely across our brain. In our most hopeful we felt that a rebuke, publicly administered, would terminate our school career. The Head, who was very touchy on anything affecting the school honour, would never tolerate us there again.

"What on earth do they want to do such ridiculous things for?" grumbled Bannister. "I wish the judge——"

"The judge!" cried Lewis, looking up suddenly.

"Yes, the judge," repeated Bannister, impatiently, "what about him?"

"Let's go and see him," said Lewis.

"By Jove!" said Carter, "the young one has got it. But we are rather a crowd."

"I will go alone," said Lewis.

"I don't know about that," demurred Bannister, who rather fancied himself as an orator.

"Better trust it to the angelic one," said Carter decisively. And so, after some further talk, it was decided that Lewis should go alone; but should be charged with an address written by the four of us. So we sat down and composed an eloquent note written in our very best Latin—we felt that any sound judge would be bound to appreciate *that*—and despatched Lewis on his way. A very anxious time we passed in his absence, but when he did return a glance at his countenance sufficed to clear our own. "It is all right," said he.

"What happened?" we exclaimed in unison.

"Well," said Lewis, "I sent up our note, and he was so long reading it that I began to think he had forgotten all about me."

"Found Carter's Latin rather trying," commented Bannister.

"Shut up," said Carter.

"However, he sent for me at last, and then I began to wish he had not, for he nearly frightened me out of my life. But by degrees he began to soften down, and then he asked what excuse I had for making such a noise."

"And what did you say?"

"Well, you know, I hardly knew *what* to say."

"Quite so," persisted Bannister; "but what *did* you say?"

"I—I said," responded Lewis, slowly, "I said, *I thought he was deaf.*"

For a moment we stared at our usually adroit representative in consternation. Then, as we recalled the details of a row sufficient to awake the seven sleepers, the utter cheek of the answer appealed to us irresistibly, and we burst into a roar of laughter. Lewis regarded us reproachfully.

"*He* laughed."

"Did he?" we exclaimed, breathlessly.

"Yes," said Lewis, in tones of chastened melancholy. "I almost thought he was going to have a fit. After he had recovered, he said he had heard that justice was blind, but we seemed to have got hold of a new idea of its infirmity. However, he thought he understood his brief, and if we attended the court to-morrow, he would make it all right."

Which was satisfactory, if a little mystifying. But, with a confidence which had never heard of the court of appeal, we assumed that when a judge said it was all right—why, it was all right. So we went to bed, and slept a great deal more soundly than we had thought, or perhaps deserved, to do.

At the Court next day few present paid much attention to the charge to the grand jury. Wilkins, who simply gloated at us

have heard concerning any case. It was astonishing what extravagant and unfounded reports occasionally found currency. He himself, for example, had heard an extraordinary rumour that some boys of that venerable scholastic institution, whose reputation was so dear to them all, had insulted him on the previous afternoon by noisily blowing a post-horn on his entrance to the town! *He had heard no post-horn.*"

And I do not think any one in court heard any more. The dear old Head stared at us, and we boys stared at each other. The chief constable stared at the mayor, and the mayor stared at the corporation, until at last it began to dawn upon even their limited intelligence that if his lordship had heard no post-horn, he could hardly have been insulted by our blowing one. And with a heavy sigh Wilkins crushed the notes of his masterpiece into his pocket, and sat as one dumbfounded.

But was that the end of the matter? Oh, dear me, no! The Head, who had felt keenly the slight put upon the school, now turned the full vials of his wrath upon the unhappy corporation, and demanded a written apology. In language, which, if a little homely, at least possessed the charm of force and virility, the mayor flatly declined to give it. The Head posted to town to see the trustees of the school. The trustees despatched him to their solicitor; the solicitor despatched a letter breathing fire and slaughter to the Corporation. What might have

been the issue of the quarrel, if fought to a finish, I know not; but the rector and neighbouring gentry espousing the cause of the school, the civic dignitaries sullenly capitulated. Amongst the most precious relics of their school days, each of four boys treasures a letter, couched in identical terms, from the town clerk of an ancient borough, in which he expresses the regret of the mayor and corporation for the excessive zeal of their officers, and apologises for a gross and unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject.



BY DEGREES THE JUDGE BEGAN TO SOFTEN DOWN.

from his seat near the judge, sat fidgeting with the notes of the great speech he had prepared, in which he proposed to express the regret of the town for the scene of the previous day, and to offer us up to justice as a propitiatory sacrifice. But now the judge's charge was drawing to an end, and in slow and sententious accents, in which he gave to every syllable its due weight (and a little bit over), he concluded in the following strain:

"But he would warn the jury to discard from their minds any idle gossip they might

THE CORONATION OF THE KING



JUNE
26,
1902.



THE vast preparations made for the Coronation afford a valuable object-lesson on the far-reaching extent of the British Empire and of British influence. In all parts of our own possessions, near and distant, and, indeed, throughout the whole world, the effects, social and commercial, of this event have been felt.

Months and months ago the trappers of the American North-West, and of Siberia, commenced their preparation of the ermine, mini-

ver, and other pelts, in anticipation of the enormous demand for trimming Coronation robes.

The native lace workers of distant India and



A TRAPPER'S HUT.

Ceylon, together with our French and Belgian neighbours, will share in the distribution of wealth which must necessarily result from the Coronation, and have put their best work into their productions.

Experience teaches, and the builders of the metropolis have not experienced any famine in wood such as occurred in 1887 at the Jubilee of her late Majesty Queen Victoria.

Foreseeing the increased demand for wood for Venetian masts and grand stands, the lumberers of the Norwegian forests were months ago felling the pine trees and transporting them over the snow-covered ground to the port of loading.

As to the Coronation ceremony, it is of very ancient origin, and has probably been a universal

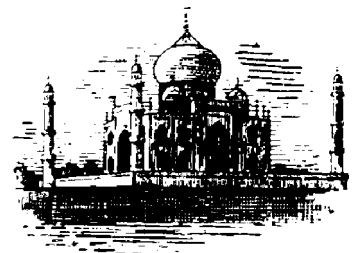
custom among the nations of the world. It was often accompanied by "anointing with oil," and in the pre-Norman times the term used was "hallowing" or "consecration."

The detailed records of many previous Coronations, from Richard I. to our own day, have been preserved. The ceremony on June 26th will resemble, in many respects, the Coronations of several centuries ago.

Perhaps the chief item in the service is the taking of the oath. This has often varied in form. Originally it consisted of a three-fold pledge: (1) of peace and reverence to God and the Church; (2) of justice to the people; and (3) the upholding of good and the abolition of bad laws. The present form was adopted after the revolution of 1688. The Sovereign, in answering certain questions put to him by the Primate of All England, swears to govern the people of the United Kingdom in accordance with the laws agreed on by Parliament; to preserve and maintain the Protestant religion established by law; and to cause law and justice in mercy to be executed.

The various accessories to the Coronation ceremony will be curiously inspected by the countless thousands of spectators who will congregate along the route of the procession. Chief among these will be the regalia which, as doubtless many know, usually lies at the Tower.

The regalia includes: (1) the crown; (2) the English royal sceptre; (3) the



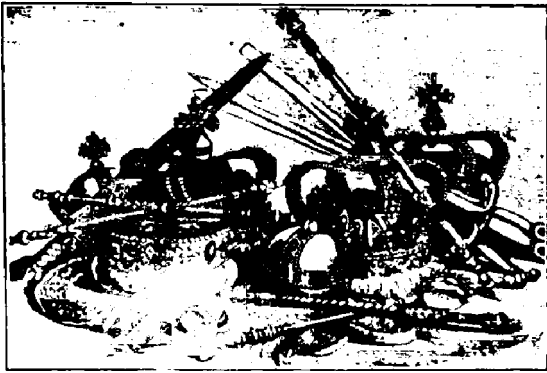
IN INDIA.



A DUCAL CROWN.

verge or rod with the dove; (4) Edward the Confessor's staff; (5) the orbs of King and Queen; (6) the curtana or blunt sword of mercy; (7) the two sharp swords of justice, spiritual and temporal; (8) the ampulla, or receptacle for the anointing oil; (9) the anointing spoon; (10) the armillae or bracelets; (11) the spurs of chivalry; (12) the various royal vestments.

The form of crown in use from the time of Charles II. to William IV., is known as the imperial crown. This has four crosses patée (a cross small in centre and widening



THE REGALIA OF ENGLAND.

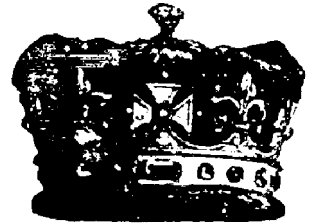
towards the edges) rising from the rim, with four fleurs-de-lis alternately placed. Two arches also rise from inside the crosses patée, bearing at their intersection the mound surmounted by a cross.

The imperial crown was not used by Queen Victoria at her Coronation. A new one was specially made, differing in several particulars from the imperial crown. It was magnificently adorned with diamonds and gems of fabulous worth, and its arches rose perpendicularly instead of being curved, and at their intersection were elevated instead

of being depressed, as in the imperial crown.

But the shapes of crowns have been very varied and subject to constant changes. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries it was a mere jewelled circlet of gold, adorned with strawberry leaves and trefoils. This was gradually altered to the present magnificently arched crowns, elaborately studded with diamonds and other costly gems.

On the occasion of a Coronation peers wear their coronets. These differ very much according to the rank of the wearer. The only difference between the coronet of the Prince of Wales and the crown of the Sovereign is the absence of one of the arches. The coronets of the younger sons of the Sovereign are without arches. Grandsons of the Sovereign have strawberry leaves in place of the fleurs-de-lis in their coronets. A duke's coronet has eight strawberry leaves above the rim of gold. A marquis has four, with four pearls on short points. An earl has eight much longer points, each surmounted by a

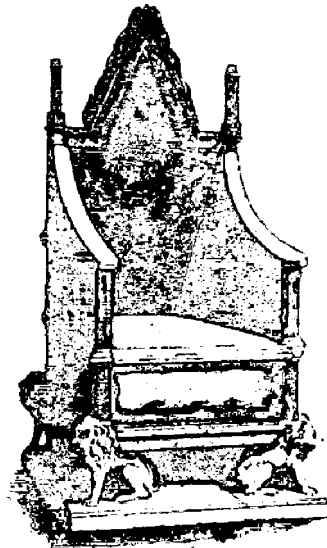


CORONET OF AN ENGLISH PRINCESS.

pearl, with the same number of strawberry leaves alternately on the lower rim.

In the coronets of viscounts and barons the pearls, six in number, are fixed directly on to the rim. It should be stated that what are here called pearls are really silver buttons. Peers who are not members of the Royal Family are not permitted to ornament their coronets with jewels.

HERBERT GLADSTONE.



THE CORONATION CHAIR.

BRADSHAW'S LITTLE STORY.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.

THE qualities which in later years rendered Frederick Wackerbath Bradshaw so conspicuous a figure in connection with the now celebrated affair of the European, African, and Asiatic Pork Pie and Ham Sandwich Supply Company frauds, were sufficiently in evidence during his school career to make his masters prophesy gloomily concerning his future. The boy was in every detail the father of the man. There was the same genial unscrupulousness, upon which the judge commented so bitterly during the trial, the same readiness to seize an opportunity and make the most of it, the same brilliance of tactics. Only once during those years can I remember an occasion on which Justice scored a point against him. I can remember it because I was in a sense responsible for his failure. And he can remember it, I should be inclined to think, for other reasons. Our then head-master was a man with a straight eye and a good deal of muscular energy, and it is probable that the talented Frederick, in spite of the passage of years, has a tender recollection of these facts.

It was the eve of the Euripides examination in the upper fourth. Euripides is not difficult compared to some other authors, but he does demand a certain amount of preparation. Bradshaw was a youth who did less preparation than anybody I have ever seen, heard of, or read of, partly because he preferred to peruse a novel under the table during prep., but chiefly, I think, because he had reduced cribbing in form to such an exact science that he loved it for its own sake, and would no sooner have come tamely into school with a prepared lesson than a sportsman would shoot a sitting bird. It was not the marks that he cared for. He despised them. What he enjoyed was the refined pleasure of swindling under a master's very eye. At the trial the judge, who had, so ran report, been himself rather badly bitten by the Ham Sandwich Company, put the case briefly and neatly in the words, "You appear to revel in villainy for villainy's sake," and I am almost certain that I saw the beginnings of a gratified smile on Frederick's expressive face as he heard the remark. The rest of our study—the

juniors at St. Austin's pigged in quartettes—were in a state of considerable mental activity on account of this Euripides examination. There had been house-matches during the preceding fortnight, and house-matches are not a help to study, especially if you are on the very fringe of the cock-house team, as I was. By dint of practising every minute of spare time I had got the eleventh place for my fielding. And, better still, I had caught two catches in the second innings, one of them a regular gallery affair, and both off the captain's bowling. It was magnificent, but it was not Euripides, and I wished now that it had been. Mellish, our form-master, had an unpleasant habit of coming down with both feet, as it were, on members of his form who failed in the book-papers.

We were working, therefore, under forced draught, and it was distinctly annoying to see the wretched Bradshaw lounging in our only arm-chair with one of Rider Haggard's best, seemingly quite unmoved at the prospect of Euripides examinations. For all he appeared to care, Euripides might never have written a line in his life.

Kendal voiced the opinion of the meeting.

"Bradshaw, you worm," he said. "Aren't you going to do *any* work?"

"Think not. What's the good? Can't get up a whole play of Euripides in two hours."

"Mellish 'll give you beans."

"Let him."

"You'll get a jolly bad report."

"Shan't get a report at all. I always intercept it before my guardian can get it. He never says anything."

"Mellish 'll probably run you in to the Old Man," said White, the fourth occupant of the study.

Bradshaw turned on us with a wearied air.

"Oh, do give us a rest," he said. "Here you are just going to do a most important exam., and you sit jawing away as if you were paid for it. Oh, I say, by the way, who's setting that paper to-morrow?"

"Mellish, of course," said White.

"No, he isn't," I said. "Shows what a lot you know about it. Mellish is setting the Livy paper."

"Then, who's doing this one?" asked Bradshaw.

"Yorke."

Yorke was the master of the upper fifth. He generally set one of the upper fourth book-papers.

"Certain?" said Bradshaw.

"Absolutely."

"Thanks. That's all I wanted to know. By Jove, I advise you chaps to read this. It's grand. Shall I read out this bit about a fight?"

"No!" we shouted virtuously, all together, though we were dying to hear it, and we turned once more to the loathsome inanities of the second chorus. If we had been doing Homer, we should have felt more in touch with Bradshaw. There's a good deal of similarity, when you come to compare them, between Homer and Haggard. They both deal largely in bloodshed, for instance. As events proved, the Euripides paper, like many things which seem formidable at a distance, was not nearly so bad as I had expected. I did a fair-to-moderate paper, and Kendal and White both seemed satisfied with themselves. Bradshaw confessed without emotion that he had only attempted the last half of the last question, and on being pressed for further information, merely laughed mysteriously, and said vaguely that it would be all right.

It now became plain that he had something up his sleeve. We expressed a unanimous desire to know what it was.

"You might tell a chap," I said.

"Out with it, Bradshaw, or we'll lynch you," added Kendal.

Bradshaw, however, was not to be drawn. Much of his success in the paths of crime, both at school and afterwards, was due to his secretive habits. He never permitted accomplices.

On the following Wednesday the marks were read out. Out of a possible hundred I had obtained sixty—which pleased me very much indeed—White fifty-five, Kendal sixty-

one. The unspeakable Bradshaw's net total was four.

Mellish always read out bad marks in a hushed voice expressive of disgust and horror, but four per cent. was too much for him. He shouted it, and the form yelled applause, until Ponsonby came in from the upper fifth next door with Mr. Yorke's compliments, "and would we recollect that his form were trying to do an examination."



"AREN'T YOU GOING TO DO *any* WORK, BRADSHAW?"

When order had been restored, Mellish settled his glasses, and glared through them at Bradshaw, who, it may be remarked, had not turned a hair.

"Bradshaw," he said, "how do you explain this?"

It was merely a sighting shot, so to speak. Nobody was ever expected to answer the question. Bradshaw, however, proved himself the exception to the rule.

"I can explain, sir," he said, "if I may speak to you privately afterwards."

I have seldom seen anyone so astonished as Mellish was at these words. In the whole course of his professional experience, he had

never met with a parallel case. It was hard on the poor man not to be allowed to speak his mind about a matter of four per cent. in a book-paper, but what could he do? He could not proceed with his denunciation, for if Bradshaw's explanation turned out a sufficient excuse, he would have to withdraw it all again, and vast stores of golden eloquence would be wasted. But, then, if he bottled up what he wished to say altogether, it might do him a serious internal injury. At last he hit on a compromise. He said, "Very well, Bradshaw, I will hear what you have to say," and then sprang, like the cat in the poem, "all claws," upon an unfortunate individual who had scored twenty-nine, and who had been congratulating himself that Bradshaw's failings would act as a sort of lightning conductor to him. Bradshaw worked off his explanation in under five minutes. I tried to stay behind to listen on the pretext of wanting to tidy up my desk, but was ejected by request. Bradshaw explained that his statement was private.

After a time they came out together like long-lost brothers, Mellish with his hand on Bradshaw's shoulder. It was some small comfort to me to remember that Bradshaw had the greatest dislike to this sort of thing.

It was evident that Bradshaw, able exponent of the art of fiction that he was, must have excelled himself on this occasion. I tried to get the story out of him in the study that evening. White and Kendal assisted. We tried persuasion first. That having failed, we tried taunts. Then we tried kindness. Kendal sat on his legs, and I sat on his head, and White twisted his arm. I think that we should have extracted something soon, either his arm from its socket or a full confession, but we were interrupted. The door flew open, and Prater (the same being our house-master, and rather a good sort) appeared.

"Now then, now then," he said. Prater's manner is always abrupt.

"What's this? I can't have this. I can't have this. Get up at once. Where's Bradshaw?"

I rose gracefully to my feet, thereby disclosing the classic features of the lost one.

"The head-master wants to see you at once, Bradshaw, at the school-house. You others had better find something to do, or you will be getting into trouble."

He and Bradshaw left together, while we speculated on the cause of the summons.

We were not left very long in suspense. In a quarter-of-an-hour Bradshaw returned, walking painfully, and bearing what, to the expert's eye, are the unmistakable signs of a "touching up," which, being interpreted, is corporal punishment.

"Hullo," said White, as he appeared, "what's all this?"

"How many?" enquired the statistically-minded Kendal.

"Spare the rod, spoil the child," said White, gravely. "You'll be thankful for this when you're a man, Bradshaw."

"That's what I always say to myself when I am whipped," added Kendal.

I said nothing, but it was to me that the wounded one addressed himself.

"You utter ass," he said, in tones of concentrated venom.

"Look here, Bradshaw——" I began, protestingly.

"It's all through you—you idiot," he snarled. "I got twelve."

"Twelve isn't so dusty," said White, critically. "Most I ever got was six."

"But why was it?" asked Kendal. "That's what we want to know. What have you been and gone and done?"

"It's about that Euripides paper," said Bradshaw.

"Ah!" said Kendal.

"Yes, I don't mind telling you about it now. When Mellish had me up after school to-day, I'd got my yarn all ready. There wasn't a flaw in it anywhere as far as I could see. My idea was this. I told him I'd been to Yorke's room the day before the exam. to ask him if he had any marks for us. That was all right. Yorke was doing the two Unseen papers, and it was just the sort of thing a fellow would do to go and ask him about the marks."

"Well?"

"Then when I got there he was out, and I looked about for the marks, and on the table I saw the Euripides paper."

"By Jove!" said Kendal. We began to understand, and to realise that here was a master-mind.

"Well, of course, I read it, not knowing what it was, and then, as the only way of not taking an unfair advantage, I did as badly as I could in the exam. That was what I told Mellish. Any beak would have swallowed it."

"Well, didn't he?"

"Mellish did all right, but the rotter couldn't keep it to himself. Went and told the Old Man. The Old Man sent for me. He was as decent as anything at first. That

was just his guile. He made me describe exactly where I had seen the paper, and so on. That was rather risky, of course, but I put it as vaguely as I could. When I had finished, he suddenly whipped round, and said, 'Bradshaw, why are you telling me all these lies?' That's the sort of thing that makes you feel rather



THE DOOR FLEW OPEN AND PRATER APPEARED.

a wreck. I was too surprised to say anything."

"I can guess the rest," said Kendal. "But how on earth did he know it was all lies? Why didn't you stick to your yarn?"

"And, besides," I put in, "where do I come in? I don't see what I've got to do with it."

Bradshaw eyed me fiercely.

"Why, the whole thing was your fault," he said. "You told me Yorke was seeing the paper."

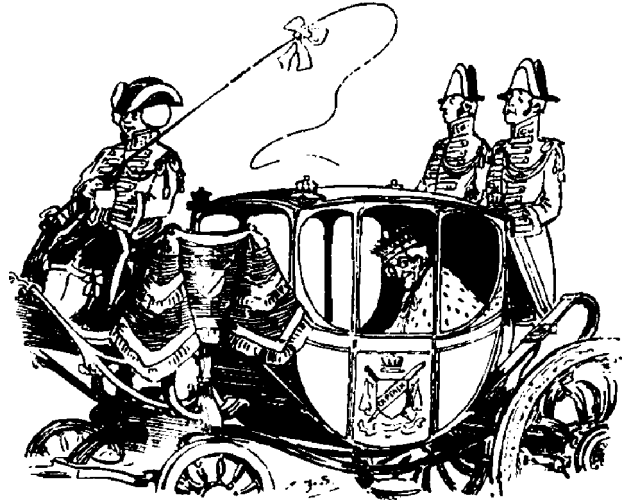
"Well, so he did, didn't he?"

"No, he didn't. The Old Man set it himself," said Bradshaw, gloomily.

CORONATION DAY!

"What I Hope to Do and See."

*Some CAPTAIN Artists
send Pictures, and the
Old Fag adds Prose.*



BY E. F. SKINNER.

HOWEVER good a citizen you may be, you may not have a burning desire to mix with the Coronation Crowd—to jostle, and bump, and quarrel with sharp-elbowed ladies and red-faced gentlemen from the shires; to be pushed back by policemen and dumped on the toes by the butt-



REX OSBORNE.



ends of Volunteers' rifles; to sit baking or dripping (according to the state of the weather); to go thirsty and hungry for many hours, lacking a drop for your parched throat, which has strained itself with loyal cheering, and a crumb for your inner gentleman (to put it nicely), the same having made acquaint-

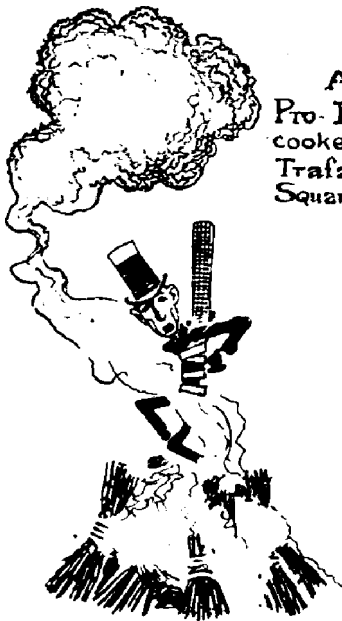
ance with but a hasty breakfast since the rising of the sun!

You may not care to do all this, though you may have a great affection for your monarch, and an overwhelming desire to inform your grand-children how you "went to see the King go by" on a certain glorious day in June, 1902.

They're bound to ask you, and you'll either have to go, so as to be able to tell them, or you'll have to store away in your memory a thorough description of the event—or keep all the illustrated papers for the satisfaction of enquiring Augustus and want-to-know-you-know Susan.

By this time you have probably made up your minds as to which of these things you will do. Our artists, you observe, have already decided on what they will do or what they hope to do—very different matters in this great variety show called LIFE.

Mr. E. F. Skinner, the talented illustrator of "A Cavalier Maid," and the producer of our frontispiece, sends a drawing of a somewhat ambitious nature, and adds: "I



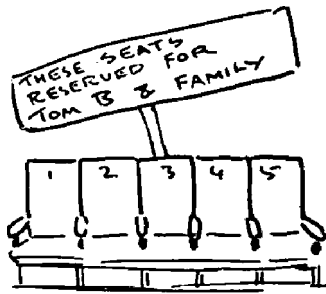
A
Pro-Boer
cooked in
Trafalgar
Square.

JOHN HASSALL.



TOM BROWNE.

anticipate a peerage for the Old Fag, and hope to see him thus driving in the Coronation procession." I thank Mr. Skinner. Up to the time of writing, however, no notifica-



TOM BROWNE.

tion has arrived from His Majesty with regard to the suggested elevation.

Mr. Rex Osborne, the delineator of country subjects, would prefer to go for a long walk over the Surrey Downs, but is pretty sure he will be grinding hard at it in his



TOM BROWNE.

studio preparing Coronation illustrations for the daily papers.

Artists as a class do not interfere with politics, but Mr. John Hassall, of poster fame, has given vent to his patriotism on the post-card reproduced herewith. You'd never suspect Mr. Hassall of such a "burning" desire, for he is the kindest of souls in private life.

Mr. Tom Browne intended sending something very special and peculiar, but when our request reached him he was just rushing off, with an artist friend, to catch the mail-boat bound for the Canary Islands. Tom B. is the essence of good nature, and, as the train



T. M. R. WHITWELL.

dashed north for Liverpool, he jotted down on post-cards the fact that he hopes to enjoy a first-rate view of the procession (having secured five seats for "Tom B. and family"), and upon his return to find that peace had been arranged in South Africa.

The well-known illustrator of tales of "Greyhouse" and "Eliza's" is an enthusiastic cyclist, but Mr. Whitwell does not by any means ride an ordinary machine. He prefers his own specially-built little "Bantam," upon which he has covered many miles of country. Regarding this bicycle, Mr. Whitwell the other day told me that he has to stand a good deal of chaff from other cyclists



GEORGE SOPER.

and villagers generally, since they seem to be under the impression that it is his little brother's machine. But he proudly pointed

out that his special wheel has this advantage, *i.e.*, that when riding among traffic he can, without the slightest inconvenience, rest his feet upon the ground.

Mr. Cockburn Reynolds says: "I expect to see beauty worthy of the occasion," and sends

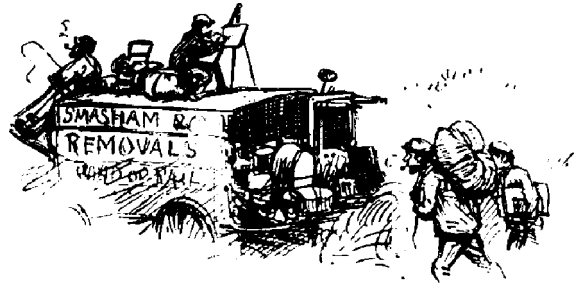


THIS IS WHAT MR. PAUL HARDY WOULD LIKE TO SEE.

the beauty. [*I like the one right at the back—the quiet one.—O.F.*]

Mr. George Soper employs most of his

spare hours in gardening, being a great rose-grower and quite an authority on mignonette. On Coronation Day, however, he has visions



BUT THIS IS WHAT HE WILL HAVE TO DO.

of spending a quiet afternoon up the river in a canoe and having a downright lazy time. This is merely what Mr. Soper would like to do, but it is not what he *will* be doing. It is much more probable that he will perch on the roof of some house so as to make his drawing for the *Graphic*.

Mr. Paul Hardy, who lives in Surrey, declares on his postcard that he would like to come up and see the Coronation right



E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS.



JOHN MACFARLANE.

away. He has looked forward to this for a long time. He will, however, be disappointed, as when the procession is passing through the streets of London. Mr. Hardy expects to be executing drawings for the *Strand Magazine* on the top of a

pantechnicon van. This, of course, is owing to the fact that he is moving into his new house just at that time, and, being a conscientious man, does not intend to keep the Editor of the *Strand* waiting.

Mr. Hall Thorpe, the humorous Australian animal artist (don't misunderstand me when I describe him thus!), wants to sit,



HALL THORPE.

at the bottom of Burleigh Street, on the neck of his pet giraffe, and from that point of vantage show his loyalty right heartily.

Another illustrator well-known in Sydney, N.S.W., is Mr. John Macfarlane, who, like Mr. Soper, hopes to have a quiet time in some backwater up the Thames. Mr. Walker Hodgson sends the following:—

I'd like to be where once I drew
 Sir Frederick Bridge, Mus.
 Doc.*
 And thank my stars for such
 a view,
 And generally take stock,
 And hear some note of ravishment
 By Purcell, Bach, or Croft—
 [Oh, wouldn't some folk like to
 rent
 Westminster's organ loft!]
 But liking will not get me
 there,



* The portrait appeared in *Cassell's Magazine*, 1894.

*This time at any rate,
 And so, needs must, I hope to share
 Some perch of lesser state;
 A casement, now, in Burleigh Street
 Would be at once most fit
 From which to view the land's élite
 - And make a note of it.*

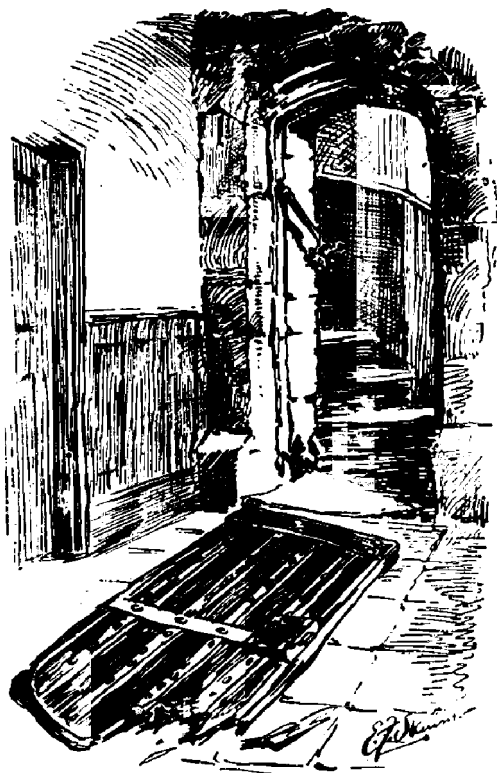


Mr. Stewart Browne, another earnest yearner for the establishment of pacific relations between this country and what was once the Land of Kruger, would like to see the ex-President play the rôle he here depicts. By some strange forgetfulness Mr. Browne has omitted the Pipe.

Mr. Geo. Morrow's "Study of a Restful Coronation Day" speaks for itself.



GEORGE MORROW.



J. O. Jones

And How He Earned His Living,

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

Author of "Tales of Greyhouse," "Love
the Laggard," etc.

Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.

J. O. JONES, an old Greyhouse boy of enormous strength, obtains a mastership at Adderman's, a notoriously ill-managed and unruly private school. On his first evening, whilst taking prep., he orders a boy to go to the headmaster's study. The boy—who proves to be the headmaster's son—refusing, J. O. Jones carries him to the study. Mr. Adderman is intensely vexed by the incident, and warns Jones not to use violence with the boys. Mr. Samuels, the second master, promises to inform the Head should Jones infringe these instructions. Shortly after, a parlour-boarder named Harper arrives. His self-possession and indifference to the opinions of others exasperates some of the fellows, among them Bradwell, a member of the Sixth. One night a raid is made on Harper's room by Bradwell and his gang, and Harper narrowly escapes being suffocated. Jones intervenes, and thrashes Bradwell for speaking insolently to him. Mr. Samuels enters the room while Bradwell is receiving his due, reports Jones's conduct to the Head, and urges Mr. Adderman to send the new master away at once. The Head declines to do this, though he gives Jones notice to leave at the end of the term. After this Jones becomes more popular, but suddenly falls foul of the school by giving Baron, the full-back of the XV., five hundred lines a couple of days before the School is to meet Ardenwood in the semi-final of the Ardenshire cup-tie.

CHAPTER XVI.

"SUAVE, MARI MAGNO——"

BARON allowed Mr. Jones to get his fourteen stone of beef, bone and muscle well away ere he himself strode sullenly out of the box-room.

Then uprose, from those remaining, a perfect howl of indignation, led by the red-faced boy.

"Well," remarked this gentleman, when the chorus died down a little, "he is a bounder!"

"Baron wasn't doing anything," exclaimed another, "it's about the unfairest, rottenest impot I've ever heard of!"

"Why didn't he give *me* five hundred lines as well as Baron!" demanded Jordan's backer, who didn't altogether appreciate the way in which he had been ignored by Jones.

"Why, you see, he's got a spite against Baron," explained the red-faced one.

But this exhibition of feeling was trivial compared with the consternation that took possession of the Sixth when Baron, after angrily dragging a pile of exercise paper out of his locker, informed the room what he had got to do, and by when.

Oliphant was lacing up a football he had been blowing out when Baron made this announcement.

"What!" he exclaimed.

They crowded round their full-back.

"Five hundred lines! Here, I say, draw it mild!" cried Bradwell.

"What were you doing, Baron?" queried Oliphant, anxiously.

"Simply looking on while a couple of kids had a scrap."

Baron sat down, jabbed his pen into an ink-well, and began the twenty Latin lines which he knew so well by heart, and which he had now got to write out twenty-five times over. Every boy in the school—save the very small ones—knew these lines. They had been selected for imposition purposes by a classical master some time in the dim and misty long ago, before Mr. Adderman had the school. They had survived half-a-dozen different headmasters, in fact. Not a master or boy at Adderman's could have told you in what Latin author they were to be found; but they were as familiar to Adderman's as a shepherd's whistle to his dog.

So Baron, with a muffled imprecation, started his work:

Suave, mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis,

This is how those twenty lines commenced. "Mary had a little lamb" wasn't a better-known

poetical quotation than this everlasting line which was written on scores of sheets of exercise paper every day at Adderman's.

*E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem;
Non, quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed, quibus ipse malis careas quia cernere suave
est.*

*Per campos instructa, tua sine parte pericli,
Suave etiam, belli certamina—*

In gloomy silence the other members of the Sixth watched Baron's pen as it travelled viciously down the page. At the sixth line Baron's pen spluttered, and an ugly blot was the result. His temper was at white heat already; he flung his pen into the fire-place and crumpled up the piece of paper into a small ball.

"I'm hanged if I'll do them—I'll see him shot first!"

He rose from his seat and walked moodily to the fire-place.

"Hear, hear, Barry!" said Bradwell, not too confidently, however.

No one else spoke. The Sixth knew perfectly well that Baron would eventually do the lines. They knew he dared not disobey Jones. So, for a time, there was silence. At length Oliphant, feeling, as captain of the XV. which was to do battle with Ardenwood, that he ought—that he really ought to take action in the matter, made a proposal.

"Shall I go and see Jones about it?" he said, "he may not know it's the cup-tie on Saturday."

"He does know—I told him," growled Baron.

"Still, I may be able to get you off some of them, or he may be willing to let you postpone doing them," persisted the good-natured captain.

"All right—go if you like," said Baron, curtly.

Oliphant therefore made his way to the Common Room, returning a few minutes later with a long face.

"Won't hear of it. Says you've got to do those lines by Saturday mid-day, or you don't play."

A half-suppressed groan from the assembled monitors was the only comment on this result of Oliphant's mission.

"Tell you what," said Bradwell, "why not ask the gov'nor to cancel the impot? He's none too sweet on Jones."

Oliphant looked doubtful. The idea of appealing to the Head was distasteful to him, to begin with.

"The gov'nor doesn't care a hang about the school footer," he rejoined.

Oliphant spoke with some bitterness. What he said was true. Mr. Adderman rarely displayed any interest in the games, which, however, flourished apace in spite of his luke-warm attitude in this respect.

"It might be done through Samuels," said Bradwell, "he hates Jones—anyone can see that—and the gov'nor would listen to him."

Oliphant did not reply. He was vexed beyond measure to think that Baron would have to be flogging away at these lines instead of keeping himself fit by getting all the fresh air he could between this time and Saturday afternoon. Still, keen as he was and strongly as he felt on the subject, Oliphant was too white a man and too much of a gentleman to participate in or support Bradwell's crafty suggestion. And Bradwell knew it.

Presently Baron lounged over to his desk, provided himself with a new pen, and recommenced his task. Oliphant went off to the field, and the other fellows dispersed by degrees.

Bradwell, after a twenty minutes' search, succeeded in unearthing the very person he wanted—Tom Adderman, to wit.

Of course this young hopeful had heard the news, and it need hardly be said that his opinion regarding the imposition coincided with that of the rest of the school—only more so. He had never forgiven Jones for carrying him into the study by two arms and a leg, be it explained.

Bradwell found Tom Adderman quite willing to put the case before Mr. Samuels, or, indeed, to do anything which would tend to annoy Jones, and so, feeling that the matter was in safe hands, went off on a second hunt, his quarry this time being Molly, from whom he had a great desire to borrow whatever spare cash the open-handed Mr. Fairbrother might happen to have on him.

Mr. Adderman was busily employed with business letters some hours later that day, when there came a tap at his door, followed by the entrance of Mr. Samuels.

"I hope I'm not disturbing you," said the second master, with a soft, ingratiating smile, "I won't detain you a moment—"

"Come in, come in," said the Head, not too cordially, "I am rather busy. These accounts—"

He laid down his pen and leaned back wearily. "It is a pity you cannot get a little help," said Mr. Samuels.

"It's not the amount of work—it's my inability to get through it without a great effort," sighed Mr. Adderman, closing his eyes.

Mr. Samuels regarded his chief with a watchful, alert gaze. He could see that the Head was looking worse; the white hairs were increasing and the furrows deepening. So, in a calculating, cat-like manner, Mr. Samuels watched his chief and awaited his pleasure.

"Well," said Mr. Adderman, at length, "what is it, Samuels?"

"A trifling thing—hardly worth bothering

you with. But the school is feeling very sore about it, so I thought I would mention it to you. The fact is, Jones——”

“What—again?”

Mr. Samuels smiled.

“He has not been knocking anybody about *this* time,” he replied, “in fact, your action after the Bradwell trouble probably taught him a lesson. But he has gone a little too far in another direction. It seems that he found Baron looking on at a fight between two juniors, and gave him five hundred lines for not stopping them.”

“That was certainly rather a heavy imposition,” granted Mr. Adderman, “but still, discipline must be maintained. Baron, as a monitor, ought to have stopped the fight.”

“Quite so,” was Mr. Samuels’ smooth rejoinder, “I should have punished him myself under similar circumstances. But the trouble is that the School is playing the Town in a very important match—the semi-final for the Cup—on Saturday, and Jones will not allow Baron to take part in the match unless the lines are finished by then.”

“Very properly,” said the Head.

Mr. Samuels looked a little blank.

“I may point out,” he returned, “that writing five hundred lines, coupled with the usual school work, is not calculated to keep a man fit and fresh for a hard struggle such as this will be.”

“Then,” said Mr. Adderman, “if Baron does not feel fresh on the day, another boy had better play instead of him. He mustn’t knock himself up.”

Mr. Samuels found it very difficult to keep his manner and tone quite even. The Head, he knew, was talking in all sincerity—he did not realise what a semi-final was. His concern was for *Baron’s* well-being!

“Well, to come to the point,” pursued Mr. Samuels, “don’t you think that, considering Baron’s value to the team, this imposition might be reduced, or even cancelled?”

“Certainly not,” said the Head, sharply.

Mr. Samuels passed his tongue over his lips. He was fighting, not for the School *v.* Ardenwood, but for his own personal popularity among the boys. Mr. Adderman’s obtuseness in this matter, he told himself, was ridiculous. He evidently didn’t see the matter in its proper light.

“You will admit, sir,” he said, quite gently, “that success in athletics does a school good?”

“I suppose so,” said the Head, without apparently giving the question much thought, “the exercise does the boys good, at any rate.”

Mr. Samuels ground his teeth noiselessly.

“It sends up the numbers of a school,” he added.

“Certainly, certainly,” acquiesced the Head

“it is always well for a school to win its matches if it can. The parents like it.”

“Well,” said Mr. Samuels, “if Adderman’s win the Ardenshire Cup, the school will attract a lot of attention all over the county. We could not have a better advertisement.”

“Then I sincerely hope we shall win the—er—cup,” yawned the Head.

“But,” said Mr. Samuels, with decision, “we shall *not* win it if Baron does not play his very best on Saturday.”

“Surely,” objected the Head, “one boy cannot make all that difference. Are there not fourteen others?”

“Full-back,” explained Mr. Samuels, “is the most important place in the field.”

“Then if Baron is not fresh on Saturday,” decided Mr. Adderman, “he had better play in another position—quite in the front, let us say.”

Had the Head been joking, Samuels would have gained his point in the long run. But, unfortunately for the ambassador, Mr. Adderman was quite serious in his ready method of getting out of Rugby football difficulties.

“Well, sir,” said Mr. Samuels, a little shortly, “am I to understand that Baron is to do the lines—by the time appointed?”

“I cannot interfere,” replied the Head, turning to his papers, “discipline must——”

Mr. Samuels got up hurriedly.

“Very good, sir.”

He did not attempt to hide his irritation, but Mr. Adderman was blind to it.

“Ah, by the way, Samuels,” he said, as the second master opened the door, “I see here that Melrose has charged us twopence-halfpenny apiece for the First Form’s copy-books. Should it not be twopence?”

“I really cannot tell you,” returned Mr. Samuels, as he went out and closed the door rather sharply behind him.

“Dear, dear!” sighed Mr. Adderman, as he bent his haggard face over the accounts, “to think I should have wasted all this time talking about a game of football!”

He made a few rapid strokes with his pen.

“The copy-books *are* twopence each,” he ejaculated, “I shall have to give Melrose a piece of my mind about this overcharge!”

CHAPTER XVII.

“——TURBANTIBUS AEUORA VENTIS,”

WHEN the school heard, through Tom Adderman, *via* Mr. Samuels—the favourite route adopted by news travelling from the principal’s study—that Baron would have to do the lines if he wished to play in the semi-final, the storm of

abuse again broke over J. O. Jones's unconscious head.

For J. O. was not on duty that evening, and, having again boldly essayed a visit to the drawing-room, had been lucky enough to find Miss Lucy in a mood which differed materially from that which had damped him on a previous occasion.

Harper was tinkling on the piano, and occasionally turning round to join in the conversation which Messrs. Samuels, Huntingdon, and Atkins were holding with the headmaster's daughter. For Miss Lucy had lately taken up the study of

the advantages of the Cambridge sartorial training were inestimable.

"You, Mr. Atkins," said Lucy, regarding the music-master's cigarette-stained fingers with great apparent interest, "are destined to have a troubled career."

"Affairs of the 'cart?" enquired Mr. Atkins

"I see at least three disappointments," said Lucy.

"Oh, chase me!" cried Atkins recklessly, "anything else?"

"You will not have a very long life, Mr. Atkins," said Lucy, solemnly.



"THE THREE SHORT LINES," SHE SAID, "ON THE SIDE OF THE HAND JUST BELOW THE LITTLE FINGER, INDICATE THAT YOU WILL BE MARRIED THREE TIMES, MR. JONES."

palmistry, having received a hand-book on the subject from a school-fellow who had been badly bitten by the craze, and was now experimenting on her friends.

Samuels had already been told that he would become very rich if he survived a serious illness which Fate had in store for him in middle life—a piece of information which struck the second master as being too vague to be altogether satisfactory.

Mr. Huntingdon, perfectly dressed and groomed, was standing near Samuels. When he surveyed Atkins's costume, it occurred to the Fourth Form master more forcibly than ever that

"You're kidding me, aren't you?" demanded Atkins, regarding her doubtfully.

"On the contrary. Your line of life stops abruptly when it is only half-way round the ball of the thumb."

"What does that mean?" said the music-master.

"That you will probably die at forty."

"'Ere, I've 'ad enough of this!" exclaimed Atkins, getting up in a hurry and walking away, "it's a silly thing, this palmistry."

Then, by way of affording a vent to his nervousness, he gave Huntingdon a violent push in the direction of the fair fortune-teller.

"What's 'Untingdon's matrimonial fite?" he asked, as the Cambridge man, flushing with indignation, almost tumbled into Miss Lucy's lap.

"I wish you would learn manners, Atkins!" said Huntingdon, hotly.

"Go on," said Atkins, by no means apologetically. "show 'er your 'and."

"I have no wish to have my fortune told, thank you," said Huntingdon, stalking out of the room.

Atkins cackled rudely.

"I must 'ave wrinkled 'is tie up," he said; "poor old 'Untingdon's that touchy you can't ever 'ave a joke with 'im."

"Shall I tell *your* lines, Mr. Jones?" said Lucy.

"Don't you let 'er, Jones," warned Atkins, "it's all bogey."

J. O., however, sat down on the vacant chair opposite Lucy. Atkins went to the piano and began turning over the choice assortment of comic songs which he was good enough to keep in the drawing-room.

"You will have a very long life, Mr. Jones," said Lucy.

"Oh, come, you're favouring him!" remonstrated Atkins.

"I can't help his line of life being so long," laughed Lucy, who rather enjoyed Mr. Atkins's quaint ways.

"Any bad illnesses?" enquired Atkins, hopefully.

"Not one," said Lucy.

"'Ow about the 'eart?" grinned Atkins.

Miss Lucy bent her head over the hand that had been submitted to her investigations.

"The three short lines," she said, "on the side of the hand just below the little finger, indicate that you will be married three times, Mr. Jones."

"Talk about Bluebeard!" exclaimed Atkins.

"There!" said Lucy, suddenly dropping Jones's hand, "I think I've told you all quite enough about yourselves. Please sing us something, Mr. Atkins."

Whereupon Atkins, who never required much pressing, obliged the company with a ditty entitled: "There was too much 'armony for Bill," a gem from the music-halls describing how a burglar, thinking he had stolen a cash-box, discovered, when too late, that he had possessed himself of a musical-box, which, being set going by his manipulations, aroused the household and led to his ultimate capture by the police.

In spite of the somewhat appalling matrimonial prospect before him—as foretold by Miss Lucy—Jones retired to rest that night in a very good humour with himself, and slept untroubled by dreams of nagging wives—a succession of them,

in fact—or those domestic worries which are bound to assail a man who deliberately burdens himself with three sets of children.

He was greeted with many black looks when he entered the Hall for breakfast on the following morning, but his reception was not—as it would probably have been earlier in the term—of an audibly hostile character. J. O. felt that there was something in the air, concerning himself, of a distinctly unfriendly character, but he did not attack his eggs and bacon with any less gusto on that account. Indeed, he sent up his plate for a second helping.

On the previous evening, while Miss Lucy was exploiting her palmistry, Mr. Green was taking preparation, and Baron was one of the monitors whose turn it was to assist the master on duty in the Long Room. Although Mr. Green was held in small esteem by the school—for he was insignificant in stature, no athlete, and of a retiring disposition—it may be said in his behalf that he at least kept as good order as either Huntingdon or Atkins, and with less noise. Of late, too, he had, surely and steadily, increased his grip on his own form, and his quiet methods were beginning to have their effect elsewhere. Again, he could generally answer with readiness the hundred and one questions which boys put before a master who is taking preparation, and owing to this fact he was able to lighten the labours of a number of fellows who were anxious to do their work well. For Adderman's possessed a fair sprinkling of the right sort of boy, in spite of the indifferent character of the majority.

During one of his prowls up and down the Long Room, the junior master came to a halt by Baron's desk.

"Are you preparing your lessons, Baron?" he asked.

Baron stared rudely at little Mr. Green. The Sixth made it a rule to treat junior masters with the scantiest respect, and had not seen its way to alter its customary attitude towards the gentleman now holding the most lowly post on the staff.

"No," said Baron.

"What are you doing, then?"

"Lines."

"Put them away and do your work."

Baron stared still more impudently at the junior master. He could have wrung Green's neck with infinite ease, and Green was possibly aware of it.

"I don't see what it has to do with you," retorted Baron.

"If you don't put them away at once I shall double them," said Green.

The boys sitting near were gazing open-

mouthed at the two, for the altercation was quite audible. Could it be possible that Green—poor little Green!—was tackling a *monitor*!

"I suppose," said Baron, scornfully, "you think you are Jones!"

Unwittingly he was paying Jones a high compliment. All he intended to do, however, was to be sarcastic at Green's expense.

"I don't think I am Mr. Jones," said Green, flushing slightly, "but I know I am a master, and that you must therefore obey me."

Baron felt that, for the time being, he had got into enough trouble. Later on he could pay Green out for this. For the present, well—with a grunt he put the lines away and opened a book, and Green, with his heart beating rather quickly, returned to his desk.

Baron expressed his sentiments regarding Green unrestrainedly in the Sixth room afterwards, and the Sixth, hearing of what Green had done, decided to make the junior master's life a burden to him from that day onward.

"You're not sitting up late, are you, old man?" said Oliphant, after supper.

"How on earth am I to get this stuff done if I don't?" returned Baron, irritably.

"Do it to-morrow—you must get a good sleep if you want to keep fit."

Oliphant acted as a kind of trainer to his team, and Baron, seeing that his advice was good, took it. But on the morrow, when he hoped to get through a good lump of the imposition during morning school, Mr. Adderman set the Sixth a history paper, and Baron had perforce to answer the questions, though he managed to scribble a certain number of lines in between times.

In the afternoon the first and second fifteens had a short pick-up game—just to keep the school champions fit—and afterwards the First practised dropping and place-kicking. Oliphant dragged Baron out, declaring he would get stale if he stuck indoors all day. From four to six Mr. Huntingdon took the Sixth in Euripides and Latin prose, so here again Baron had little chance of recording, with somewhat monotonous frequency, the views of Lucretius on mankind as beheld from the lofty standpoint of a philosopher.

*O miseris hominum mentes! O pectora caeca!
Qualibus in tenebris vitae quantisque periculis
Degitur hoc aevi, quodcumque est!*—

Baron plugged away, but when the supper bell rang that night he had still two hundred and fifty of the lines to complete, and the unusual work had made his fingers and wrists ache.

It was at this epoch that Bradwell and Wilbraham—the crack scholar of Adderman's—put their heads together and evolved a plan whereby Baron might keep fit and yet hand up the lines in time. After supper they accom-

panied Baron to the Sixth room and explained their idea to him.

Wilbraham was clever in many ways, and especially clever was he with his pen and pencil. He promised, in fact, if things went wrong with him later on in life, to make a first-rate forger.

Briefly, the idea was this. Wilbraham offered to do two hundred of the lines, and as a proof of his skill showed Baron a specimen ten lines which he had written with a page of Baron's before him. Baron gasped. The resemblance between the two handwritings was astounding.

"You turn in and have a good sleep," said Wilbraham, "you can knock off the other fifty in the morning. Better show them up to Jones with the last twenty still wet—it'll look as if you'd been at them hammer and tongs up to the last moment."

"It's not a bad idea," said Baron, "and it'll be a surprise for the brute."

"You'll be able to play, and that'll disappoint him badly," said Bradwell. "Jove! I should like to see his face when you show them up all done."

Wilbraham therefore settled down to his work—keeping one of Baron's pages before him as a guide—and Bradwell hung about the door so as to give the alarm in case Jones should come along and suspect things.

Johnson hobbled in at ten o'clock to turn the gas out, but the two monitors explained to him that they had had leave from Mr. Samuels to sit up late to do some extra work—which happened to be a fact—and so Johnson limped off to bed, leaving them in possession of the Sixth room.

Quickly and cunningly did Wilbraham pursue his task. He quite enjoyed it. He was a superb penman, and his natural inclination to do the wrong thing rather than the right one added a spice to his labours.

Baron had gone up to bed when Wilbraham sat down at his desk. The fellows in the dormitory over which he was set in charge naturally supposed that he intended to get up early in order to finish his lines. He turned in at once and was soon sleeping the sound, dreamless sleep which is as necessary to good football as it is to the performance of everything else that is worth doing well in this world.

On the morrow, speculation was rife in the school as to whether Baron would or would not get his lines done in time. His name still remained at the top of the list on the notice-board in the main corridor. So far, then, it seemed as if Oliphant considered it highly probable that he would play.

Jones was on duty to-day, and, at 12.20, walked into the Long Room to take detention. Baron's name was down in the detention book with "500

lines" against it, and "J. O. J." hard by, it being customary for each master to initial his particular list of offenders. Baron, therefore, came into the Long Room with the other boys who were kept in, and immediately settled down to his work with noticeable diligence.

Every now and again his fellow-prisoners glanced curiously round at him, wondering how far he had got. Then they would glance at Jones, and then, suddenly becoming aware of their own misdeeds, turn to the task in front of them. It was altogether a novel experience to see a monitor doing lines like any ordinary kid, especially a monitor like Baron, whose ability at football was talked of with respect in a good many other places besides the school he belonged to.

Jones strolled up and down or looked out of the window at the hack-about that was going on in the field. As each delinquent completed his work, Jones crossed off his name and told him he might go. Gradually the number thinned; still Baron wrote steadily on, and the clock hands moved nearer and nearer to the dinner hour.

Presently Baron was observed to lay down his pen, gather his sheets of paper up, and count them. This done, he packed them neatly together, rose from his seat, and approached the centre desk.

Jones took the papers from him, and proceeded, in his turn, to count them. After looking carefully down each page, he put all the lines together, and tore them up.

Baron's heart leapt. So the fraud had not been detected! He had even taken a step towards the door, when Jones said:

"One moment, Baron. You have still two hundred to do."

Baron stopped.

"You made a miscalculation. You have only shown me three hundred."

Jones looked steadily at Baron's burning face, and indicated, with a gesture, that the interview was to be considered at an end.

Baron stood stock still for a moment, as if inclined to argue the matter. Then he turned on his heel and went back to his seat.

"Tell Oliphant I wish to speak to him," said Jones to a boy sitting near.

The boy went off and returned a few minutes later with the captain of the XV.

"Oh, Oliphant, I wanted to tell you that Baron will not be able to play this afternoon. You will therefore have to get another man."

Oliphant looked bewildered.

"But I understood from Baron that he had done most of the lines," he rejoined.

"He still has to write two hundred of them," said Jones, drily.

"But we have nobody in the same street with Baron—if I go back myself we shall be weak in the three-quarter line," stammered Oliphant.

"I'm sorry," said Jones, with sincerity, "but I can't alter my decision. But if you care to avail yourself of my services, they are at your disposal."

Oliphant's face cleared.

"It has occurred to me once or twice, sir, that you might like to play," he said, "but —"

Jones interrupted him with a laugh.

"I think I know how the land lies. Well, you can play me or not, just as you please. I was in the Greyhouse fifteen, and I haven't forgotten all my football."

"We've seen you kick, at any rate, sir," said Oliphant, approvingly, "well, sir, will you play back for us to-day?"

"With pleasure," said Jones.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SEMI-FINAL.



It was an ideal day of the sort which chronicles the joining hands of winter and spring. The sun shone brightly, and there was a gentle breeze containing a *souppçon* of frost which was welcome to the blood and lent roses to pale cheeks.

It really looked as if every person who found shelter under Mr. Adderman's roof had wended his or her way down to Ardenwood football ground. Mr. Adderman himself had actually mustered up energy to attend, and with him were Miss Lucy, Miss Peters, Mr. Samuels, and Harper. Huntingdon and Atkins were there, too, and mingling with some Ardenwood acquaintances might be seen the dilapidated Johnson, who had made a brave attempt to smarten himself up for the occasion. The school was present in a solid body close along the touch-line nearest to the entrance-gate. It had seized upon this position just as ardent theatre-goers secure front places in the pit, *i.e.*, by coming early.

And so schoolboys and townfolk and folk from miles round waited for the appearance of the teams, and when "the boys," having divested themselves of their overcoats, came out of the pavilion, they were received with as long and lusty a cheer as the men of the town themselves.

The stalwart figure in a jersey of broad yellow-and-black bands who accompanied the boys excited a good deal of comment among the spectators. Adderman's team were wearing black jerseys, and Ardenwood pink-and-white, so that Jones, owing to his distinctive colours, stood out significantly.

Johnson proudly revealed the stranger's identity to his friends.

"And if 'e do catch holt of any of your chaps," explained the school butler to the ostler at the "Two Spies," "'e won't let go of 'em in a 'urry."

"Oh, won't 'e! You wait till 'e meets our Mr. 'Arrison," rejoined the ostler, confidently.

Mr. Harrison was a player whose methods had won him the terse and highly descriptive name of "Butcher" among the boys.

"Your Mr. 'Arrison is cert'nly a bit bigger," acknowledged Johnson, as he lit his pipe, "but there it stops."

"Then we've an International," added the ostler, "there—that cove in the white jersey with the red rose on it. That's Drew, that is—plays for England, 'e does."

"I'm not," said Johnson, "a bettin' man, but I'll lay you a level bob our school wins to-day, Joe Smith."

"They 'aven't got a chance," said Joe Smith.

"A level bob." repeated Johnson, firmly.

"Done!" said Joe Smith, with a chuckle.

At that moment the referee's whistle sounded shrilly on the keen air, and the players proceeded to their places. The Ardenwood captain set the ball going, and soon both teams were at it hammer and tongs.

In a very few minutes from kick-off Jones got to work, and the school heaved a sigh of relief and content as they watched him. "He'll do, by George! Why on earth didn't we play him before?" muttered Oliphant.

Thrice in the first quarter-of-an-hour did Drew, the International, worm his way through Adderman's backs only to be pulled to the ground by Jones, so that it began to dawn on Ardenwood that winning the match meant getting past the big man in the yellow-and-black jersey.

J. O. was in his element; he trotted up and down in his domain like a great watch-dog, and every now and then his voice sang out encouragement and advice to the boys, who, as the game progressed, quite forgot the absence of Baron, writing lines in the Long Room. Baron, good as he was, could never have kept out the International as Jones did. At times, when the Ardenwood men swept down the field into the School twenty-five, the hearts of the boys watching were in their mouths. You would see a dense mass of struggling figures, and then a School half would snatch the ball and fling it to Oliphant, and Oliphant would be tackled, then would come a scrum and a rush—danger!—and then, ah! what music in the boys' ears was that deep, booming note that proclaimed a big drop-kick! who could have wished for a gladder sight than that of the ball sailing towards the Ardenwood fortress! Then Adderman's

would career after it, and the play would wander all over the ground until the Ardenwood men pulled themselves together and again swept down the field, and again there would be the scrummage and the heel-out, the quick passing, and again, in the nick of time, the big drop far away into touch in the Ardenwood territory.

Five minutes before half-time Ardenwood charged down in the old way, and one of their halves swung the ball out to the International; but Bradwell, who could play a stubborn forward game, intercepted the ball in its flight and ran for his life for some dozen yards, followed by a storm of cheers from his school-fellows. But Bradwell's one notable effort of the afternoon was nipped in the bud by the Butcher, who took him by the throat and dashed him to the ground. Bradwell lay motionless, and the ball bobbed over the turf in the sunshine. The Butcher picked it up and hurled it a prodigious way to one of the Ardenwood backs, who took it under his arm and ran, followed by the International and everybody else. The School three-quarters made desperate efforts to get to the man, but he ran through them straight into the outstretched arms of J. O. Jones, who turned him over on to his back, turtle-fashion, but not before the ball had found its way into the hands of the International, who fled with it on the wings of the wind and planted it down with ease behind the School uprights. Then the Butcher took the kick and Ardenwood had registered five points to the School's nothing.

The half-time whistle sounded immediately afterwards, and Jones, noticing a group round Bradwell, walked up to it. He found Bradwell groaning and livid. Jones had done a year's hospital work; it was the book part that had stumped him. He knelt down by the prostrate form. "Where does it hurt?" he said.

Bradwell, with a face full of anguish, pointed to his chest, and Jones, tearing the jersey open, ran his hands over the other's body. "Two ribs," he said shortly, and standing up, shouted out to the fellows to bring a hurdle. Half-a-dozen Adderman's boys came rushing up with one. Jones, with Oliphant's assistance, placed Bradwell on the hurdle. Then he turned to three or four of the fellows who had brought it. "Off to the infirmary with him—sharp! It is quite close. He'll be looked after all right there." he added consolingly, and the boys walked away with their burden.

The Butcher sauntered up. "Someone hurt?" he said to Jones.

"Yes—badly," said Jones, shortly, "and I may add that I think you collared him with unnecessary violence."

"I collared him in the ordinary way," said the other.

"There was no need for you to knock him over like that," put in Oliphant.

"I did not know I was talking to you," responded the Butcher.

"No," said Jones, "you were talking to me, and I was saying that you were unnecessarily rough."

"If you put fellows in the team who are not fit to play," said the Butcher, "it is not my fault if they get damaged."

"They are quite fit to play football," said Jones, "with gentlemen."

"You had better be careful what you say," blustered the Butcher.

"And during the remainder of the match you had better be careful what you do," responded J. O.

"Why?" demanded the Butcher roughly.

national, the boys would have scored in the first five minutes, for he just managed to step Oliphant near the line. After this followed a lot of loose play, in which the ball toured backwards and forwards without going perilously close to either citadel. Jones was kept pretty busy, but, as usual, he was on the alert, and not allowing anything to flurry him. The eyes of the onlookers, indeed, were mostly occupied with four players—the International and the Butcher on one side, Oliphant and Jones on the other. The International never lost an opportunity. Time after time he ran through the School forwards only to be pulled down by the three-quarter line. Once he took a big curve, and, successfully avoiding capture, was speeding along the touch-line near where Mr. Adderman and his party were standing, when there was a flash of yellow-and-



THE BUTCHER DASHED HIM TO THE GROUND. BRADWELL LAY MOTIONLESS, AND THE BALL BOBBED OVER THE TURF IN THE SUNSHINE.

"Because," said Jones, as he walked away, "two can play a rough game, that's all."

Such little exchanges of sentiment are common at football matches. Fortunately the summons to resume play came directly afterwards, and further pleasantries had to be postponed.

This time what little wind blew was in the School's favour, and they opened the second half in a way that produced cat-calls of joy from their supporters. They dribbled the ball into the Ardenwood twenty-five, and there was a scrum just in front of the Town goal. But for the presence of the Inter-

black, and Jones had his man safely pinned as they rolled into touch. The two men smiled at each other as they got up; they were both sportsmen. Then the fifteens lined up for the throw-out. It was a fine sight, this array of panting, sweating athletes, all with eyes intent on the ball which a half-back held balanced on his right hand. The half had his eyes on Bull as he flung the ball far out to Oliphant at the end of the line, but Oliphant was overthrown even as he snatched at it, and a series of uneventful scrummages followed.

Then all of a sudden the listlessness of the spectators vanished, and a frantic burst of

cheering was raised by the mass of school-boys on the touch-line. At last Oliphant had got his chance. Taking the ball from a long pass, he had sprinted away and got well into his stride. It was his pace which had won him most of the successes he had achieved in the football world. Ardenwood made for him in a body, the International racing back from a distance. The Town full-back went straight for his man with longing arms, but when it was seen that Oliphant had dodged him, yell after yell went up from many in the crowd besides the boys from Adderman's. The International sputtered for his life, but Oliphant had youth and a yard in his favour. He just got over the line near the right post of the Town goal and touched down as the International flung himself at him. But he was a second late. Jones took the kick, and as the ball dropped neatly over the bar the boys on the touch-line lost their heads with excitement.

"Ten more minutes," said the referee, looking at his watch.

"Ten more minutes!" The words ran round the ground. A goal—five points—each, and ten more minutes' play.

"Now then!" said the boys, punching each other in a sort of delirium.

"Now then!" exclaimed Ardenwood.

"Now then!" said Jones, loping back to his place.

He caught the ball from the kick-off, and as the Ardenwood forwards came down upon him he surveyed them coolly, and with a careful drop found touch within the Town twenty-five. Following the line-out, the International made a desperate attempt to get away, but a boy froze on to his knees and another on to the ball, and he was ruefully compelled to admit that he was "Held!" Then a scrum, and a short run by the Ardenwood captain; then another scrum, and a dashing dribble by Oliphant, which, however, came to nothing.

And so five minutes were used up.

"Play up—SCHOOL!" yelled the boys with hoarse energy. "Adderman's—Adderman's!"

"Ardenwood—Ardenwood—play up, ARDENWOOD!"

"Give 'em socks, Adderman's!"

"Ardenwood!"

"Adderman's!"

Cheered on by their respective supporters, Town and School made their last effort. Using their superior weight, gradually the Town drove the School down the ground. Meanwhile the International lurked in waiting for an opening.

The boys shrieked out despairing cries as they saw their representatives losing ground; alas! weight was telling its tale.

A School three-quarter grabbed the ball and

passed to Oliphant. Oliphant was threatened and passed, but the pass wasn't taken. A Town forward nipped in and flung out to the International, who got off like greased lightning. Oliphant flung himself on to the great man, and they went down together with a convulsive thump.

But the International had passed in time, and the Butcher was already speeding towards the School goal. There was an ugly look on his face as he ran, and the boys he handed off felt sore for days after. They went at him like terriers, but he was too big for them.

Through—through—through—now the Town cheered in real earnest!

Only Jones to pass, and the Butcher was home.

Only Jones. The Butcher forged on. One man to pass, and Ardenwood in the Final.

So the Butcher mustered up all his might, and, meeting Jones, butted at him with his great head like a bull.

Jones saw the Butcher's head coming straight for him. He stepped quickly aside and clutched the Butcher round the waist. Then, with, perhaps, some slight remembrance of a boy's white face and an inert form on a hurdle, he lifted the Butcher off his feet and flung him to the ground with such force that the Butcher lay dazed and stupid, and the ball trickled away from him.

Not a moment to lose. Jones was on it like a hawk and away up the field, Oliphant at his heels. J. O.'s blood was singing in his head. Hear the School yell! J. O. brushed off the Ardenwood men like flies as they buzzed round him.

Somebody went at his ankles. Down! Yes, but up again! The International! A flash of the yellow-and-black arm, and the England man rolled in the mud.

Jones was terrible. On—on—and the School going mad.

Now the goal was in sight. Three more men to pass. One went over like a ninepin. Close to the line now—and then the School groaned.

Jones was down. Those last two were on him. Wait—there was a rush of spectators. On him? Yes, but they hadn't touched the ball. Jones was up again, and now, with both men clinging to him, he staggered forward, and, with both men still clinging to him, scrambled over the line and fell on top of the ball.

Oliphant muffed the kick, but it was a try all right, and as, ten seconds later, it was "No side," the School had won the semi-final!

CHAPTER XIX.

ON THE WAY HOME.

"TROUBLE you for a bob," said Johnson to his friend the ostler.

"You knew something," muttered the ostler, as he unwillingly produced the coin in question.

"Though not a bettin' man——" began Johnson.

"Which you previously remarked," put in the ostler, bitterly.

"Though not a bettin' man, I will lay *two* bob that we win the Final," concluded Johnson, boldly.

"Done again," said the ostler, with spirit, as he hurried off to the "Two Spies."

Mr. Adderman had been profoundly bored by the match, and at half-time would have retired from the ground had not his daughter prevailed upon him to remain till the finish. When he saw the crowd actually dispersing, the headmaster turned towards the gate with a sigh of relief. He was longing to be back among his papers, for he was possessed of a growing suspicion that some of the Ardenwood tradesmen were endeavouring to overreach him. He could not forget the extra halfpenny on the First Form copy-books, for example.

"Aren't you glad we have won, papa?" observed Lucy, as they made their way out of the field.

"Yes—yes, of course. It is—a—er—considerable achievement, I suppose."

"It is splendid!" cried Lucy, with sparkling eyes.

"Quite so—I agree with you. Do you—er—do you observe Mr. *Melrose* among all these people?" returned the Head, as he stopped to survey the crowd in his vicinity.

"No, I haven't seen him," said Lucy, who, presuming that her father wished to order some stationery, felt rather surprised that he should choose the present time and place for such a purpose.

"Ah, how do you do, Mr. Adderman!" exclaimed a well-fed, florid gentleman in a fur coat.

"How do you do, sir!" replied the Head, a little coldly, as he took the other's warmly-gloved hand.

The gentleman in question was the Mayor of Ardenwood, a coal-merchant in a large way of business. Mr. Adderman, it may be added, had included him in his list of "suspects," along with Messrs. Melrose and Co.

"Your boys played like heroes," continued the Mayor, whose rich bass voice was in keeping with his opulent appearance, "and the young dogs beat us! Ha! ha! That's a take-down for the

Town! But they wouldn't have done it without that master of yours, Mr.—Mr.——"

"Jones," said the Head; "no, perhaps not, perhaps not."

"You have found a treasure, sir," continued the Mayor, in his deep, unctuous tones, "a treasure worth keeping," he added, remembering that Mr. Adderman's masters had a way of departing rather suddenly.

"Exactly—quite so," replied the Head, "come, my dear, we must be moving on. I wish you good day, Mr. Mayor."

"Good day, Mr. Adderman," roared the Mayor, putting out his warmly-gloved hand, "good day, Miss Adderman; the March wind seems to agree with you. Ha! ha! March wind's a sly fellow! This one of your boys, Mr. Adderman?" he concluded, surveying Harper with a patronising smile.

"I'm the parlour-boarder, sir," said Harper, looking timidly at the great man.

"Parlour-boarder, eh? Jam for tea and all that? Ha! ha! Now I wonder where they sell the best bull's-eyes! Well, here's a shilling for you, my lad, and don't spend it all on bull's-eyes, mind!"

"I shall put it in my money-box, sir," said Harper.

"That's right. Save your money, my boy. That's the way the foundations of great fortunes are laid. Well, good day to you!" and the Mayor rolled off to speak to another gentleman who happened, by the merest possible chance, of course, to be a good customer of his.

"Come, come, let us get away," said the Head, irritably, "I don't want to stop and talk to the whole town."

But ere he had gone ten paces, another prosperous inhabitant of Ardenwood—the leading grocer, Mr. Moses—insisted on congratulating the headmaster on the afternoon's victory.

"That Mr. Jones of yours is a wonder, sir," said the grocer, "the best player I have ever seen on this ground."

"Indeed!" said the Head, somewhat frigidly, for Mr. Moses was also on his black list.

"Hope he'll stay with you a long time, Mr. Adderman," added the grocer affably; "you don't pick up a man like that in a hurry."

"You are right," said the Head.

"He made short work of Harrison," added the grocer, with a chuckle, for he bore Harrison—who was the leading wine-merchant's son—no love. Young Mr. Harrison had once remarked that Mr. Moses sold wine which would kill at ten yards, and the grocer had never forgiven him for saying so.

"He must be a very powerful gentleman," said Mr. Moses.

"Yes, he is very strong," agreed Mr.

Adderman. "Very strong indeed," he added, as the grocer seemed surprised at his lack of enthusiasm.

"Just the man for your place," said the grocer.

"Eh?" demanded Mr. Adderman, sharply.

"Ought to be able to keep order well, I should say," explained Mr. Moses.

"All my masters keep order well," said the Head, in such a chilly tone that the grocer decided to go and talk to somebody a little more genial.

"Shall we never get rid of these people!" snapped the Head, as they proceeded on their way.

It seemed not, for as they entered the High Street they were solemnly greeted by Mr. Mellins, who was also a grocer, but one with whom the Head did not deal. In easy shirt-sleeves, Mr. Mellins was surveying the stream of visitors from the doorway of his emporium.

"A great day for you, Mr. Adderman," he said, with a majestic bow to Lucy.

"Yes, we have won, we have won," replied the Head, in a tone which was intended to be cordial.

"I played football myself once," said Mr. Mellins, who was inclined to corpulency, and, whatever he was in his youth, did not now suggest the athlete.

"Indeed," said the Head.

"And once was enough," Mr. Mellins added, "for I broke my collar-bone then."

"It is a rough game," ventured the Head.

"I hear one of your boys has been injured," continued Mr. Mellins, by no means cheerfully.

"Nothing serious, I fancy," said the Head.

"Ribs broken, they say," Mr. Mellins informed him, "and that may be very serious. If the lungs are penetrated by the broken bones——"

"Dear me! I hope that is not the case with Bradwell!" exclaimed Mr. Adderman.

"——Tuberculosis may set in," concluded Mr. Mellins, in a lugubrious voice.

Poor Lucy gave her father's arm another twitch. This kind of conversation was hardly suitable for one in Mr. Adderman's condition.

"I must enquire about him at once," said the Head.

"I should if I were you," said Mr. Mellins, with a sigh, "a young brother of mine died that way."

"I am sorry to hear it," the Head assured his comforter.

"Twenty years ago," added Mr. Mellins, as he wagged his head drearily and retired into his shop to serve a customer.

They walked on, but, as they were crossing the road, half way up the High Street, whom should they see bearing down upon them, with an evident desire for conversation, but Mr. Melrose himself.

The stationer was a mild little man with weak eyes and a rather red nose. He and his brother tradesmen made a sort of club of the commercial room at the "Two Spies." Here they talked "shop," and frequently drank more gin, rum and whiskey than was good for them.

Mr. Adderman, who knew of this meeting-place, was beginning to think, in his rather cloudy way, that all the tradesmen in the place had conspired together to swindle him.

Mr. Melrose wiped his eyes as he took off his hat and glimmered benignly at the Head and his companions.

"A glorious day—for you, Mr. Adderman," he observed not too clearly, "as I said to my wife——"

"Ah, I wish to have a word with you, Mr. Melrose," said the Head, his wrath rising as he thought of the copy-books.

"Pleasure," said Mr. Melrose, "but just let me tell you first what I think of that Mr. Jones of yours——"

"Never mind Mr. Jones," said the Head, heedless of the pressure his daughter was applying to his arm.

"I said to my wife——" repeated Mr. Melrose.

"Confound your wife!" exclaimed Mr. Adderman.

"Pardon?" returned the stationer, blankly.

"I want to know what you mean by——"

"Papa, we must be getting up to the school," urged Lucy.

"Perhaps I may take the liberty of walking a little way with you," suggested Mr. Melrose, "because I want to tell you what I said to my wife directly I saw your Mr. Jones come on to the ground."

"I don't wish to hear what you said to your wife, sir," exclaimed the Head, facing round on the little stationer, "but I do want to hear what you mean by——"

"Come, papa," said Lucy, "we really shall be late."

A sharp warning from an approaching dog-cart caused all four to retire to the side of the road. To their surprise, the dog-cart suddenly pulled up, and Jones hopped out of it.

"The doctor was giving me a lift towards the school," he said, as he joined them. "I have just been up to the Infirmary to see Bradwell."

"Bradwell! Ah, how is he?" said Mr. Adderman, forgetting the copy-book trouble for the moment.

"Going on well, sir. He'll have to stay there for a bit," added Jones, "and it will be the best place for him. They've set the ribs, and he's not in much pain, poor chap!"

"It was that Harrison fellow did it," observed Mr. Melrose, who was gazing at Jones with great admiration.

"Accidents will happen at football," said Jones, good-naturedly.

"You gave him one for himself afterwards, though," crowed Mr. Melrose.

Jones did not quite know what reply to make to this accusation.

"When I saw you come on the field, sir," continued Mr. Melrose, "I said to my wife——"

This mention of Mrs. Melrose acted as a fillip to the Head's smouldering rage with regard to the stationery account. He turned threaten-

"Remember me to your wife, that's all," replied Harper, as he hastened after the others.

CHAPTER XX.

CALM AND STORM.

BEFORE Jones changed his things he went to the school-room to see how Baron was progressing with his imposition. He found the full-back surrounded by a group of boys who were narrating to him, in



"I DON'T WISH TO HEAR WHAT YOU SAID TO YOUR WIFE, SIR," EXCLAIMED THE HEAD, FACING ROUND ON THE LITTLE STATIONER.

ingly towards Mr. Melrose, but Lucy clutched his arm, and Harper stepped into the breach.

"Suppose," he said to Mr. Melrose, "you tell us what you said to your wife some other time!"

Jones, Lucy, and the Head turned off towards the school. Mr. Melrose shot an angry glance at Harper.

"You've got some check," he said.

"Heaps," said Harper. "Good-bye."

"Anything else to say?" enquired Mr. Melrose.

excited and ungrammatical terms, how the School had fared against the Town.

Young Jordan was performing a private waltz on his own account. Observing Jones's approach, he suddenly became quite demure; then, bethinking him that his sister would like to hear all about it, he dashed off to the Third room and plunged headlong into a vivid and bloodthirsty epistle which the angel-faced Phyllis carried about in her pocket for weeks afterwards, in order that she might read it aloud to the gardener, the cook, and other persons in Mr.

Jordan's service, who had for some time been quite familiar with the name of Mr. J. O. Jones, owing to the fact that Phyllis had solemnly informed them that she intended to marry Mr. Jones when she grew up.

All unconscious of the matrimonial alliance which Miss Jordan had been good enough to map out for him, Jones inspected Baron's lines and then tore them up.

The other fellows had made themselves scarce when Jones appeared.

"Now, Baron," said J. O., "I hope nothing of this sort will occur again. I would a thousand times rather you had played in the match than myself."

Baron stabbed at the desk with his pen.

"I am very glad you did play, sir," he said.

Jones laid his hand on the big boy's shoulder.

"I believe you. That was spoken like a man. Well, we'll both play in the Final and see if we can't tie up Jesseville. Now go and get some fresh air."

Jones then repaired to the bath-room, and Baron, putting on his cap, took a thoughtful walk by himself.

When Jones, being on duty, walked into the Hall at tea-time, the school rose at him. There was nothing half-hearted in their greeting. They received him with a yell, and hammered the tables with knives, plates, cups, or whatever came most handy. The uproar having subsided, Jones said grace, and afterwards went and sat by Oliphant, with whom, as well as with those sitting near, he fought the afternoon's battle over again.

Presently Johnson ambled in with a tray piled up with dainties of the kind that he served for afternoon tea in the drawing-room.

"Miss Peters says, sir," he observed, addressing Jones, "that I am to bring you some tea, sir, as you missed your tea this afternoon."

Had Johnson been catering for an elephant, he could hardly have been more liberal in his preparations. There was a huge cake, to start with, about a couple of pounds of biscuits, and quite a stack of thin bread and butter.

"My compliments to Miss Peters, and I am very much obliged to her," replied Jones. Then he took up a knife and cut the cake into fifteen pieces.

"Here, Johnson," he said, "take this round to the fellows who were playing to-day. Half a moment!" he added, as the butler was moving off, "I want my bit; and you may as well take yours, Oliphant!"

After a time Jones left his place by Oliphant, and wandered round the Hall. He was composing a little speech. He thought this would be a good opportunity to say something he very much wished to say to the fellows. He knew they

would pay attention to anything he cared to say to them just now, and he might not get such a chance again.

He had not very much time left. A short month, and he would bid "good-bye" to Adderman's for ever. He felt sure that Mr. Adderman was much too obstinate a man to change his mind about the notice he had given him.

Still, if he could do any good during that period, he would do it.

As he walked round the Hall, with the hum of the boys' chatter in his ears, he felt sorry that he was leaving the school so soon. The place had grown upon him, in a way. He had been tremendously "barred" at first, he knew, but he felt that he had lived most of that down.

Given time, he might have been able to regenerate the place. If only Adderman had had a little *will*—a little real *will*—will enough, in fact, to go to the root of the evil and send the desperadoes of the school about their business! Jones knew the bad eggs. He knew the fellows who were wrong through and through—fellows who polluted the place with their presence.

If only Adderman had had the strength and character to take a strong line and clear these poisoners of the air right out—what a different name his school might have had! But no—he was ill, weary, weak—in mind and body alike. And it is, after all, the headmaster who sets the time and gives the tone to a school. Think of Arnold!

Jones, a mere assistant-master, and one, too, under notice to go—what could he do?

He looked at his watch and walked up to the high table. He struck a bell and the fellows rose to their feet.

"Before I say grace!" said Jones, a little awkwardly, "I should just like to thank you for—for receiving me so pleasantly this evening. Thanks very much. I'm glad we won——"

Here he was interrupted by a deafening uproar.

"I'm glad we won," he went on, when they had quietened down, "and I hope we shall win the Final. You fellows are great guns at footer, and that's a good beginning, but——"

The boys were profoundly silent now.

"But," Jones continued slowly, "I think you might, if you choose to take the trouble, pull the school up a bit in other ways."

There was a movement among the boys, and Jones saw a number of them glancing towards the door. Looking in that direction, too, he observed Mr. Samuels standing there, and listening, with a slight smile on his face, to what he was saying.

Jones, however, was not to be daunted.

"I am willing to help you," he said quietly, "in other things besides games. I am not going

to be here very much longer, but while I am here, I'll do my best for you."

Then he said grace, and the boys, more thoughtfully than was their wont, streamed out of the Hall.

During prep. that evening the Long Room was unusually peaceful. As Jones marched up and down, the boys worked steadily at their lessons, pausing, at times, to look at this new master with the big shoulders and grave face who had, in a few simple words, preached them quite a little sermon. So prep. passed away in good order, and in good order the boys trailed off to bed.

"I wish Jones took prep. every night, don't you?" said Jordan to Turner, who occupied the next bed.

"Rather!" said Turner, "you somehow don't want to fool about when he takes it."

And having summed up the situation in their own way, these erstwhile enemies went a-journeying to dreamland in the company of many other tired travellers.

Jones, feeling just about ready for bed, was smoking a last meditative pipe, when Johnson came into the common-room to say that the headmaster wished to speak to him.

Johnson shambled along by Jones's side as the new master strode up the corridor.

"I don't know what's wrong with the headmaster, sir," he said, "but it's my private opinion that there's something very serious the matter with 'im. 'E's been goin' on at everyone like mad, even at Miss Lucy and Master 'Arper, 'oo 'e said was kickin' up a dooce of a noise on the pianner just to annoy 'im. Of course Miss Lucy answered 'im sharp, but Master 'Arper just smiled in that quiet way 'e's got, sir, and the guv'nor arsked 'im 'oo 'e was

makin' fun of, upon which Master 'Arper simply smiled all the more, whereupon the guv'nor went off to his study in a tearin' rage, and since then Mr. Samuels 'as been trying to quiet 'im down—leastways, 'e's been in with 'im for a full hour!"

Mr. Samuels' methods of soothing his fractious chief were soon made known to Jones.

He parted with Johnson at the study door, and went in. Mr. Adderman, looking more haggard than usual, was sitting at his desk. Mr. Samuels was reclining in an easy chair by the fire.

"You wish to see me, sir?" said Jones, closing the door.

"Yes," said the Head, rising, "I want to know, Mr. Jones, what you mean by making a speech to the boys and inferring that this school is not as good a school as it might be?"

"All I said——" began Jones.

"Self-convicted!" cried the headmaster, passionately, "you admit you have made remarks to the effect that the school is going down-hill!"

"I said nothing of the kind," replied Jones, "I told them I thought the school wanted pulling up in some ways, and I meant it. I think it does."

"You are impertinent, sir, grossly impertinent," thundered the Head, whose lips were working nervously, "and you shall not stay in my employment to make such remarks to my very face. I will pay you your money, and you shall go at once—at once!"

He sat down and fumbled in a drawer. At length he found what he was looking for—his cheque-book—and, opening it, took up his pen. But before he had made a stroke on the blank cheque he dropped his pen, and put his hand to his forehead. Then, with a groan, he fell helplessly forward across his desk.

(To be continued.)





NOT CAUGHT YET.

From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.—Photo Woodburytype.



CYCLE PICNICS.

THERE are few things quite so delightful in their way as the cycling picnic.

There is no crowding in a train or road vehicle, with the greater or lesser forms of confinement which either mode of progression must necessarily imply. Each participant paddles his own canoe, and yet all paddle in a certain sense together, or at least have a common object in view which they are unanimously bent upon carrying out. The absence of any time-table, the failure to comply with which might strand the expedition at some inconvenient point, redoubles the charm of the thing. There are no trains or boats to catch. The run has been thought out beforehand; it has been leisurely scheduled, that is, roughly and easily "timed," and even the least experienced of the party knows that he or she will be well able to accomplish the round proposed. The "old hand," to whom this part of the arrangements has been entrusted, may be relied upon to have seen to that, and all meet at the appointed *rendezvous* with the notion that they have not simply gathered to cover in company a certain distance, but to do that quite incidentally, with the main object of picnicking, and thoroughly enjoying the picnicking, always paramount before them.

MAKING UP THE PARTY.

The composition of the party is a matter of some consideration. Its members should consist of a group of friends. If not, those who, at the start, may be outsiders, should be the good friends of at least someone of the party. It does not follow that if two or more friends or schoolmates are for the time for any reason not on good terms, that the individuals at difference, or any one of them, should necessarily be

excluded. These little passing quarrels have all to be made up at some time or another, and the congenial surroundings of a picnic excursion afford about as favourable an atmosphere as can be imagined in which to bury the hatchet and start afresh. So many little opportunities arise for mutual help and trifling self-sacrifice which go to make the beginnings of friendship, and which are scarcely less efficacious in restoring it if for the nonce its genial current has been diverted.

REAL GIPSYING.

Seeing that a picnic is a meal, it is well to confer in advance as to the nature of the provisions to be taken; for your true picnickers will not rely upon being accommodated at some farmhouse or inn, but will do the thing properly in the old-fashioned way. If possible, there will be no resort to assistance even as regards the matter of hot water. All sorts of fun is missed if the water for making tea or coffee is fetched from a farm or cottage. It ought really to be got from a spring or lake and boiled by the expedition. For the expedition should be self-contained and self-reliant, needing nothing beyond what forethought has prompted it to provide itself with, or what Nature is well able to furnish in the particular locality which is its objective for the day. There is a pleasurable excitement in selecting the best spot for the temporary camp, in following the directions of the natural leader or elected captain of the party, in gathering dry wood, erecting a gipsies' tripod, slinging the kettle, lighting the fire, and so forth.

THE FAST AND THE SLOW.

A picnic in which all these novel activities are dispensed with, loses half its charm, and

it is for this reason that I suggest that it is better for the whole party to agree to be savages just for one day, and to scorn the assistance of any sort of civilised dwelling that may chance to be invitingly within reach. If there are girls in the party—and they often add greatly to the fun—the purely “domestic” part of the affair is sure to be better carried out; and if at least one girl is consulted beforehand on a sort of roughly-formed “committee of plans,” so much the better. There will be fewer things forgotten, and the general scheme will work more smoothly. I spoke a little way back of the matter of scheduling out the run to the picnicking place. The timing should be slow enough to allow of the weakest of the party keeping the lead all the way. When the party is very varied as regards cycling proficiency, as is nearly sure to be the case when it has been got together solely with consideration as to who are good fellows, and who are nice girls, it may be well to break into two contingents, a slow and a fast, but each body should keep more or less compactly together. Under such an arrangement it is the proper thing for the first flight to arrive with the determination to get as much of the preliminary work of the camp done as may be, seeing that the later contingent, in spite of their slowness, are likely to arrive perhaps a little less fresh than their stronger friends.

PROVISION AGAINST BREAKDOWN.

The ordinary forethought that provides such matters as road equipment against emergencies must be doubled if the party is to be split in this way. Everyone, strictly speaking, should travel with all the necessaries to cope with any ordinary roadside disaster; but riders of experience know quite well that a great many cyclists do not trouble to take such common-sense precautions. Many do not even carry a pump or an oil can. Although I have little sympathy for such riders, and think they deserve about as much trouble as they are sooner or later sure to get into, yet for picnicking purposes, one has to reckon with them. Apart altogether from any natural kindness in assisting them to get out of their scrapes, it is desirable for the sake of the other members of the expedition that some provision should be made which will prevent their thoughtlessness being the means of spoiling the fun of the whole party. Therefore, some one must engage beforehand that he at least will have as part

of his accoutrement a large inflator, an adjustable wrench, a good tyre repairing outfit, string, wire, and other things which the experience of the road has shown to be occasionally in demand; and if the party should, by arrangement, be constructed so as to be broken into two or more divisions, then each division must be similarly and separately equipped.

THE MATTER OF PROVISIONS.

As for the provisions, the best plan is for each to bring some contribution towards them. You know the old story of the picnic to which every participant had made up his mind that he would bring something that each of the others would be sure to forget! When the various packages were unwrapped it was discovered to the general consternation that everybody had brought mustard! The story probably isn't true, but it none the less points a warning. Let there be a proper balance between sandwiches, sweetstuffs, beverages, or the materials for making them, fruits, cheese, or whatever may be decided upon, and the success of the thing is more than half assured. As regards the tripod, three light lengths of bamboo can be carried strapped to the frame of the machine very much in the same position as that in which the cycling volunteer carries his rifle; or some strong lengths of lath, which one need not trouble to bring back, will do as well. I have known occasions on which birds have been shot, or fish caught, to contribute to the rustic meal. I remember one time when a rook was sacrificed and baked in an improvised oven of clay. He was shockingly burnt in the cooking, but we ate the cinders, and thought them more tasty than the daintiest fowl. But I would not advise carrying the arrangements to this length, for, after all, it seems incongruous that a creature whose joyous freedom is even greater than yours of the day should suffer the loss of its happy life in order to contribute to your passing pleasures.

TAKE YOUR FUN WITH YOU.

Such remarks would hardly apply to black-berrying or nutting expeditions undertaken in their season. These are splendid; but of course the special ground and country must be selected in which they are likely to be most successful. There must also be taken bags or baskets, as the case may be. Then, when the harvest is gathered, you have the satisfaction of taking your dessert fresh

plucked from the very branch and twig that bore it. No canned stuffs or biscuits which may have been brought, however nice, will seem to compare in relish with these dainties of the wood and thicket. It is commonly accounted vulgar to ride home with a posy of flowers tied to the head of your machine, and I cannot help feeling that it is, if you buy them for a few coppers from a villager. But, if you gather them yourself, surely they are a beautiful guerdon to carry home as evidence to those that did not go with you of the sweetness of the country you have been revelling in. Before striking camp, the fire, if any of it be left, should be very carefully extinguished, and the homeward ride, which has been timed somewhat slower than the outward one, and which should be made all in company, ought so to be arranged that the home of the one who has farthest to go may be reached by dark, or as soon after as is convenient. All the same, no one should join a picnic party without having seen that there is no reasonable likelihood of the lamp failing, should it be needed. By following up these—a few only of the picnicking hints that come to mind—boys, or girls, or both, may ensure the liveliest of times, provided that they go, taking their fun with them—not expecting to find it there ready made—and provided also that the summer sun is fair.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Subscriber (DARWEN).—You had better make southward for a space, in order to avoid the hill-climbing necessary to cross the Pennine Range. I have made the journey many times, and the most successful occasion was when I went viâ Burton-on-Trent, which seems on the map to be a long way out of one's reckoning. Eastward the way lies through Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicester, Uppingham, and so forth. The distance will not be under about 140 miles, but I cannot give you the intermediate measurements. Get a

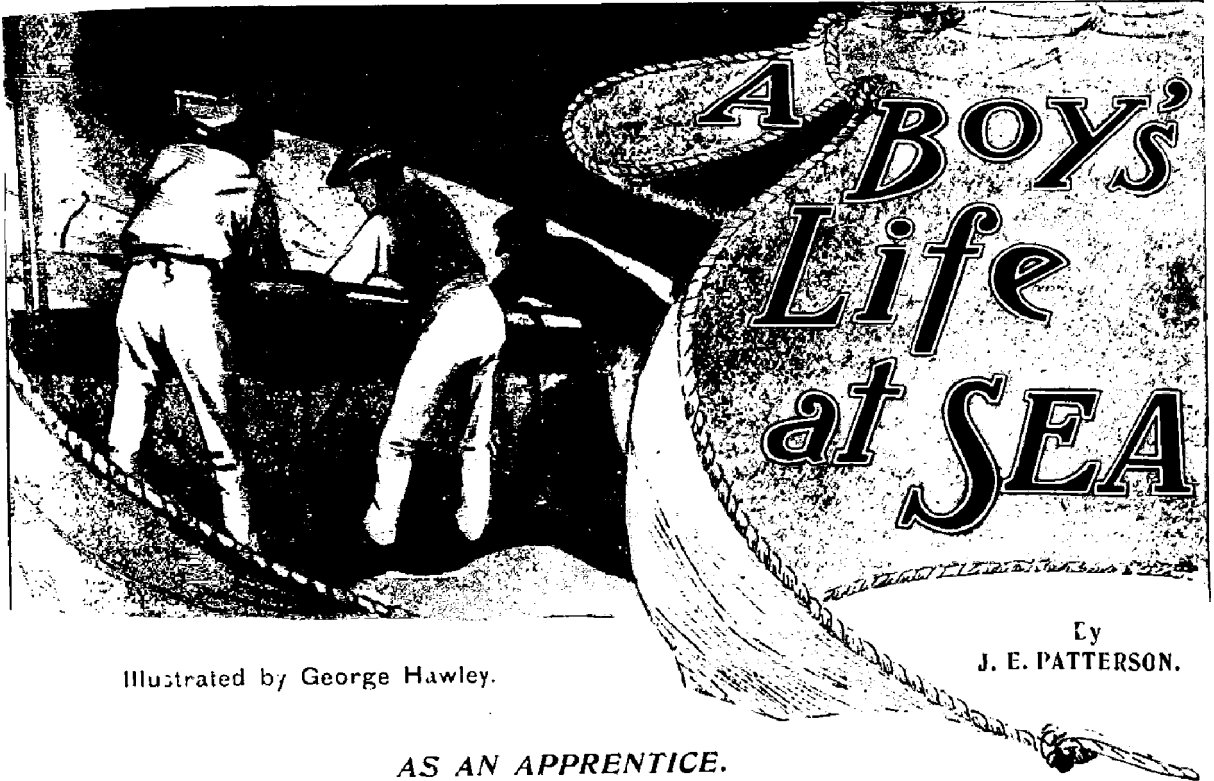
good set of Bartholomew's maps and work them out for yourself. It is much more interesting to measure up your own distances than to take them "pat" from another. **A.H.M.** (LANGOLLEN).—A stand is a convenience, but you can keep the machine in quite as good case without one, if you will be careful not to so lean it that its handlebars come in contact with a wall or anything else hard that might injure the nickel. A head lock will always prevent this. If your machine has none you should so arrange that the corner of the saddle takes the leaning weight. It is easy to manage this if you take common care. The Royal Sunbeam is excellent. You may trust it anywhere. The makers of it are a firm that give as much individual attention to a machine as any that I know. Do not use the word "bike" for bicycle. It is a barbarism, and if you are a "constant reader," as you say, you will notice that I always refrain from using it. It only tends to debase the beautiful language which is our birthright as Englishmen. Replies cannot be sent through the post. **Campeche** (MACCLESFIELD).—Your Osmond at twelve guineas should prove a good investment. It is sound stuff. **"Grammar School"** (SHREWSBURY).—Yes, I will willingly answer any question I am able to, whether you cycle or not; but I hope you will learn to. The nicest route is by Ludlow. A pleasant walk to you! **X.Y.Z.** (ILFRACOMBE).—The crank action has been explained in these pages. Broadly, it consists in making the ankle do as much, and the knee as little, as is conveniently possible. The movement then becomes more effective, and, incidentally, more graceful, too.—**Evaline B.**—You need not put the sticky stuff inside the inner tubes. There is almost certainly a small puncture which you have failed to find. Go to the best repairer you know, and ask him to try his hand. There is only this hint to suggest, that the valve may not be truly screwed home. It seems as if you were a careful girl, and the valve is, perhaps, not likely to be the unknown cause; but I have known supposed troubles of quite long standing to be due to nothing else. **C. L. Smith.**—If you want some really comfortable cycling knickers, get a pair made by John Harding, New Brown-street, Manchester. They are seamless, and prevent chafing. A great many cyclists wear this particular kind, and "swear" by them. **J.S.** (BUNGAY).—I can't see how, being, as you say, a fellow of average physique, you can find pleasure in riding in a trailer while someone else does the work. But if you do, for goodness' sake sit still. You may well bother him about the steerage. You run a danger, though, of getting too fat to cycle if that is your game.

H. P.



HUNTERS AT GRASS.

From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.—Photo Woodburytype



Illustrated by George Hawley.

By
J. E. PATTERSON.

AS AN APPRENTICE.

II—UNDER SQUARE SAILS: CLIPPER.

BETWEEN life on a steamship and on a sailing vessel—a “wind-jammer,” as she is termed in nautical parlance—there is a wide difference that may not, probably is not, apparent to the eyes of land-folk. The steamer, especially that vagrant of the great waters, the slow, ill-kept, ill-manned and badly provisioned cargo “tramp,” is the anachronism of the seas, the killer of ocean romance, and the prime cause of some real evils that cannot well be dwelt on in matter where the boy is the real basis. The use of steam as a propelling power at sea has done a thousand times more, at one bound, to modernise and make prosaic that which was essentially more ancient than we now have time to stop and see. It is only under square sails—as voyaging in sailing ships is called—that any of the old charm of a sailor’s life can be found. And as practically all ocean travel is now done where steam is used, the true life of the real seaman has become an almost entirely unknown thing to all but those who live it.

To-day, life is too hurried for even the thoughtful not to miss some of the underlying effects of change. Thus we cannot wonder at the public’s failing to see (as hearing and reading prove) that the seaman of our day, the old deep-water man excepted, is an entirely differ-

ent being to what his forerunner was fifty years ago. This immense change we owe to steam. It has not merely revolutionised the sailor’s life; it is responsible for greatly altering the man himself, and making him half a landsman, whilst still no less a seagoer.

Yet of this hidden life the sea-apprentice has to know something, even when indentured to a steamer. On such a vessel he cannot learn the proper management of sails—a knowledge which he, when grown to be an officer, may have to use at any moment because of a breakdown in the machinery; hence, the Board of Trade regulations compel him to spend twelve months in a sailing vessel with square yards. To him, this mostly comes when he is no longer a boy, from a boy’s point of view. It is generally his fourth year at sea, and, occasionally, later still. But what we now have to write of, is the life of the boy who is apprenticed to a sailing ship.

Here he very seldom makes his trial-trip in uniform. On the white-winged cargo-carrier, where passengers are a rarity, even when she is a clipper East-Indiaman, uniforms are but used as dress clothes in harbour—with this exception: some apprentices will put on their brass-buttoned jackets and caps on a fine Sunday at sea, in commemoration of the day, and of the time when they were accustomed to don their best clothes to go to church. The embryo officer in this case just dresses in an ordinary half-worn-out suit. Better clothes would only be spoiled in the work. This,

of course, robs the matter of its gloss, takes away its glamour; but he has a much greater disenchantment to experience.

Say she is a clipper ship of two thousand tons burthen. Her apprentices are six in number, with a "greenhorn" to make up the lucky seven. Their quarters is a cabin under the poop, termed the "half-deck." Sometimes they are berthed in a separate little house on the quarter-deck. In fine weather and in dog-watches generally, that place is naturally the scene of considerable fun.

The food supplied is, in almost all cases, fairly good—though, because of having to depend so much on preserved foods, not on a level with the diet served to apprentices in steamships. "Crackers"—ship's biscuits—are in abundance. There is usually but little restriction placed on the use of butter and marmalade, and some owners provide jam in addition. (Although the Board of Trade's scale of diet is about as simple as it well can be, and as limited as health will allow.) So long as they will keep, vegetables form a part of each dinner, a daily portion of which is soup—fresh on the alternating salt beef day, pea-soup being served with the salt pork of other days. These meats are weighed out according to the authorised scale, with, in generously provided vessels, a little to the good, to allow for boiling. A milk, or other, pudding is usually added to the "half-deck" dinner. Of course, the recognised institution of "plum-duff" is regularly observed on each Sunday.

When a pig—always called "Denis" on board ship—or a sheep is killed, the apprentices get a fair share. On long passages, these occasions are feast-days. Breakfast commonly consists of coffee, "crackers," and "dry-hash"—potatoes and beef minced together, seasoned, and baked—or the usual boiled hash. On beef days these hashes are replaced with "cracker-hash"—biscuits soaked in water till soft, then chopped up with lean salt pork, an onion or two, and cooked as a "dry-hash." At teatime they may get a prepared dish, and they may not. Three times per week, each one receives half-a-pound of flour made into a dumpling, or a little loaf, for tea. Stores, except those for each day's cooking, are weighed out weekly—"whackled out," it is termed. Three quarts of water are allowed to every one per day, for washing, cooking, and drinking. In steamships all may go to the pump and take it as they please.

When once fairly out at sea, where the extent of one's vision is daily limited to the circular line at which sky and water seem to meet, things soon settle down to the humdrum routine of life under square sails. Now it is, if ever, that the

boy feels lonely, and wishes to be at home with his chums or his mother. The excitement of the first few days, and sickness, being over, he is impressed by the great and non-understood mystery of the sea. But, a few practical jokes played on him, the work, and the newness of things around him, soon draw his interest to immediately surrounding matters. All the items that the novice had to learn on board the steamer, are here learnt by him—in addition to the extra ones that come of being propelled by the means of wind and sails.

He takes his watch with the others, has to acquire a speedy knowledge of the different ropes and their usages, and works with his mates at whatever there is to do during their watches on deck in the daytime. When the first twelve days or so are past, he is sent aloft as occasion serves in fine weather, going higher, and more frequently, as the days go by. Then, when he runs up the rigging with some assurance, he takes his place with the rest at furling and loosening sails.

Another extra item of which he gains a smattering of knowledge is that of steering—first, by standing behind the apprentice at the lee-side of the wheel, and then in taking his turn at that duty, and being coached by the A.B. then steering the ship. By helping to heave the log, he also gets an insight into telling what rate the vessel is making.

The names of the sails he soon commits to memory—sooner than the points of the compass, in fact. Familiarity with the ropes he gains by daily contact with them, and bits of minor seamanship he picks up in the same way. As the weather fines and fouls, and sails are taken in, then set again, he hears—and probably learns, afterwards to amuse his friends at home—the work-songs, termed "chanties," which make so distinguishing a feature of sailing in deep-water ships.

He is the "fag" of no one, but must take care of himself, and go to the galley in turn for his watch's meals—whereby, in bad weather, comes many a mishap, and many a rueful face, owing to a slip on the deck, or a wave breaking over him and the dinner. In the "half-deck" there is usually a melodeon, or other such instrument, and the dog-watches are often spent in jollity that would be thought out of place in a steamer. When "crossing the line," he will probably pay for it in the old-fashioned style, but hardly ever in a steamship. Thus he begins, and, if he remains, he will be sailing as third mate during the last year of his term of indentures—or be a proof of the old misleading saying: "They have sent the fool of the family to sea."

This is, in a certain sense, the easy-going,

gentleman phase of life at sea, whether that of the boy or the man. Although, in seamanship proper, it needs a better man than is required by the similar, yet different, duties that are peculiar to the bridge of a steamer, still, the latter's captain is always thought more highly of than is the master of the slower, but far more beautiful, vessel that depends on the wind for her speed. In the old days, the nautical synonym for gentle-

On the matter of the sea as a profession, much could be said, and might, perhaps, be appropriately said here. But the purpose of these articles is not to present a long treatise on what career a boy should follow; rather is it the plain telling of how lads live and work at sea. If sailors they intend to be, sailors they will become—though bolts and whippings, mothers' loves and fathers' noes be as plentiful as rain in the "doldrums."



IN BAD WEATHER COMES MANY A MISHAP.

manliness was the Calcutta pilot; albeit, he could gently colour-up the Queen's English on occasion. Next to him, at times more than his equal, came the masters and officers of the East-India Company's ships; and it is as one of their successors that the sea-apprentice is here presented. In this phase he is a candidate to be one of the class who form all that is best in the combination of seamanship and manhood, and the more so if in a London clipper; for, to the credit of the port be it said, from there sail the most gentlemanly officers of all who tread the decks of our merchant navy.

And it is a blessing to the nation that such is the case. When our maritime power begins to fail, our descent in the scale of nations will be equally as rapid.

Of late much has been written and said anent the foreign element in our merchant service; but not a word too many or too strong can be uttered on the subject till this trading navy is fully what it should be—an ever-ready and efficient recruiting ground for our fighting sea-force. Training boys for the Navy in obsolete battleships is right enough in its way, providing that they are drilled with up-to-date weapons;

but, in an hour of emergency that may happen almost any day, these lads could not spring to the state of manhood, and take men's places in the ranks of our first, and most needful, defensive force. Such officers, by the means of the Royal Naval Reserve, are what the merchant service should be able to produce at a day's notice.

There is now some talk of purging out these foreigners to a certain extent. When that is done—and it is one of the imperative cases wherein charity should begin at home—British fathers will have less cause to hesitate in sending their boys to sea; berths will not then be difficult to obtain, and things will be generally better. This is not the place to give a long dissertation on why we are so saddled with this foreign element; and if that reason were set aside, and the causes minutely stated here, it would probably be taken as a biased opinion, although from the pen of one who has spent years as a sailor free-lance in many kinds of craft and under different flags.

In the more peaceful way of trading, this alien element is to-day doing for us what the hired mercenaries of pre-Christian times did for their rulers. But there came occasions when such myrmidons failed where native soldiers would have probably been successful. How could it be otherwise? When put to the test, the man who has a home at stake, and with it all the dear associations which, inevitably, accompany the word "home," must naturally be worth double the value of a hired fighter. Are we, by this similar process differently applied, approaching a like condition of things as was experienced by those ancient monarchs and commonwealths who put their misused faith in the weapons and courage of paid defenders? Proportionately to our increase in number of ships and tonnage, our merchant seamen have dwindled. Not ours alone, but almost a third of the world's cross-seas goods are being carried under the British flag kept aloft by foreigners. As already stated, the causes and the far-reaching effect of this cannot be gone into here. They are matters concerning the nation generally, but are particularly for older heads than those at which these papers are especially levelled.

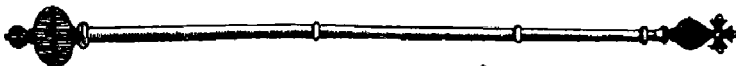
It is the plain fact that concerns the parents of the boy, and the lad himself who is thinking

of going to sea. In his present attitude towards a sailor's life, this truth is to him merely as a mirror that shows him what he has to expect from this section of the subject. It is here given for no other reason but to complete the whole of a picture, and so enable the embryo ship's officer to obtain a kind of bird's-eye view of the course before him as a seaman. Nor need the matter trouble him as to such future relations as must exist between officer and men. Although, from the national standpoint, British sailors should almost wholly man all vessels that fly the red ensign, neither incompetence nor bad conduct can be brought forward as charges against the average foreigner—whether of a Teutonic, a Scandinavian, or of a Latin race. To admit a piece of common justice, the reverse is more the truth.

Ordinarily untravelled boys and youths think of foreign sailors as hard-living men with too great a fondness for using knives on people without provocation. It is true that when a fight begins, they rarely use their fists, as Britishers do; but whilst matters aboard go smoothly, the foreigner is generally of a more pliable disposition than his English, Irish, or Scottish shipmate; he bears more patiently with bad or scanty food and much work; he grumbles less on all counts, is usually more sober when in harbour, and not so likely to "jump" (desert) his ship abroad. Again, those who bulk so largely in the manning of our steam vessels have, in most cases, previously been in sailing ships under their own national flags; and that early training often makes them better sailors, in the sense of competence, than the majority of Britishers who keep to steamers—this, because the work on such vessels never makes the all-round good sailor, evolved from the lad who is first trained under square sails.

The foregone reasons (added to the fact that men in our merchant service are better paid than those under other flags) are, collectively, the cause of so many aliens being employed by our masters and chief mates of to-day. These causes alone affect the would-be sailor; the effect is the nation's business, and, having shown the lad this side of life in foreign-going ships (for, strange to say, the proportion of aliens in our coasting vessels is wonderfully small), we may now pass on to the next phase of our subject.

(To be continued.)



THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



*I made them lay their hands in mine, and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King.*—TENNYSON.

“God Save the King!” Here, then, is our Coronation Number; here is London, bursting with loyal subjects; all over the Empire—East, West, North, South—wherever the map is painted red, there is rejoicing and singing of our great national hymn, which, with its simple words and straightforward melody, fulfils its purpose most admirably, for a little child does not find it too difficult to remember.

Whistled, played by bands and on barrel-organs, and on great stately organs in cathedrals, hammered out on pianos, blown out lugubriously by itinerant German bandsmen, quavered in the shrill voices of boys and girls at school treats, bellowed in the streets by home-going revellers—there is no better-known melody in the wide world than the song wherewith we all do honour, in our own way, to His Majesty King Edward the Seventh! Think of the places where the National Anthem will be chanted on Coronation Day! It will be heard in every city and town and village in the kingdom, on every battleship, on every lordly liner, and on the lowly tramp steamer. Old pianos, whose notes have grown feeble under the weight of years, will sound yet again with this melody in remote Australian and Canadian homesteads. The British flag flutters in the breeze wherever the sun is

*God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God Save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God Save the King!*

shining, and so, during the whole of Coronation Day, people will be singing “God Save the King!” somewhere or other throughout His Majesty’s vast domains.

The King’s Song.—The history of this famous old song is interesting. We have every reason to believe that the *tune* was composed by Dr. John Bull in the time of James I., but it was not used by him for a national anthem. One Anthony Young (I am told in “a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore”), organist of All Hallows, Barking, adapted Dr. Bull’s melody to a “God Save the King” for James II. at the time when the Prince of Orange was

hovering over the coast, but it was not universally used as a national anthem until the time of George II. It is a singular coincidence that Anthony Young’s daughter was married to Arne, who composed “Rule Britannia.” The *words* of the song which we now sing in honour of the monarch appear to have a French origin, and to have been translated and adapted to the House of Hanover by Handel. “God Save the King,” in fact, is almost a literal translation of a *cantique* sung by the Demoiselles de St. Cyr, when Louis XIV. attended morning prayer at that chapel. The words were by M.

de Brion, and the music by the famous Sully:—

*Grand Dieu sauve le Roi!
Grand Dieu venge le Roi!
Vive le Roi!
Que toujours glorieux,
Louis victorieux!
Voye ses ennemis—
Toujours soumis!*

The King's Popularity.—I think Edward the Seventh is one of the most popular monarchs that has ever occupied our throne. Your true Briton loves a sportsman, and the King is a sportsman to his fingertips. He is an out-door King, and is the country squire all over when he is pottering about his estate in Norfolk. He has won the



The stand-proprietors having frightened off the public with exorbitant prices, it is possible that the O.F. will get a seat for half-a-crown "on the day."

Derby, and he has won prizes for cattle bred under his own personal superintendence. He is devoted to horses and dogs; he hunted in his day; he is a good shot, and a keen yachtsman. He has the reputation of never getting a face. He is what is known as a "particular" man, and a stickler for etiquette. And he is celebrated for his courtesy and tact.

Such is Edward the Seventh, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and Emperor of India.

"Here's a Health unto His Majesty!" is a fine old Cavalier ballad which is being sung a great deal this year. It has always been a favourite of mine. One can well imagine those desperate gentlemen who fought and lost everything they had, many even life itself, for King Charles the First, thundering out this grandly loyal song with wine cups and swords raised on high. It has a splendid ring and lilt. Three lines in it may fitly be applied to Pro-Boers and other disloyal rogues:—

*And he who will not drink this health
I'll wish him neither wit nor wealth,
But I'll give him a rope to hang himself!
With a tra la la la-la la la!*

Deary me! There are many more things I should like to say to you about songs and singing. I love music, and am willing to listen to whatever's going. I even like barrel-organs. There's a very good barrel-organ comes and plays in Burleigh-street in the evening once or twice a week. If I am late at the office I hear it, and I often feel sorry when it goes away. If there's no one within earshot I then sing myself a song or two, and then, the concert being over, I go and watch the people come out of the theatres. Not a very expensive amusement, certainly. but, you see, it's necessary to save up one's money when a Coronation's coming on.

For Instance, this is the time of all times when country cousins swoop down upon their relatives in London. You are told to lay in extra food and extra beds, and to meet certain trains, and, in fact, to lay yourself out to entertain and look pleasant. And you do so. And later, when London is full of heat and dust, and one's thoughts fly to cool lanes and meadows, and old-fashioned gardens—then comes your reward! Don't forget your country cousins, then, and your country cousins, in due time, will not forget you.

So now, having failed last month to procure seats except at exorbitant prices, let me hie forth and see what's to be got at this late hour. Boy! where's my hat?

[The Ho Heff is now bargainin' with 'im. You can 'ear them 'arf way down the Strand. The Ho Heff knows a Bit, I tell You.—The "O.B."]

A "Flannelled Fool."—This title, as many readers will be aware, is borrowed from the poem called "The Islanders," which Mr. Rudyard Kipling contributed to the *Times* some five or six months ago. In this poem, Mr. Kipling inveighs against Great Britain's slackness in teaching her sons how to ride and shoot, resting seemingly content with the fact that they become expert in the art of playing cricket and football well. He refers to the fact that, when we found the Boers hard nuts to crack, we "fawned on the Younger Nations" (meaning, of course, the Colonies) for good horsemen and shots, and

*Then ye returned to your trinkets; then ye contented your souls
With the flannelled fools at the wicket or
the muddied oafs at the goals.*

There is no doubt a great deal of truth in Kipling's onslaught on our methods. There ought to be rifle-ranges everywhere, and our young men should be taught how to ride. Our Public School Cadet Corps are doing good work in the former department, and THE CAPTAIN intends to encourage such corps as far as lies in its power by reporting their doings in an attractive way.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As we receive a great number of letters, our correspondents are requested to bear in mind that we can only comment on communications that we consider to be of general interest. Readers requiring information quickly should enclose stumped envelopes or post-cards, according to the length of the answer they desire.]

Captain Club Contributions.—Owing to great pressure on our space, this feature has been held over. It will be resumed next month.

Ronald Harley.—(1) You are evidently well up in railway matters, and have more than a passing acquaintance with the line. I appear to have put the highest speed on an English railway rather low as compared with your figures, but I was quoting from the recorded performance of an ordinary train, whereas the speed you mention (ninety miles an hour) as having been attained on the Midland Railway, was, I think, accomplished under special conditions. (2) I do not think we have quite the same views as to what "smartness" means in a railway sense. To my mind the smartest railway is not necessarily that which has the fastest train, but the one which handles its traffic in the most up-to-date manner, doing most for the comfort of its passengers, and combining at the same time fair speed and punctuality. Many people consider the Midland Railway smarter than the others, but it is of course a matter of opinion; all the leading lines have their special admirers, and it is hard to say which has the greatest number of good points. (3) I should like to know how many "coaches" were attached to the engine "Ionic," which ran from London to Carlisle, 299½ miles, without a

stop; because there is, as you are aware, a good deal of difference between running a "light" engine and hauling a fairly heavy train like the "King's Special" from Plymouth to London. (4) I quite agree that the lines to the North do not "race" now in the way they did in 1895, and I do not think it likely they will, though I cannot, of course, foretell what will happen this summer. Most people, however, called those trains "racing" trains in spite of the fact that the term was not, perhaps, strictly appropriate. Anyway, my meaning was, I think, clear, i.e., that the Great Western Railway does not compete with its rivals like two of the northern lines did in 1895, but runs its trains to the booked times, being content with giving simply a good service.

E.L.N.—I have looked through your verses, and I think you have a certain amount of poetical instinct. If you continue to send your poems to papers regularly, they will soon attract attention if they contain merit. It is a good plan to go on sending to the same paper, notwithstanding one or two rebuffs, as in this way you familiarise the editor with your work, and if you are any good he will in time begin to pay you serious attention. One of the great secrets of literary success is not to lose heart by the way; so many young people expect to be successful right off with their first attempts, and give up trying because their first ten or twenty contributions are rejected.

Ben Hope.—I am glad you have written to me. The young lady, being an entire stranger to you, should not have sent you a pictorial post-card, and you should not have sent one back, although, under the circumstances, I can quite understand your doing so. It is not usual, as you know, for people to correspond unless they have been introduced to one another. The fact that you both belong to the CAPTAIN CLUB is not an introduction.

"General Noirtier's Revenge."—When I accepted this story I wrote to the author, asking him whether Napoleon was really known to act in the way he describes. His reply was as follows:—"I can refer you to the 'Secret Memoirs of Napoleon,' published in Paris in 1816, to support the view I take of Napoleon's character. On the other hand, it is only fair to say that in the 'Memoirs of Meneval,' and those of the Duc de Ruvigny, Napoleon is represented in quite a different light. Napoleonic literature has always had an intense fascination for me, but as far as I am concerned, the Napoleonic puzzle is unsolvable. If you compare the Napoleon of *Theirs* with the Napoleon of *Lanfrey* you will find that they are two different beings, and yet anyone with a knowledge of the literature of the time will see numerous misrepresentations in both historians. Personally, I am a great admirer of Napoleon, yet I am obliged to admit that he was occasionally an awful blackguard. It may amuse you to hear that a few months since an editor, when accepting a story of mine about Napoleon, took exception to the favourable view I presented of the great Corsican."

Smith Quintus.—(1) Mr. Fry only answers questions about athletics. What is it you want to know about butterflies and bird's-nesting? (2) Yes; Vol. II. of *THE CAPTAIN* is still to be had, price 6s. 6d., post free, from this office; or you could order it through a bookseller. There are six "Tales of Greyhouse" in it. (3) I believe it is lawful to collect birds' eggs in Sussex; better ask a policeman. (4) There was an article on "Public School Mutinies" in No. 2 of *THE CAPTAIN*. (5) If you want to be Clubbed you must send your full name and address.

Ex-L.R.B. Cadet.—Thanks for your kind

offer *re* volunteering. Our "War Correspondent," Mr. A. E. Johnson, is looking after volunteering matters for us, and you may expect developments in our next volume. At the same time I appreciate your manly letter urging CAPTAIN readers to become volunteers. I am thoroughly of your opinion that every young fellow who is able to join a corps, should.

Ethel Grundy.—Wash your doggie's foot well in warm water with a mild solution of boracic-acid—make quite clean and sweet, and do not let him take one bit of exercise for three days. If he will keep it on, tie a bag of linen on his foot. A split pad is very common among dogs. I don't think I should allow that jam at tea-time.

Mastiff.—(1) You are enrolled a member. I put it that way because you are a girl, and "Clubbed" sounds rather unkind! (2) I do not think a drawing of a skull would be very nice. (3) There is no age limit for CAPTAIN CLUB members. (4) Surely you can get a cycling map of Sussex at one of the stationer's shops in which Brighton abounds.

"Jay A. Cheff."—I am obliged to you for your thoughtful suggestion, but I must remind you that THE CAPTAIN is a magazine intended for its readers' leisure hours. It is in no sense an educational journal, and, therefore, a competition dealing with Arithmetic, etc., would be out of place in it.

E.C.D.S.—See above. You should never pay a publisher to bring a book out. Books for children are published by Mr. Grant Richards, 48, Leicester-square, London; Messrs. Sands and Co., 12, Burleigh-street, London; and by other publishers whose names you will find on the title pages of books for children.

J. Martyr Luck suggests that we should celebrate the Coronation by starting a fund to build a "CAPTAIN LIFEBOAT." I should be glad to hear what other readers think of this suggestion; and whether CAPTAIN CLUB members would be willing to collect money for such a purpose.

Yermak.—The following is the simplest way to remove warts. Make a saturated solution of washing soda; wash the warts with this for a minute or two and let them dry without wiping. Repeat this process often, and in time the warts will disappear.

Jack.—Thanks for your jolly little letter, Jack. Only eight? Why, you must be one of our youngest readers! You must be content with this little answer, as there are a lot of other Jacks and Jills waiting for me to read their letters.

H. G. Richardson and others have sent comments on "A Royalist's" criticism of the article on John Hampden. (May.) Later on I may publish one or two of these letters. No space at present.

E. M. Murray-Morgan.—(1) I am sorry I cannot give you any facts concerning the longevity of sharks. (2) The Great Wall of China is not one of the seven wonders of the world.

M. E. Bennett.—I know of no book dealing exclusively with mermaids, but "Buckland's Curiosities of Natural History" (four vols. at 2s. 6d. each), might contain a chapter on them.

Timbertoes.—Send your name and address and I will supply you with particulars about the work you wish to do. You should not worry, as you cannot help being ill.

Sibyl O'Neill.—I have in type an article on "School Songs," which will appear as soon as there is room. "Lyon of Preston" is one of the songs quoted in it.

Geo. H. Teed (St. STEPHEN'S, CANADA.)—All right; will forgive you for making a mistake about your class. See answer to "Ben Hope."

Penitent.—Send me your name and address, and I will write to you. **S.H.**—I do not know of any books dealing with the profession of a detective. These men, I believe, are generally chosen from the ranks of the ordinary police. **J.D.T.**—"The Czar's Tour through Russia" has not been issued in book form as yet, so far as I know. **J. V. Garland** (JAMAICA.)—Thanks for solution. The puzzle you send is too easy.

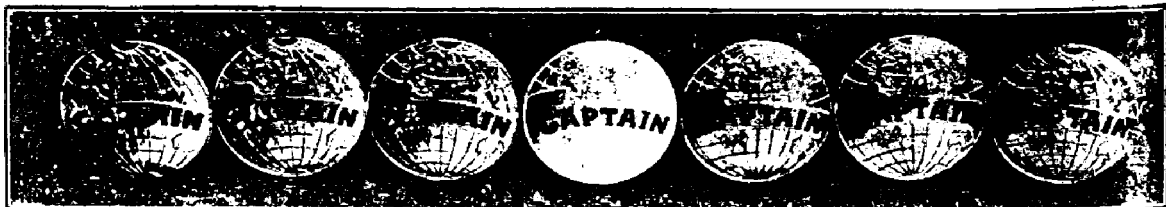
C. Keatings.—There is no subscription to the CAPTAIN CLUB. You simply have to take in the magazine regularly. **"Ranji."**—Mr. C. B. Fry's "Book of Cricket" costs 13s. 2d., post-free, from Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

G. Boobyer.—"The Racing Pigeon," price 1½d., post free, on Wednesdays and Saturdays. **Old Hymerian** will be glad to know if at any school sports this year anyone cleared a greater length in the long jump than that covered by O. W. Mackrill of Hymer's College, Hull, viz., 20ft. 4in. **C. W. Campbell.**—"The Army Signalling Code," price 1s. 2d., from Gale and Polden, Aldershot.

Letters, etc., have also been received from "A Shorthand Club Member," "Swim," "Camelot," "M.E.," "Sphynxers," C. de Brocas, "Non Nullus," "Philatelist" (Durban) and others whose communications will be dealt with next month.

Official Representatives appointed:—Geoff Hulme (Macclesfield), John C. Craig (Claremont, Cape Colony).

THE OLD FAG.



"CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

Readers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB, which was established with the object of supplying expert information on athletics, stamp-collecting, cycling, photography, &c. Applicants for membership must be regular purchasers of the magazine. "The Captain" Badge may be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying, please state which kind you require, and address all letters to Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. The Badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

A "Humber" Bicycle for Good Handwriting.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —,

Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners: not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, "THE CAPTAIN,"
12, Burlington Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by July 12th.

The Results will be published in September.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified.*

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"Humber Bicycle" Prize.—A Standard Humber Light Roadster, with Humber Ball-bearing Free Wheel, Humber Patent Double Action Back Pedal Band Brake (or Humber Pattern Bowden Back Rim Brake in lieu of Band), Humber Pattern Front Rim Brake, Detachable Mudguards, 1½ inch Dunlop Tyres, Plated Rims, Tool Bag complete with Tools, and Inflator with metal spring clips, will be awarded to the sender of the best and most neatly written copy of the following sentence: "*Humber Cycles—In all the world unequalled.*" Competitions must only be sent on post-cards, and age will be taken into consideration in awarding the prize. The bicycle is being presented by Messrs. Humber, Ltd., of Coventry. Six volumes of magazines, published by Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd., will be awarded as consolation prizes.

One Age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 2.—"Hidden Towns" (FIRST SERIES).—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe a town or city in the United Kingdom. Write the name of each town under each picture, fill in your name and address, tear the page out, and post to us. In the event of a number of competitors sending correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. There will be **THREE PRIZES** of 10s.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—"Eleven Best Cricketers in the World."—Send on a post-card a list of the eleven cricketers you would pick from the United Kingdom, Australia, &c. Take everything into consideration, i.e., batting, bowling, fielding, wicket-keeping; and appoint a captain. **THREE PRIZES** of 7s.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"Twelve Most Popular Indoor Pastimes."—Send a list of these on a post-card. Three prizes of goods from our advertisement pages to the value of 7s.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—"My Favourite Character in Scott." Write an Essay, not exceeding 400 words, on your favourite character in Sir Walter Scott's works. **THREE PRIZES OF BOOKS** to the value of 6s.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"Foreign and Colonial Readers' Competition."—In future we shall award three prizes of 5s. every month to the foreign or colonial readers forwarding the best (a) Essay not exceeding 400 words, or (b) Photograph, or (c) Drawing in pen, pencil, or water-colours. All competitions must be absolutely original. Time limit for first award: November 12th, 1902, and thereafter the 12th of every month. Only one prize will be given in each class for the best essay, photo, or drawing, as the case may be. Readers living anywhere in Europe are not eligible.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

Results of May Competitions.

No. I.—"Hidden Books" (FOURTH SERIES).

WINNER OF £1: H. C. Trotman, 39, North End-road, West Kensington, W.

WINNER OF 10s.: Lilian Shelton, 16, Archibald-road, Tufnell-park, N.

WINNER OF 5s.: R. A. H. Goodyear, Tune-street, Barnsley, Yorks.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: R. N. Davis, 6, Thurlby-road, West Norwood, S.E.; E. P. Hodgson, 34, Norwood-road, Herne Hill, S.E.; Leonard Pearce, 223, St. Ann's-road, South Tottenham, N.; W. R. Thomas, Glasfryn, Forest Fach, near Swansea; R. Wynn, Crosslands Villa, Abbey-road, Barrow-in-Furness; Wm. Logan, c/o Raeburn, 9, Oxford-street, Edinburgh; James Lee, 160, Shaw Heath, Stockport; W. C. Lee, 160, Shaw Heath, Stockport; H. G. Prosser, Cwmpark, Treorchy, Rhondda, South Wales; R. C. Woodthorpe, 3, Thornhill-road, Mannamead, Plymouth; George C. Pooock, Stoneleigh, Streatham-place, Streatham Hill, S.W.; W. Wylie Stuart, 312, West Princes-street, Glasgow; Rosalind F. Bridge, The Cloisters, Westminster Abbey, S.W.; Douglas J. Benger, 33, Disraeli-road, Ealing, W.; Edward T. Fairlie, 61, Vaughan-road, Romford-road, E.; A. S. Warren, 15, Southborough-road, South Hackney, N.E.; J. Egremont, 6, Horsdon-terrace, Tiverton, North Devon; E. F. Ward, 5, St. Julian's Farm-road, West Norwood, S.E.; Josephine Gowan, Red Island, Skerries, Co. Dublin, Ireland.

No. II.—"England v. Australia."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Ernest K. Topham, 98, Springswood-terrace, Shipley, Yorkshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: William Pollock, Herbert J. Wallis, J. Baines, J. H. Turner, Hilda Gilling, Oscar Pearn, E. J. Ereat, Frank S. Foster, G. Mottershead.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: S. A. Alford, 50, Harpur-street, Bedford.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: D. L. Don, 120, High-street, Sevenoaks, Kent; C. J. Pritchard, 38, Farm-road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham; H. R. Bishop, 3, Coalbrook Mansions, Balham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: L. Baker, A. P. Chalkley, S. Woodhams, T. S. Lonsdale, A. L. Drew, F. L. Cloux, B. Hartley, James H. Walker, J. F. P. Watson, Frank Hime, Stuart Farr, A. G. Pearson, Arthur F. Strickland.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: F. Kipping, The Lindens, The Park, Nottingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: F. Craze, Polgreen, Lelant, Cornwall; W. Grayson, 13, Glenfield-road, Leicester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John King, Arthur E. Watts, C. H. Copestake, H. Brewer, George Bourne, Leslie Evans, Vernon Smith, A. J. Leeming, Edwin G. Wildin, J. Phillip, S. R. Clifford, Charles Stock.

No. III.—"Story of a Sovereign."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Laura Mellor, 6, Roseleigh-avenue, Leigh-road, Highbury, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Grace Adames, Ernest A. Taylor, J. J. Nevin, Winifred D. Ereat, Wilfrid White, Dora Wolferstan, L. A. Watson, R. A. H. Goodyear, T. A. Chaplin.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Wm. L. Taylor, Gorehead, Kilmington, Axminster.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Violet Longman, 35, Carleton-road, Tufnell Park, N.; Lilian R. Ormiston, Cameronian Cottage, Brynhyfryd, Swansea; Alfred J. Judd, South View Villa, Summerland-road, Barnstaple, North Devon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Hope Portrey, E. M. Goddard, Sydney Moseley, E. Freeman, Ethel M. Sheppard, Gertrude Sterling, James H. Walker, Berrington, Fred. Lucas.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Marjorie Southwell, The Beeches, 60, Bracondale, Norwich.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: E. M. MacGregor, 3, Egerton-place, London, S.W.; Ursula Snowden, Riscley Hall, South Stanley, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alex. Lingford, Frida Phillips, G. A. Taylor, James Allan, Evelyn Donne, Octavia Wilberforce, A. W. Shallow, W. Bullard, R. Hugh Myers, Olive de Bathe, Walter H. Browning, Walter English, D. S. Shallow, Hugh Merton, Elsie Myers, A. Browning, James H. Skuse, R. Newsome, E. Hartley.

No. IV.—"Drawing of a House."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Cecil M. Cardale, 5, Penlee-gardens, Stoke, Devonport.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Gordon Lambert, Sunbury, Matfield, Paddock Wood, Kent; and Charles Whitby, St. John's Vicarage, Sandown, I.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. B. Davis, W. Pedley, Clayton Smith, W. J. White, E. White.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Joseph Taylor, 40, Northgate, Baildon, Shipley, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: D. H. Atkinson, V. Murray, H. A. Atwell, J. B. Evans, M. Colley, E. B. Lye.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Nina Murray, The Moat, Charing, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. Gyles, O. Taylor, J. G. Herd, H. A. Vivian.

No. V.—"Mixed Letters."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PING-PONG SET: Maurice P. French, Abbeystone, Queen's-road, Bournemouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Egbert S. Robertson, Geoffrey L. Austin, Elsie Luff, Enid Phillips, W. J. Davidson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PING-PONG SET: David Pryde, 74, Dalkeith-road, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harold Gayton, Charles Titford, A. M. Lupton, Hugh L. Davies, Alfred W. Brown, Jack Loutet, J. A. Weller.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PING-PONG SET: Amya Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. E. Osborne, Elsie Avrill, S. Rumsey, M. Lowry, Eric Randall, E. A. Peers.

"Foreign and Colonial Readers." (No. VI. JANUARY 1902).

WINNERS OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PENS: David Stone, 5, Piazza d'Arno Florence, Italy; George H. Teed, St. Stephen's, New Brunswick, Canada; G. Allhusen, Kaponga, Tarunaki, New Zealand.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank Hebbard (S. India), F. W. Lange (Kimberley), Bertram Burrows (Jamaica), Harold R. George (W. Australia), C. M. Perkins (Tasmania).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the books by "Captain" authors advertised in this number.

COMMENTS ON THE MAY COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—As usual, there were numerous entries for this Competition. A list of the "Hidden Books" will be found on an advertisement page. No one had the whole set right, but several had only two wrong, the prizes being awarded to the most neatly-written lists. Some good suggestions for Picture 2 were: "When the Sleeper Wakes," "The Human Boy" and "Robin Astor"; and for No. 4: "A Study in Scarlet," and "The Three Lieutenants." A good many had "Great Expectations" instead of "The Manxman."

No. II.—The correct list for the Eleven to meet Australia, decided by vote, is as follows: 1, C. B. Fry; 2, K. S. Ranjitsinhji; 3, Rhodes; 4, A. C. McLaren; 5, Hirst; 6, Lilley; 7, Braund; 8, Abel; 9, J. R. Mason; 10, Hayward; 11, F. S. Jackson. Several of the competitors had the list quite right, so the prizes have been awarded according to age and neatness. Quite a large number had only one wrong.

No. III.—A popular Competition, and most interesting to judge, though perhaps some of the stories were rather lacking in originality.

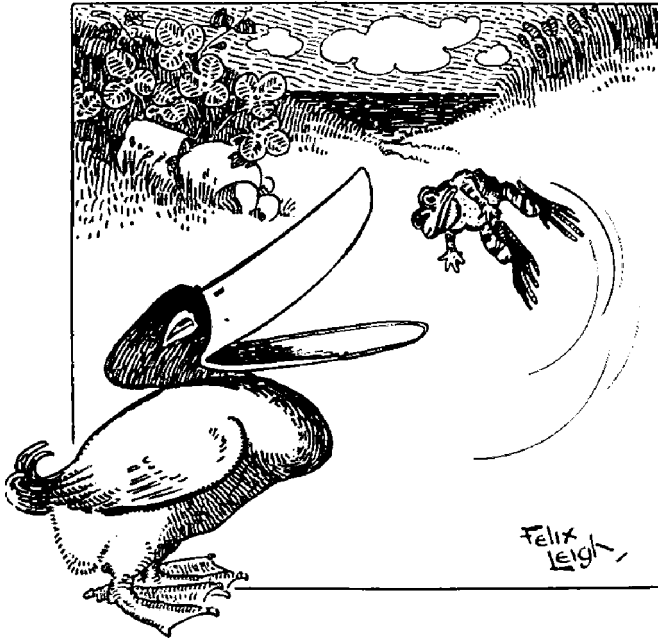
No. IV.—This competition required careful adjudication, so numerous and excellent were the sketches in pen, pencil, and water-colours submitted. The prizes were awarded to the competitors whose drawings showed the best artistic execution, their ages being taken into consideration.

No. V.—"THE CAPTAIN" licks every boy's paper that has been published, "was the sentence. Nearly everybody got it right, so the prizes went to the senders of the most neatly-written entries.

Now then, foreign and colonial readers, you have got what you wanted, i.e., a comp. every month. I expect very many entries.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

FICTION IN FROGVILLE.



"WITH A SCORNFUL LAUGH OUR HERO LEAPT INTO THE
YAWNING ABYSS."

Extract from "Rowley the Reckless; or, The Perils of the Pond."

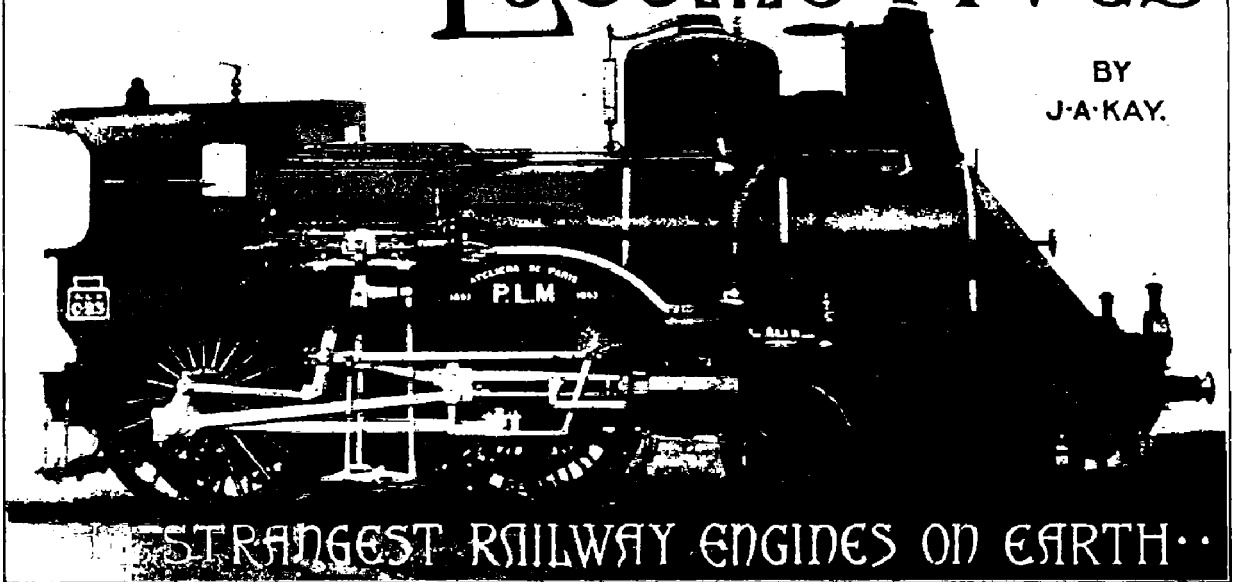


S. M. J. WOODS.

Photo by E. Hawkins and Company, Brighton.

SOME QUEER LOCOMOTIVES

BY
J-A-KAY.



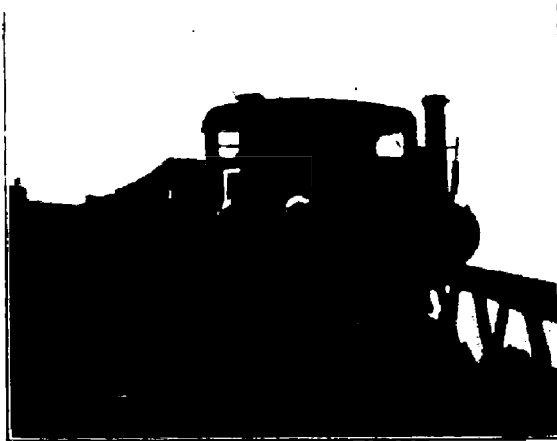
STRANGEST RAILWAY ENGINES ON EARTH.

A "WIND-CUTTER" ON THE PARIS, LYONS, AND MEDITERRANEAN RAILWAY.

SHIPS are so shaped as to cut their way through water with as little resistance as possible. If they were square or oblong, the force required to propel them would be necessarily greater. With this in mind, some engineers have thought that a similar system might be advantageously adopted on railway engines, and that, if they were built as far as possible in the shape of a wedge, less resistance would be offered to the wind, the result being at once an increase of speed and a saving of fuel. Thus it was that the "wind-cutters" on the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean came to be built, and the photograph embodied in the heading of this article gives one a good idea of their strange appearance. The great majority of locomotive engineers, however, are satisfied that these wind-cutting engines are of very little, if

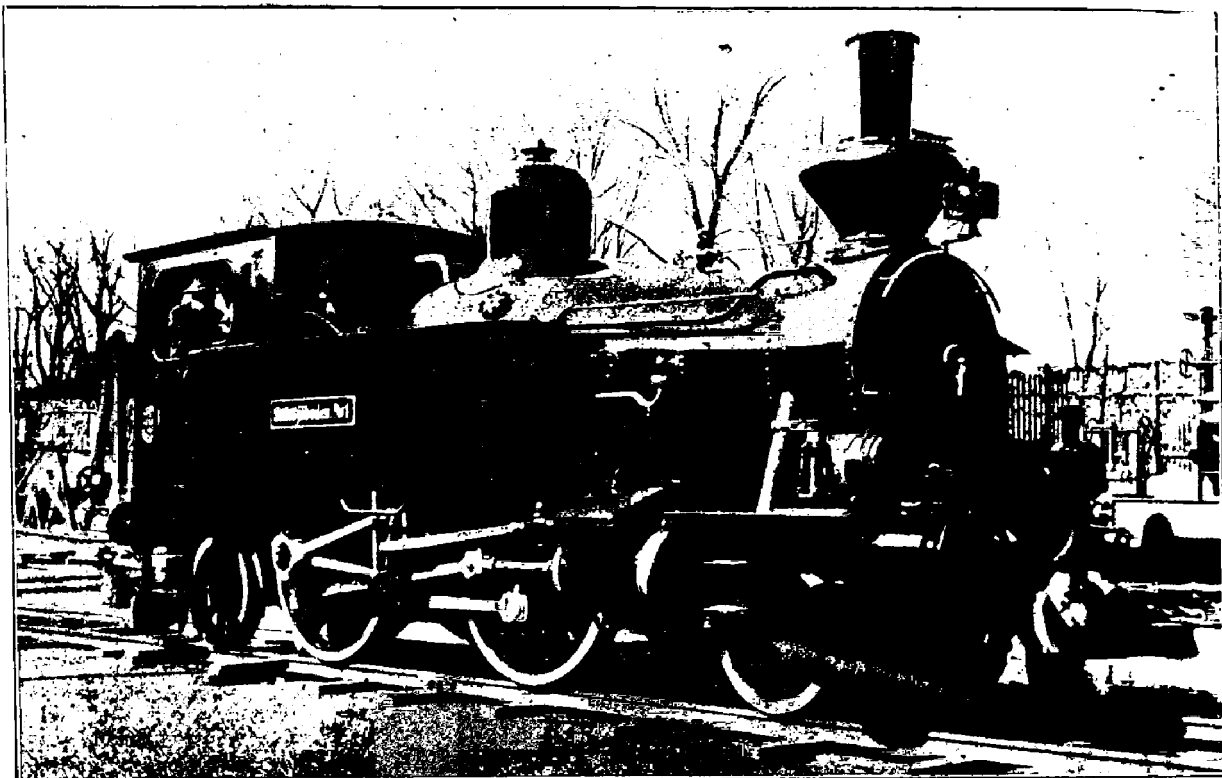
any, use, for, as any practical railwayman will tell you, a direct headwind does not retard the progress of a train nearly so much as a side wind, which has the effect of forcing all the flanges of the wheels close up against the side of one or other of the rails.

So much has been said lately about what mono-rail railways are going to do in the future that the accompanying photograph of an engine and train on the Listowel and Ballybunnion Railway in Ireland is particularly interesting, as it shows the mono-rail system in actual use. Just now these proposed lines are encountering much opposition. But in that respect they are in good company. The railway pioneers soon became used to opposition, and had to answer many absurd objections. This is a type of the sort of thing they had to contend with from



MONO-RAIL ENGINE ON THE LISTOWEL
AND BALLYBUNNION RAILWAY.

Illustrations reproduced from photographs by Locomotive
Publishing Co., Charing Cross Road.



TANK ENGINE ON THE STOCKHOLM-SALTSJÖBACHU RAILWAY.

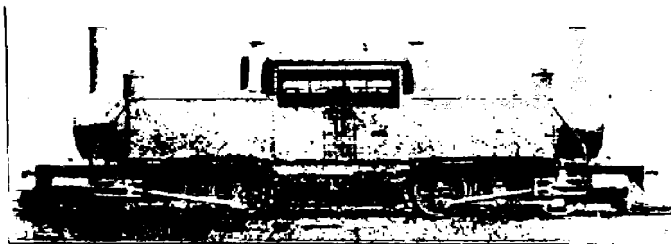
scientists and people who were regarded as the most learned in the land. The Bavarian Medical College argued that the sight of a train would induce brain disease. "Conveyance by means of carriages propelled by steam ought to be prohibited in the interests of the public health, for the rapid motion cannot fail to create a disease of the brain among the passengers, which may be classed as a species of *delirium furiosum*. The mere sight of a passing train suffices to create the same cerebral disorder."

But though schemes for new styles of railway still meet with much opposition and are often frustrated, the opposition is not so bitter as in the days when the first railways were made. We are becoming more liberal in our ideas. A Staffordshire ironmaster, William James, one of the promoters of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, had to engage a prize-fighter to carry his theodolite when surveying part of the proposed railway route, and it was quite a common

thing for the surveying parties to be stoned, or threatened with pitch-forks, sticks and even guns. Speaking of his experiences whilst surveying part of the Duke of Bridgewater's property through which the proposed railway was to pass, George Stephenson said, "I was threatened with a ducking in the pond if I proceeded, and of course we had to take a great deal of the survey by stealth at the time when the people were at dinner. We could not get it done at night, for guns were discharged over the grounds to prevent us."

Some very strange engines are to be found on the Swedish railways, and those on the Stockholm-Saltsjöbachu line are remarkable in more ways than one. The curiously shaped funnel, and large discs to remove any obstacles from the line—as well as for cutting a

way for the engine through a slight fall of snow—will be readily noticed. Also the outside link motion. But, in addition to these features, the boiler is perhaps the most remarkable part of the engine, for the



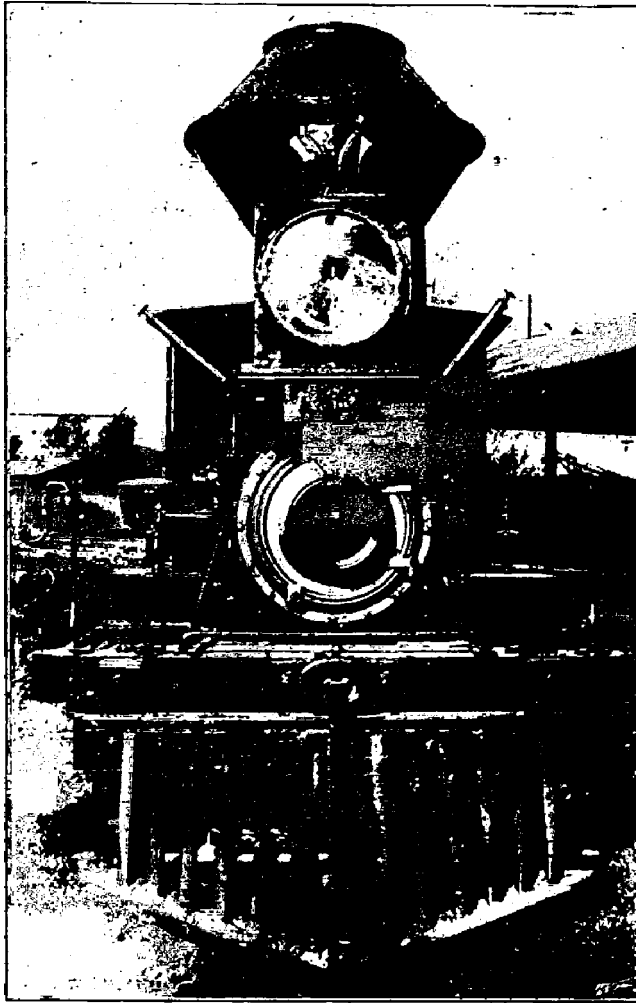
ONE OF THE NOTED FAIRLEE TWIN LOCOMOTIVES.

usual rectangular firebox is replaced by a cylindrical flue, whilst the boiler has a large steam space, and generates very dry steam.

The Siamese-twin-like locomotives built on the Fairlee double engine system are no less serviceable than strange in appearance. Every engine of this type has two boilers and fireboxes, each working separate sets of driving wheels. Several Fairlee engines are in use on the Welsh narrow gauge railways, whilst large numbers are at work abroad, being specially suited to hauling trains over hilly lines. In fact, in the case of engines of this type it is just as if two separate locomotives had been placed end

to end and then joined together. A subsequent illustration shows where this has actually taken place, viz., on the Transcaucasian Railway, where two old engines have been coupled end to end so as to form practically one locomotive.

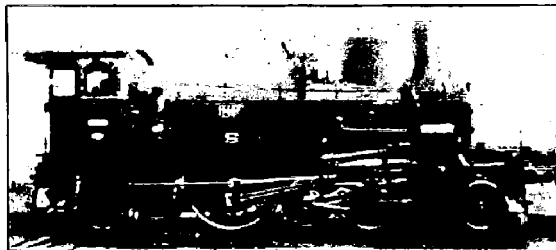
The outward characteristics of an American locomotive figure prominently in the front of the engine shown in our next photograph. In more modern types, the huge headlights and cow-catchers still remain, but the large chimneys, such as are fitted to wood-burning locomotives, are now not so generally to be met with. On some parts of the Canadian Pacific Railway it is looked upon as a great treat to be allowed to ride on the cow-catcher, so as to get a better view of the grand scenery through which the line runs than can be gained from the win-



AN OLD AMERICAN WOODBURNER.

of it cut off, and the old "single wheeler" with its two guide wheels working inside the rails almost at right angles to the others. The mention of guide wheels to help the engine round curves and over points and crossings calls to mind an incident which happened not long since on the G.W.R., which shows that the schoolboy in fiction is not the only individual who ever gets his foot entangled in the points when the express is just due, and also that in real life the captive does not always escape in the nick of time. A platelayer found himself imprisoned

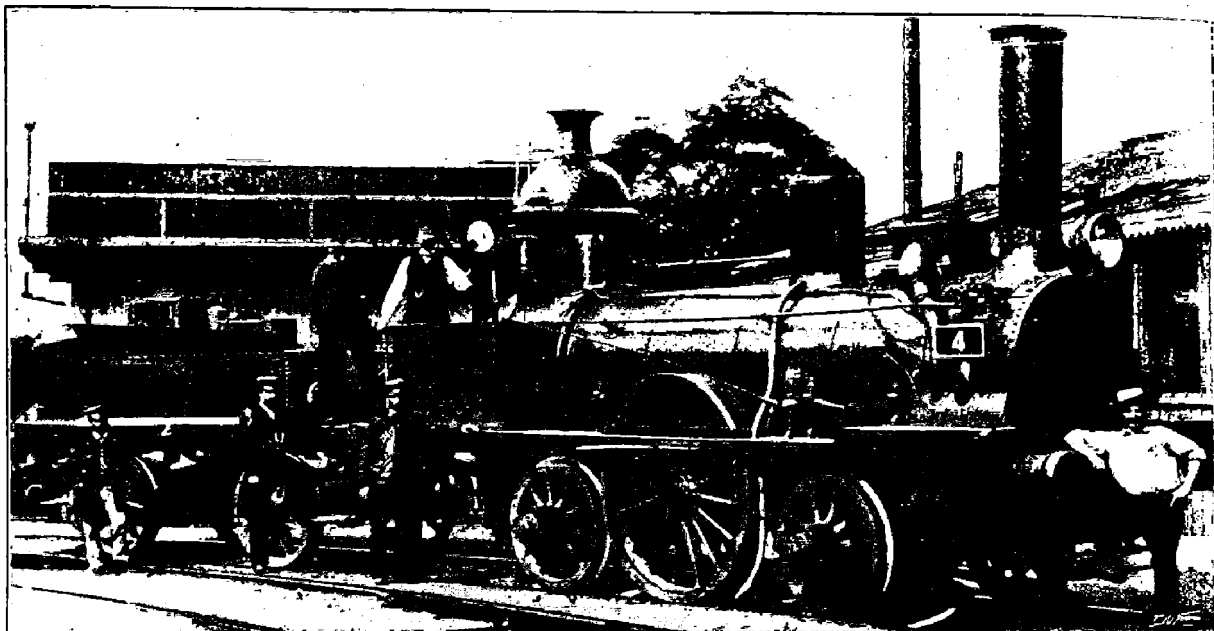
in this manner. Whilst endeavouring to liberate his foot he saw a train rushing towards him. Escape was impossible. A less cool-headed man would have lost his presence of mind and been cut to pieces. But the platelayer just laid himself



EXPRESS ENGINE ON GERMAN STATE RAILWAYS.

dows of the carriages. When in Canada last year, the Prince and Princess of Wales went for several rides on the cow-catcher.

Foreign locomotive engineers like to show what their British *confrères* usually prefer to keep out of sight. This is especially noticeable in compound engines on the Continent, as, for example, in our views of Austrian and German engines.



A REMARKABLE OLD FRENCH LOCOMOTIVE BUILT SPECIALLY FOR RUNNING ROUND SHARP CURVES. NOTE THE TWO GUIDE WHEELS IN FRONT.

down in the four-foot way. His foot was terribly crushed, and afterwards had to be amputated, but his presence of mind saved his life.

Freak locomotives are as old as the railway itself, and in the early days of railroading some very strange engines were designed, but few were more curious than Mr. Brunton's "steam horse." Instead of working the wheels the cylinders actuated a pair of "hind legs." Unfortunately this very literal "iron horse" would not go. In fact, in those days railways tried to imitate the stage coaches as much as possible. The stations were enlivened by the sound of the bugle, every carriage had a name, such as "Comet," "Experiment," "Rover," as the old stage coaches had, and the guards rode outside on the roofs of the first-class carriages along with the luggage. Sometimes their clothing caught

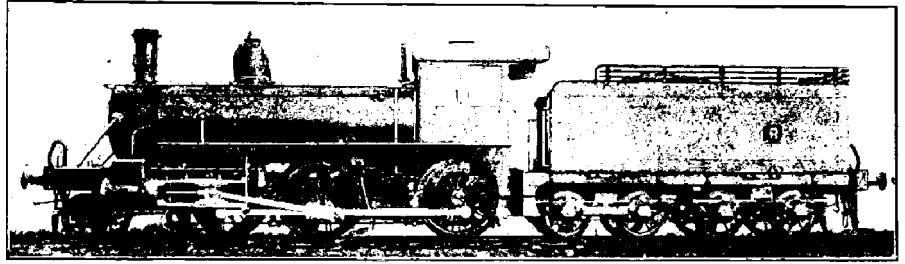
fire, as did that of the third-class passengers—but third-class passengers in those days were hardy beings, and one of their methods of passing the time during a journey by train from London to Birmingham was to see whose eyes would hold the largest collection of cinders. At the stations, intending passengers were kept in a railed enclosure till the train arrived, and then they were let loose, and a fine scramble for seats followed. The guard's bugle was boisterously blown, and the driver would give a prolonged whistle. To quote Charles Dickens: "Here are two hundred and fifty people in the direst extremity of danger; and here are two hundred and fifty screams all in one."

In those days third-class passengers had worse carriages than live stock have now. But sometimes it is better to travel thus than not at all. A well-known American lecturer



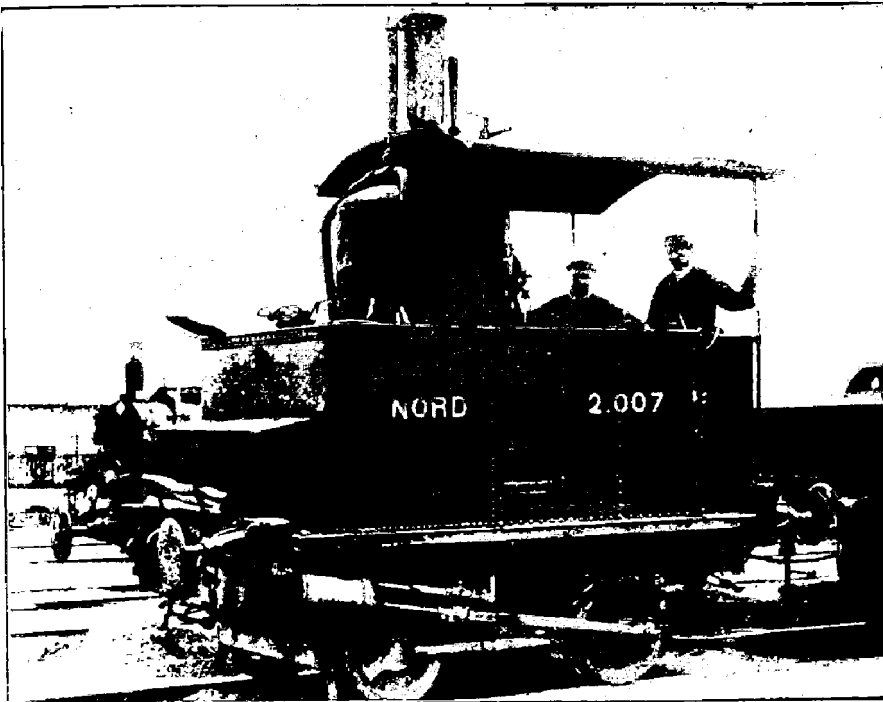
FOUR-COUPLED BOGIE TANK ENGINES WHICH WORK IN PAIRS ON THE TRANSCAUCASIAN RAILWAY.

recently missed his train. His only chance of keeping his appointment was to travel by a freight train. But the stationmaster objected, showing him instructions which forbade him taking any freight but live stock. "If I am not live stock, will you tell me what I am?" retorted the lecturer. The stationmaster, realising the logic of this retort, entered him up as "one pig," and the lecturer kept his appointment.



ONE OF THE AMERICAN GOODS ENGINES ON THE G.N.R.

hours from one part of these islands to another, there was much alarm that the engineers of this country had lost the skill in locomotive building which they have held ever since the days of the Stephensons'. But this was not the case, and the recent Government report on British and American locomotives in Egypt has been a decided score for the British-made engine. If you ever visit a big goods station at Liverpool or Manchester, or one of the London ones, such as St. Pancras, King's Cross, or Broad Street, you cannot fail to be impressed with the way in which thousands of packages, and consignments of merchandise, minerals and grain and meat, are loaded into trucks, and these being marshalled into trains, dispatched to their various destinations, all between the hours of five and

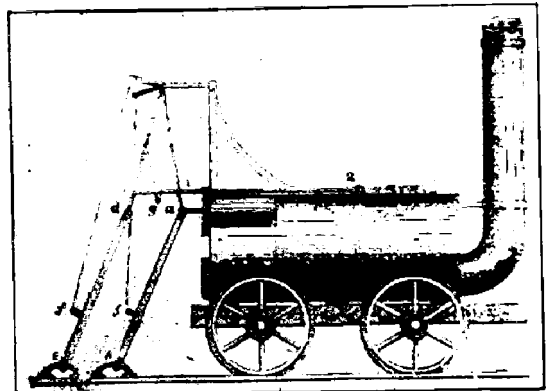


A QUEER SHUNTING ENGINE ON THE NORTHERN RAILWAY, FRANCE.

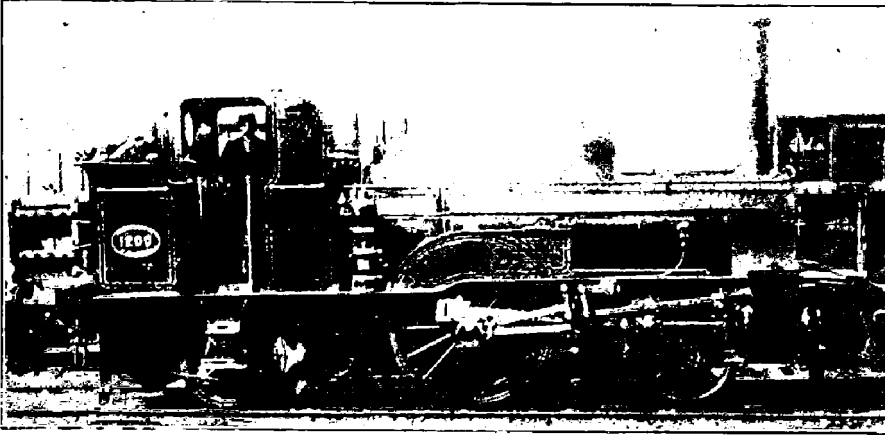
We have not illustrated any "rack" or other types of locomotives used on steep mountain railways, as, strange though they be, they form a class by themselves, and some details may be dealt with in a separate article, which will give pictures of the wonderful way they climb up precipitous mountain passes, over snow and glacier, and through the clouds as well. There are plenty of these engines in Switzerland and in some parts of America. In the British Isles, the best examples are to be found in Wales, on the Snowdon Mountain Railway.

When several British railway companies recently ordered goods engines from America to cope with the ever-increasing volume of merchandise transported every twenty-four

eleven of an evening. It is a wonder, too, that so few of them are lost or damaged,



AN ENGINE THAT WAS TO HAVE WALKED.



A SINGLE DRIVING WHEEL "TANK," WITH
EXTERNAL LINK MOTION.

though even amongst railway employees there are some black sheep, and railway detectives often have a good deal to do with goods trains. Hiding in a truck and waiting for the thieves to get to work is a ruse frequently resorted to. Once, two detectives, in this manner, came across a very Bohemian wine party in the midst of a wild moorland in the north of England. Complaints had been received at headquarters that certain barrels of wine were partly empty on arriving at their destination, when consigned by a certain train. Half-way, the said goods train had to shunt on to a lonely siding to let an express pass. And it was there that the detectives discovered the secret of the disappearance of the wine. When the express had passed, the driver and signaller from a neighbouring cabin broached one of the casks in the wine-laden truck and drew a pailful from it. Then the guard strolled up and all three had long pulls at the stolen wine, leaving some in the pail for the driver to take back to the fireman, who kept guard on the footplate. Soon the train started off again, and no intimation was given that their pilfering had been discovered till the end of the journey was reached. Of course they protested—but the pail, which had not

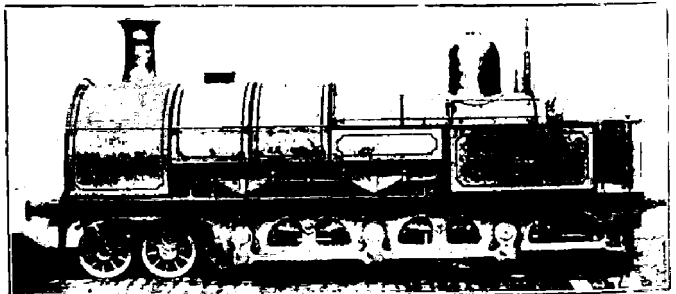
been washed out and still contained the dregs of wine, was evidence that could not be easily explained away.

Other of the accompanying illustrations show a single-driving wheel tank engine on the Caledonian Railway, with the link motion outside instead of inside the frames, as is generally the case; and two very queer locomotives built for work

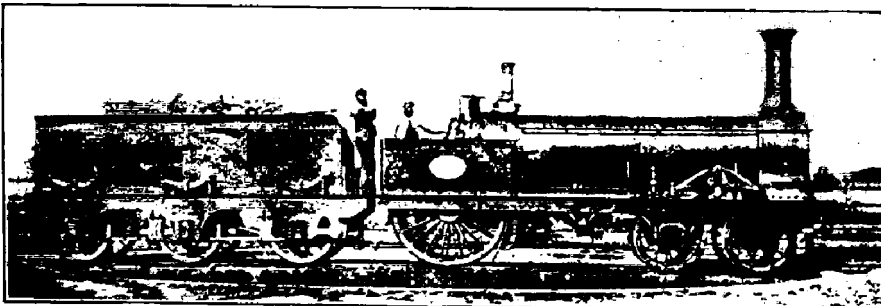


A NATIVE OF AUSTRIA.

in Austria and India respectively. In former years there were a number of curious engines working on the South Eastern Railway. They were built on what was known as Crampton's Patent. The large space on these engines between the leading wheels and the driving wheels behind the fire-box will be readily noticed—this was occasioned by the fact that there was a space left for another driving wheel. The crank of



A NATIVE OF INDIA.

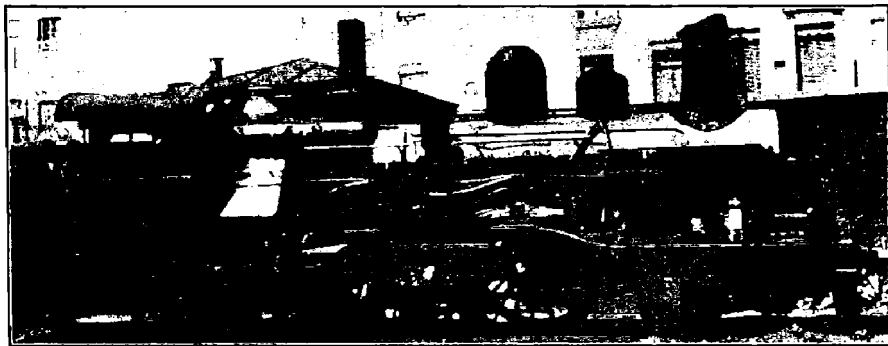


A STRANGE OLD ENGINE WHICH FORMERLY WORKED ON THE S.E.R.

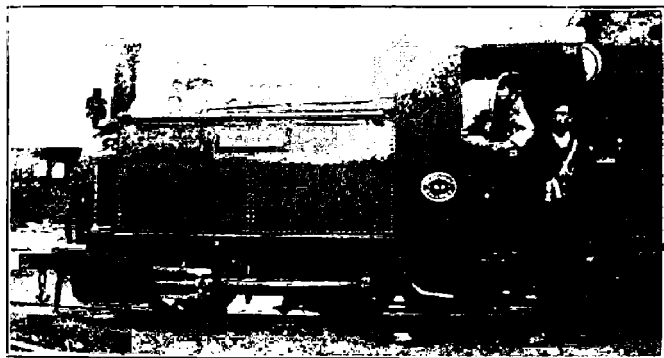
the wheel was there, but not any more of it, and the driving wheel was coupled up to this crank shaft. Afterwards these engines were altered and another pair of wheels added.

So much has been said lately about the electrification of railways, that

some readers may have expected that an illustration of one of them would be published here; but this is not done, as one of the Central London's electric locomotives was illustrated in a former number of *THE CAPTAIN*. For some years past the "Royal Blue" expresses, which run between Washington and New York, have been taken in tow during part of the journey by electric locomotives. But it seems that in future most electric railways will be worked on the "multiple unit" system, in which each or every other carriage has its own motor underneath.



A BELGIAN EXPRESS OF STRANGE APPEARANCE.



A "SADDLE-TANK" ON THE FESTINIOG RAILWAY.

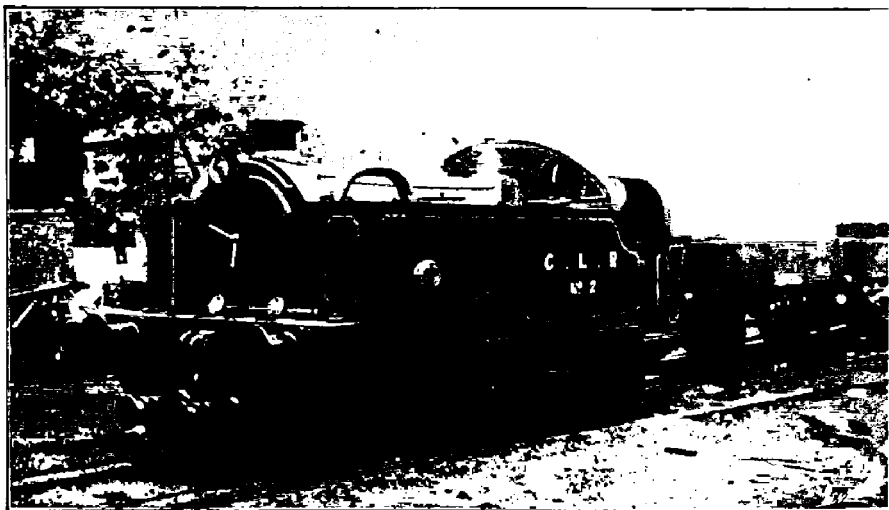
Thus suburban trains in future will look as if they had no locomotives at all, as they do now on the Liverpool Overhead Railway, and on the City and Waterloo tube.

For very different reasons do various railway engines merit the appellation "queer."

This much-embracing term brings together pictures of two such totally different engines as the diminutive "saddle tank" of the Festiniog Railway, and the ungainly but speedy Belgian express locomotive. Even the "Twopenny Tube" does not rely altogether on electricity for its motive power, and possesses some steam engines. They are used for shunting in the yard at the company's works at Shepherd's Bush, but

were also built rounded in shape so as to be able to go into the tunnels and draw out the trains in case of a serious breakdown.

The "Twopenny Tube" and the Liverpool Overhead Railway inaugurated the uniform fare of one price for whatever distance travelled. There are many anomalies in other railway fares, and it is sometimes cheaper to book beyond one's destination. For instance, more than one Manchester man, bent on a day's holiday in Derbyshire, has booked to Miller's Dale with a view to walking on to Buxton, and thereby thinking as well to make a saving in his railway fare; but in this he has been much mistaken, for the fare to Miller's Dale, though a shorter ride, is 2½d. more, though five miles nearer Manchester. Competition, too, makes curiosities in railway fares; for instance, on the Cheshire Lines Extension from Manchester to Southport, the fare to Sefton (37¾ miles) is 2s. 10d., but after that it costs no more to go the whole length of the line to Southport (49½ miles) than to any intermediate station.



EVEN THE "TWO PENNY TUBE" HAS SOME STEAM LOCOMOTIVES. HERE IS A PHOTO OF ONE OF THEM.



THE HONOUR OF A TRANSGRESSOR.

A Tale of the Nebraska Pioneers.

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON.

Illustrated by ARTHUR HEMING.

UNCLE MAC'S vineyard lies upon a gently sloping hillside, just out of sight of his house; and, as a matter of course, it suffers at the hands of every rapsallion and tatterdemalion in the town. Rivertown's boys are as the ten tribes of Israel, and every mother's son of them will steal grapes. As a rule, Uncle Mac makes no complaint, beyond a mouthful of mild profanity in the privacy of his own hearthstone. Only once have I known him to be much perturbed. He had planned to exhibit at the State Fair some baskets of Golden Pocklingtons that had lately come into bearing, and to that end he had tied certain selected bunches in bags of netting, as a protection against bees and birds; but the urchins from the "Bohemian settlement" in their daily thievings made choice of these protected clusters, knowing them to be of the best. Uncle Mac was first saddened, then irritated, then angry; and one day I saw him down-town, buying fence-posts and barbed wire. Never before had he fenced so much as a square yard of his land.

A week afterwards I found him toiling in the autumn sunlight, reeling up the wire which a couple of men were pulling from the newly-made fence. He straightened his portly figure, wiping the dripping moisture from his big forehead; then he led the way to the shade of a near-by apple tree, where we sat down together upon the grass.

"Doesn't it suit you?" I asked.

"What? The fence? Yep: 'twas a bully fence." Then came a pause, while he mopped his face with needless insistence. "I reckon boys is different from pretty much every kind of animal there is," he said at last. "Don't the Bible say somethin' somewheres about sufferin' little kids in the kingdom o' heaven? I just been findin' out why that is: the walls o' the New Jerusalem

might be made hog-tight, an' four stories high, but 'twouldn't be no manner o' use to try to keep the kids out. Peter, nor Paul, nor Pontius Pilate couldn't do it: nobody couldn't."

I kept grave silence, knowing that in the fullness of time things would be revealed. The old man glanced at me now and again, furtively, shame-facedly; then he laughed, with a frank return to his dominant humour. "'Twas the same way with me, once. There wa'n't no fence ever made could 've kep' me out o' nowhere. I've spent solid weeks, I reckon, climbin' fences to get to places I wouldn't 've cared a lick about, if only I hadn't been shut out of 'em. Why, sure's I'm sittin' here, the day after I put this fence up there was more grapes stole than there ever was in a whole week before. I had to take it down, or they'd took 'em all. Trouble was," he added abruptly, "'twas easy enough for the youngsters gettin' through the wires comin' in, but 'twas 'founded hard gettin' out, some reason. There was a feller tol' me yeste'dy how the women-folks hereabout ain't done much else all week but lan their kids for comin' home with their clothes tore pretty near plum off of 'em. That made me hot! I never did see the good o' lickin' a boy, nohow. Pore little fellers!"

Every line of his averted face ran brimming full of gentle kindness. By and by his broad chest swelled with a ragged sigh.

"I was just thinkin': If a little fairy was to come along an' gimme three wishes, like they used to tell about, time I remember, I'd tell him I didn't want but one; an' you know what I'd wish? I'd want to be a little, mean, no-count, speckle-faced kid—real downright sassy, an' thievin', an' ornery—just the kind of a youngster that folks don't like to have 'round, nohow, an' that nobody never says nothin' good about till they're dead or growed up. That's the kind of a little rooster I used to be, an' I'd give

half o' what I've got to be him ag'in, just long enough to take another good holt on rememberin' how it feels. I wouldn't even ask for the good part: I'd like to go back an' steal a big mess o' green apples, or a watermelon, an' have my mother doctorin' me for one o' them good ol'-fashioned pains in my insides. That'd be good enough for me! Deary me!" he brooded fondly; "it sounds plum foolish, don't it? But there ain't no tellin' how lonesome I been, years an' years, for the feel of a boytime stonick-ache, an' pep'mint tea, an' Jamaiky ginger. They say we get wise as we grow up, but I don't believe it: I say we just get scared an' cowardly. I been minded more'n once to make a try an' see what'd happen if I was to set down an' eat a big pocketful o' nasty little hard pea-green apples, that wa'n't more'n half done growin'; but I don't dare, an' that's just the long an' short of it. I'm a coward." Then after a moment's silence:

"Most boys is that kind; don't you know it? I never had no use for the sneakin' little spindly chaps that's got no bad in 'em. Decent folks ain't made that way. Decent, healthy folks is some good an' some bad, mixed up together. I reckon the good Lord made 'em that way, an' He surely knowed what He was about when He was doin' it. Sometimes the good end'll be up, an' sometimes the other end. I like it that way: that's what makes the whole game worth playin'. It's ag'in nature to look for a man that won't warp the least mite when he's laid out in the sun, nor shrink up some when he gets a wettin'."

Then it was that I spoke the word which provoked the story. "Uncle Mac, tell me this: Did you ever come across a man who was altogether bad?"

The old fellow looked into my eyes, keenly, half doubtful of my sincerity. "No," he said bluntly; "no, I ain't; nor nobody else." He sat erect, holding up a knotty forefinger. "Billy, you let the old man tell you this, an' don't you never forget it. There ain't one man in ten thousan' but 'll do the square, honour'ble thing when it comes down to a pinch. Now that's Go.'s truth! Why, look here!" he cried, his manner expanding with the warmth of his enthusiasm; "look here: there's men—lots of 'em, that's just as honest as sunlight, but that tries to hide it an' not let folks know it, because they're afraid o' bein' took for fools. That's the trouble: a good many folks seem to make it a part o' their religion to say that plain, honest men an' fools can't be told apart. They know it ain't so; everybody knows it ain't so. Everybody knows that honest men is the wisest men we got, an' that the only real fool is him that's a liar. Any

man'd know that, without bein' told, that'd lived through early days in Nebrasky." His good face wrinkled into a smile as he asked, almost timidly: "Say, wa'n't there an' old feller, years ago—seems to me like I've heerd of him—that lived in some o' them foreign places—Hong Kong, or Sweden, or somewheres like that—that hid hisself in a pork-barrel an' pretended to be huntin' for an honest man? He'd 've been out of a job in a holy minute if he'd come to Nebrasky them days I been tellin' you about; that's what he would!" Then he struck directly into his tale.

"I ain't never told you about the time me an' Turk Wesley run up ag'in each other, have I? That was along somewheres about 'sixty-five or 'six, after we'd got out the army, an' before Nebrasky came in as a State. Things was pretty much tore up out here west o' the river, o' course; but we was mighty 'tired o' soldierin', an' was willin' to trust our luck for a spell, till we got used to feelin' how it seemed. 'Twas a mighty blessed feelin' to have the strain took off. But o' course 'twa'n't long till we begun to hear tell o' more-less fussin', an' thievin', an' such-like, different places, out where the settlers was far apart an' lonesome. 'Twould 've come out all right, somehow, if it hadn't been for fellers like Turk Wesley, that didn't have a lick o' sense.

"Turk was one o' the kind that's always hankerin' to have folks think he's smart an' cunning. I never took much stock in that kind. Minute a feller begins to want to seem smarter'n the rest o' folks, he'll start off with tryin' to work some big lie that won't be found out; an' that's somethin' that can't be done. There never was no lie told yet that wa'n't found out, give it time. No matter how good a one 'tis when it's told, 'twon't stay told: it's bound to come loose an' get ravelled out. That was the trouble with Turk Wesley. I'm bound to say for him, though, he could think up more ways to lie an' steal than anybody I ever knowed. He was mighty 'cute an' foxy, an' quick; but 'twas just like I tell you: he didn't have a lick o' sense. He didn't know when he'd gone far enough with his devilment; an' that's the sure mark o' the man that's goin' to get met up with, some time.

"Turk, he had two or three that was pardners with him, an' they was just skinnin' 'round, one place an' another, workin' their slick games for a year or so, till from bein' at the first just half sneak an' half dead-beat, he come by an' by to be dead tough, not stoppin' at nothin', not even at holdin' up an emigrant-outfit on one o' the trails, an' plunderin' the poor critters of all they'd got. But the country was so big, an' settled so thin, an' not half governed, an' he done pretty much what he pleased, seemed like, without gettin' rounded up. He'd 've pulled through some way,

only the last thing he done was to take a couple of his pardners out to the Pawnee rese'vation an' run off a bunch o' the beef-steers that had been issued to 'em issue day. They killed one feller, while they was doin' it, too.

"The story got down to the river pretty quick, 'count o' the Pawnees bein' in such a state over it, an' hard to hold; an' two-three days after, I run up against the United States marshal, that I knowed first-rate, up in Omaha, an' he says, 'Mac,' he says, 'you know Turk Wesley?' 'Yes,' I says; 'I seen him once, down to Falls City.' 'Well, see here,' he says; 'this here business is makin' a ter'ble to-do, an' there ain't nothin' for it but Turk's got to be took, an' I'm goin' to dep'tize you to take him,' he says. 'What's the matter with some o' your own folks?' I says; an' he says, 'Busy. We only got a couple weeks to summon the jury panel, an' got to ride all over Kingdom Come to find 'em,' he says, 'an' it's goin' to take every man in my office to get through. Can't you go?' 'Oh, I reckon,' I says: 'Yes, I'll go.' Matter o' fact, I was willin' enough to go. I was full o' hot blood, them days, an' I wa'n't married yet, an' didn't have nobody; an' anyhow, I'd got kind o' nervous, livin' quiet for a year or so, mindin' my own business. Seemed good to me to think about goin' for a ja'nt on the prairies, an' I never took the trouble to think about gettin' back—like them kids with my fence. So I was 'p'inted a dep'ty, an' fixed out with my papers, an' I struck out, horseback, feelin' like a feller will when the weather's good an' he ain't got nothin' to worry him. I didn't take nobody with me, because 'twas a good spell out to where I reckoned I'd begin huntin' for Turk, an' I'd got power to press help if I needed it.

"On my word, I hadn't got the first idee in this world where Turk was, nor where I was goin' to find him, nor what was likely to happen when I did find him. Nebrasky was an almighty big place them days, 'fore it'd been split up to make states out of. All I knowed was my papers was good anywheres in the ter'tory, an' I wa'n't botherin'. I don't know: seemed like 'twas a way we got out here, not worryin'. We didn't use to fool much time with settin' down an' frettin' ourselves bald-headed about how we was goin' to get things done: we was too busy with *doin'* 'em. We always got out somehow. S'posin' we'd listened to them that said we was bound to starve to death out here in this desert! We didn't listen; we ain't never listened to no croakin' about trouble.

"Well, by an' by I got out to the agency, an' had a little talk with the agent 'bout the business. He told me Turk had been heerd of three-four places, good ways apart. Seemed like all I had to do was to keep goin'.

"Next day, a little after sundown, I come to a dugout, off to one side the trail, where a settler lived, an' I stopped to ask questions. Men-folks was gone somewheres, after flour an' stuff, but there was a mighty nice, clean little woman an' a couple o' half-growed girls gettin' their supper. Come to find out, the old man was Tom Winters, that'd been my first sergeant; an' when the little woman says to stop off an' get my supper, an' wait till the men come back, I was right willin'. I set my rifle up inside the door, an' unhitched my belt an' dropped it on the floor, with both my pistols in it, an' then took my pony out to the stable, hunderd yards or so from the house, other side the trail; an' the little woman she told me where I'd find things.

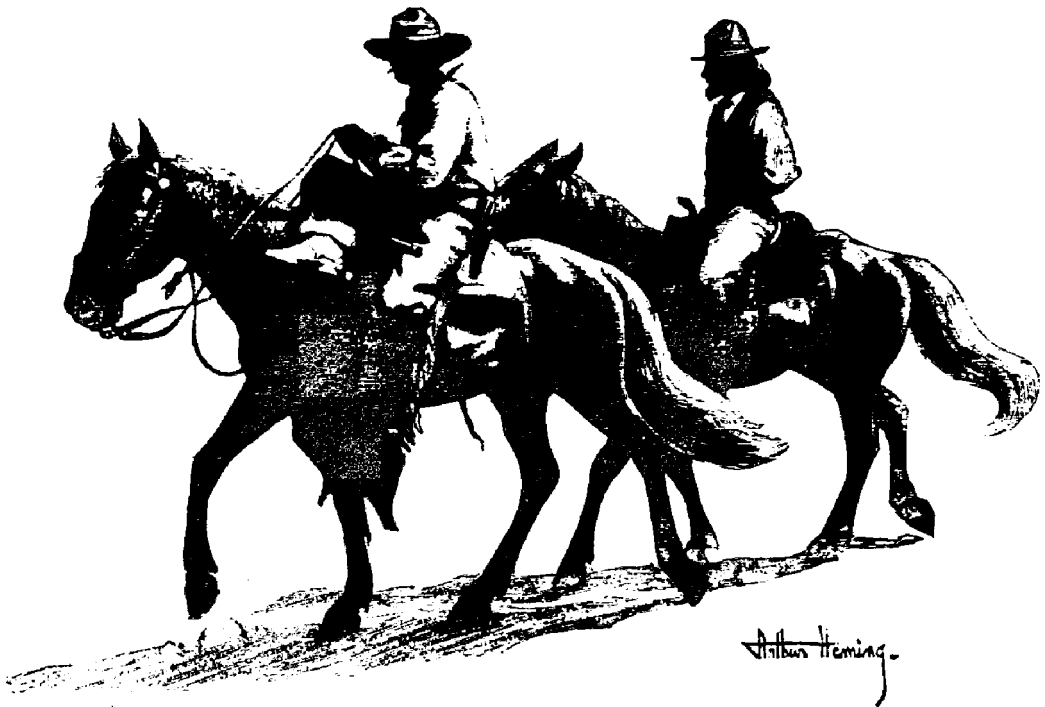
"I'd got done with feedin' an' waterin', an' was just forkin' in some straw for beddin', when I heerd somebody holler, 'Whoa!' to his horse outside, an' I went to the door. 'Twas just one feller, horseback. He'd turned in from the trail, comin' to the stable, an' when he'd got up closter I see 'twas Turk Wesley; an' my guns layin' over in the dugout! 'Twas just light enough so's I could see Turk had his belt on, like everybody wore 'em, them days, on the trails.

"Billy, a man's the funniest an' the foolishest critter that lives—specially a young one. Why, 'twould 've been the easiest thing in the world to 've hid back in a corner an' bided my time till we'd both got down to the house, after while, an' then took him reg'lar, an' accordin' to Hoyle. He didn't know, o' course, there was any warrant out for him. 'Twould 've been dead easy. But do you know, it never come to me that way at all. There was Turk, an' there was me, an' the only thing I thought of was I'd got to nab him right then. It's just them kind o' things that's made me get gray, thinkin' about 'em afterwards. Scared? I didn't act'ly have sense enough to feel scared a mite. I just drawed back in the shadder o' the door-frame, an' up-ended my hay-fork, an' poked the butt-end o' the handle up t'wards Turk's head, an' I hollers, real sharp, 'Han's up, Turk! You're 'rested!' Makes me laugh! O' course it come on him mighty sudden an' unexpected, an' he was a good deal of a loon anyway, I reckon; an' when he seen that fork-handle within a yard of his face, his han's went up, with him swearin' shameful.

"'Twas mighty funny, wa'n't it? I didn't know just what I was goin' to do; so I done the only thing I could think of. I says, 'Get down out o' your saddle, Turkey; lively, now!' an' he shook his feet loose from the stirrups an' hopped down to the ground, keepin' his two han's up stiff, like the angels had hold of 'em; an' then I says, 'Down to the house, an' don't you budge from a straight walk!' an' then I set the fork-

handle up against the small of his back, an' we went to the house like a funeral percession. When we got to the door I hollered to the woman, an' when she come out I never give her a chance to blat if she'd wanted to; but I says, harsh as I could, I says, 'Unhitch this feller's belt, an' take it off him, an' give it to me. Han's up, Turk!' She was mighty good about it. She never said a word, but just went up to him an' loosed the belt an' handed it over to me. I'd been mighty partic'lar to keep where he couldn't see me, an' you bet it didn't take me long to get one o' the guns out o' the holster. My han's begun to shake then, when 'twas over, an' I dropped the fork. Turk he seen it, an' he turned 'round an' looked at me, with his pistol in my han', an' then he

o' bacon an' baked 'taters an' a pint cup o' coffee, an' I went over an' set down on the bench 'long-side o' Turk, an' started to feed him. He was cranky, some, at first, an' wouldn't open his mouth right, till he'd got the taste o' things; an' then he et two big plates full, an' drunk his coffee, an' that chirked him up right smart, so's he begun to talk an' ask questions about what the trouble was, an' what I was goin' to do with him. Didn't seem to worry him any, when I'd told him. He said he'd always kind o' leaned on his luck; an' then, besides, he'd got some friends down at Omaha that stood in with the prosecutin' attorney, an' he'd work his pull an' get loose. Didn't plague him a speck. After a while, when Tom an' his boy got home an' had their supper an' we



"WE JOLTED 'LONG, SLOW, 'COUNT O' TURK NOT BEIN' ABLE TO GO MUCH WITH HIS PONY."

locks down at the fork, an' he says, 'Did you 'rest me with that thing?' 'Yep; with the butt end of it,' I says. 'You ain't been thinkin' 'twould take artil'ry, have you?' I says; an' then he got his mouth part open to say somethin', but he shut it up ag'in, plum disgusted, an' he never tried to make a move while the little woman went an' got some clothes-line an' tied him up, legs an' arms, me walkin' 'round him with the gun; an' then I stuck my han' under his arm, an' helped him to hop into the house an' set down over by the fire, an' I went back to look after his pony.

"'Twas a mighty good supper they was gettin', an' pretty soon when 'twas fixed, an' me an' the woman an' the girls had et, I fixed a plateful

set by the fire, talkin', an' tellin' stories, why, Turk he forgot all about havin' his han's an' feet tied, an' about the hay-fork, an' he tol' some o' the durnedst stories anybody ever heerd, about the tricks he'd worked, turnin' 'em with the funny side out, so nobody couldn't help laughin' at 'em; an' we set there, woman an' all, till 'twas past one o'clock. But by an' by we turned in, Turk an' me layin' down front o' the fire.

"We got started back t'wards the river early in the mornin', with Turk settin' on his pony, feet tied together underneath. 'Twas a fine day, an' Turk he'd got over bein' sore, an' we had a real nice time. He wa'n't such a bad chap, take him altogether. I don't know: first thing I knowed I was feelin' sorry for the poor

feller. Struck me he'd got the makin' of a man in him, if he'd just got started right. Takin' his word for it, the things he'd done wa'n't all bad, not by a good sight. But there was some bad ones, an' he didn't try to hide 'em a mite.

"Well, we jolted 'long, slow, 'count o' Turk not bein' able to do much with his pony, an' me havin' to lead him. We had a snack 'long about noon; an' then we'd got in twenty mile from the agency, when Turk he says, 'Who's them over yonder?'

Where?' I says; an' Turk he jerked his head t'wards a hill, half mile to the left. 'Them,' he says. 'I'm a liar if them ain't Pawnees. What you reckon they're doin' off the rese'vation?' he says; an' I took a look at 'em, settin' on their ponies, an' I knowed he was right. 'You reckon they got wind you was out after me?' he says.

Shouldn't wonder,' I says. 'Reckon we better set still here for a spell, till we see.' 'Twa'n't but a minute after we'd stopped our ponies in the trail till the two of 'em started down t'wards us, an' then there was two more of 'em showed themselves on the hill, follerin' the others up. They come down in a hurry till they'd got in three hunderd yards of us, an' then I yelled to 'em to halt. They drew in out of a run, but they kep' on in a trot till I got my rifle up to my shoulder an' signed to 'em they wa'n't to come no closter, an' that brought 'em up. They signed to me they wanted to talk. 'Well, talk!' I hollered to 'em, in Pawnee; an' one of 'em he starts to edge out from the rest, till I motioned that he could speak his piece where he was. O' course they seen the way Turk was, tied up that-a-way; an' the first thing the feller said was they wanted the thief that'd stole their ponies. 'You can't have him,' I yells; 'I got him.' But the feller he 'lowed—real sassy he was—he 'lowed they was goin' to take him away from me. Made me hot, an' I put my han' up to my mouth an' done this"—a wonderfully graphic and impudent gesture with forked fingers and protruded tongue. "That's Sioux for 'You're a liar.' 'Twa'n't the thing I ought to done; only I was r'iled consider'ble. It r'iled them some, too; an' they was four to us two, an' one of us tied han' an' feet to his pony; so the one in front he gives a screech, an' then they struck for us, tight as they could jump.

"I was down off my pony in a holy minute, an' had my knife out. 'It's honour bright, Turkey,' I says. 'Yep; you bet,' he says; an' I slashed the rope off him, an' give him his pistols, an' then we got behind our ponies an' begun shootin'. I reckon they'd misdoubted we'd fight. They wa'n't more'n two hunderd yards off us, an' all in a bunch, so's 'twas dead easy, though an Indian is mostly mighty handy with his rifle, shootin' from the saddle. I got one of 'em, second shot, an' he

rolled head over heels, kickin' up a heap o' dust where he hit the ground; an' then they took their cue an' begun to spread out further apart, droppin' down over their ponies' ha'nches. Turk, his pistols was goin' spiteful, *this* one an' then *that* one, reg'lar as a clock tickin', an' I reckon 'twas him that got the next one. I ain't sure, because the smoke from my rifle was in my face, an' right then a bullet cut clean plum through my pony's backbone, back o' the saddle, an' went in my left shoulder, here, an' the pony went down, an' me with him. If there'd been more of 'em, 'twould 've been some awk'ard, likely, because I was jolted up consider'ble; but I had sense enough, layin' there, to whang away once more, an' I seen my feller tumble, an' then things got all blurred, an' I had a funny sweet feelin' like I used to have when I was a kid an' whirled 'round till I'd get dizzy, an' then the little sense I had quit me, all of a sudden.

"I come to, by an' by, an' seen Turk stoopin' over me. He'd cut my coat an' shirt off my shoulder, an' was pluggin' up the hole to stop the blood. When he seen I was lookin' at him, he grinned, an' he says, 'Lay still! I'll get her fixed in a minute,' he says; an' so I lay still, because the blamed thing hurt like all-get-out; but pretty soon I remembered, an' I says, 'How many did we get, Turk?' an' he holds up his han' with four fingers stretched out, an' grinned like he was plum tickled to death. 'The last one was runnin' his pony like sin, jumpin' sideways,' he says, 'so I couldn't cover him good with a pistol; but I grabbed your rifle, an' I got him,' he says. That made me feel pretty good, an' I lay where I was till Turk'd got the bleedin' stopped a good bit; an' then he got his arms 'round me an' helped me to set up. My pony wa'n't dead yet, but his hind quarters was paralyzed, back o' where the bullet had hit him. I was powerful sorry. I'd rode that pony last two years I was in the army, without so much as gettin' his hide scratched, an' seemed like me an' him *knowed* each other. 'Twas a cruel shame! But 'twa'n't no use; an' first thing I done when I set up was to put him out o' his mis'ry. Kind o' seemed like I ought to be the one to do it.

"Well, Turk he got me up on my feet pretty soon, an' helped me to get 'straddle o' his pony, pilin' my things on front o' the saddle, an' then he started to lead afoot. Didn't take more'n a couple rods to show me 'twa'n't no good. My shoulder hurt so it fair made me blind, an' I says, 'Hold on, Turkey,' I says; 'I can't stand this jigglin'!' an' I keeled out o' the saddle, an' he ketched me an' put me down on the ground. 'What we goin' to do?' he says pretty soon, anxious-like. 'We can't stay here,' he says, 'because mebbe there's more of 'em snoopin' 'round in the

hills. An' I says, 'There ain't nothin' for it but you got to go an' get help,' I says. 'You best go back to the farm-house we passed, five-six mile,' I says, 'an' see if they ain't got a wagon or somethin' an' come after me,' I says. 'Only I'm mighty bad off for a drink o' water,' I says. 'Don't you reckon you could get me some somewheres? If I ain't dead wrong, there's a little branch a mile or so ahead,' I says; an' Turk he

"Sun went down, by an' by, an' begun to get dark. My shoulder was swellin' powerful bad, 'count o' some o' the bones bein' mashed up pretty much. It hurt me so it made me get a little flighty, times, in my head; an' then, besides, I wanted to smoke, an' I didn't have no matches. I was feelin' pretty mean, layin' there an' listenin' to the coyotes yelpin', off on the prairie, closter an' closter; only I was thankful they was goin' to eat Pawnee meat, 'stead o' mine. But whiles I was waitin', an' waitin', an' waitin', do you know it never come to me once to 'spicion Turk wouldn't be back? It never did! I'm glad it didn't.

"'Twas 'most ten o'clock when I heerd a wagon



"I GOT ONE OF 'EM SECOND SHOT."

took my canteen an' started to get on his pony, an' then he stops an' lays my pistols down beside me an' he stands an' looks at me a minute. 'An' I goin' to take a gun?' he says; an' I says, 'Way, sure! You may need 'em,' I says; an' Turk he grinned, an' he puts on his belt, an' I give him some ca'tridges, an' then he struck out. He was gone an hour; but he had the canteen full o' water when he got back. Muddy water, 'twas, with a lot o' things in it; but I'm jiggered if it didn't taste better'n any I've drunk sence I drunk out o' the big spring back home. I drunk it *all*, wiggiers an' everything; an' then Turk he helped me hitch off to one side the trail, where I could get in the shadder o' some brush, out the sun, an' he fixed me easy, an' then he went for help.

comin'. Axle grease must've been scarce out there then. I heerd the wheels goin' *squeak, squeak, squeak*, long before I heerd anythin' else, till I got to thinkin' 'twas some new kind of a Goliath of a cricket, or mebbe 'twas inside my

head; an' then I heerd the gear rattlin', an' by an' by their voices, one an' then the other, talkin'. I'd never knowed how far you could hear things across the prairies, night-time. Seemed like 'twas a whole hour till they come up, an' Turk hollered to me. He'd found his man, all right, an' they'd started right off; but the rickety old wagon had broke down, time or two, an' a tire had come off, an' they'd had to build a fire an' fix it. They'd got a pile o' straw in the bottom o' the body, with a couple o' blankets over it, an' they lifted me in, makin' the bed as springy as they could.


"They'd made up their minds how 'twouldn't do to go ahead, nor yet back to the feller's place. 'Twa'n't likely but there'd be more o' the Pawnees come out on a huntin' trip, soon as them ponies got back to the rese'vation, with nobody on 'em. They'd got their heads set on leavin' the trail an' goin' across the prairie, south, to a little town eighteen-twenty mile, where there was a doctor. Jenks was that settler's name, an' there wa'n't a mean thread in him. There he was, just as good as leavin' his place to be plundered an' burnt, if the Pawnees did come; but he wouldn't listen to no talk about that, long's there was somebody that needed him. He was livin' just by hisself, anyway, he said, an' if it come to worst, one place was good's another. That was the way folks was in Nebrasky, them days, pretty much; an' there's lots o' 'em that way yet. There never was no better place'n this when a feller's in trouble. So we turned off on the prairie, with Turk ridin' his pony ahead, to pick our trail, an' Jenks drivin', with me back on that pile o' straw, gettin' the daylight's jolted out o' me twice every minute, every time the wheels hit a bump. Crikey, boy! I wouldn't take that ride now, stout an' well as I be, not for no money; an' then 'twas a hunderd times worse, 'count o' my shoulder. I just gritted my teeth till they was wore down smooth.

"Jenks was a pretty good han' to talk. Must've been lonesome for him livin' out there like he'd done. He was talkin' to me, just for sake o' comp'ny, but he didn't 'pear to care whether I talked back, an' that was mighty lucky. I wa'n't in no way o' talkin'. But every time I come 'round, out o' them fits o' holdin' my breath an' 'most wishin' I was dead, I'd hear him goin' on, like the squeak of his wagon wheels. 'That Turk Wesley's a mighty nervy chap,' he says once. 'Thinks a heap o' you, don't he?' 'Oh, I don't know as he does,' I says. 'There ain't no reason why he should, considerin',' I says. 'If he didn't he wouldn't be doin' what he's doin' now,' he says, 'runnin' his head in a halter, much as his life's worth.' 'What's that?' I says. 'What you

mean?' 'Why,' he says, 'goin' down where we're goin'. He's knowed down there, an' folks has been waitin' for him for quite a good bit,' he says. 'That so?' I says; an' that set me thinkin'. 'Twouldn't do; so I tells Jenks to call Turk back, an' when he rides up beside the wagon, I says, 'Turk,' I says, 'I ain't goin' to 'low this. You're my pris'ner, an' I'm bound to see you through an' turn you over, reg'lar,' I says, 'an' you know I'm no shape to pectect you now.' Turk he just laughed. 'You ain't got no business laughin',' I says. 'What you been stealin' down here?' 'Horses,' he says, real short, like he didn't want to talk about it. That was bad, an' I told him so; but he just kep' laughin', an' he said he reckoned he knowed what he was doin': I 'lowed he didn't have no call to make a fool of hisself, just because he knowed how; an' I says, 'Turk, look here, you take my advice, an' keep away from this outfit of our'n. You go off by yourself somewheres,' I says, 'an' I'll come back some time an' 'rest you ag'in.' 'Not by a 'founded sight you won't!' he says, right up on his ear. 'There's no livin' man'll ever ketch me no more, with a hay-fork nor nothin' else,' he says. 'You shut up!' he says. 'I know what I'm doin'. You're in this fix on account o' me, an' I'm goin' to stay by you,' he says. 'You acted white with me, an' I ain't goin' to get you in no trouble, runnin' off now.' He wouldn't listen to no more, but just went ahead, an' we kep' on t'wards town.

"'Twas gettin' along in the gray o' the mornin' when we got to the edge o' town; an' then Turk he dropped back beside the wagon, an' he says, 'I ain't goin' in,' he says. 'I'm goin' to quit you here an' hide out somewheres, handy, till you get ready to move. I'll be watchin' out, an' I'll jin you,' he says; an' with that he puts off in a corn-field beside the road.

"Jenks, he took me to the little ramshackle buildin' they called their hotel, an' they put me to bed an' got the doctor. My shoulder was in bad shape by then, an' 'twas for most a fortnit I was out o' my head, with blood p'ison; an' even when I come 'round, 'twas a good spell before they dare tell me anything to worry me. But I found out by an' by. Turk'd done some mighty onhealthy things 'round about there, before that, an' they was layin' for him. 'Twould've been better if he'd kep' away, like I told him. Some way or other they'd got wind of it, an' they got a committee together an' started to hunt for him. They'd run up on him where he was hidin', cue evenin', an' nabbed him whiles he was sleepin', and then 'twas all up with him. I was powerful sorry, 'cause I'd like to seen him have a fair show. I kind o' liked his style, and 'twas a pity he wa'n't more ornery in his way o' earnin' a livin'."



TOLD ON THE JUNIOR SIDE

By H. BURROWS.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

VIII.

SHARKS!

It pleased Carter and I, or rather our respective and respected parents, to spend a portion of the summer holidays at Rainington-on-Sea. Why any reasonable person should select such a place for a vacation was a problem which I fear we boys failed to solve. I think the Pater said he wanted quiet; and, if that was so, he certainly got it. Quiet, indeed! A desert island would have been lively in comparison with the place. Carter and I were always chums, but never perhaps did we feel such mutual affection as when we accidentally ran into each other's arms at Rainington-on-Sea. Yet, despite the consolation derived from that meeting, we were even then constrained to admit that the place was slow.

It was whilst returning homewards one day, feeling rather more miserable than usual, that we met one clad in the garb of a sailor.

"What ho! my hearty," quoth Carter, who always prided himself on the appropriate character of his language, "what price autumn manœuvres?"

The sailor turned on his interlocutor a suspicious and resentful eye, which seemed to sum us up at a glance. "I don't hold with no autumn manœuvres," he said.

No?" enquired Carter. "Perhaps you are not a real sailor, then?"

"Not a real sailor?" was the indignant response. "Why, I've sailed and I've fought under the best captain as ever put to sea; and he never wanted no autumn manœuvres, he didn't. He made his own manœuvres, he did."

"Tell us," quoth Carter.

"It's dry work, talking," said the sailor,

"but if either of you gents should happen to have the price of a pint——"

Carter produced and tendered a sixpence. The sailor spat thereon, then bit it with a ruminant air; whether with a view to testing its soundness or as an aid to memory, I cannot say. Next he slowly and thoughtfully filled a short clay pipe, lit it, and puffed for awhile in silence, and then at last began:—

"I don't hold with no autumn manœuvres, nohow," said he. "And why? 'Cos, as I told you, my old captain—he was a good 'un, he was—he made his own manœuvres, he did. Now, what's the object of them there manœuvres, do you think?"

"Why, to train, to be sure," said Carter.

"To train? Ah! to be sure. What a thing this here education is. And to train what, may I ask, young gentlemen?"

"Men," said I.

"Ships," quoth Carter.

"Men and ships," affirmed the sailor with a nod, as he ticked off each item. "And what else do you think, now?"

For a moment we were nonplussed.

"Of course, you train the guns sometimes," hazarded Carter, with a small attempt at a joke.

"And guns," assented the sailor, and ticked off a third finger. "Men and ships and guns; and all very useful, too. But what else did our captain train, do you think?"

We gave it up.

The sailor leaned forward, and pointed a finger at us impressively.

"Sharks," said he.

"Sharks!" ejaculated Carter and I together.

"Sharks," repeated the sailor. "That was what our captain trained, he did. He had a regular fleet of them, he had. It was quite a hobby of his, it was."

"And what on earth did he do with them all?" queried Carter.

"Anything," said the man. "They would follow him about like pigeons after a bloke with crumbs, they would. Lordy, you should just have seen us when we was a-bathing together. We were sort of regular chums, we were. There was the crew a-splashing and a-dashing and a-rolling about just as if

"Lordy," quoth the sailor, "it ain't nothing when you are used to it, it ain't. The only fellow as I ever knewed on as once got a bit of a fright like was old Joe the Marine. You see, old Joe was a bit of a venturesome chap, he was. No matter his orders, off he would go right away from the ship, swimming by himself a mile or more. 'Bo'sun,' says the captain. 'Ay, ay,' sir, says



"JUST AS THEY GOT ALONGSIDE THE SHIP, WHAT SHOULD HE DO BUT START A-BUCKING AND A-BUMPING LIKE A TWO-YEAR-OLD."

they were the sharks, and there was the sharks themselves a-standing on their beams ends, and a-popping and a-hopping just as if *they* were the crew, and were trying to dance a hornpipe. It was a sight, it was."

"I should not care about bathing amongst sharks myself," mused Carter.

he. 'Who's that a-swimming off there?' says the captain. 'Only old Joe the Marine, sir,' says the bo'sun. 'I'll give him Joe the Marine,' says the captain. 'Just string him up when he comes back, and give him a jolly two dozen.' 'Ay, ay, sir,' says the bo'sun. But, Lordy, what was two dozen to old Joe!

Three dozen, four dozen, five dozen, six dozen—it made no difference to him. Took it as a sort of pick-up-me just before breakfast like, and seemed to regular enjoy it, he did.”

“Queer kind of enjoyment,” commented Carter.

“Ah! there’s some queer things happens at sea, there does,” acquiesced the sailor. “But, as I was a-saying, old Joe always would go off a-swimming on his own; and one day, when he was a mile or more from the ship, why, all of a sudden he was took queer.”

“Cramp?” said I.

“Well, I don’t exactly knows as it was cramp,” reflected the sailor. “Maybe it was the six dozen he had had just afore breakfast hadn’t agreed with him quite as well as usual, or maybe it was the bit of measly pork he had eaten for supper hadn’t quite gone down like. Anyhow, there he was. ‘Elp, ‘elp,’ yells he, and, Lordy, one of them there sharks—it was the captain’s favourite, he called him ‘Pet,’ he did—he bounded off afore you could say knife, and made straight for poor old Joe.”

“To the rescue?” queried Carter.

“To the rescue,” assented the sailor. “But, Lordy, poor old Joe he had forgotten all about them there tame sharks, he had; and he did squeal, he did. But Pet just went up to him, and gave a good sniff so as to make sure it was Joe like. Then he gave him a shove with his snout which sent him twenty yards towards the ship; and afore he had time to settle down and sink, why Pet was up to him again, and gives him another shove, d’ye see?”

“And did Joe squeal all the time?” I asked.

“For a part of the time,” said the sailor. “But when he got a bit used to it, of course, he began to see what was Pet’s little game, and I expect he felt a bit tired of being butted along the water like a log before a ram. So just as Pet comes rushing up for a shove, old Joe dodges aside and springs on his back; and so he came riding home, he did.”

“And you mean to say Pet stood that?” asked Carter.

“Lordy!” said the sailor, “they was well-brought-up sharks, they was, and behaved as such. Still, Pet made old Joe pay for his ride, he did. Just as they got alongside the ship, what should he do but start a-bucking and a-bumping like a young two-year-old. Off goes old Joe, flying head over heels in the air, and we thought as how he would come down in the sea, and be drowned dead after

all. But no! Just as he was a-reaching the waves, that there knowing old shark took a big plunge head downwards. ‘Whish!’ went his tail through the air, and, catching Joe a smack clean on the breech, sent him flying up again on to the poop, where he comes tumbling down at the captain’s feet with all the stuffing knocked right out of him. Ah! Pet just calculated that there stroke right, he did.”

“They must have been wonderful sharks,” murmured Carter.

“They *was* wonderful sharks,” affirmed the sailor.

“But you said something about fighting?” suggested I.

“Ah! so I did now,” said the sailor. “You’ve heard of them things that go under water and sort of explode like?”

“Torpedoes?” said I.

“Torpedoes is the word. Lordy, what a thing this here education is! Well, you should just have seen those sharks go for the torpedoes. It was a fair treat, it was. Now, I recollect that in the battle of Inktheman —”

“Inkerman?” enquired I.

“I said Inktheman,” repeated the sailor, fiercely.

“That was fought on land,” said Carter.

“Now, was I there or was you?” quoth the sailor.

“Well, I wasn’t,” said Carter, “but I read —”

“Ah!” said the sailor, “you musn’t believe all you read, you know. Them there papers print some wonderful lies sometimes, they does. And who did we fight at Inktheman, may I ask?”

“The Russians,” said I.

“The Russians it was,” assented the sailor approvingly. “Lordy! what a thing this here education is. Well, there stood the Russian general on shore—it was *them* as was on the shore, you see—a-blazing away at us with a lot of torpedoes enough to sink the Pacific Ocean. But did they sink the British fleet? Nary a sink. ‘Cos why? As fast as them there torpedoes came a-sailing up, so fast did those sharks grab hold of them with their teeth, and take them down below to explode in pieces.”

“The sharks or the torpedoes?” asked Carter.

“The torpedoes, of course,” said the sailor, regarding him severely.

“It must have been rather galling for the Russian general,” said I.

“It was,” agreed the sailor. “And at

last he couldn't stand it no longer, he couldn't. 'Charge,' said he."

"Charge!" ejaculated Carter.

"I said charge," thundered the sailor.

"But how could they charge across the sea?" said Carter.

"Now, was I there

or was you?" quoth the sailor. "Lordy! if you interrupt again I will chuck telling you all about it, I will. Don't you suppose horses can swim, now?"

"Of course they can," said I.



THE SAILOR SURVEYED HIM WITH A LOOK OF PITIING SCORN, AND SHOULDERED HIS BUNDLE IN DISGUST AS HE TURNED TO GO.

"Of course. What a thing this here education is, to be sure. So the whole of the Russian cavalry plunged madly into the foaming wave, and charged down upon the gallant British tar. But was our captain dismayed? Nary a bit. 'Up sharks and at 'em,' said he, and in the twinkling of an eye them there sharks was in the midst of the enemy a-devouring them all up afore you could say knife."

"They must have enjoyed themselves," said I.

"They *did* enjoy themselves," affirmed the sailor. "You should just have seen Pet, his countenance one vast cherubic smile like, a-making for the Russian general. 'Hold off,' yelled the Russian; but Pet held on, he did. There was a lickin' of chops, and all was gone! And there was that there shark a-swimming about with enough medals in his little inside to decorate a drawing-

room or go round in a National Portrait Gallery."

"And did they agree with him?" I enquired.

"Agree with him," echoed the sailor scornfully. "Why, to show how little he thought of them all Pet next made for the French admiral, and he swallowed him up at one gulp, he did. Lordy, how the Frenchman squealed! A deal sight worse than the Russian, no error."

"But the French were on our side," objected Carter.

The sailor surveyed him with a look of pitying scorn, and shouldered his bundle in disgust as he turned to go. "I reckon," he said, "as our captain was never one of those young gents who have *too much* of this here education—so perhaps he never taught those sharks to extinguish between them there foreign languages."

WEST HARTLEPOOL.



ASK the average south-country schoolboy the position of West Hartlepool. In all probability he will say in Yorkshire, or, if he is unusually dense, in Scotland.

Now, as a Hartlepudlian born and bred, I naturally take a great deal of pride in my native place, and the object of this article is to place before boys and "old boys" a few facts concerning a town which really ought, considering its importance, to be more widely known.

Although its neighbour and long-vanquished rival, East Hartlepool, was granted a charter as long ago as A.D. 1210, West did not blossom into existence until the year 1847, when Ralph Ward Jackson, a private speculator, founded the town.

Like Middlesbro' and many other places, it has advanced by leaps and bounds, and at the present day boasts a splendid park, named after its founder, a municipal hall, opened by Prince Albert Victor in 1889, a town hall, public library, art school, and various other public buildings. The pioneer of electric trams in the north, it prides itself upon a splendid service which connects it with East Hartlepool and Seaton Carew. The latter is a pretty village with an excellent stretch of sands. Six years ago Lord Wolseley reviewed 3,000 volunteers on these sands. Those CAPTAIN readers who desire a quiet holiday far from the haunts of trippers would do well to give this place a trial. The 4th Durham Royal Gar-

risson Artillery have their headquarters at West Hartlepool, and some years ago had the honour of representing the Mother Country against the Canadians at Shoeburyness. Needless to say, England won.

West have a first-class Rugby football team. When they met their neighbours, the Hartlepool Rovers, this year, the attendance worked out to about one in seven of the combined populations of both towns—and yet people talk about the decline of Rugby football!

Hartlepool's great pride, however, is its shipping, and it is something to be proud of. As a matter of fact, so many ships are owned here that you cannot go into any port, however distant, without finding a Hartlepool vessel.

The dock area of both Hartlepoos is over 300 acres, and all day long the docks and the shipbuilding and marine-engineering yards present an animated appearance.

One West Hartlepool firm has held the blue ribbon of the shipbuilding world, that is, it has turned out the greatest amount of tonnage in one year, beating even the redoubtable Messrs. Harland and Wolff.

An excellent amateur club teaches swimming gratis to all boys of the neighbourhood who care to rise at 6 a.m. Hundreds of boys, and men too, have learned their swimming from this club. Other seaport towns might make a note of this.

T. R. DAVIS.

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.



"Hi! waiter, bring a boat-hook—quick!! He's swallowed a sardine bone, and I can't reach it with the tongs."
By Hall Thorpe.



"NO, SIR, I DO *NOT* LIKE MR. HALL THORPE'S CARICATURES OF ME."

Photo W. P. Dando, F.Z.S.—Woodbury Company.



A. O. JONES.

Photograph by E. Hawkins and Company, Brighton.

THE ATHLETIC CORNER

BY
C·B·FRY

EXCITING MATCHES.

WHEN the Old Fag, in his fatherly but not unkind manner, told me to write about "Exciting Matches,"

I rejoiced, because at the back of my head I remembered yards and yards of yarnings about such things, the yarnings that occur in the evening after dinner, when two or three cricketers are gathered together. But now I come to put pen to paper, the dramatic details and the main issues prove elusive. In point of fact, not very many matches are exciting in the sense that they work up into a dramatic crisis. The exciting point, the catastrophe or turning point, of a match often occurs half-way through and does not make much of a plot for story-telling. Still, there are one or two reminiscences that may amuse you.

The most exciting first-class match I remember to have played an exciting part in was the Gents v. Players match at Lord's in 1895. Strange to relate,

I WAS CHOSEN RATHER AS A BOWLER

than as a batsman. S. M. J. Woods, then the recognised fast bowler for the Gentlemen's side, was unable to play, and I was fortunate enough to be given his place. I always regard it as rather amusing that I was chosen for this match by the M.C.C. as a bowler, because, if ever there was anything wrong with my bowling action it was wronger, so to speak, then than in any subsequent season. The way the match became exciting was as follows. The Players, who won the toss, made 231 in their first innings, to which we replied with 259. Then they made 363 in their second innings, so we had to get 336 to win. This was by no means an impossible task; but as the wicket was worn and a little crumbled, and as the Players' bowling was very good with Tom Richardson,

Mold and Peel all at their best, not to mention Attewell and Davidson, the probability of our making more than 250 was not great.

W. G. and A. E. Stoddart, who had made between them 189 out of the 259 we got first innings, this time only made 38, each scoring 19. F. S. Jackson got only 11, and G. J. Mordaunt 5. Although N. F. Druce, J. A. Dixon, and Sir T. C. O'Brien played well, we had nine wickets down at about half-past five for 231 runs. I had gone in eighth wicket down. As the match was as good as lost

I THOUGHT I WOULD HAVE A HIT.

As sometimes happens in cricket, everything I tried, no matter how dangerous, came off. No matter whether I hit crooked or straight I could not do wrong. E. Smith, who came in last, but was a really great hitter, also let fly for all he was worth; in thirty-five minutes we had added 72 runs. Three or four more overs would have settled the match, but I stupidly played forward at a good length ball of Peel's which broke a good bit from leg; I missed the ball, just scraped over the line, and was stumped. The excitement of seeing the game so quickly changed from what appeared a certain defeat into a possible win was delightful. I have never seen a team much sicker than the Players were. Bobbie Abel was captain, I fancy; he, or whoever it was, kept Mold and Richardson on too long, for we could get runs off them at a quick rate by mere snicks. I believe it was W. Gunn who advised that Peel should go on just when we were reaching 300, and the change won the game; for Peel was difficult to hit safely, and the wicket being crumbled he was able to make the ball break. When we got to 300 I thought I had better give up hitting, sit tight, and let Smith knock off the runs; and

it was through playing carefully that I lost my wicket. However, the whole affair was most exhilarating. I have often thought

WHAT MUCH BETTER FUN THE BATSMEN WHO
GO IN LATE ENJOY THAN THOSE WHO GO
IN EARLY.

If you go in late you can usually have a good hit without doing much evil; for if the early batsmen have scored well your risky cricket is justified, while, if they have failed, why, you cannot do worse and may do better by having a go. I do not remember any innings that amused me as much as that forlorn hope 60.

Exciting in another kind of way was a curious match Sussex played with Hampshire some years ago. The details I cannot recall, and I scorn to consult Wisden—being away at Brighton myself and having left my Wisden at home. But it came to this. On the third day our skipper, the redoubtable W. L. Murdoch, had helped himself to 175 runs, and was not out at lunch time. We had such a lead that Hampshire, if we declared at once, would need to make 80 runs an hour to beat us. We urged Murdoch to bat for ten minutes after lunch, and then declare, so that we could not lose and might win. But he, safe with his 175 (so we say now), did not want to get out, and declared at once. To shorten the story, our bowlers served up a remarkable mixture of half-volleys and long-hops; Captain Wynyard and A. J. L. Hill set about these in style, the former made a century, and

HAMPSHIRE WON THE MATCH WITH TWO
MINUTES TO SPARE.

I have never seen such a good case of runs against time. The result achieved made Hants a first-class county, and won Wynyard a set of silver candlesticks. Both items well deserved.

Another amusing case of runs against time occurred in a Sussex v. Gloucestershire match years ago at Cheltenham. Sussex had 240 runs to get in exactly 240 minutes; or, anyhow, the number of runs and minutes exactly corresponded. Curiously, the runs were made regularly with the minutes as time elapsed, and Sussex won on the stroke of the clock. W. Newham made 150 odd, a great innings.

Once at Brighton Gloucestershire had three runs to make with the last man in. Walter Humphreys, the lob bowler, bowled three slow, very slow, long-hops to leg to Fred Roberts, the left-hand bowler. Roberts, suspecting guile, refused to hit them; he made one run off a snick and was immediately

bowled next over by a fast half-volley from C. A. Smith, the Cantab. At least, that is what I remember. W. G. had a word to say in a high-pitched key to Fred Roberts about those three long-hops.

Another close finish was one against Surrey. The last man in for Surrey was Adams, a wicket-keeper, who never made runs; there were eight runs to get, and Adams hit two fourers off his first two balls. So the story goes.

Walter Humphreys was renowned for his participation in crises. His sublime cheek exactly suited such passes. Once, at Taunton, he was last man in, with Sussex heaps of runs behind, and dead beat to the world. As Walter came in he pointed out to George Brann, his partner, that black clouds were gathering over the Quantocks.

"DON'T YOU GET OUT," HE SAID, "THUNDER
IS COMING."

Walter sat tight, watching the ball with one eye and the rising storm with the other. Rain fell in twenty minutes, and the match was saved. Humphreys declares S. M. J. Woods bowled full pitches at his head. I doubt that.

Another time, in a match v. Kent, Sussex were struggling to make a draw. Humphreys came in last, with an hour and ten minutes to go, and played out time with George Brann. Every over was painful to the Sussex supporters.

One match I remember against Kent. The point was for us to save the follow on. We had three wickets to fall, and one run to get to save it. Three men, one after another, promptly ran themselves out in trying to steal this run when any one of them could have hit a boundary. We followed on, and easily lost the match. It is strange that three sane men should, one after another, have fallen into so rash an error.

Contrary to the general idea, draws often provide the most exciting finishes. I recall one game of Sussex v. Worcestershire, when we had three wickets to fall and about ten minutes of time to play out. One of our men, who never made a big hit before all the years I saw him play,

CHOSE THAT LAST TEN MINUTES FOR AN
ATTEMPT TO HIT OUT OF THE GROUND.

Naturally, he was caught in the long field. So it came to it that our fast bowler, Bland, our last man, had to stay in for five minutes to save us. He is a hitter, and usually dies in one over; but this time he played two undefeated, and we were saved. The very next year Worcestershire were in

exactly the same predicament. This time their fast bowler, George Wilson, came in with five minutes to go; he proved equal to the occasion, so we got tit for tat.

The most exciting local match I remember ended in a fat piece of cheating. Our side, in their fourth innings, had 70 runs to make when the last man came in. By dint of hard slogging and deep luck, 68 of these were knocked off just five minutes before time. It was any odds on the other two being made in the very next over. Not so. There was no next over. The umpire, who was also the groundsman of the opposite side, pulled out his watch and then pulled up the stumps. He said the pavilion clock was five minutes slow, and we had started by his watch. This was an outrageous untruth; but we had to accept his decision. It was the worst anti-climax I ever saw in cricket, that calling of time.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Will those who write for information kindly take into consideration that if they wish for advice by any particular date, as is often the case, they ought to write to me as many weeks as possible beforehand. Letters addressed to THE CAPTAIN Office do not reach me immediately; and it is quite obvious that time must be allowed for the production of the number in which the answers occur.

Old Citizen.—Thank you very much for the snapshots. As you mention nothing about returning them, I shall keep them unless you apply for them. Yes, I played in the match at Bexhill under the name you mention. I used to take a very long run when I bowled; I don't know why, it came natural. No, I do not think a long run is particularly useful for terrifying the batsman. No bowler can learn to make the ball shoot; the ball shoots owing to some inequality in the ground. Of course, if a ball pitches on a spot and shoots, the chances are that if it is pitched on the same spot again it will again shoot. But no manipulation of the ball with the hands can produce a shooter.

A Would-be Ranjit.—We are glad to welcome so enthusiastic a reader. Your chest measurement is very fair, but might, perhaps, be improved. It is difficult to say whether the standard of English cricket has gone up or down in the last ten years; the chances are it has gone up. I expect the best cricketers now are very much the same as the best cricketers ten years ago; but there are many more good cricketers now than there were then.

F. Pittaway.—I am not quite sure, but I think that Tunncliffe, of Yorkshire, is the tallest county cricketer.

R. O. A.—A cricket problem. A batsman received a ball, but missed it. It passed him on the leg side, and was stopped by the wicket-keeper's pads, whence it rebounded on to the batsman's leg. The batsman was out of his ground, and the ball passed from his leg into the wicket, knocking the bails off. Is the batsman out? If so, is he stumped or run out? He is certainly out, and I should say

stumped. Had he nicked the ball with his bat, he would have been run out. No, he certainly would be out were he within his ground.

Member of the C.C.—I am sorry to say I have no advice to give you. But it is certainly good for you to take plenty of exercise without over-doing it. Outdoor games, like cricket and football, are best.

G. H. F.—Another cricket problem. While the batsmen were running one of the bails blew off. The batsman who was running towards that wicket was run out. Was it sufficient for the other bail to be knocked off, or should the wicket-keeper have pulled up a stump? It is not necessary to pull up a stump unless both of the bails are knocked off. As long as there is one bail on, the wicket is considered as unbroken for the purposes of running out and stumping.

Cæsar and Brutus are strong, and by all accounts healthy, and they also lead very healthy lives. But they are short of colour in their faces. Expert advice: don't bother about it.

F. G. S.—I certainly agree with you that F. S. Jackson should be bracketed with J. R. Mason and Hirst for all-round cricket. The reason I mentioned the latter two only was that I was simply looking at last year's form.

An Old Brumm Athlete writes to tell me that when the Football Association Challenge Cup was stolen while in possession of Aston Villa some years ago, it was not stolen from a shop window of a jeweller, as I stated in an article in the *Strand Magazine*. The cup, he says, was lent by the Villa to Mr. Shillcock, athletic outfitter, of Newtown Row, and it was from his shop that it was stolen. The shop at the time was flat-roofed, and the thieves got on this, and cut a hole through the concrete roofing, and dropped into the shop, so that they did not remove any glass in their exploit. I am much obliged for the correction. The general idea is that the shop was a jeweller's, and that the thieves cut out a piece of glass in the front.

An Admirer.—G. G. Bussey is a well-known, first-rate maker of cricket bats. Whether a bat dents or not when you first use it, depends upon whether the wood is soft or hard. Wood in prime condition dents a little. You ought not to use a new bat too severely. The proper way is to get a good face on it by playing gently at an old ball, bowled easily. Most good bats, after a certain amount of use, spoon a bit; that is, cave in about a foot from the bottom.

D. Betts left his bat in the garden during last winter. The willow seems still in good condition. Do I think it worth while putting a new handle in, the splice being split right down? Obviously, if the willow is all right, it is worth while putting in a new handle. But it is not a good thing to leave bats in the garden during the winter months. Wet weather is good for willow trees, but not for the sections of them that are converted into bats.

P.F. (BUDAPEST).—I am very glad to hear from you. Yes, you are our first Hungarian correspondent, I believe. It is very interesting to read what you write about boy life in Hungary. I hope you will be successful in your attempts to introduce outdoor games and regular exercise. I shall be very glad to be of any use I can to your friend who is coming to London. Advise him to write to me at the office of THE CAPTAIN. Your letter is certainly worth answering. I wish half of those I receive were half as good. I shall always be very delighted

to give you any advice in these columns you should care for on subjects with which I am acquainted.

O.C.—I believe in light dumb-bells. I advise you to use nothing over 2lbs. It is certainly good to be able to walk twelve miles in three hours and swim over a mile.

Ambitious.—I should not advise you to become a professional cricketer unless you have talent sufficient to enable you to rise to the top of the tree. But of course I cannot tell what your capabilities are without seeing you. With regard to fast bowling, you must remember that much bowling that is regarded as very fast in club cricket, is regarded in first class cricket as merely medium pace. If you are really fast, there is no doubt that you ought to stick to that; though there is no reason why you should not also use occasionally your slower leg-break, especially if you can pitch at a good length. There is a great deal to learn in the art of bowling. There is a long chapter on bowling in Ranjitsinhji's Jubilee Book of Cricket, which is published now, I think, in a sixpenny edition. I collaborated with him in the production of that chapter. In the Badminton volume on "Cricket," which is much more expensive, but which you could, I expect, get from a library, there is an excellent chapter on bowling by A. G. Steel. You might write again. I shall always be pleased to advise you.

K.M.H.—I am afraid I do not know of any book which describes the colours of the principal cricket and football clubs, colleges, public schools, regiments, etc. I am not sure it would not be a good idea to produce one; I shall think over it.

H.J.M. (HAMILTON).—I do not know how many test matches the Australian eleven will win. At any rate, they can't win more than three, for at the time of writing two of the five have been drawn, owing to the terrible rain we have had this season. I do not mind seeing about that bat for you; but it is no good my getting one without knowing the right size for you; so you had better write and tell me your height and age. The best way would be for me to pick one and have it sent by the maker. Whether it is better to play forward or back depends upon the length of the ball; good batsmen are masters of both strokes. I daresay you have seen that I have carried out only too faithfully your request about the test matches.

Half Gone.—It is certainly possible for the striker to be out lbw to a bowler who bowls round the wicket. The ball might hit him full pitch on the leg, or it might, on a sticky ground, pitch dead straight, and break back enough to hit the wicket. When it is said that a bowler bowling round the wicket cannot get a man out lbw, what is really meant is that when a bowler is bowling round the wicket on a hard, true pitch, where no break can be put on, it is not possible for a good length ball pitching some two or three yards from the batsman, both to pitch on the wicket and also to hit it. The address of the Secretary of the M.C.C. is Lord's Cricket Ground, London, N.W.

C. M. Ford.—I do not know whether it is possible to get back numbers of the Book of Cricket. But you might write to the Publishers, George Newnes, Ltd., Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

A. R. Courtenay.—"W. G.'s Reminiscences," published by James Bowden, 10, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, W.C. Giffen's "With Bat and Ball," by Ward, Lock and Co. The price of the latter book, I think, is 2s. 9d. If a bowler pitches a ball less than half way it is certainly not a no-ball;

nevertheless, it is likely, if the bowler is not very fast, to result in a boundary hit.

R. A. N. B.—Very pleased to hear you are so satisfied with THE CAPTAIN, also that you are endeavouring to bring others to a similar and equally suitable frame of mind. Boys grow at such different paces that it is impossible to say what is the normally correct height and chest measurement at 15 years.

F. Heberd.—Rule 14 in cricket stands as it always has, at any rate, for some time. The bowler may change the end he bowls at as often as he pleases provided he does not bowl two consecutive overs in an innings. If this rule were done away with the same bowler could bowl first one end and then the other right through an innings. This would be convenient to some sides who are short of bowlers, but I do not think it would be in the interests of the game. As for the bowlers, some would like it, some would not. There is a story about one celebrated Australian bowler who always considered the best change of bowling was for him to be taken off the end at which he had been bowling and immediately put on at the other.

Pip.—I fear I am unable to give expert advice about training for swimming; so I must refer you to handbooks on the subject, for instance, the book on Swimming in the All England Series. But I take it that the same principles for training hold for swimming as for all other athletics. Your idea for a Swimming League sounds useful; for the benefit of others I quote it. The idea for the League is that members shall be handicapped and then drawn into teams, two swimmers forming a team, every team having to meet every team competing, therefore making it almost the same as the Football League. I cannot suggest any improvements, but hope your idea will prove a great success. I fancy, perhaps, you would do well to vary the League arrangements by competitions of other kinds.

Polygon is 15 years old, 5 feet high, short-sighted, and in very good health, but without much muscle. He has been in his School Football Team for two years, but is no use at cricket. He can jump 4 feet 11 inches, and run 3 miles in 17½ minutes. In spite of these things, he has found several white hairs in his head, which is naturally sandy coloured. He asks me to explain the presence of these. I fear this is beyond me. Is it possible that Polygon has grown so fast that his colouring pigment cannot keep pace with him? He asks me for advice as to his future profession. This I cannot offer on the data he supplies.

E. F. L. (SYDNEY).—It is difficult to tell you exactly what size bat is suitable for a boy of 12 about 5 feet tall. The best way to find out the right size of a bat is, I believe, this: Stand upright with your arm hanging down by your side, and then measure on a stick the length from your wrist joint to the ground. Then get a bat of a size that comes closest to that measurement. I do not think that all makers are uniform in their sizes; so it is best to know exactly the height of the bat you want for yourself.

C. M. Ford



BENGAL TIGER: "BY JAMES, SIR, IT'S A LUCKY THING THERE'S BARS BETWEEN ME AND THAT CAMERA."

Photo W. P. Dando, F.Z.S.—Woodbury Company.



BY BART KENNEDY.

Bill Mason's Bill Boys.

Illustrated by Stewart Browne.

ALL through the long day they were boring and cutting and shaping and polishing at their lathes. The lathes were set down low so that they would not be too high up for the children to work at them. The air was filled with the keen piercing sound of the cutting of metals. Here a lad was boring out brass sockets that were used in the making of machines for spinning cotton. He would wind up his drill and set the point of it fairly in the centre of the solid socket as it whirled in the chuck. It was whirling round at a great speed, for brass—being at once soft and brittle—must spin quickly when being cut. The lad would work and work his drill through the solidness of the quick-turning socket. His hand was on the wheel of the headstock propelling the drill, and he had to propel it at once quickly and delicately and subtly through the whirling brass. He had to feel with his hand and his nerves that it was cutting its way through evenly. From the vibrations and resistance it gave out he could tell whether or not if the point of the drill were countering in the spinning brass a hardened place, or a flaw, or a blob-hole that had come into it in the casting. When these difficulties occurred in the drilling he had to work through slowly and delicately. For if he were not very careful, the drill would get out of centre—snap—and crash—and fly out of the lathe and perhaps strike him in the face. Through and through he would propel the drill till at last it fell slack. A hole was bored clean through the socket. Then with his left hand he would suddenly push the quick-running strap from the drum, stop the lathe dead, work the bored socket out of the chuck, put in

another one, and start the lathe again. The boy on the lathe next to him put the bored sockets through another process. He knocked a mandril into them, slipped them into his lathe, and with a steel, square-faced tool cut them evenly to a gauge. Then he put his lathe to a quicker speed, and polished them with wood and emery, and laid them carefully in rows on his bench in front of him, finished. A few lathes off a boy was cutting and shaping great pins of wrought iron. In the cutting of wrought iron the lathe had to be run at a much slower speed than in the cutting of brass, and the cutting tools had to be shaped to and sharpened at a more acute angle because of the tenacity and ductility of the metal. And water had to be let drip constantly on the edge of the tool to keep it from getting hot and losing its hardness. Off here a boy was cutting and shaping small wheels of cast iron. The lathe in this case was run at a still different speed, and the tool was sharpened on a different principle altogether. The proper sharpening of the tools took the boys longer to learn than anything else. It was fairly easy to work the lathe. But the thing was to have the tool so that it would cut cleanly and easily. The boys sharpened them on big, slow-turning, yellow grindstones that were fixed—running—in great iron troughs. From morning till night there were always boys grinding diamond-points, drills, chisels, and other tools on these stones. Two or three boys could grind on them at once. It was a favourite device for a boy to come up to sharpen a tool when the stone was occupied. In this way he would manage to get a rest from working at his lathe, for he would have to wait till the boys before him had finished. But the time the boys liked best was when they had to take a tool down into the smithy for the tool-smith to beat it up and temper it. Then they could sit down and watch the smith for perhaps a quarter of an hour. They

could take it easy on a heap of coal or cinders. When the tool was given them up, they would come to the machine shop and go over to the big one to grind it. The going wrong of a tool was always a source of satisfaction. It meant a rest.

Bill Mason was moving here and there and everywhere. He was showing a boy exactly how to put the cutting tool into the rest, or he was tightening up a headstock, or mending a strap that had broken, or showing a boy the proper way to grind a tool. Long calling out through noise and din had made his voice harsh, but there was an under-note of kindness in its harshness. And when the necessity for severity came, he could be severe—as all the boys well knew. He would stand no nonsense. If he caught a big boy bullying a small boy, he would fall on that boy and clout him. If a boy were too much of a shirker, Bill would first reprimand him, and if that did no good he would chastise him. The boys could in no sense impose upon him. And they may have liked him all the better for it.

None of the boys ever called him Mr. Mason. They thought of him as Bill. And they called him Bill. But their sense of his authority and the respect due to him never sank in the least because of this. He made no assertion of dignity, and still he was dignified. There was power of command in the straight look of his clear eyes. And the boys had no nickname for him among themselves. Neither did they ever make fun of him nor talk disparagingly about him when his back was turned, as boys often do of those set over them in authority. They liked him and respected him, and slightly feared him.

He always impressed it on the boys to do their work well. He did not care how much time they took as long as they did their work neatly and exactly. "Ah don't care 'ow much time tha' takes as long as tha' does th' job reet," he would say to a new boy as he was explaining to him the simple principles of the running of the lathe and the work to be done. And the boy would do his work as well as ever he could, knowing that Bill would be sure to give him credit for doing his best. And in time the boy would get into the knack of doing the work quickly.

The work was of a nature most interesting to boys. for boys like above all things to handle tools. But they were kept too long at it. They had to work too many hours in the day. If they could have worked in a machine shop for a couple of hours each day it would have been good for them.

Outside the great door of the ironworks men and boys who wanted work used to stand in a group. If an overlooker were short of anyone

he would come down and look them over and signal to those or to the one who looked the likeliest. In they would go and give their names to a clerk in the office. Then they would be given three brass checks, stamped with the same number. At six o'clock in the morning a man or boy had to give one in as he passed through the office into the works; the next had to be given in at nine; and the next at two in the afternoon. This check system enabled the clerks to tell quickly who was in the works and who was not.

One morning Bill wanted a boy, and he went down to the door to pick one out of the group which was always there. He beckoned to a strong-looking little boy of about ten, who was standing alongside a tall, slouching man. The boy wanted to get work as a full-timer in the ironworks.

"What's thy name?" asked Bill, as the boy came up.

"Jim," he answered.

"Jim what?"

"Jim Warden."

Bill paused a little.

"'Ast e'er worked in a machine shop before?" asked Bill again.

"No," said the boy.

"Weer 'ast been working?"

"Ah worked i' th' factory," answered the boy.

"Ah were a scavenger."

"'Ow owd are tha'?"

"Ten year and four month."

"Does tha' want to work full time?"

"Aye."

"Aw reet. Come on, then. Ah'll gi' thee four and six a week."

And the boy got his three brass checks and went along with Bill through yards and long sheds, and up many broad wooden stairs till at last he was in the machine shop.

He liked it better than the factory. For one thing the air was better. The factory was too hot. The heat had to be kept up so that the cotton could be spun. Here in the machine shop it was ever so much cooler, and he liked the look of the lathes at which boys like himself were working.

Bill put him to work on a lathe next to a boy called Scotty.

Four and six a week! It was a great rise to get after two shillings. He had been raised from eighteen-pence to two shillings a week in the factory. But two shillings wasn't so very much. It was nothing compared with four and six! He thought how glad his mother would be when he went home and told her all about it. Four and six a week! He had to work full time for it, of course, but that didn't matter. He was tired of going to school. They only told you the same

thing every day! He would sooner work full time, for then he was just like a man. All that a man did was to work full time. He got more wages a week, but still he only worked full time—just as he was going to do. With four and six a week his mother could do a lot of things. And perhaps she would give him threepence a week to spend. Threepence a week! Well, maybe, threepence a week was too much. He would take twopence a week if his mother said it was enough.

He liked these nice lathes. He was glad he was working on one of them. He was a bit afraid, though, of pushing off the strap. He might get his hand crushed between the strap and the drum. But Bill had told Scotty to manage the strap for him till he got used to it.

Bill Mason! That was what he heard the other lads call him. He liked him. He did not shout at him or talk roughly to him when he was showing him how to work the lathe. He was not like the overlooker in the factory.

Bill had told him that if he worked well he would shift him in a couple of weeks on to another lathe where he could make "settlings." This meant that every month he would draw something over his wages. For many of the boys were paid piece-work. They were rated at a stated wage, but they were credited according to the work done. At the end of the month they were given a lump sum—the amount they had made over the wages paid them. This was what was called "settlings." Often boys doubled their wages in this way.

There were many things, however, that were priced so low that a boy could not make even the wages at which he was rated, however hard he worked at them. And sometimes he might have to work for three or four weeks and find himself in debt at the end. The debt was not stopped out of his wages, but it was stopped out of any "settlings" that might be coming to him afterwards. Again, there were things that were priced so high that a boy could make three times his wages while working at them. Bill used to take account of this when he was marking up a boy's book at the end of the month. If the boy had worked well and faithfully and was still in debt, he would put down more to his credit than he had actually done, so as to get him out of debt and give him the proportion of "settlings" he deserved. If, on the other hand, a boy had too high a sum coming to him over and above what he had drawn in wages, he would mark it down lower. Bill's object was to act fairly to the boys according to their merits, and the way the things were priced made it impossible for him to do so if he went by the figures laid down by the firm. So he had to arrange and manage according to the justice and merits of each individual case.

If he had acted in any other way he could not have got the work done properly.

Saturday was a great day in the machine shop, for on that day work was stopped at one o'clock and every one was paid his wages. Half-an-hour or so before stopping time the boys put aside their regular work at their lathes and cleaned them thoroughly with oil and cotton waste. Then they put on their jackets, and when the time was up they rushed down the stairs and into the great yard of the works, shouting joyously. They were on the fourth floor, and when the engine began to slow down, they made a wild dash for the stairway. No one was allowed to make a move till the time was fully up to the second. And the signal was taken from the engine. The boys could not hear the whistle outside because of the noise, and they were not allowed to go by the clock in the machine-room. Everyone would listen intently to the great, steady beat of the engine. Thump! thump! thump!—thump! It was stopping, and suddenly there was a chaos of rushing and shouting. One could almost feel the sudden rushing of men and boys all over the immense works. The boys who were first to the stairway slid like lightning down the big, greasy bannisters. They had four floors to go. And they rushed along and slid down to the next floor—and down to the next and down into the yard. They were into the yard just before the thick pouring out of men and lads was going at its full. They were in front of the rush by perhaps a second. They heralded the flood. And as they stopped to take breath they were suddenly caught up and engulfed in this pouring, shouting human flood that was always upon them ere they were a step from the entrance.

On the crowd would move. And then it would stop suddenly. To-day was the day they were to be paid, and they must stop in the yard till the cashiers were ready. But they rushed as quickly from their work as on other days.

Over two thousand of them were now standing, waiting expectant. They had quietly arranged themselves in lines according to their numbers.

Suddenly the cashiers were paying. Money was given out at three places at once. Up and up a line moved towards an open window. At the window a cashier was standing with a big wooden tray before him. In this tray was cut round holes with numbers beneath them, and in each hole was a small, oblong tin, open at the top. In each tin was a man or boy's wages.

A man or boy would come up to the window and shout out his number, and the cashier would at once lift the tin from the hole and reach it to him. A wages was paid out in a second. The one who was paid would pass on to the gate. He tilted the money from the tin into his hand as

he moved. The money was wrapped up in a piece of paper, which had the amount of the sum enclosed marked upon it. At the bottom of the tin was a brass check with his number on it. He threw the empty tin into a big box that was put near the gate for the purpose.

Those who had "settlings" due to them had to wait until the regular wages were paid.

Just outside the gate, to the right, a fried-fish shop stood on a corner. On Saturdays Bill Mason's boys would go in there to get pennorths and haporths of fried fish. The people of the shop cooked up a supply especially for them. The fish looked so nice and tempting in the window, and had on it a delicious-looking crust.

"A haporth o' fish!"

"A pennorth o' fried fish!"

"Gi' us that piece there, Missis—that nice piece!"

The woman would hand over the pieces of fish, and the boys would throw down their halfpennies and pennies, and then shake pepper and salt or vinegar on the fish to suit their tastes. And they would stand round and in and outside the shop eating it.

Over on the other side of the road there was a shop that sold eccles cakes. These cakes were a penny for a whole one and a halfpenny for half a one. After eating their fish the boys would come over and get a cake or half a cake as a sort of dessert. Then they would go down to the croft behind the rag-mill and toss for pennies. Not all the boys would gamble, however. The majority of them went only as onlookers. It was exciting to see the two pennies whirling high up in the air. "Heads!" "Tails!" "Two ones!" One of these cries would go up the instant the pennies struck flat on the ground. "Heads!" meant that the boy that was tossing had won a



"HEADS!" "TAILS!"

penny—"Tails!" that he had lost a penny. "Two ones!" that the toss had to be made over again. Bets were also made on the side on the results of each toss. A daring boy would now and then stake a sixpence in this way.

Two of the boys would act as scouts. For this they were rewarded with the "tossing" pennies when the gambling was over. Their duty was to keep a sharp watch out for the police, who now and then raided these "tossing schools." Sometimes the police were dressed in plain clothes,

but the sharp-eyed scouts invariably singled them out. They could tell them by their feet. If by any chance the policemen did surprise the "schools," the boys would rush and scatter in all directions, leaving the "tossing" pennies on the ground behind them. These the police captured as legitimate spoils of the chase. As there were often three or four schools going at the same time on the croft, and as some of the boys were apt to drop money out of their hands in the rush and excitement, the guardians of the peace did not fare too badly in these raids. Indeed, it was said in Pollard Street that the police cared more for the capture of the pence than the capture of the boys.

"Hey!" a boy would shout excitedly. "Gi' them pennies a proper twirl w'en th'art tossin' 'em or I'll gi' thee a slap i' th' jaw!"

"Nay, tha' waint."

"Tha'll see if ah waint. Toss 'em proper!"

"Aw reet."

"Two tha' loses."

"Two ah win."

"'Eads!"

"Nay! Nay! Tails!"

"Ta—a—Nay! It's 'eads. Tha's won!"

"Ah'll bet thee threepence tha' loses!"

"A tanner on it! Ah'll go thee a tanner!"

Boys now and then lost their whole wages. Sometimes the father or mother of a boy who was tossing would appear on the scene and lead the culprit off by the ear. Once Bill Mason himself appeared and broke up the "schools." He laid about him vigorously, clearing the whole of the boys from off the croft.

After the first Saturday or so Jim—the boy who had been put on at four and six a week—went to the croft as an onlooker. But after a while he staked a penny on a toss, and soon he was going it with the best of them. He gambled on for a couple of hours, and in the end was lucky enough to come away winning over six shillings. He kept the odd coppers and gave the rest to his mother along with the four and six, his regular wages. He told her it was "settlings."

Fights used to occur on the croft. They would arise in the machine shop out of the most trivial disputes. There was one almost every night. As a rule, a dispute would be manufactured simply as an excuse for a fight. A boy would go and tell another boy that some other boy said he would hit him; or he would simply ask a boy if he would fight a certain other boy; or one boy would challenge another directly. One would have thought that after a day's work they would have had little stomach for fighting. But such was not the case.

A new boy who refused to fight was clouted and cuffed whenever there was a chance. Indeed,

taking it all round, it was much safer and easier to accept a challenge and go and have it out on the croft when the work was over. If a boy made any sort of a fight of it at all, he was looked upon as being all right, even if he were beaten. He had complied with the unwritten law of the machine shop, that all new comers should prove their metal.

There were two boys in the shop who usually arranged the fights. They had what might be called a genius for provocation. They could tell to a nicety what to say and how to say it, to anyone who was showing the least disposition to shirk the ordeal. They had to be careful, however, not to let Bill Mason see them, as they were going around arranging battles.

The boy who won in a fight was at once challenged by some other boy. Winning, therefore, by no means meant peace. It often meant the meeting of a harder foe.

A boy might evade one of these challenges, however, without being thought a coward. But he did not, of course, stand so high in the public opinion of the machine shop as the boy who would fight all comers.

Jim took very much to these fights. It was more exciting even than tossing for pennies. He had had three fights, and had chanced to be successful, and was now looked upon in the machine shop as a person of some importance. Occasionally his advice was asked by the arrangers of the fights as to which two ought to fight next.

The boys always fought "fair up," which meant that when a boy fell or was knocked to the ground no advantage was taken of him. He was allowed to get up and resume the fight. Neither was "purring"—kicking—allowed. This brutal method of fighting, which was in vogue in Bolton and other Lancashire towns, was never allowed in Manchester. Kicking was considered unfair and cowardly. Even the boys of Pollard Street, which was reckoned to be one of the roughest streets in Manchester, always fought "fair up." The stamina and courage of a boy could be better proved in a "fair up" fight than in a "purring" match, for a chance kick might lame and disable the better boy. "Purring" was much more likely to develop cruelty than courage.

Jim's fourth fight was with a boy named Pat. Pat was the bigger and heavier of the two, but Jim's victories had given him confidence.

Pat was not long over from Ireland, and it was his brogue that gave the arrangers the cue as to what was the best dispute to bring on a fight. One of them said that Jim had made remarks about the way he talked. So the thing was settled.

The whole of the machine shop boys went down to the croft that night, for the fight was ex-

pected to be a good one. Scouts were put out to give notice of the approach of the police, just as they would be put out when a "tossing school" was going. The police rarely interfered with the fights on the croft, because of the fact, possibly, that there were no spoils to be picked up. But if the fight lasted too long they had a habit of turning up. And the fight between Jim and Pat promised to be a long one.

A ring was formed, and the two boys took off their coats and waistcoats, tightened their leather belts well about their waists, and rolled their shirt sleeves high up. Jim took the precaution of bending down to see if his shoes were properly tied, for the experience he had had in the three fights had shown him that in the sudden backing and rushing in, it was important that the shoes should be tight and snug on the feet.

The two seconds were the boys who had arranged the fight.

One of them gave the word, and Jim and Pat suddenly faced each other. The crowd circled in on them, but three or four of the strongest lads worked and pushed the circle back again. "Gi' 'em room!" they shouted. "Gi' 'em room to feight!"

"Jim's too much a little 'un for Pat," said a boy.

And Jim felt it himself, too. Though he was strong, he felt that Pat was much stronger, and, perhaps, quicker. And all at once it came upon him that he would be beaten. He was sorry now that he had offered to fight Pat. But it was too late to go back. He would have to fight as well as he was able.

They walked round each other cautiously for a little, and then Pat suddenly sprung full at Jim, and Jim was lying on the croft on his back. He did not know how it was done. It came so quick!

He got up slowly, keeping his eye on Pat, who was looking at him gloweringly. The blow seemed to have knocked all the fear and nervousness out of him. The idea of winning or losing was gone from him altogether. He only

wanted to fight. He sat for a little while on his second's knee, for a knock-down was considered to be the end of a round.

They were close in to each other now, fighting savagely. There was no science shown. It was absolute give-and-take—as all hand-to-hand fighting must be.

When everything else is equal, it is weight that determines the result of a fight. "A good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un." This is an axiom of the prize-ring. Weight, to be sure, will not help a man or boy if courage is lacking. If a man or boy is afraid of punishment he will find himself beaten by one half his size.

"Go on, Jim! Go on, Jim! 'It 'im under! Gi' it 'im with left! Aye! that's it! Go on!"



CLOSE IN TO EACH OTHER, FIGHTING SAVAGELY.

Jim's second was shouting directions to him excitedly. He moved as Jim moved. And all the other boys were shouting at the top of their voices.

Hardly anyone was shouting encouragement to Pat. The general feeling was that the fight was not a fair one. Pat was too big for Jim. Even Pat's second felt this. It was only in a half-hearted sort of way that he called out directions to him.

All at once Jim began to get dizzy and confused. He had been knocked down several times, and was now fighting wildly. He was getting his breath in quick, short gasps. When he backed to avoid Pat's rushes he felt his legs giving under him. Things were looking badly for him. He might be beaten at any moment now. But an idea came to him.

The next time Pat rushed at him he turned his back completely and ran for a few steps. Then suddenly he swung round, meeting Pat's face with his fist. But the shock of his own blow staggered him, and he fell. It was a chance blow that might have won him the fight, but Pat was of as good a fighting metal as he was—and heavier.

Jim felt a little better now as he sat on his second's knee. His head was clearer, but he was weak—as his wind was almost gone. It seemed as if he could get no breath at all. He had never felt like this in a fight before. Pat had given him some hard blows in the body. If he could only get his breath, he thought, he might have a chance to win. Over there was Pat. He had blood on his face from the last blow Jim had given him. The idea of "giving in" did not enter Jim's head. He would fight on. Indeed, he enjoyed the fight. It would be all right if he could only get his breath!

Pat himself was wondering how long the fight was going to last. He could feel that he had Jim beaten, but he was a long time about "giving in." He would be careful the next time not to follow Jim too closely when he turned. The blow he had got was a great surprise to him. He knew the boys were all on Jim's side, because he was not so big as he was. This weighed on him somewhat. In a way it seemed to him as if he were fighting everybody on the croft. But he had not brought the fight on in the first place. It had been forced on him.

They were fighting again, but this time with more caution. Jim was going as easy as he could, so as to get back his wind, and Pat was more sparing of making useless rushes. Once or twice, when Jim turned his back on him and ran, he stopped dead till Jim faced him again. The blow Jim had given him in the face had made him wary. He would wait now till he got a fair chance to smash Jim down and end the fight.

He rushed in, and Jim fell down just as he got to him. Pat had barely touched him. Jim's object was to get the benefit of the rest that came at the end of every round. He wanted to get back his wind properly.

The fight now looked as if it might last for some time, and the boys on the croft stopped their shouting. Jim might win after all!

Jim was feeling more confident. The last rest on his second's knee had put him all right. He smiled into Pat's eyes as he watched him circling round him. Pat seemed to be getting a bit tired! He did not do so much rushing now!

But suddenly Pat hurled himself upon him. Jim tried to stand against the shock. But he was not strong enough. Pat crushed him down.

And Jim was lying on the ground with Pat standing over him. He tried to get up, but he fell back again. A feeling of helplessness came over him. And there was a curious numbness in his left arm.

His second helped him up, and he looked at his arm, which now hung limp by his side. It was twisted and bent curiously between the wrist and the elbow. It was broken.

* * * * *

It was six weeks before Jim could go back again to the machine shop to work. But the boys were very good to him. On the Saturday after the accident they collected amongst themselves twenty-five shillings for him. It was the habit of the boys to make these collections when one of their number was off work through illness or through being hurt at the lathes. The fact that Jim had been hurt in a fight did not go against him. Bill Mason heard about it, of course, but he made no comment. And no one was more sorry that the accident had happened than Pat.

Jim was now quite a hero. The other boys looked up to him. And he bore himself proudly because of the fact that he had had his arm broken in a fight just like Tom Sayers had in his fight with Heenan. The first day he came back to work was a great day for him. The boys came crowding up to his lathe to ask him all sorts of questions. They were proud of him.

* * * * *

The boys of this machine shop—Bill Mason's boys! All through the long day they were boring and cutting and shaping and polishing at their lathes—working in the midst of the keen, piercing sound of the cutting of metals—fighting on the croft when the day's work was over—tossing for pennies—having their life and being in a great, smoke-darkened English town. Little workers in iron!



Written and Illustrated by George Hawley.

I.

SAN JOSE LIGHTHOUSE shone from the back of a tunnel-like creek on a barren stretch of the Chilian seaboard. Passing ships caught its secret rays most suddenly; much in the same manner as a lonely wayfarer might be startled at a swift glance of a light far down a secret entrance.

The moment the light of San José fell upon a ship, that vessel at once hugged the land and crept warily along the inshore water. A false order, a mistake at the helm, and the "Devil's Teeth," the offshore reef, would grind her ribs to matchwood.

The light was built on the top of an old chapel whose ponderous walls could have carried the Eddystone itself. This building crouched in the left-hand corner of the creek, with its back built into the angle of the cliff, which, on that side, rose plumb as a wall and ran out into deep soundings. There was, however, one break in it about eighty yards in front of the lighthouse. From this opening an overhead travelling cable passed across the creek to the mid-level of "Cassandra Mine," which honeycombed the right bank.

This latter side, though rocky, was fairly easy of ascent by means of buttress-like masses of rock jutting out from the cliff, and the rubbish shot out from the mine.

Such was the lonely creek of San José when the revolution broke out against President Balmaceda, and left us, Gilbert and myself, stranded helplessly on a foreign shore.

Nine months before, we had departed from South Kensington School of Mines, appointed engineers to the Cassandra Copper-mining Company, Limited. Nine months before! and now our situation was worse than any Hyde Park loafer's; he, at all events, could try a casual ward when the nights grew colder.

"I knew it was too good to last," cried Gilbert,

one morning as we awoke to find ourselves in a dismal plight. The mine was deserted: every man had gone to shoulder a musket on the principle of "compulsory volunteering." We transferred our worries by means of a letter to the head office, and then fell to unlimited euchre, awaiting instructions. Meanwhile, our funds melted away.

At last came one day of maddening heat that drove us to the shade of the mid-level of the mine. There we did what we ought to have done a month before: we held a council of war.

"We've just three-and-a-half pesos left--that's about twelve shillings," quoth Gilbert sourly.

"Then we've got to tramp."

"Tramp!" echoed Gilbert, "in *that!*" and he cast an exasperated glance at the landscape. It was an open oven. Below us, the lighthouse lenses flashed back the sunlight in such brightness that if we had not known that all the lights on the coast had been extinguished by order, we might have thought the lamps were still burning. The village huts seemed to shrink and huddle from the glare. Not a creature was abroad; the very air seemed to have swooned in the heat of that narrow creek.

And yet, over the hill crest where the village path cut the upland, a tiny speck rose to sight, and without a pause descended the slope towards us.

"Impossible!" gasped my chum, starting up in amazement. "He's stark, staring mad!"

It was a man running at a sling trot!

"Madman number two," cried Gilbert, and another speck breasted the crest, and hurriedly

descended on the heels of the first comer. And then, by ones and twos, more men appeared and swung downwards, hurriedly and without a halt, until we counted twenty-one of them on the slope. They came nearer and lower, and we saw sparkles of light breaking off them as they ran; then we both cried together: "Soldiers!" And at that word all the world was of interest.

By this time they were up to the first huts, and at a cry every soul rushed outside.

Some of the runners had fallen by the houses, and people began to carry water to them.

"Poor beggars," cried Gilbert, "but if they will run on a day like this--why on earth don't they go inside and rest peacefully?"

But that was the last thing they gave us any impression of so doing. We saw Henrico, the

old sailor with the earrings and Spanish handkerchief for a cap, talking amongst a group of the soldiers. Now and again they looked back to the crest, and then towards our side of the creek. Something of great interest was meanwhile passing from hand to hand. Suddenly Henrico turned to the villagers, addressing them in no little heat. The soldiers seized their guns, and then, led by Henrico, the whole crowd, villagers and soldiers, began to ascend the talus of the mine. Half-way up, Henrico turned and called back to the women, "All you in siesta again." But one of them, Chloe, the sharp-tongued beauty of the village, broke away, and headed the whole crowd.

Striding along with her buoyant energy, she soon outstripped them all, and in a few minutes

she appeared on the ledge in front of us, two hundred feet above the creek. For a moment she stood silent, a swarthy black-eyed beauty, holding the two plaits of her hair in outstretched hands: just in the same attitude and with just the same smile on her arched lips we saw her every morning when she called us to breakfast; for she was Henrico's niece and we lodged with him.

"Fortune, señors!" cried she. "Here are soldiers with a message; we do not read in our village; we come to you to speak it to us." And now the soldiers filed in, and Henrico preferred me a crumpled paper. I read on it: "To Capitan Barras." "Here!" cried I, "this is not for us."

"No," said a dusty, sweat-soaked soldier. "Capitan Barras is killed. I am his sergeant. Read, señor, I am the next."

I nodded and read on:

"The enemy are reinforcing by sea. Have correct information that they intend capturing the lighthouse at San José on the 12th, and light it to guide the transports which are due to pass the inshore channel of the Devil's Teeth. Detail a command to destroy the lighthouse beyond repair. I have wired to the cruisers; latter will be able to overtake and



"SILENCE! NOT A BREATH; THE ENEMY!"

captain transports if delayed off San José on the night of the 12th. You have six (6) hours start of the enemy.

"RODRIGUE GOMEZ."

As I finished this terse and emphatic message the sergeant cried "Ho!" and "Is that the lighthouse?"

"Yes," sang out the villagers as one man.

"Advance!" cried the sergeant, shouldering to the front of the crowd; Chloe was already on her way out, but with a sharp, smothered cry she stopped dead in the opening, turned round, and thrust back the following men, hissing the while through her teeth:

"Silence! not a breath; the enemy!"

There came a sudden metallic rattling, a rapid snapping of rifle breeches, then dead, nervous silence.

The lighthouse was in possession of the enemy! Already a couple of soldiers leant over the balcony round the lenses, and we could hear their voices as they sang out to a mounted officer below. About this latter, and standing at ease, were some eighty men.

"And the videttes," growled the sergeant, as he pointed to the hill crest. At this an angry murmur arose about us. They were completely outnumbered by the Balmacedians; and out-manœuvred by the fatal mischance to their captain in a skirmish at daybreak. He had been shot through the throat. With a last effort he had thrust the note into the sergeant's hands and bade him haste to San José, halting neither to fight nor to rest. This we learnt afterwards.

From the first appearance of the soldiers in the mine, Gilbert had been eyeing them with undisguised irritation. He now called out in a sharp voice for their attention.

"If you stay here those other soldiers will attack you and 'gastado' the whole set of you. And this mine being English property and not a battle field, the best you can do is to clear out by the level on the far side before they discover you."

At this the sergeant looked blankly in his face.

"It's no good," quoth Gilbert, "you must clear out."

The sergeant's face changed. He slapped the breech of his rifle, swore a round oath, and cried heartily: "This place is our last stand; I shoot the best of my men that leaves!"

Gilbert dropped his eyelids in his tired way, and pulled out his watch.

"I give you five minutes," he said in a level, matter-of-fact voice.

"And we," cried the sergeant, "have to destroy that lighthouse!"

Here Chloe thrust herself into the front of the gathering storm.

"The soldier has it," she cried, "the lighthouse

must be destroyed. You, señors, engineer-chiefs will show us the way; it will be done."

"I'll see you all go hang first," broke in Gilbert in terse English. Then he added in Spanish: "Clear out! only another two minutes." Chloe lifted her head in a passion, and her black eyes narrowed.

"Señors," she cried with scorn, "have we idled in the fetching of water when water—God's gift to drink—was so scarce, for the big 'tub' every morn? and you have had meat and your coffee roasted to the hour. All; and not one pesos these months. Have we cried 'clear out' to you when you could not no more than these soldiers?"

Gilbert thrust his watch back in his shirt. We



OUR EYES SOUGHT THE LIGHTHOUSE.

both flushed hotly, and we both found it disconcerting to look in one another's faces. But it had to be done.

"That's a bitter pill to swallow," growled he.

"It's true enough," I said.

Gilbert, with a short, grim laugh in his throat, growled out, "Well, let us begin to earn our grub."

Chloe read our decision in our faces. "Huzza," she cried, "the engineer-chiefs—capitanos—will show us how to destroy it. We are the legs, the arms; they are the head. The lighthouse shall not be there to-night!"

In this manner Gilbert and I became "capitanos" in the Revolutionary army. From an inert and baffling position we were lifted on a

wave, and flung into a rushing current. There was work for our hands and brains : a problem to solve, a thing to accomplish. And we were no longer weary.

II.

HENRICO and the sergeant joined us in a short council of war. And as at any moment the enemy's scouts might blunder on us and bring on a fight, we decided to retreat to a lower level, where we could hold an army corps at bay. Safe in this, Gilbert and I sat apart; the soldiers scooped out resting-places, and, with their knapsacks for pillows, fell instantly asleep.

"Confound that girl," said Gilbert, "and confound the whole place and their tin-pot armies too! But it is a fine problem, eh? I suppose the only way to do it is by—well, anything else but fighting."

I quite agreed with him. But as hour after hour passed, and scheme after scheme was rejected, we began to think a little less of our abilities. We wrestled with the problem till our heads reeled. If only we could get a side glance even at a workable scheme. But no. At last Gilbert pulled out his Waterbury. "Five o'clock!" he cried, "we are undiluted frauds if we can't do it in another hour. It will be dark by six!"

Chloe had, in the meantime, crawled out by another level to report what was doing in the creek. She had just come back. The enemy were bivouacked round the lighthouse. On the upland, and commanding every approach, sentries and videttes marked the land as far as she could see.

However, she had brought one piece of comfort in the shape of a cool jar of wine. As she served us she asked for news of our scheme.

"How soon do the hands and legs begin to work, capitano?" she asked with a complacent smile. Gilbert, with a diplomatic, Spanish-fashion wave of his hand, replied: "So! so!"

"Ah, señors," said she, "I should want to do it—how? Why, shut up that lighthouse like flinging my skirt over it: so!"

"And," cried Gilbert, "that's just what we are going to do! Serve round the wine to the men. Tell them to be ready on the instant." As she departed he turned to me with dancing eyes.

"See?" he whispered.

"No; not an atom."

"No? Well, old man, she has struck the only plan possible! Observe the overhead travelling wire. It lands on the flat just outside the other opening, doesn't it? Well, suppose we hang a curtain—even Chloe's skirt, if it were big enough—on that wire, and run it out, and cut off the light from flashing out to seaward."

"But," I objected, "we can't make a screen big enough to intercept all the light at a hundred feet distance—it is impracticable."

He laughed in my face, and cried out:

"My boy, rays of light from lighthouses are parallel!"

I had forgotten this elementary fact. I cried "Eureka!" and then we faced our task: a race against time.



THEY PASSED OUT IN SINGLE FILE.

The men streamed up to us, heard, and set to work immediately. We requisitioned the tarpaulin covers from the bags of cement; even emptied the bags themselves. We stripped hundreds of yards of telephone wires in the galleries. We descended to a still lower level: we were all tailors, sailmakers, anything, everything. Some patched holes, while others sewed cover to cover until a sheet, fifty feet square, grew beneath our hands, sewn together with wire, and impervious to a single ray of light.

As the last hole was stilettoed with the point of a bayonet, Gilbert and I sought the upper level. We found the night had fallen. The cold sea-breeze tasted like nectar after the candle-burnt atmosphere in the workshop below.

Our eyes sought the lighthouse; a couple of men were in the lantern; one held a candle, and was clumsily striving to light the argand burners.

"Good!" cried Gilbert, "they'll smash some glasses, or I'm an idiot. Now for the launch!"

We descended to our workshop. The flushed, wet faces of the screen makers confronted us, and Gilbert spoke.

"We want a volunteer to cross to the other side and clear the wire, and to signal back when ready for us to haul out the screen. It must be one of you from the village, one who knows every stone in the darkness. And one who is not afraid. Who volunteers?"

There was a silence in which we heard the water dripping in far-deep levels. Gilbert looked from face to face; in vain, it seemed. The villagers were, however, weighing the risk of failure.

Chloe stepped quietly from the group, and as quietly said: "This is a woman's business; is it not so, Uncle Henrico? Who knows so well as I the rock paths through the lines of the sentinels? And if I meet them—well, I am a woman and I laugh. If I were a man—well, the end of me and our venture."

"'Tis true," growled Henrico, "Chloe must go."

He had hardly spoken before she had given a swift wave of her hand to us, and vanished up the adit.

We followed, dragging our great screen, and presently we peered out into the night. In that little time they had managed to get some at least of the lamps to burn, and now we saw a glowing circle of light. Henrico, Gilbert, and myself alone crept on to the ledge outside. Everything had to be done by touch. Henrico had been a sailor, and to him fell the delicate task of hooking the screen on to the travelling wire. Foot by foot it disappeared overhead, and presently Henrico swarmed back to us and we crept together, and laid our ears on the wire cable. It sang and hummed in the night wind like a harp string.

and fast at the traveller overhead. Foot by foot it crept along, until we saw, with breathless delight, a huge blackness slicing into the circle of light. An unforetold eclipse! It intersected it completely. Not a ray escaped seaward.

So far we had won.

Dripping with sweat, and nigh breathless, we dropped to the rock and looked towards the light-house. The lantern seemed to be utterly deserted. Against the lower windows of the chapel we could see the silhouettes of the guard. They were playing cards. Not an eye had seen our operations. As we rejoined the sergeant, Gilbert chuckled and said: "The game is ours! Joker, right bower, and left!"



FROM EVERY STONE OF OUR AMBUSCADE, SPITTING FLASHES CONVERGED ON THE OPEN DOOR.

Little jars and metallic jingles broke the even rise and fall of sound. Was it Chloe? Should we hear the signal clear or confused, loud or soft? On a sudden our doubts were settled. Our ears rang as a clear sharp blow quivered on the wire.

"Safe," we cried in delight, and soon after that came the arranged three clear blows across the wire.

In another second we were all heaving hard

"Not yet," quoth Henrico grimly, "the fight is at the dawn."

"Across there," added the soldier, nodding his head towards the other landing place of the wire.

We had much yet to learn of the ups-and-downs of war; and more, too, to learn about our mine. For we now found every villager busily polishing up a rifle; and soon, too, they were dragging up half a dozen cases of ammunition from secret

places in the far levels. And we were the engineers of this same mine!

Henrico served round the ammunition. The sergeant inspected every new rifle. He handed one to each of us in such an ordinary way of routine, that we accepted them and fell immediately into line to wait the coming of events. Two hours later, the tide had fallen sufficiently to enable a crossing to be made outside the mine.

Fifteen men were to guard the other landing place of the wire.

They passed out in single file, five soldiers and ten villagers, the sergeant in command. He carried two rifles. "One for our 'advance guard,' Chloc," he said, with a laugh wrinkling his brown face as he passed us. The next instant he stepped through the opening. And so he passed from our life: a little, sinewy man, of few words, but of most prompt decision; following his trade cheerfully, and uncomplaining if in the day's march bad tools or adverse luck befell him. He died across there in the dawn; perhaps he saw the sun rise, and knew the end of the night's work; I hoped so.

It was now close upon ten o'clock, and there were about seven hours for us to keep most vigilant and secret watch upon the lighthouse. From time to time we saw a man enter the lantern and trim the lamps. Once he stepped out on the balcony, and, leaning over the rail, quietly smoked his cigarette.

Gilbert clutched my arm like a vice. "If that man moves to the other side we are done! He will see his shadow on the screen!"

But, to our infinite joy, he passed in and down to join his comrades. Below, in the chapel, they played cards, changed sentries, and slept; all in complete unconsciousness of the ill trick we had played them.

III.

LIGHT was waning. Henrico pointed to a paler shadow on the crest above the creek. The wind had dropped; the air was filled with the sound of the tide seething in the rocks and weeds below us. Save that, all was still. Everything seemed to be watching and waiting.

Presently we could see one another's hands and faces. Henrico at once mustered all the defenders and posted them amongst the serried rocks on the talus.

It was an ambuscade in an amphitheatre. Some one dropped a musket, and, at the sound, we all glanced nervously at the lighthouse; no one stirred within, and we were crouching down—when a most horrid crash and volleying of shots broke out across the creek.

"On guard!" cried Henrico; "the patrol has found our outpost."

Even while he spoke, and even above the din, we caught the ring of quick hoarse cries of command from the lighthouse. The door was flung open and a stream of soldiers sallied forth—to instant death. From every stone of our ambuscade, spitting flashes converged on the open door. It was a butchery at such a point-blank range, and with a light behind to show the mark. The crash of our volley died away as swiftly as it commenced. For a moment I thought that not a man had escaped uninjured. Nothing but a tumbled, dark heap filled the doorway and the little circle of light. But, suddenly, from the shelter of the interior, someone struck down the candle inside with the butt end of a musket, and the darkness swallowed all up, for it was as night yet down there.

Then we became aware of the hushed silence that was about us. Not a shot resounded from the direction of our outpost. Had the attack failed or had they captured our post? Involuntarily I glanced at our screen. It was still there, now just dimly outlined on the paling sky. Gilbert called softly to Henrico to know what he thought of the silence at the other side. We saw Henrico craning over his rock, and striving to pierce the blackness at the foot of the creek; his hand was up to keep us silent. At last, out of the vagueness of empty sounds, we caught a faint patter of footsteps, and, as we heard it, it came nearer and nearer: men running in desperate haste. In a trice they were below us in the shadows. Someone cried "Up here;" another called to Henrico: "They have left the post," and all in the same breath we were fighting for our lives!

It was the enemy! we were completely trapped. The tables were turned upon us; yet, even as the fight was lost, we won it. Shots crossed and re-crossed about me. One flash on my left showed me a man's face and the glitter of a bayonet as he thrust at me. I struck it on one side with the muzzle of my gun, firing point-blank into him as I parried it. As he dropped back another leapt up, stamping on him to gain me. He fired from the hip, and the powder singed my hair. I clubbed my musket and struck down at him, slipped on the boulder, and down we crashed, clenched together, he, underneath, falling on his head twelve feet below. His arms relaxed and I rolled clear. By sheer instinct alone I kept flat, for men were now leaping down, while the shrill whistle of a leaden hailstorm passed over me.

For a moment I thought it was the end of us all; but out of the din I recognised a voice on our right calling shrilly: Chloc's voice. Our friends were reinforcing us from the ford. The attackers,

caught on the flank, broke and fled. I rose up at last. The foot of the lighthouse just loomed faintly visible, and I saw the last of the enemy rush over the dark heap and gain the shelter of the building.

That dark heap was now linked to our position by a chain of dead and wounded men; their retreat had cost them more than the attack.

We had not escaped scatheless. Seven men killed outright, and nine wounded. Before we had time to move a single man to a more comfort-

in haste, but Henrico began to roar above the din that not a shot was to be fired. It was growing lighter every moment, and as yet the enemy could only aim by the line of the dead and wounded. But, for all that, the bombardment went on unceasingly.

Chloe, her breath recovered, was, despite her crouching position, tidying herself to something more womanlike. I asked her for the news. "Oh," she cried, "they found us, tumbled on us, but they paid!—one, two, three, four, five!"



QUICK AS LIGHT SHE WHIPPED UP THE RIFLE, BUT I KNOCKED UP THE MUZZLE.

able position, we were driven to the shelter of our rock by a withering fire which broke out from every window and loophole of the chapel. We clung like limpets to the lee of the rocks. The air was dusty with chips and splinters of stone.

As I at last recovered my wits, I found that someone else was sheltering under the same rock. It was Chloe, all breathless, dishevelled, and wringing wet.

"Take mine, capitan," she cried, on seeing me without a rifle. And she passed me a handful of cartridges from the bosom of her dress. I loaded

checking them off on her fingers. "Then we heard you. The sergeant knew you had been surprised—by the sound he knew. So, back came ten of us. He was just dying."

"Ah," I said.

"Yes," continued she, braiding her hair. "We all die; but I put my crucifix round his neck. He said we were to come to you. So we left him."

Suddenly she paused and listened eagerly, as if to catch some other sound in the rattle of the firing.

"Listen also, capitan," she said, and pulled

me close to her side where we could get a sight of the sea between two huge rocks. Faintly, we heard the unmistakable moan of a steamship's syren. It was the troopship! she was calling like some blind, lost thing for guidance.

It was now between light and dark, yet to a ship in the open a shore light would show boldly out at sea. The same thought moved both Chloe and myself. She rose to her feet to peer over the shelter, but something moved in me hotly, and I pulled her down on the instant and looked over myself.

Every window of the lighthouse vomited smoke and flashes. Above, the lantern still cast level rays on the screen. But no sooner had my eye fallen on the latter, than I cried out in dismay. A man was crawling hand over hand on the wire and cutting down the sheet. Already a third was hanging loose, and a section of light streaming seaward.

Involuntarily I called out to Chloe and pointed out the sight. Quick as light she whipped up the rifle, but, as she pulled the trigger, I knocked up the muzzle. And I could have done no other thing even if it had lost all. It was a magnificent thing to see a man do; he was a dead man as soon as sighted, so near he hung to us. Chloe slipped in another cartridge. In a second we were struggling for possession of the weapon. At the first grip I cleverly thrust her back on the rock with the barrel across her chest; only for a moment, for, with a swift, sinuous movement, she flung me sideways, and down we went, I underneath. She hissed like a wild-cat, her short upper-lip held clear of her white teeth, and her eyes a depth of black and fire. I believe in her mad rage she would have worsted me, but, as we grappled, the walls of the creek fairly shivered under the boom of a startling concussion. A heavy gun had been fired to seaward. The warship had caught the trooper! Another and another explosion followed, and, at the sound, the rifle-fire dropped. A shout of triumph rang in the rocks and about us.

We dropped the gun and peered over our rock, and saw a white flag limply hanging from the

lighthouse. The man on the wire was crawling painfully back to the other side. I could not help but start up and give him a cheer with the whole of my breath.

Chloe looked in my face, her black eyes big with wonder, a child again.

"That's because he is as brave a man as ever carried a gun," said I.

"Do the English always cheer an enemy?" asked she.

"If he's brave."

With that she leapt on to the rock, and, throwing back her head, sent a shrill "huzza!" to the distant man, who had now gained the firm ground. He turned and saw us, waved his hand and fled.

All our men were streaming after Henrico towards the lighthouse, where the enemy sullenly filed out and flung down their rifles. Seventeen I counted, all that remained of the strong command.

Presently the doctors arrived from the cruiser, and began their grim trade on a flat rock. But the most evil sight was to see the lighthouse, forgotten by all, unblinkingly staring into the face of the now open day.

But the night's work had not been wasted by us, for by sunset we were honoured guests on the cruiser, with a passage home before us.

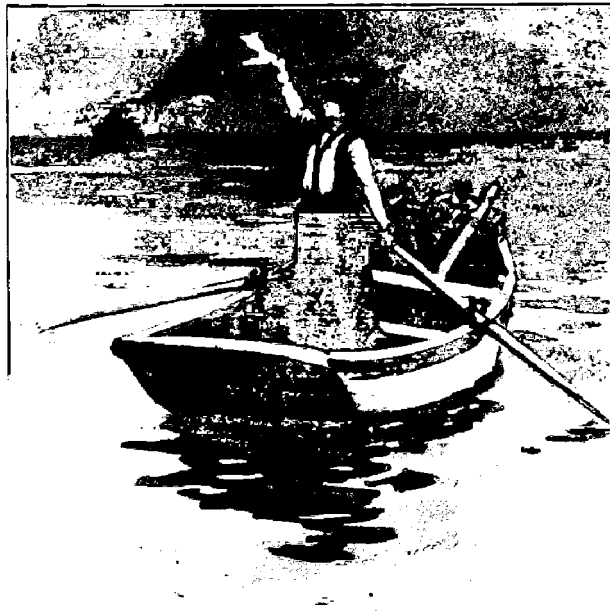
Chloe had brought off in her uncle's boat the odds and ends from our lodgings. The anchor cable was rattling on the deck, and at that we shook hands with her, and said good-bye. She stood and looked at us, and we noticed she had put on her gala dress. Still she remained, till Gilbert suddenly cried: "Goodness, we've forgotten. But we'll send you our debt as soon as

we get to England—

never you fear, Chloe."

"No! never," she cried, "not that; no money owing." She turned, her red lips open and eyes brimming; she stooped, kissed Gilbert in her arms! swung round, kissed me full and fair, and was gone with a flutter of skirt and clicking of shoe heels on the brass ledges of the stair.


The last we saw of San José was a lonely boat and a woman waving and waving till she faded in the dusk and distance.



THE RISING OF THE SUN.

A CRICKET STORY.

By S. B. REID.

 It was Dawson's story.

He told it to me (with Dawson's usual personal adjuncts) on the top of a green 'bus which we had boarded at Vauxhall.

We were coming from the Oval, and were very much excited.

We had just witnessed a magnificent struggle between Surrey and Cambridge University, in which Rickman, the Light Blues' bright star, had outshone even himself, and won the match for his side by a narrow but glorious margin.

"Oh, yes," said Dawson. "I found Rickman."

"Really!" I said, with ill-concealed derision. "Where? Picked him up on the beach at Margate, perhaps?"

"Perhaps," said Dawson, with dignity. "Perhaps not."

This was a poor retort of Dawson's, and I could not resist the temptation of telling him so.

There was a pause.

"And what about Rickman?" I said.

"Nothing," said Dawson.

"Oh, Dawson, you ass!" I responded.

"Fares, please!" said the conductor.

"Well, it's all very well," Dawson continued, decidedly hurt. "It's gospel truth, but, of course, you are at liberty to believe it or not, as you like."

"You might give me a chance," I said temperately.

He was smiling a little—evidently the story, whatever it was, tended to his own aggrandisement. Dawson's stories sometimes did. He required as much playing as a salmon.

I was silent.

Dawson laughed.

"I always laugh when I think of it," he said.

"Do you?" I said, with gnawing envy.

"Well, really, you know, it was one of the funniest things you ever saw. It was my second year at Oxford—ten years or more ago, alas! You know Heatherford?"

I did. I had played cricket there often, on a sandy wicket shut in by pines, which gave

the bowlers an unholy advantage about six o'clock.

"Jolly little place.—Ever stopped with Stanton?"

I had not had that honour.

"Capital fellow—bachelor—kept open house, and had some splendid port. I expect it's all finished now."

I knew Stanton slightly, and imagined it was.

"Well, I was staying there when this happened.

"Stanton couldn't get his team together. You know, he managed the cricket—indifferent well—but still, he was Stanton, so nobody minded.

"He got me down from Friday to Monday to play against Borrowley. He'd got a mere eleven, and nothing more, scraped together from far and near.

"They aren't over-keen at Heatherford. The *pièce de résistance* was Carr. You remember Carr?"

I remembered Carr.

"Well, hang me if Carr didn't wire two hours before the match began—'Awfully sorry—called away on urgent business.'

"My dear chap, I give you my word, Stanton was fairly mad. The mildest thing he said was that he would scratch.

"'Rot,' I said. 'Who's Carr?'

"'Carr?' said Stanton. 'Carr's Carr.'

"Then I remembered that the great man had bowled Stanton clean in both innings of the 'Varsity match six or seven years before. I was silent.

"'It's playing fast and loose with a fellow—that's what it is,' said Stanton.

"He was getting to the pathetic stage.

"'Get a substitute,' I said feebly.

"'Get your grandmother,' replied Stanton.

'Now, look here, quietly, between you and me, half the eleven *are substitutes already!*'

"I looked at my watch.

"'I say, Stanton,' I said, 'I'll back myself to find you a substitute somehow, to fill Carr's place. He mayn't be a flyer, but he'll be something.'

"'Oh, go on, if you want to,' said Stanton, gloomily.

"I went, with no idea of what I was going to do.

"My steps turned towards the cricket field, which was well-nigh deserted.

"I leant on the gate.

"On the other side of the field two ground boys were bowling at fifteen yards to a solitary and diminutive batsman.

"I watched moodily, and then opened the gate and walked across the field. He could not have been more than eleven or twelve, but was batting manfully, with one pad strapped to one slim, stockinged leg.

"He was a gentleman's son, and a stranger to me.

"I stood outside the net and watched. I stood there a quarter-of-an-hour. Then the youthful batsman collected his traps and left the wicket.

"I went after him.

"At the pavilion gate I overtook him.

"He had laid down his bat and gloves, and was proceeding to disencumber himself of his one pad.

"'Have you come to see the match?' I said.

"'Some of it,' he said, shyly. 'I'm afraid I shan't see all.'

"'Lessons?' I said, sympathetically.

"'Yes.'

"'But this is Saturday.'

"'I know. We get whole holidays sometimes on Saturdays, but that depends on how we——'

"He paused.

"'School near here?'

"'Mrs. Fletcher's.'

"Perhaps fear suggested mockery in my eye, for he added:

"'It's a dame's school and rather beastly. I am going to Westgate next term.'

"'Play cricket much?'

"'Rather!'

"'Who taught you to cut?' I said.

"'Mr. Simpson.'

"'Who's he?'

"'A master who comes for our Latin class. He manages the cricket. I come and

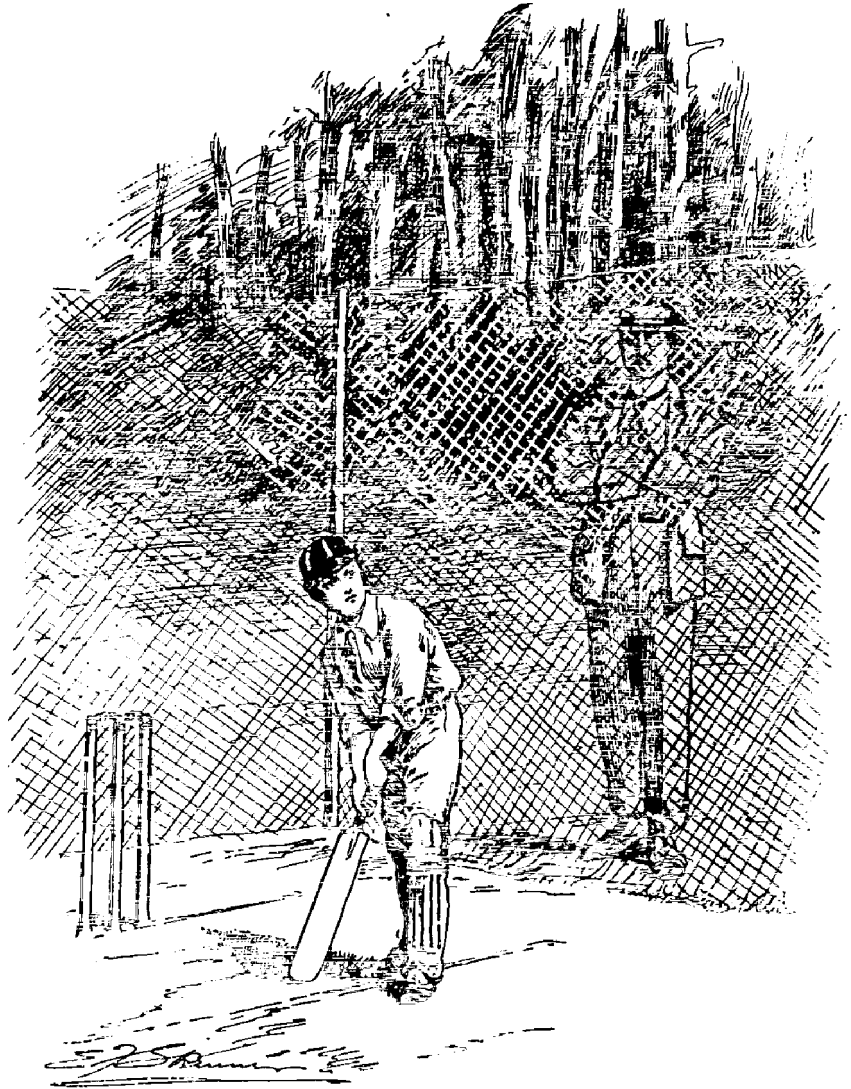
practise here they let me. The groundman's awfully jolly.'

"A pause.

"'Look here,' I said, 'can you get off to-day?'

"Another pause.

"'I'm playing in a pick-up game,' he said slowly, 'but I ---'



"I STOOD OUTSIDE THE NET AND WATCHED."

"A third pause.

"'Mr. Stanton wants an eleventh man against Borrowley,' I said; 'we can give you a place if you care to play.'

"'Care to play!' said the nameless knickerbockered one. 'I say!'

"'Then you must square your pick-up game,' I said.

"'I can do that. The only thing is, Mother Fletcher must be squared. She won't smell

a rat if I'm careful. I must cut back to dinner and go in with the rest of the chaps. Tea well chance. Simpson's all right. He manages the games, and Mrs. Fletcher doesn't come near our ground. Simpson's a decent fellow.'

"'Then that's settled,' I said. 'I am very much obliged to you. I don't want to get you into a scrape,' I added, considerably.

"'That's all right,' with affable dignity. 'Thank you very much, sir.'

"'Twelve o'clock here,' I said. 'And, by the way, what's your name?'

"'Rickman—E. W. T. Rickman.'

"We parted.

* * * * *

"'Confound you, Dawson; this is no time for practical jokes,' said Stanton.

"It was twelve o'clock, and E. W. T. Rickman had come upon the field in his little school cap of unknown colours, and another pad unearthed from somewhere.

"'Confound you, Dawson,' said Stanton.

"I drew him aside.

"'He's all right,' I said. 'I've watched him. His cutting is quite good. The boy's a genius.'

"Stanton grunted.

"'I shall scratch,' he reiterated.

"I left him.

"Borrowley won the toss.

"We went into the field, and several Borrowley men were ill-mannered enough to laugh at E. W. T. Rickman.

"'This is a Sunday school treat,' said a great hulking man who was a bricklayer five days a week, and a wicket-keeper the sixth. 'Oh, we *will* 'ave a time!'

"They got out for 175—and rather hardly earned at that.

"I made two catches—one at cover. Stanton said—oh, well, I won't trouble you with all that. You know I could hold 'em once.

"Little Rickman was quite passable. He helped to run out the bricklayer, and threw in quite tidily.

"At luncheon time he ran off very hurriedly, and got back panting at 2.30.

"'What luck?' I said softly, as we took the field again.

"'Simpson's a brick. I got in beastly out of breath, and old Fletcher was just a bit inquisitive, I thought. The fellows are all right.'

"He rolled up his little sleeves and tried to keep step with me.

"We were fairly confident when we went in

to get our 176, but several terrible things happened. Five wickets went down almost for nothing.

"I went in and made a few—I and a little draper chap, who wore a frock coat and a white silk tie on Sundays, and played worse than you could possibly imagine. But he got runs, and that was all that mattered. Borrowley appealed for leg-before against him six times and got him at last.

"Stanton came in and was out fourth ball.

"We had made barely 100 for the loss of another wicket, and then they gave me run out, and I had to go. I did not go near Stanton.

"He walked round the field by himself, darkly.

"A neighbouring curate, pale, and clad in a grey flannel shirt, occupied my wicket.

"My little recruit, padded, gloved, and anxious, sat on the extreme edge of a pavilion chair—the forlorn hope of Heatherford.

"There were several ladies on the ground, and more coming.

"Stanton generally gave teas in the tent, and was considered an excellent host.

"At the present moment he was at the far end of the field, communing with the nettles and the wattle fence. I felt it incumbent on me to step into the breach, and entertain his guests.

"Before I left the pavilion I spoke a word of counsel to E. W. T. Rickman.

"'You must try and keep your wicket up, my son,' I said.

"He smiled palely.

"'This man is bowling very fast,' he said.

"'Oh, nothing, nothing!' I said. 'Perfectly plain and simple.'

"I patted him on the back, and went to join the ladies.

"As I did so, I heard a clatter, and saw the ninth wicket had gone down.

"The curate was the survivor.

"There was a little flutter of surprise in the tent when Rickman went in—taking very long steps.

"'Such a child,' they said. 'Where did he come from?'

"I felt like a fool, and held my tongue. 54 to get, and one wicket to fall.

"Oh for a single hour of Carr!

"One lady took tea without milk—another without sugar—a third with both—a fourth with one—a fifth with the other.

"I handed round the cups with my back resolutely turned to the field; and still the expected crash and cheer did not come.

"By and by I summoned up my courage, and turned to look.

"The curate was playing vilely, but he was keeping the ball out of his stumps, and we had to be grateful for that.

"My little colt was presenting the face of his bat with great solemnity to whatever came his way: it was perfect as far as it went, but it did not look quite like going the length of 54 runs.

"I sat among the ladies, and made feeble excuses for Stanton's derelictions.

"The curate and E. W. T. Rickman were as immovable as flints.

"Hope began to rise dimly, dimly in my breast.

"More ladies came—more tea, more milk, more sugar.

"Perhaps hope was rising in the breast of Stanton, too, for he moved away from the nettles, and came half-way round the field.

"They had made 20 in forty-five minutes—now 30, now 40. Actually the score was 162, and they were still in. That dear curate was still playing *so* badly! with so much tumbling about over plain balls, and so many passionate gymnastics in the playing of yorkers.

"Rickman had made twelve—all by singles.

"Stanton came right round the ground, and walked solemnly past all the ladies, bowing low.

"His lips moved as he passed me, but no sound came.

"Then something awful happened.

"In at the gate came a solitary figure—the figure of a stout elderly lady of portentous mien.

"She came straight at me.

"'Oh dear!' I said to myself. 'This is Mrs. Fletcher.'

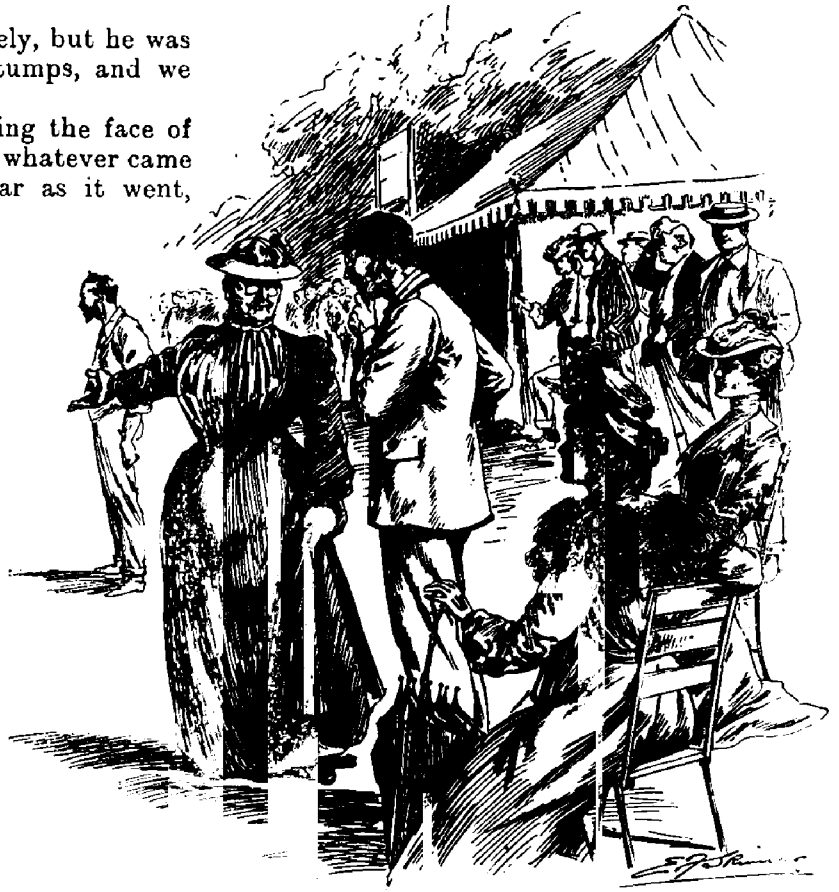
"It was. She reached me.

"'I beg your pardon,' she said, 'but will you kindly tell me the name of the young gentleman out there?'

"'Mr. Farebrother, curate at Snetherly,' I said, taking off my cap.

"She indicated the other batsman, with silent scorn.

"'I think it is Rickman,' I said, in a non-committal tone.



"YOU WILL OBLIGE ME BY FETCHING HIM HERE AT ONCE, PLEASE!"

"'Then you will oblige me by fetching him here at once, please!'

"'I am sorry,' I said, civilly, 'but I don't quite see how I can. At least, not till the over.'

"'Then I shall be compelled to go myself,' said Mrs. Fletcher, and she gathered her skirt carefully in her hand, and stepped out into the field. I went after her, expostulating. What I said I cannot clearly remember. I know I pointed out the gravity and publicity of her offence—the serious issues at stake—the excellence of the tea in the tent.

"I won.

"Mrs. Fletcher came back.

"Came back with awful dignity, and let me get her tea. Such a tea! I plied her with all I could find, and there was much that was exceedingly good. All the while I had one eye on the game, and on the scoring board.

"We won as Mrs. Fletcher finished her third cup.

"She was not the truculent Mrs. Fletcher who had entered the tent twenty minutes before.

"She got outside in time to see the curate touching a damp forelock, and E. W. T. Rickman pulling off his little cap at the pavilion gate.

"I owed little Rickman a debt, and I paid it to the best of my ability.

"It was a mollified, forgiving Mrs. Fletcher who was allowed to lead the culprit away in a halo of gentleness and peace.

"Even now I can see him standing there in his little white flannel suit, and black stockings, thanking us very prettily—thanking *us!*"

"And that's ten years ago.

"The next time that I saw Rickman he was walking about at Lord's with a thundering handsome girl, in all the glory of his brand new Cambridge Blue.

"He did not know me."

The 'bus stopped, and we got down.

A LONDON SUNSET.

THE AMOUNT of reading that I do is enormous, and I have calculated that on an average there are 1.02658 sunset descriptions in every book that I have read. The decimal is obtained by there being, in some novels, more than one sunset. The descriptions make you envy the persons who have seen such sights, and I thought I should like to see one for myself.

Being quite unfamiliar with such a subject, I thought that "Old Moore" might help me to find out how, when and where to see one. The very unsatisfying facts noted in that most truthful and indispensable book were that on the twenty-fourth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and two, the sun would set in London at 5.28 p.m.

The morning of the twenty-fourth dawned wet, sullen, and sodden. I began to have doubts of my seer's veracity. The forenoon was wet, and the afternoon, not to be outdone by its predecessor, was wetter. I was now anxious about my sunset, but an undoubting trustfulness carried me through, and I still sought.

The weather was not inspiriting when twenty-five minutes past five arrived. It still rained—a dull, hopeless, dogged rain. Of all rains it was the wettest. It was fine and fast-flowing, and seemed to take a fiendish delight in seeking unguarded spots. The trees accurately "placed" drops down the back of your neck, and those which neither sought your neck nor the trees, sternly pitted themselves against the good name of your mackintosh-maker. There was a mist very much like a fog, yellow and bad-tempered

looking (probably an association in my mind with its jaundiced colour), that covered and enveloped everything. It was not impenetrable, for the rain soaked through it, and some few patches of light sky were to be observed, but nothing could be clearly seen through it. All was dull, yellow and forbidding; and the rain soaked, soaked, soaked.

The miserable whistle of an errand-boy did not jar harshly upon the "poetry of the scene"; it harmonised. The 'bus-wheels swishing through the gutters besprinkled you with water a trifle darker than the atmosphere, not muddy, because of its continual watering.

At five-twenty-eight everything remained the same, except the butcher-lad's whistle, which had pertinaciously followed me, and was yet more flat and doleful.

And I sighed. My hopes were ruthlessly shattered. "Old Moore" had failed me!

But my faith again succoured me, and I thought, and still think, the seer says that there was a sunset, and it must be so.

I was sorry—because I have heard of such wonderful arrangements of the spectrum—and was still more miserable than the butcher-boy appeared to be.

Such are most London sunsets. In the all-too-brief, well-earned snatches of rest I have occasionally caught glimpses of a soul-stirring wonder: a glorious, breath-taking combination of pretty reds, lovely greens, and every colour and shade; but although the memory of one unparalleled colouring may remain, the rest is lost.

FRED. RAYWARD DUCÉ,



J. O. Jones

And How He Earned His Living,

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J. O. JONES, an old Greyhouse boy of enormous strength, obtains a mastership at Adderman's, a notoriously ill-managed and unruly private school. On his first evening, whilst taking prep., he orders a boy to go to the headmaster's study. The boy—who proves to be the headmaster's son—refusing, J. O. Jones carries him to the study. Mr. Adderman is intensely vexed by the incident, and warns Jones not to use violence with the boys. Mr. Samuels, the second master, promises to inform the Head should Jones infringe these instructions. Shortly after, a parlour-boarder named Harper arrives. His self-possession and indifference to the opinions of others exasperates some of the fellows, among them Bradwell, a member of the Sixth. One night a raid is made on Harper's room by Bradwell and his gang, and Harper narrowly escapes being suffocated. Jones intervenes, and thrashes Bradwell for speaking insolently to him. Mr. Samuels enters the room while Bradwell is receiving his due, reports Jones's conduct to the Head, and urges Mr. Adderman to send the new master away at once. The Head declines to do this, though he gives Jones notice to leave at the end of the term. After this Jones becomes more popular, but suddenly falls foul of the school by giving Baron, the full-back of the XV., five hundred lines a couple of days before the School is to meet Ardenwood in the semi-final of the Ardenshire cup-tie. Baron failing to finish the lines in time, Jones plays in his stead, and, by means of a brilliant run, wins the match for Adderman's. That night he receives an ovation from the boys in Hall, and seizes the opportunity to make a short speech, in which he urges the fellows to "pull the school up a bit" in other ways than on the football field. Mr. Samuels overhears the speech, and, in consequence of the garbled report of it which he supplies to the Head, the latter orders Jones to leave the school at once. He is about to write out a cheque for Jones when he falls insensible across his desk.

CHAPTER XXI.

SOME GOOD ADVICE.

NCE, when entering the study rather suddenly after a curt introductory knock, Jones had found Mr. Adderman hastily putting a bottle into a cupboard which stood on the right-hand side of the fireplace. Although it was a cupboard in which the Head stored stationery and lesson

books, the bottle he was putting away on the occasion of Jones's abrupt entrance did not contain anything that was purveyed by Mr. Melrose or those highly respectable firms in Pater-noster Row from whom Mr. Adderman obtained crisp new histories, geographies, atlases, and works of a classical and mathematical nature.

The bottle, in short, as Jones's nose had told him, contained brandy, a stimulant with which the Head too often endeavoured to spur his poor tired brain on to fresh exertions.

J. O., when the Head fell forward, hurried round the table, whipped open the cupboard door, and found the bottle he was thinking of. Also a glass, which appeared to have been recently used.

Pouring some brandy into the glass, Jones, assisted by Mr. Samuels, raised the headmaster up and tipped a portion of the liquor down his throat.

But there was no result. Had Mr. Adderman been a teetotaler the brandy would probably have affected him instantaneously. But he was one of the many who wilfully close their eyes to the necessity of regarding this, the king of spirits, as a medicine rather than as a beverage.

"We must call in a doctor," said Jones, giving the bell-handle a wrench.

Then he picked the Head out of his chair.

"Open the door, will you?" he said to Samuels.

His colleague complying, he carried Mr. Adderman into the passage. At that moment Lucy Adderman came out of the drawing-room.

"Your father is in some sort of a fit," said Jones, as Lucy, her face pale with apprehension,

hurried towards him, "I am taking him to his room. Please tell Johnson to go for a doctor. Samuel; you might come with me."

The two men undressed their chief and got him into bed. Half-an-hour later the doctor arrived, and, after attending to the patient, told J. O. that Mr. Adderman must not be left by himself.

So Jones sat through the night in the Head's bedroom--by the side of the man who had but recently told him to leave the school at once.

The hours went slowly and wearily by, and the dawn came with a laggard step, bringing a drizzle with a touch of east wind at its heels.

Jones, who was in the habit of taking things rather literally, wondered whether he had better go that very day--Sunday--and at once fell to thinking of trains to London. For London, he felt, must be his destination. He would be near the scholastic agents there. Besides, he did not care about turning up at Middlebury several weeks before the end of the term. The village knew that he was a master in a school, for the village made a point of acquainting itself with what each member of the vicar's family was doing, and the village would not be expecting Master John back till Easter. If, then, Master John were to turn up several weeks before that festival, the village would jump to a correct conclusion as to the reason of his untimely arrival. And J. O. wished to save his family that humiliation, although personally he didn't care a pin what the village thought or said about him.

In addition to the village, there was his father, of the expression on whose face, during a certain conversation held in January, J. O. had a lively remembrance.

He therefore decided to go to London, take rooms, and look for another mastership. He would, of course, receive a full term's salary from Mr. Adderman, and that would keep him going, and leave a bit over even after he had paid Essie what was due to her, till the Easter holidays were ended.

It cannot be said, therefore, that J.O.'s reflections, as he kept his vigil by the Head's bedside, were at all pleasant ones. However, he was too healthy a man to give way to despondency, so presently he stole downstairs, got a novel out of the Common Room, and read that until six o'clock, when Johnson came softly in with a cup of tea and some thin bread and butter.

"Miss Lucy called me and told me to bring you this, sir," the butler whispered hoarsely in Jones's ear, "she made the tea 'erself and cut the bread and butter with 'er own 'ands."

Jones entrusted a message of thanks to Johnson, who touched his bald forehead with his fore-

finger as he stole out of the room. Jones consumed the bread and butter and drank the tea. Then he continued his perusal of the novel, but for an hour he did not turn a page.

Soon after seven Miss Peters and Lucy appeared together. Jones rose from his chair. His watch, he knew, was over now. He was at liberty to go below.

At first glance Miss Peters appeared to be wearing her usual grim expression, but when she drew near, and Jones looked into her face, he saw that it had altered as it altered that day when Lucy Adderman kissed young Jordan before he started for the station.

All three went to the window, well away from the bed. Jones briefly told them that Mr. Adderman had slept quietly all through the night. He was glad to see that his news perceptibly relieved their anxiety.

"You had better go to bed yourself now," said Miss Peters, "you must be very tired."

"I feel fit enough," said Jones, "so I don't think I shall go to bed. I'll have my tub and change my things, though."

"Thank you very much for your kindness, Mr. Jones," said Lucy, in a low voice, as she turned away towards the bed.

Jones had his bath, got into other clothes, and went to breakfast as usual. He thought he might excuse himself from church, and took a nap in the Common Room whilst the school attended morning prayer. There were no trains to town till the afternoon.

It cannot be said that Mr. Samuels, ordained priest though he was, paid much attention to the sermon preached by the rector of Ardenwood that morning. His chief being ill, the headmastership devolved upon him, and he anticipated trouble with Jones.

Jones had been told to go, and go he should, though he (Samuels) felt pretty certain that Jones would refuse to go until he had discussed the matter further with the headmaster.

However, he felt that this opportunity of getting quit of Jones was too good a one to be lost. He must rid the school of this truculent, overbearing medical student of a fellow while he had a right to do so. And he felt that he had a perfect right to send Jones about his business, for was he not acting for Mr. Adderman whilst Mr. Adderman was ill?

"Strike while the iron's hot." Mr. Samuels, on getting back from church, went to the Head's study, sat down in the Head's chair, and sent for Jones.

J. O. arrived in due course.

"It is my unpleasant duty, Mr. Jones," said the second master, "to remind you of what took

place at your interview with Mr. Adderman last night."

"I don't need reminding—I remember," said Jones.

"Mr. Adderman will—er—Mr. Adderman will forward your salary when he is well enough to attend to business," said Mr. Adderman's *locum tenens*.

"It occurred to me that he might do that," said Jones, quietly.

"So, if—if you will leave your address," added Mr. Samuels, a little nervously—"that is to say, the address to which you wish the remittance to be sent—there is really no reason why—er—there is really nothing to prevent your leaving the school as soon as you like. It is extremely painful to me to have to speak to you in this way, but I am simply carrying out Mr. Adderman's wishes. Personally, I am sorry to part with you, and regret that our relations have not been quite so friendly as they might have been."

"You are very kind," said Jones.

"If you will accept the advice of an older and more experienced man," continued Mr. Samuels, "you will give up scholastic work. It is not your *métier*, Mr. Jones. You mean well, but your methods are all wrong. Kindness and firmness are better weapons to control boys with than brute force. You will not, I am sure, think that I am saying this in any but a kindly sense and with an earnest wish for your future welfare?"

"On the contrary," said Jones, gravely, "I think that you are saying a good deal more, under the circumstances, than any other man would."

Mr. Samuels thought over this reply for a few moments. It seemed to him a little ambiguous.

"I have said what I have said for your good, Mr. Jones," he went on, presently.

"It would do me more good if you were to say it a month hence," replied Jones.

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Samuels, rather sharply.

"I may forget all your excellent advice by the end of the term," explained Jones.

"I fancied you might be rude," said Mr. Samuels; "however, it is for the last time, fortunately. Johnson will order a cab to take you to the station."

"If I keep it waiting a month," said Jones, "it will come rather expensive."

Mr. Samuels waved him away.

"A very poor joke, Mr. Jones. I wish you good-bye, and I trust you will remember what I have said if any other headmaster is so ill-advised as to give you an appointment on his staff."

Jones smiled amicably.

"Perhaps," he said, "it is time I explained my poor joke."

"I will not put you to the trouble," replied Mr. Samuels.

"No trouble at all. There's the explanation," and he flung his colleague a little note.

Mr. Samuels read the note, and as he did so his face turned red and then white. The note was written by Lucy Adderman, but signed by Mr. Adderman. It simply requested Mr. Jones to continue in his present post until the end of the term. It was quite short, and there was no mistake at all about the Head's signature.

Mr. Samuels crumpled up the piece of paper as he rose from his chair.

"Excuse me," said Jones, "I want to keep that letter. I particularly admire Miss Adderman's handwriting."

"You have reason to feel greatly indebted to Miss Adderman," sneered Mr. Samuels.

"Very good of her, if she put in a word for me," said Jones. "I should have found it uncommonly awkward, leaving so suddenly."

Mr. Samuels walked towards the door.

"When I spoke as I did just now," he said, stopping opposite Jones, "I did not know that you had been pleaded for by a sentimental school-girl."

Then he went on to the door, but Jones got there before him, and put his broad back against the panels.

"Excuse me," he said, "but will you be so good as to repeat that remark?"

Mr. Samuels glared into a pair of clear, steady eyes, and did not like the look in them.

"No," he said, "I will not."

"I hardly fancied you would," said Jones, as he removed his back from the door.

CHAPTER XXII.

CERTAIN ITEMS.

MR. ADDERMAN was able to leave his bedroom on Monday morning. He held a somewhat lengthy consultation with his doctor in the study, and the upshot of the sound counsel then dealt out to him was that he decided to procure somebody to assist him with his accounts and correspondence.

His thoughts first turned to his daughter, but the doctor, who was an old acquaintance, shook his head.

"Miss Lucy would work very well while the novelty of the thing lasted, but she would soon tire of your butcher's and baker's bills. No, get one of your senior boys—one who is pretty cute, too. Between you and me and the town clerk, Adderman, these Ardenwood tradesmen are

a sharpish lot. They want watching. Get a lad to help you who has got his wits about him. Anyhow, get assistance. I warn you, you must not do so much work yourself. What occurred on Saturday night mustn't occur again—understand that!"

So the good-hearted doctor left him, and in the end, Harper, hearing through Lucy Adderman that the Head wanted help, suggested himself as *aide-de-camp*.

"I'll come for a month on trial," he said to the Head, "and I shan't want any salary."

This proposal suiting Mr. Adderman down to the ground—for he did not desire such secretarial services to cost him anything—Harper went to work to straighten out the Head's affairs.

Meanwhile, Mr. Adderman sat by the fire and watched his assistant with a sort of weak wonder. He saw the work being done much better than he ever did it himself at the best of times—and he felt almost content.

Still, he was ill; he did no teaching. He did not go into the Long Room nor into the Hall. The boys, consequently, seldom caught even a glimpse of him. Visitors to the school were referred to Mr. Samuels. Educationally, Mr. Samuels was now headmaster. Commercially, Harper was.

And so the days went quietly on, Mr. Adderman dozing by the fire, and Harper at the desk burrowing among the piles of papers with the energy of a ferret.

He did not trouble, these times, to do very much school-work. He found the work in the study more amusing. Sometimes, as he totalled up the long rows of figures, he smiled quietly. He was preparing a few bombshells, and when he smiled he was thinking of how he would one day take these shells round and tap them.

Having made himself thoroughly acquainted with Mr. Adderman's liabilities, Harper decided to call at several tradesmen's shops in order to point out to the proprietors thereof the various inaccuracies which had crept into the accounts they had rendered to the headmaster. Harper knew that such an errand would not be a particularly pleasant one, for no gentleman likes to be told by another gentleman that he has made, say, fifteen miscalculations in a bill containing, say, fifteen items; and when the gentleman whose melancholy duty it is to draw attention to

such miscalculations happens to be a slim youth of barely seventeen summers, it is hardly to be wondered at that the gentleman taxed with inaccuracy—to put it politely and mildly—does not feel inclined to go out of his way to be over-civil to such a caller.

"I will begin," said Harper, "with Mr. Melrose. He will do nicely to practise on."

Mr. Melrose had just come in from the "Two Spies," one afternoon, and was gazing out of his parlour window at nothing in particular, when



"EXCUSE ME, BUT WILL YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO REPEAT THAT REMARK?"

his shop-boy informed him that a young gentleman wished to see him on business.

"Go and ask him what he wants to see me about," said Mr. Melrose.

"He says chiefly copy-books," was the boy's reply, when he returned.

Mr. Melrose left the parlour window unwill-

lingly. Eight-penn'orth of gin at the "Spies" had left him in a cheerfully contemplative state—he didn't want to talk, he didn't want to think. He simply wanted to look at nothing out of the parlour window.

"Only one of Adderman's lads," he thought, catching sight of the familiar cap.

"Good-day, Mr. Melrose; I trust your wife is quite well?" said Harper.

Regarding his visitor more closely, it struck the stationer that he had seen him before. A little reflection told him when.

"Now look 'ere, young man," he said, sharply, "just tell me what you want and I'll serve you with it. You're from the school, aren't you? Well, what is it?"

"I have called," said Harper, "about the bill you recently sent Mr. Adderman."

"Come to pay it, I 'ope," returned Mr. Melrose.

"Most of it will be paid in due course," said Harper.

"Most of it, eh? I should say all of it, if I was you."

"But, unfortunately for you, I'm not you," said Harper.

"How d'you mean—'unfortunately for me'?"

"I mean," said Harper, "that unfortunately for you I do not take the same view with regard to the value of your goods that you do yourself."

"Oh, don't you?" returned the tradesman angrily, "well, let me tell you that what I've put down has got to be paid. You're Mr. Adderman's clurk, ain't you?"

"Yes—though I don't pronounce myself like that," said Harper.

"Never mind how you pronounce it," returned Mr. Melrose, "you're his clurk, and you've come to see me about my bill. Well, what about it?"

"It appears," said Harper, "that some of your charges are excessive. To begin with—the ink you have supplied—"

"What do you know about the ink I've supplied?" demanded the stationer, winking his watery eyes very rapidly.

"I know that a seven-shilling gallon jar doesn't cost eight-and-fourpence," said Harper, gently.

"That one-and-four's for the jar," explained Mr. Melrose.

"The jar was returned," said Harper.

The stationer frowned darkly.

"Anything else?" he demanded abruptly.

"I also know that twelve reams of exercise paper at three shillings the ream don't cost two pounds."

"Go on," said the stationer, who had turned so pale that his nose stood out against its white background with painful redness.

"If you want further proof of my knowledge,"

said Harper, "I may tell you that three gross of steel nibs at one-and-six the gross do not come to five-and-sevenpence."

Mr. Melrose pointed to the door with a sudden, dramatic gesture.

"Get out of my shop!" he exclaimed.

"Certainly," said Harper, folding up the bill and putting it into his pocket, "and may I ask the way to the police-station?"

"Eh?" faltered the stationer.

"The way to the police-station," said Harper, "where the police live, you know."

"W—what d'you want to go there for?" asked Mr. Melrose.

"Merely to give you in charge for fraud," said Harper, walking to the door.

"C—come back!" almost whined Mr. Melrose.

"Oh, yes, I shall come back—with a policeman," said Harper.

Mr. Melrose stared wildly at his visitor. Harper, glancing at him, noted his ashen face and quivering lips.

He walked up to the counter.

"The police-station doesn't happen to be quite in the direction I meant to take," he said, "so suppose I leave this bill here and call again a little later? You might like to make out a new one."

So saying, he quitted Mr. Melrose's premises.

Mr. Melrose kept quite silent for a couple of minutes. Then he crept into the parlour, sat down at the table, and spread out the bill before him.

"Well," he muttered, "how did he find that out! I didn't put down how much it was a jar or a ream or a gross. I just put the total amount agen each."

He gazed at the account with startled eyes.

"I know—he looked up the old bills!"

Perspiring and shaking, the wretched little man rushed into the shop, snatched a clean account form out of a drawer, rushed back to the parlour, and feverishly started making out a new bill.

"I thought," he whispered, as, ten minutes later, he laid down his pen, "I thought the old man 'ud be too muddled up to spot it."

With agitated carefulness Mr. Melrose blotted and folded the account and put it into a clean envelope. Then he stuck up the envelope, wrote Mr. Adderman's name and address on it, and took it into the shop.

"Give this to that—young gentleman," said the stationer to his shop-boy, "when he comes in again."

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"Here's a shilling for you, Thomas," added the stationer.

"Thank you, sir," said the boy.

Mr. Melrose put on his hat, and walked round the counter. Glancing back, he caught the boy's eye.

"Who are you looking at?" he demanded, roughly.

"Nobody, sir," said the boy.

"Well, then, don't look like that at nobody again. You didn't hear a word that—young gentleman said, did you?"

"Not a word, sir," said the boy, who had learnt to lie readily whilst he had been in the service of Mr. Melrose.

"Well, just *remember* you didn't hear a word," concluded the stationer, as he turned his steps towards the "Spies" for a little something to pull himself together with.

As for Harper, he, after leaving Mr. Melrose's shop, walked down the street to interview Mr. Moses, the grocer. He laughed softly to himself as he went.

Mr. Moses received him in his usual fulsome fashion.

"Good-day, my dear sir. Beautiful day, is it not?"

"It is the sort of day that makes one feel glad that one is alive, Mr. Moses," returned Harper, "the sort of day that fills one with pity even for the hardened scoundrels in gaol."

Mr. Moses started very slightly.

"To be sure, sir, to be sure—and what is it I can do for you?" he asked, a little less cordially.

"I have come on behalf of Mr. Adderman," said Harper.

"Ah, poor gentleman—I hear he is very ill," said the grocer, endeavouring to look sorry.

"He is," said Harper, "so it is fortunate that he has a secretary to look after his accounts. I have called to see you about yours, Mr. Moses," he added.

"Just so, sir," smiled Mr. Moses, brightening up at the idea of being paid so soon.

"What is it," said Harper, taking a document from his pocket, "that wears a uniform, a bundle of keys, and a grim look on its face, Mr. Moses?"

"I never was any good at riddles," smiled the grocer.

"Try," said Harper, coaxingly.

"A school matron," ventured the draper, with a smirk.

"Wrong," said Harper.

"I give it up," purred the grocer.

"A prison warder," said Harper.

Again Mr. Moses gave a slight start. He didn't seem to like the way Mr. Adderman's secretary talked about prisons and warders.

"Well, sir, as to the account?" he said, rather coldly.

"Another riddle. What is that on which one

goes for a walk and never seems to get any further, no matter how many steps one takes?" asked Harper, pleasantly.

But the grocer's smooth expression and manner had disappeared.

"I've no time to fool away answering silly riddles," he said, roughly, "if you've come to pay my bill I'll trouble you to get to business."

"You might try and answer my little riddle," urged Harper.

Hang you and your riddles! It's a pity Mr. Adderman ain't well enough to come and pay his own bills."

"But as he isn't, I am paying them for him, you see," explained Harper.

"Pay away, then," snapped Mr. Moses.

"All in good time, my friend. Come, now, try and answer my riddle. Try, there's a good fellow."

"I won't answer no riddles. If you've come to pay my bill, pay it; if not, you can clear out."

Harper fixed his dark eyes on the grocer's shifty countenance.

"Have you ever heard of a treadmill, Mr. Moses?"

"Of course I 'ave!"

"That's the answer to my riddle."

"All right, then; that's the answer. Now pay my bill."

"Gently, gently. Before we discuss the payment of your bill, let us see whether the bill, as now made out, ought to be paid. Will you run your eye over the items marked with a cross in red ink?"

"The bill's as it should be," said Mr. Moses, "and if Mr. Adderman won't settle it, there's the county court."

"There are also," said Harper, "the assizes."

Mr. Moses glared at the slim youth standing on the other side of his counter.

"What d'you mean?" he demanded hoarsely.

"You understand perfectly what I mean," returned Harper—he was speaking quite seriously now—"and so—here is your account. Think over those items marked with red ink."

"That bill is going to be paid as it stands, or I'll know the reason why!" blustered the grocer.

Harper laid the document in question on the counter.

"Before you make a point of knowing the reason why, I advise you to examine the items I have indicated," he said, quietly, as he retired towards the door.

If looks could kill, the glance Mr. Moses shot at his caller would have cut Harper's existence short then and there.

"A very beautiful day," murmured the parlour boarder, glancing up at the blue sky as he drew on his gloves, "the sort of day that fills one

with pity even for the hardened scoundrels in gaol."

Mr. Moses said never a word. The bill lay on the counter in front of him. As yet he had not touched it.

"So, my dear Mr. Moses," added Harper, as he finished buttoning up his gloves, "again reminding you—since you force me to do so—that there are such unpleasant things as assizes as well as county courts, I will leave you to study the aforesaid items marked in red ink. Good day, Mr. Moses."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ONLY "ELIGIBLE."



ON his return from the town, Harper took a short and—for the ordinary boy—unauthorised cut back to the school by way of the far end of the playing fields and the Head's garden. This route, in his progress towards the front door, led him past the Head's study, whose windows looked on to the lawn.

Harper glanced casually through the windows as he passed, and what he saw gave him much food for after-reflection. Mr. Adderman, with his chin on his chest, was dozing at his desk: that was nothing unusual, as his weakened condition often caused such relapses into half-slumber. But, peering over the Head's shoulder at something which Mr. Adderman had evidently been writing when he succumbed to drowsiness, stood *Mr. Samuels*. So intent was the second master on his perusal of the document—whatever it might be—that he did not observe Harper's proximity outside, nor even that the windows were temporarily darkened by a passing form.

After hanging up his coat, Harper sauntered down the main corridor of the school proper, and presently his attention was attracted by a crowd of boys round the Games' Board. Hereupon was pinned the team selected to meet Jesseville in the Final round of the Ardenshire Cup. A circumstance which gave great satisfaction to the mob of youthful critics was the fact that Mr. Jones was again installed as full-back, while Baron, now rejoicing in a free and impositionless state, had been moved up into the three-quarter line. The tail-end of the list—like most tail-ends of such lists—provoked a good deal of disagreement among the youthful critics aforesaid, for the common herd does not view its champions with the cold and impartial eye of captain or selection committee.

Harper moved on into the playground to find young Jordan peering down a grating near the

door with a countenance most rueful. He was in the company of his sworn ally Turner—what friendships doth the flow of blood inaugurate!—and half-a-dozen other gentlemen of tender years and diminutive stature.

"What's the matter?" enquired Harper.

"Jordan's dropped sixpence through the grating," explained Turner.

The parlour-boarder surveyed the scene of the disaster.

"If you will be good enough to wait here for a few minutes," he said, "I think I can get the sixpence for you."

With this he went in search of Johnson, and presently returned with a long piece of twine and a morsel of cobbler's wax. Fixing the wax on to the string, he first softened it with a lighted match, and then, lowering it through the grating, by means of skilful angling at length succeeded in inducing the coin to stick to the wax, and to be hauled up into the light of day.

"Here you are, sir," he said, handing the sixpence to Jordan.

The latter's gratitude was boundless, and from that hour Harper held almost as high a place in Jordan's estimation as Mr. Jones did. He wrote and told the angelic Phyllis about the loss of his sixpence and its recovery, whereupon Phyllis decided to marry Harper should Mr. Jones, her first choice, be unfortunately killed by savages, or meet with some other untimely fate.

"Anyone else dropped anything down?" asked Harper.

Three or four members of the juvenile group immediately explained that various possessions of theirs lay in that grave below, so Harper spent half-an-hour fishing for a rusty assortment of pocket-knives and other small articles. These were immediately laid claim to by the alleged proprietors, concerning whose real right to them there was every reason, however, to entertain doubt. When Harper finally rolled up his twine and departed, he was followed by a chorus of "Thanks awfully, Harper!" in reply to which he gravely raised his cap.

In the corridor he met Mr. Samuels, who was positively effervescing with affability.

"Oh, Harper," he said, laying his hand on the parlour-boarder's arm, "I want you to oblige me in a little way."

"Up to eightpence," said Harper, politely, "I am at your service, sir."

Mr. Samuels laughed.

"What a queer fellow you are! No, I don't wish to raise a loan. The fact is, we—er—we contemplate building a new pavilion next term, and I wish to apply to the parents of the boys for subscriptions. As you are acting as Mr. Adderman's secretary, you doubtless have access

to the names and addresses I require. Will you make out a complete list of them for me?"

"I shall be only too pleased," replied Harper, promptly.

"That will be very kind of you. Perhaps," continued Mr. Samuels, "it would be as well to say nothing about it, at present, to Mr. Adderman. The announcement that I have procured funds for a new pavilion will be a pleasant surprise to him next term, whereas just now he is in such a low state of health, and is so nervous and—er—and prone to be unreasonable, that he might raise some needless objection to the step I propose taking. So it will be as well not to mention the matter to him."

"Very good, sir," said Harper, "I will make out the list for you at once."

Mr. Samuels went on his way to the Common Room looking extremely pleased with himself.

In the apartment mentioned he found Atkins polishing up his dancing-pumps. There was a Hospital Ball that night in the Ardenwood Assembly Rooms, and Mr. Adderman's staff was patronising it in bulk, not so much, perhaps, because it was being held in the cause of charity, as for the reason that Miss Lucy, chaperoned by Miss Peters, was to be present.

Even J. O. was going to the ball. At first he had scouted the idea of attending such a function, but it had afterwards occurred to him that Essie might be a little disappointed to hear that he had not once had occasion, during his sojourn at Adderman's, to wear the dress suit she had so loyally assisted him to purchase. So J. O. was going, with Messrs. Samuels, Atkins, and Huntingdon, little Green, as usual, having been prevailed upon to take Atkins's duty that night.

Whilst, therefore, Green paced up and down the Long Room, Atkins, in front of his bedroom glass, was admiring the preparations he had made to take the fair heart of Ardenwood by storm. It did not occur to him that his dress coat was some two sizes too large for him—the result of buying a misfit at a low price—or that the bright red of the handkerchief in his waistcoat and of his socks was not a colour usually affected for evening wear in the best circles. In short, on reaching the Common Room, and surveying Mr. Huntingdon's prim and sober preparations for the ball, Mr. Atkins felt confident that his own get-up would attract far more attention than his colleague's: and it may be added that he was quite right in his conjecture.

Mr. Atkins, indeed, felt so proud of his appearance that, as half-an-hour had still to elapse before they would be starting for the Assembly Rooms, he made his way to the drawing-room with an easy and confident swagger, and was not even disconcerted by the broad grin which lit up

the face of one of the monitors whom he met on the way.

Miss Lucy, daintily arrayed, was sitting at the piano. Atkins lounged up and came to a halt just where the light of the standard lamp was able to reveal the glorious nature of his toilet.

Miss Lucy, however, did not appear to be greatly influenced by the music-master's dazzling appearance.

Atkins moved rather nearer to the piano, so that she could see him better, but Miss Lucy continued to turn over her music with provoking equanimity.

"Please sing 'The 'Oly City,'" said Atkins, gracefully resting his elbow on the corner of the piano.

"I really don't feel equal to so much exertion," pleaded Lucy.

"Shall I sing it?" suggested Atkins, who would have tackled such strenuous vocal efforts as Wotan's farewell in the *Valkyrie*, or Tannhäuser's apostrophe to Venus, on very little provocation.

"If you like," said Lucy, with a little smile.

"No," said Atkins, self-denyingly, "no, I won't sing it now. I prefer to 'ear you play, Miss Lucy."

"Very well," said Lucy, "I will play to you—but please go and sit down. I don't like being watched."

Atkins therefore lolled on the sofa in the most approved manner of the heavy swells he had seen in pictures, and divided his time between admiring his red socks and listening to the music. And as he listened it occurred to him that he had stolen a march on the other members of the staff, of which he would be a fool not to avail himself. *He and Miss Lucy were alone together.*

It had struck Atkins more than once that, although Miss Lucy was occasionally a little sharp with Samuels and Jones (he didn't count Huntingdon), she was always "as sweet as sugar" to him.

What did that mean? It was significant of one thing only!

After a time he rose from the sofa, moved languidly across the room, and took up his former graceful position at the corner of the piano.

"Miss Lucy," he said, "I shall not always be a schoolmaster."

"No?" said Lucy.

"One day I 'ope to get a good church."

"What shall you do with it?" asked Lucy.

Atkins marvelled at such a dense question.

"Why, play the organ in it, of course."

"I see," said Lucy.

"And give music-lessons to the congregation," added Atkins.

"That will be delightful for them," said Lucy; "but will you have time to give lessons to the whole congregation?"

Again Atkins wondered. She had always appeared to him to be an intelligent girl. Perhaps she was in a flutter, though.

"No; members of it, I meant."

"I see."

"Then," continued Atkins, "I shall be in a much better position than I'm in now!"

"Why?" asked Lucy, innocently.

"Able to afford an 'ome," returned Atkins,

"If," he said, "I am ever in such a position, may I drop you a line?"

"Drop me a line!"

"Yes—you!"

"About what?"

"About looking after my 'ome!" explained Mr. Atkins, who felt that he had led up to the point very diplomatically. At the same time he surveyed her critically and without passion. When



"ARE YOU *proposing* TO ME, MR. ATKINS?"

shortly, for he was beginning to be irritated by her seeming stupidity.

"I see," said Lucy again.

"And in that case," Atkins went on, "I shall require a wife."

"I wonder who the lucky girl will be!" exclaimed Lucy.

Atkins felt sure that she was forcing this light tone. He was making her nervous.

He moved a step nearer to her.

they were engaged he would ask her not to do her hair in that loose way. He would ask her to wear it flatter, and do it up in tight rolls on the top.

Lucy looked at Mr. Atkins enquiringly.

"Are you *proposing* to me, Mr. Atkins?"

"That's the society word for it," replied Atkins.

"Then kindly do not say anything else to me of that nature," returned Lucy, coldly.

"Meaning you won't love me?" suggested Atkins.

"Precisely," said Lucy.

Atkins stared at her. She looked as if she meant what she said. In spite of his gorgeous apparel and taking ways—in spite of the position he would be in when he got a good church—in spite of the fact that he was the one man on the staff with any prospects—*she had refused him.*

The blood rushed angrily into his head. "I suppose, then," he said, "that I must congratulate Jones?"

It was a chance shot merely intended to annoy her. But it took more effect than he had anticipated. Lucy flushed scarlet and rose from her seat at the piano.

"Until you have learnt how to speak to me like a gentleman," she said, "I shall be obliged, Mr. Atkins, if you will not favour me with any more of your remarks."

And with that she left the room—just as Jones was entering it.

Atkins, spite of his glittering attire, gazed dejectedly on the new comer, and threw a melancholy and significant wink after Lucy's retreating form.

"Put my foot into it this time, old man," he said.

"How?" asked Jones.

"Asked her whether I was to congratulate you."

"Me! On what?"

"Go on—you know! *Getting 'er, of course!*"

"You said that to Miss Lucy?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Jones, arranging his tie before the glass over the mantelpiece, "you're more of a bounder than I thought you were, Atkins."

CHAPTER XXIV.

FURTHER ITEMS.

JESSEVILLE won the Final by a dropped goal, but Adderman's earned a hearty meed of praise from all who witnessed the game by their dashing attack and bull-dog defence. They went home defeated, but not dishonoured.

The match was keenly watched by thousands of people, among whom were several big men in the football world. One of these belonged to the neighbourhood; the others had travelled from a distance, having been advised to by that one who lived in the neighbourhood, he being, indeed, no less a person than the International who played three-quarters for Ardenwood town, and who was one of the Rugby Union Selection Committee.

A few days later Baron was invited to represent the county in its next engagement, and J. O. Jones was asked to play for England against Scotland.

J. O. received the telegram in the middle of morning school. He read it, and then crammed it into his pocket.

"Any answer, sir?" enquired Johnson, who, by the way, had lost a florin to the ostler at the "Two Spies" by reason of the school's defeat in the Final.

"Oh—I forgot—yès," said Jones, "get me a telegram form, will you?"

Johnson procured one from Miss Peters, and then J. O. wrote: "*Accept with pleasure.—Jones.*"

Having handed his reply to Johnson, he went on with the Latin Grammar lesson he was then giving, this consisting largely of a rendering of the genders of nouns, which, though thrown into rhyme by some poetical grammarian, did by no means commend itself to Jordan and Co.

The school did not know of the honour that had been conferred on Mr. Jones until the following day, when Oliphant, running his eye over the sporting portion of a daily paper, came to a paragraph which he read three times before he could believe his eyes. Soon the whole Hall was buzzing with the news.

J. O. felt that his rather battered footer boots wouldn't look too well at Blackheath, so on the Friday afternoon he went down into Ardenwood to purchase a new pair. And it was, perhaps, rather fortunate that he did so, as we will proceed to explain.

About half-an-hour before Jones set forth on this errand, Harper had quietly wended his way down to the town to complete his course of calls on certain tradesmen with whom Mr. Adderman had had dealings.

This time he had been entrusted by the Head with a sum of money sufficient to defray all the smaller accounts, and with cheques for the larger liabilities. Having settled Mr. Melrose's bill and enquired pleasantly after Mrs. Melrose, he journeyed on to the shop of the grocer who supplied the school with potted meats, jam, baking powder, and other dainties.

"Another beautiful day, Mr. Moses," he observed very affably, as he entered the shop.

"We'll pass over the cackle and get to the losses, if you please," said Mr. Moses, sullenly.

"Certainly, if you'll lend me an opener," replied Harper, looking significantly at some tins of corned beef.

"You've come to pay me, haven't you?" demanded the grocer, roughly.

"That is to a large extent the object of my visit," admitted Harper, producing the revised

account Mr. Moses had submitted, and handing it to the grocer with Mr. Adderman's cheque.

"There's your receipt," said Mr. Moses, handing back the bill without troubling to blot it.

"I thank you," said Harper, courteously, as he waved the bill to and fro in order to dry the grocer's signature, "it is a pleasure to do business with a business-like man—"

"Like yours truly," grinned Moses.

"And so," continued Harper, "Mr. Adderman will in future get what groceries he requires from Mr. Mellins."

With this home-thrust, Harper put the receipted bill in his pocket and departed, leaving Moses to chew the cud of the fact that Mr. Adderman—his best customer—from henceforth would deal with his gloomy but honest rival in the High Street.

"I'd like to punch that feller into a jelly!" snarled Moses, aiming a murderous blow at a blue-bottle with his cheese-cutter and smashing a bottle of gaudy mixed pickles in so doing.

Harper then paid several small accounts which had been satisfactorily rendered, and at length found himself near the Town Hall.

"Ah!" he said, "His Worship!"

The Mayor, who was the wealthiest man in the place, had an imposing office. A horsey-looking young gentleman was gazing out of the window and picking his teeth. Harper walked up the stone steps, and presented himself with some hesitation at the spacious and well-polished counter. Half-turning his head, the clerk surveyed the caller with a casual eye, and resumed his window-gazing.

Harper waited a little time, and then, drawing a coin from his pocket, timidly tapped the counter with it.

"Well?" drawled the clerk, strolling forward.

"Here's a shilling for you, my boy," said Harper, abruptly changing his manner, "run and tell your master I wish to see him, will you?"

The clerk was rather taken aback by this speech.

"I suppose you want a subscription for your cricket bats?" he returned, with a sneer.

"No," said Harper, "I want to be attended to with civility directly I enter a coal merchant's office. As you took no notice of me, I fancied a tip might hurry you up."

The horsey-looking gentleman observed the Adderman's cap, and that the wearer was but a slight-looking youth. So he jumped over the counter and took hold of Harper's ear.

"Tip, eh? No, I don't take tips from school-boys, or cheek either," he said, twisting the ear round.

"Something harder, eh?" returned Harper, planting a neat blow on the other's jaw, which

sent the clerk staggering backwards. However, he came on again at once, and Harper floored him with a clean drive between the eyes.

"Hullo! what's this—what's this?" enquired a deep, oily voice. It was the Mayor's.

"Teaching your lad manners," said Harper, "and now, Mr. Mayor, I wish to see you on business of an important character."

The Mayor stared at him, and from him to the clerk, who, looking very crestfallen, had risen to his feet and was brushing the dust off his clothes. Presuming it was a youthful scuffle, the Mayor said no more, but pointed to the inner room.

"I'll see you in there," he said.

Ten minutes later Harper strolled out of the inner room. When he had left the building, the Mayor came into the outer office with a heavy frown on his face and a heightened colour.

"Give me an account-form," he said very shortly to the clerk.

He was holding in his hand the bill he had recently sent Mr. Adderman.

The clerk complied with His Worship's request.

"Here's a sovereign for you, Smith," said the Mayor.

"Thank you, sir."

"And if ever you meet that cub again—"

"Yes, sir."

"Teach *him* manners—d'you see?"

"I understand, sir," said the clerk, who, however, as he pocketed the sovereign, mentally resolved that if he ever saw Harper coming down one side of the street, *he* would cross over to the other.

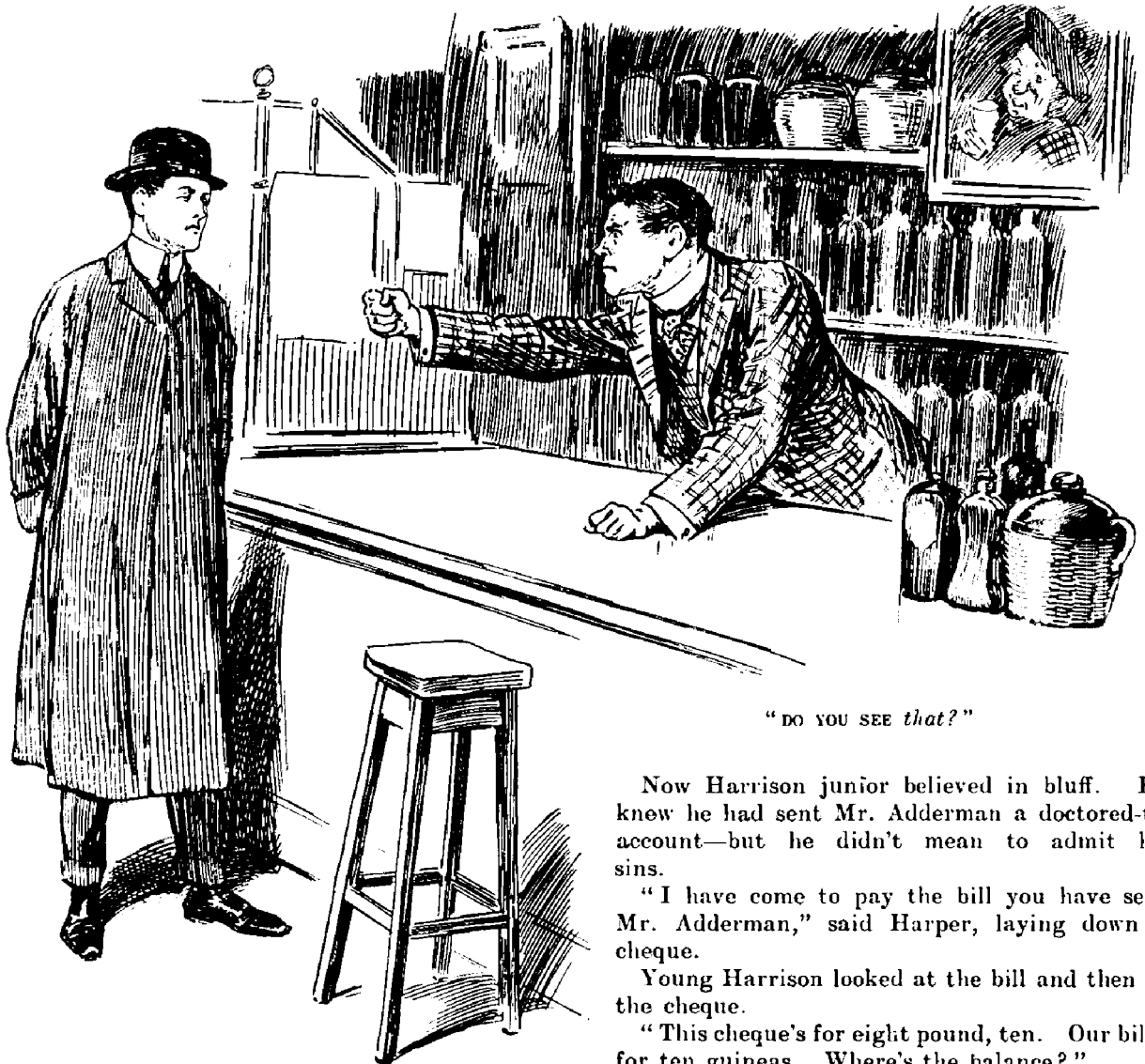
Now, shop-boys sometimes babble, and the town had got wind of Harper's calls on certain tradesmen. It had been a subject of conversation at the "Two Spies" among Mr. Mellins and other worthies with whom Mr. Adderman did not deal. Mellins and Co. gloried in the downfall of their rivals, and chuckled when they saw Harper's slim figure passing along the pavement.

Among others who, owing to the tales which had been spread, were expecting calls from Harper, was Mr. Harrison, the wine-merchant. Young Mr. Harrison, it will be remembered, was the "Butcher" of Ardenwood's football team, whose victim, Bradwell, was now slowly recovering from his injuries in the town infirmary.

After leaving the Mayor, Harper consulted a slip of paper, and then turned his steps in the direction of Mr. Harrison's shop.

Young Mr. Harrison saw him coming, and immediately told his father to retire to the parlour.

"I'll settle the young bantam," he said as Harrison senior promptly complied with his son's request.



"DO YOU SEE *that*?"

Then Harrison junior busied himself with a wine order from an old invalid lady living a mile out of the town. The old lady's doctor had prescribed for her choice, tawny, and nourishing port, but the Harrisons knew two of that. What did it matter, they said to each other, what an old crow of a girl like that drank? She wouldn't know the difference. The Mayor would—he was a particular and knowing bird, was the Mayor—but their sugary No. 1 would do for the old invalid lady.

Harrison junior had got up two dozen of No. 1 (a vile concoction, which they described on their list as "rich and fruity"), and made out a bill meanwhile for their No. 12. After all, it was a simple matter to alter the labels, and the old crow of an invalid lady wouldn't know that she wasn't drinking the best port to be had in the place.

Harper entered the shop and approached the counter.

Now Harrison junior believed in bluff. He knew he had sent Mr. Adderman a doctored-up account—but he didn't mean to admit his sins.

"I have come to pay the bill you have sent Mr. Adderman," said Harper, laying down a cheque.

Young Harrison looked at the bill and then at the cheque.

"This cheque's for eight pound, ten. Our bill's for ten guineas. Where's the balance?"

"Mr. Adderman only owes you eight pound, ten," said Harper, "in the first place, your items don't agree with those in your price-list, and, in the second, you did not send him the wine he supposed you were sending him."

Young Harrison had not a handsome face. It was the kind of face one associates with the Old Bailey. Just now it was crimson, and wore a scowl.

"I've heard of your games," he growled, "and I can tell you you're not going to play them with me. You come into our shop and as good as accuse us of cheating! Do you see *that*?" he added, producing an enormous red fist, "well, if you're not clear of this shop in two seconds, *you'll feel it!*"

"Do you, then," asked Harper, "wish Mr. Adderman to prosecute you for fraud?"

Now it happened that J. O. Jones, whilst buying his boots, got into conversation with the bootmaker—one of the honest brigade—and heard

for the first time about Harper's calls on the tradesmen. And whilst they chatted they observed Harper entering the Harrisons' shop, which was just opposite.

"There 'e goes," cackled the bootmaker, much excited, "'e's givin' the 'Arrisons a turn. Likely 'e'll get into 'ot water with that bully of a Jim 'Arrison."

"Think so?" said J. O. "All right! I'll keep an eye on him."

So he left the bootmaker boiling over with anticipation of witnessing a fine row, and crossed the street to the wine emporium. Just as he got to the door he heard Harper's firm reply, and then there was a scuffle of feet.

Young Harrison had sprung on to the counter, and, sitting there, had clutched Harper by the coat. And Harper, nimble and wiry as he was, knew that he was helpless in that giant grasp.

Then Jones came in.

"Let go," said Jones, walking up to the counter.

"Who are *you*?" demanded Harrison.

"Do you hear?—let go," said Jones.

For reply, Harrison, steadying himself, exerted all his strength and flung Harper backwards with such velocity that the parlour-boarder spun round and fell headlong to the ground. But as Harper shot across the shop, J. O. took Harrison by the nape of the neck and pitched him off the counter on to the top of the two dozen bad port which had been got out for the old crow of an invalid lady. And every bottle broke, and the rich and fruity wine ran in all directions, and the old crow, not receiving her wine that night, became an angry old crow, and sent an order to Jesseville, and never again spent a penny on the Harrisons.

The Butcher rolled among the broken glass, using the worst language he could think of. When he got up, he found Jones laughing at him.

"I'll settle *your* hash!" the Butcher shouted, spurting round the counter, "come on!"

But J. O. contented himself with putting the Butcher back over his counter.

"Won't you fight!" roared Harrison, getting to his feet again.

"I should like to," said J. O., "but I'm playing in a match to-morrow."

And, as the Butcher did not again come round the counter, J. O., accompanied by Harper—who was not particularly hurt by his fall—walked out of the shop and back to the school—still laughing.

CHAPTER XXV.

"THAT'S FOR REMEMBRANCE."

JONES, feeling a little stiff after his afternoon's battle with the Scottish forwards, reached Ardenwood Station about nine o'clock on the following night.

He found Oliphant awaiting him on the platform. The head-monitor raised his cap.

"I hope you don't mind my coming to meet you, sir?" said the big boy, "I wanted to hear about the match."

"I suppose you know the result?" said Jones, as they walked along the platform.

"Yes; it was in the evening paper."

"I can't think how we managed to scrape home," said Jones, "but we did. Those Scotchmen are terrors, but we beat 'em. Drew got over twice for us and Gregory once. Ah!" concluded J. O., with a long breath, "*there's* a man for you! That run of his was the most beautiful thing of the kind I have ever seen!"

"And what did you do, sir?"

"My best," said J. O., cheerily, "and got pretty well battered for my pains."

But Oliphant was not to be put off, and hurled question after question at Jones, until the latter had to beg off.

"My dear fellow, get the *Sportsman* or *Telegraph* on Monday. If I did anything special, they'll have it in. All I know is that we won."

Surveying J. O.'s by no means new coat and well-worn Gladstone bag, calling to mind his ways and words during the term, and observing his present demeanour, Oliphant was impressed by the entire modesty and selflessness of this man by his side. His conscience smote him when he thought of the off-hand manner in which he and his brother-monitors had treated Jones earlier in the term. Something to this effect bubbled up in his mind when he and J. O. sat at supper together a little later, the monitor, of course, at the master's invitation.

"When you came here, sir," said Oliphant, "you must have thought we were an awful set of bounders."

Jones was filling his pipe.

"I knew what it was in my day to dislike masters," he said with a smile.

"You see, sir," continued Oliphant, as J. O., after his tough day's work, puffed most contentedly at his bull-dog, "we've always been accustomed to rag masters here——"

"And habit," put in J. O., "is second nature. I expect I did some master-ragging myself when I was a youngster."

"But not when you were a big fellow, sir?"

"Well," acknowledged Jones, "I may say that I let them alone then. But they always let me

along. At Greyhouse I was regarded as a sort of curiosity, you see, Oliphant."

The big boy surveyed Jones curiously.

"You must have been very different to what you are now, sir," he said.

"I was a sort of unlicked bear-cub," explained Jones, "because the fellows were afraid I'd hug them. A bear-hug, you know, isn't pleasant. Since then, of course, I've knocked about a good deal. I was at Bart's for a year, and afterwards in Ceylon, and that sort of thing sandpapers a man. Not," he added, hastily, "that I don't want a lot of sandpapering now—but you will understand what I mean?"

"I should like to have been at a place like Greyhouse," said Oliphant, musingly.

"It would have been rather in your line," admitted Jones, "still, you're at Adderman's instead, and you've not done badly for yourself here—getting into the county fifteen. I suppose you'll go to one of the universities afterwards?"

"I hope to," said Oliphant, "though my folks are not too well-off."

"Scholarship," said Jones.

"Ah, if I could!" sighed Oliphant.

Jones took his pipe out of his mouth.

"You can if you like—you've got brains enough."

"Do you think so, sir?"

"Try. How much longer are you going to be here?"

"A year, I believe."

"Time enough. Plenty of work will do it."

"One can't work here," objected the school captain.

"Can't! Why not? You've got books and brains and time. Mr. Huntingdon will help you. Don't talk about 'can't'!"

"If—if you were staying on here, sir," said Oliphant, hesitatingly, "I'd think about it."

Jones rose from his chair.

"I'm going to finish my pipe in the playground," he said, "come, we'll finish our talk out there, too."

And so, under the clear sky and the shining stars, in the cool freshness of the early spring night, boy and master walked round and round and chatted of many things, and of some things near to their hearts.

Well would it be if boys oftener confided in their masters, and sons in their fathers. There is many a boy who yearns to live a better life and do nobler things, but falters for lack of sympathy and helping words. Jones was not twenty-three, but he had had more experience of the world than many men much older than he, and so he had learned how to size up a man and read the real nature of him, in spite of those mannerisms and actions and speeches which would have

misled a less diligent student of his fellows. He knew that there was a real man inside Huntingdon's puppyish exterior; that Atkins was a kind and well-meaning fellow whose vulgarity was but skin-deep; that little Green would develop, with a little encouragement, into a strong master. Search as he would, however, he could find no good in Samuels, a man who would besmirch another's name, cry another down behind his back, and regard the priest's dress that he wore not so much as the uniform of a holy calling as that which would procure him a larger income than he could obtain as a layman!

So, Jones, having gathered some knowledge of the world he lived in, talked simply and naturally to this careless, handsome athlete of a school captain; talked in a way that went home and took root in Oliphant's being.

Jones had lived long enough to know that saints do not abide in our midst nowadays; we are all spotted, and some have more spots than others. A man should make large allowances for his fellows, and set much store by what is good in them.

"Ah!" said Oliphant, with what sounded like a sigh, "I wish you were coming back next term, sir."

"And so do I," returned Jones, "but Fate decrees otherwise. The programme I would have followed, Oliphant, I leave in your hands."

"And what can I do?" asked Oliphant doubtfully.

"Use your position and influence—both very great. I tell you, Oliphant, the well-being of a school lies almost entirely in the hands of the monitors. Greyhouse became a different place when a fellow named Wardour was elected to the captaincy. Wardour was a man who was no prig, and had his faults, but he was unflinchingly honest, and however he acted, whether wrongly or rightly, he acted for the best. He became head-monitor when the school was in a very rotten state—yes, even Greyhouse has had its bad times!—and when a man such as he was urgently needed."

Jones was silent for a time, and they paced halfway round the playground ere he spoke again.

"Wardour," he said, "was one of the few friends I had at Greyhouse. He was far above me in school, very popular, a great bat, and a good scholar. But we were friends all the same. There was a little set of us—fellows rather wondered at our being friendly, we were so different. There was Sir Billy—shall I ever forget little Billy?—the dearest little chap! He was slight and small, but he had a fine heart. We chummed up over Scott—both wanted 'The Fair Maid' out of the library on the same day. Aye, and

there was Hallam, an excellent sort, and Parsnip, a pig-headed, obstinate, cantankerous fellow, but made of the right stuff inside. He was Billy's great friend. The school wondered at that, too. But it's no good wondering why certain fellows chum up. It's some unexplainable instinct that draws them together. A fellow often seeks in a chum the qualities he does not possess himself. That accounts for heaps of life-long friendships. Parsnip was a regular young brute, always fighting, and saying disagreeable things, and getting licked, but he would have laid down his life for Billy."

And again J. O. pulled silently at his pipe for a while.

"I like to hear about these Greyhouse fellows, sir," said Oliphant, quietly.

"Well," said J. O., "they were, like the fellows in every school, just a box of mixed biscuits. Wardour pulled up the place better than any other fellow in my time. He knew his power, he used it, and the other big fellows followed his lead. That is the effect of influence. That is what you can do here, Oliphant. Don't mind if the other chaps in the Sixth laugh at you. Some of them want a thrashing badly; let them have it. A fellow who'll back you up, little as you may think it, is Baron. That is only my opinion, mind. But I think so."

"Well, sir," said Oliphant, "I will try to do as you say, and get this place straight. But it would be much easier if you were staying here, sir," he added, regretfully.

"I believe you'll succeed," said Jones. "because you talk as if you meant to. My friend Wardour had just as uphill a job to perform, and he came through. It was his grit did it."

For some little time both remained silent, busy with their thoughts.

Presently Oliphant asked: "What became of Wardour, sir?"

Jones pulled hard at his pipe once or twice.

"He died," said J. O., "he was killed in South Africa."

They were approaching the door which gave access to the playground.

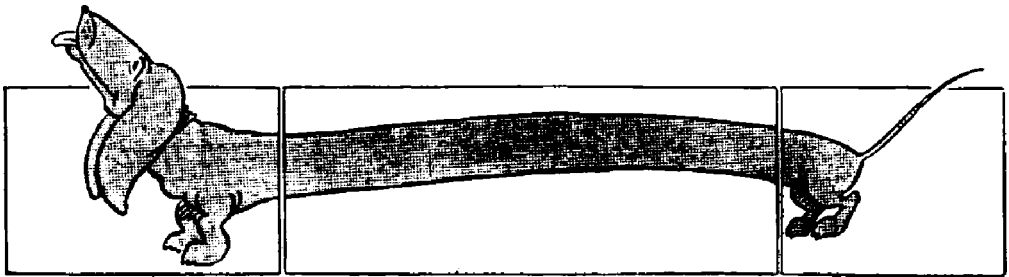
"I think," said Jones, "that we'd better be trotting off to bed now. Good-night, Oliphant."

"Good-night, sir."

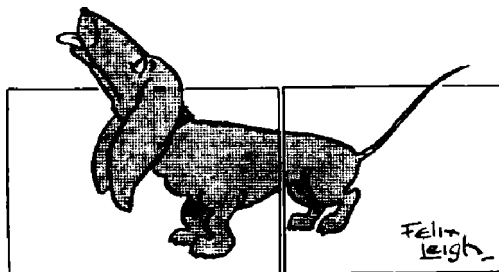
They gripped hands in the way that Englishmen do. It was not likely that they would ever have another talk like this one, for term-end was close at hand. This was the last Saturday. But they would not be likely to forget their star-lit tramp round Adderman's playground, nor would Oliphant ever forget the brave words that were said to him then by the man who had received orders to go.

(To be concluded.)

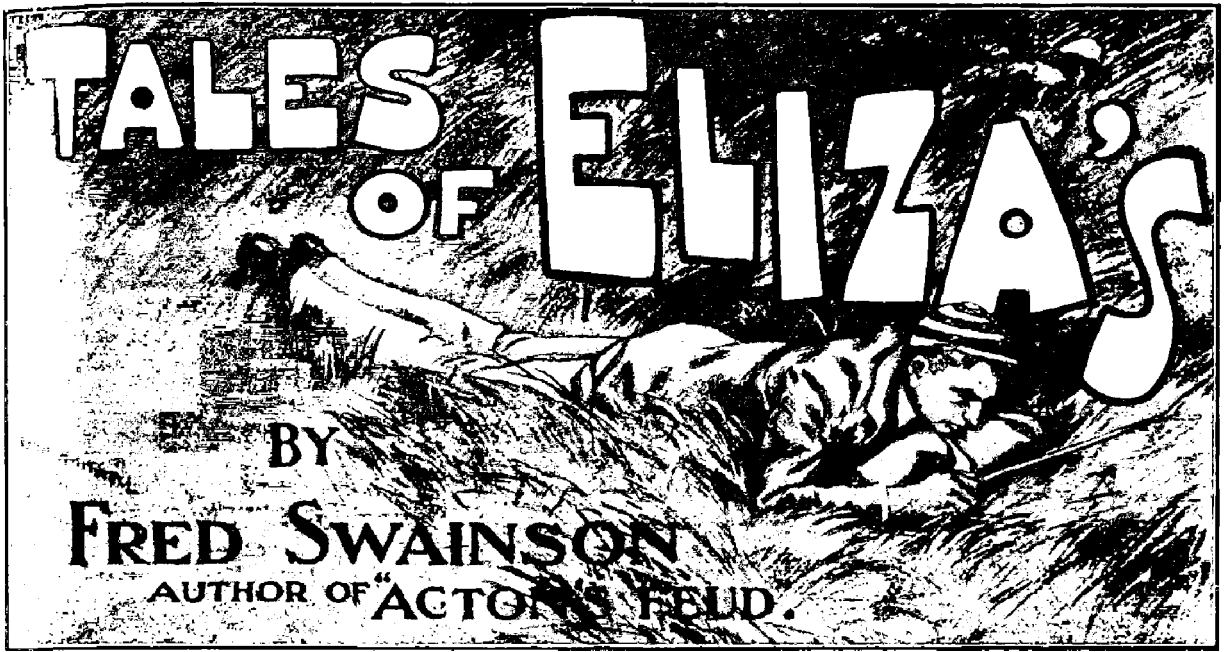
OUR OFFICE DACHSHUND.



If it wasn't for that centre section—



—he would really be an awfully neat little doggie!



No. V.—THE PAYING OF SWAIN.

I.

THE THEORY that some men are utterly, hopelessly, incurably bad—moral lepers, in fact—is one to be

received with great caution.

John Drysdale, of Bultitude's house, thoroughly believes in the theory. Whether he had good and sufficient cause for his belief, this story will show. If you had known Drysdale, you would have thought him the last man in St. Elizabeth's to hold such a tenet as this. He was one who had the knack of seeing white wool in the blackest of black sheep, and of having no prejudices against any sort of fellow, who esteemed the bookman neither less nor more than the athlete, and the nondescript as good as either. His judgments on every matter were uncoloured by any prejudice, he stood aloof in his own self-detachment, and gave his verdicts to Workington—the only fellow, by the way, who ever asked for them—as matters of mere cold law. Workington rather valued his friend's opinion, too.

All this is merely another way of saying that Drysdale was no ordinary fellow. An absolute average in the schools, a fellow who never touched bat nor kicked a ball when he had passed the compulsory stage, he was a genius when he took up his pencils or mixed his colours, a dead shot when he cuddled his Lee-Metford at the eight hundred yards range, and a naturalist frenzied and unresting every day of the year.

When this story begins Drysdale was in his den at six of the clock—a rare occurrence with him. Outside, a June sun was making all things glorious, the cricket fields were alive with fellows practising at the nets, others were stringing across the meadows to the Lodden for boats or for the Pool, the latter swathed, like Arabs in their *burnous*, in their towels, and a few, a very few, were pottering about indoors. As a usual thing, Drysdale would have been tramping through the ditches, prospecting spinneys or giving a careful and experienced eye to his menagerie stabled behind a little cottage. Drysdale was supposed to pay heavy rent for the run of the cottage garden, and in any case the "corn" bill for the up-keep of his starlings, jays, magpies, hedgehogs, badger, snakes, toads and other fearful wild-fowl must have run up to a nice little round sum.

There had come to him by the morning's post a letter in a handwriting he knew very well, and a box heavy and damp, and Drysdale had been in the seventh heaven of delight ever since. Here is the letter:—

Home.
June 1st.

DEAR JACK,—

I am sending you my biggest trout. Isn't he a beauty? Four pounds, seven ounces. I got him out of the pool from which you fished me on that never-to-be-forgotten day. Jack, I had the loveliest ten minutes I've ever had in my life. He raced up and down in the black waters like a silver shuttle, and I gave up my top joint for lost. Then I coaxed him down to the little sandy spit—you know it!—and netted him in all his glory. I simply couldn't throw another line after that: could anyone? I know you

are awfully keen about this sort of thing, so if you can preserve him for me I wish you would. If you are too busy, send him to Ward's.

Ever yours sincerely,

HILDA ARLINGTON.

P.S.—I'm wrong. The jolliest ten minutes was when I heard that our picture was hung at Liverpool. I wonder what will ever beat that!

P.P.S.—I got him with the bracken fly. Is that fair?

Drysdale had opened the box, and there, stretched on the wet moss in all his spotted beauty, was a clean-run trout, deep-bellied like a jack, as all big trout are. The naturalist eyed the dead king, whose mouth was dolorously half-opened and eyes a-goggle, with delight. He heaped up more wet moss around him, shut the box and said, "I'm going to have a glorious day. This is my affair: not Rowland's."

Drysdale cleared his table after dinner, got out his knives and scissors, his tow and his putty, and commenced work. This embalming of a dead trout was Elysium to him, and the hours slipped away as they will when one's lines are cast in pleasant places. And yet getting the skin off a fish or the fish out of his skin is not the easiest of work. But Drysdale was at home in these grisly *post-mortems*, and soon the trout was a mere empty shell. When finally he had done all that could be done that day, he heaped up more wet moss around the skin, wiped his knives like a careful workman, and stowed away his board, the trout, the scissors, and the *lubrica exta*.

"Think I'll go and order those books," he said as he washed slowly and luxuriously, "and then I'll write Hilda. Jove! Spurling's little bill will make a pretty hole in my cash. The 'moor fowl' books with the Millais plates will account for thirty, and the others will run up to as much. Anyhow, I've got to have them, so it's no good grumbling." He got into his coat, unlocked his cash-box, and put a little pile of gold on the mantelpiece. As he locked up the box a knock sounded on the door. "That's Workington. *Come in!*"

Instead of Workington, there entered a fellow of Worsfold's house, Swain. Drysdale barely knew him. Had Workington ever told Drysdale of his sorrows, when he was drafted into Worsfold's to get a slack, lounging house into decency's path, he would have had to mention James Swain. Swain was the fine flower of a spoilt, idle, vicious, money-soaked life. A look at the fellow would have put most on their guard against him: his heavy, fleshy jaws almost hung pendulous, his mouth had the set, sly sneer

lurking at the corners, his eyes were furtive and fleering, and too close together for the healthy outlook, and his skin had the bilious, jaundiced tint which suggested high living and low thinking. Now, I know a fellow can't help his looks, and I know that many fellows are not what they seem, but if there was anything in Swain's appearance which suggested unpleasant things, Swain in his deeds realised it to the full. No one knew of anything inside school or outside standing to his credit, but no one knew, except, perhaps, Workington, how big a cad he was.

"Hullo, Swain," said Drysdale, staring at his visitor. "What's the row? Take that chair. You look hipped."

Swain dropped into the chair Drysdale pushed towards him, and looked at the naturalist with mouth half-opened, though he said nothing. He looked fearfully ill. Horace speaks somewhere of the violet colour of his Romans in the cold weather, and Swain's unhealthy yellow had shifted to that strange tint. Not only did he look ill, but he looked scared, as though some one had been hunting him. He glanced round Drysdale's den with eyes that hardly took in anything he saw, and yet, bar none, Drysdale's four walls were the strangest in Eliza's. Pictures and drawings that made you gasp.

Swain said finally, "Drysdale, I'm in a fearful hole."

"Jove!" said the naturalist, cheerfully, though not unkindly, "so was a badger I spotted last week. But I got him out. Lusty beggar, too."

Swain glanced distractedly at a stoat, grinning with all its needle teeth, in front of him. Drysdale caught the glance, and said, with a smile: "No, that's not the beauty. He's alive and kicking still. Introduce you when you're out of your hole. What's it all about?"

"Money," said Swain in a gasp. "I want money, or . . ."

"That's a common disease," said Drysdale. "I'm not very flush myself. How much is it?"

"Five," said Swain despairingly.

"Five! In that case you'd better speak out. By the way, why do you come to me?"

Swain had come to Drysdale because he had heard vaguely that Drysdale had loads of money—which was untrue—and that he had in his time helped other fellows out of holes—which was very true.

"There's no one in Eliza's can lend it me," moaned Swain. "I've been begging since breakfast. You're my last hope."

"I think you'd better speak out," said



THE NATURALIST UNLOCKED HIS CASH-BOX.

Drysdale, gravely enough. "Take your time."

Swain boggled a minute or two before he could say quite what he had come to say. Then it all came out with a rush. "That cad Workington . . ."

"Workington's my friend," said Drysdale sharply; "he is no cad."

"Sorry, Drysdale, but he's served me a dog's trick. He's rounded on Peel because he found Hart, Bayliss, Emery and me having a little cards there on a beastly wet afternoon, and he goes instanter to Carver, and peaches."

"Don't believe it," said Drysdale confidently.

"Well, next day Peel gets put out of bounds for ever and a day, which is just as good as throwing him into the streets. So

he's going to clear out. It's plain to anyone that Workington did split on us," said Swain, bitter fury and hatred swamping for the moment his deadly fear.

"He'd clear you out, of course," said Drysdale, with a plain look of disgust in his face, "but all the same he wouldn't split on you. Workington manages his little affairs himself, and doesn't believe in Carver attending to every dirty little puddle. I know him. But I can't see what you've got to be scared about, man."

"Well, Peel's got to cut from the town."

"Good biz," said Drysdale laconically.

"He's an unsavoury bird. Still . . ."

"And he's going to round on me unless I clear up on the nail what I owe him."

"For the oranges?" asked Drysdale coolly.

(Peel was a fruiterer.) "Five seems rather steep for them."

Swain, under the scrutiny of the grave, unflinching eyes of Drysdale, had not pluck enough to lie. Fear had robbed him of his chief characteristic, and he stumbled through a neat little catalogue of illegalities, in which betting seemed the mildest. And he wound up his farrago in a whine. "The brute means it, and Carver would boot me out of the place if . . ."

"Rather!" said Drysdale, "and don't you jolly well deserve it. Emery and Bayliss are kids almost. Pity to drag them into your orangeman's back parlour!"

Swain went on in his rush: "My people are abroad. I haven't a stiver, and I haven't a friend in this forsaken hole. And to-morrow Peel will split, as surely as he does not get his money. I know the animal. Then Carver will hold a drumhead court-martial, and I shall be fired out."

"I should say that would be the programme."

Swain, in the last words of Drysdale, saw his final hope go by as a sinking ship might see the trail of a steamer's smoke on the horizon: a faint hope dissipated into despair. He had not even the courage of despair. He doubled up in Drysdale's chair and wept some salt, salt tears.

Drysdale got up and looked out of the window. A senior Elizabethan ought to be above tears. The naturalist, as he looked at the figure in the chair, was reminded irresistibly of Chubb in the old days. At last he turned round and said: "Look here, Swain. Just dam that water for a minute. I'm going to help you . . ."

Swain rolled out of his chair and poured out his thanks in torrents. He looked meaner and more pitiful than ever.

"Shut up," said Drysdale, hastily, "I'm going to help you—on conditions. I'm entitled to them, I think. You're to draw a line through all your rotten affairs at once, and behave moderately decently. I can see what a pretty row old Workington had to hoe, when he took Worsfold's in hand. Hear? You're to quit all your choice *etceteras*."

Swain strung out a thread of frenzied "I'll never's," whilst the naturalist unlocked his cash-box. He took out his last remaining coins, and added them to the little pile on the mantelpiece. "Look here, Swain, you're taking almost my last shilling. Three of these were for some books that I badly wanted, and I shall have to forego them. This seems priggish, but I don't mean it that way, only,

if you do get any cash this term, you might remember. The Millais is limited, hang it."

Swain held the sovereigns in his hand, as a drowning man would clutch a spar, and Drysdale, now that he had swallowed the loss of his beloved books, cut across the thanks hastily. "Funny thing, Swain, I never was in a hole for want of money yet, except once, and that was when I wanted to buy Jefferies' works. I'd read one and couldn't rest until I'd got the lot. Then I sold my watch—three quid." Drysdale pointed lovingly to some damaged volumes on his shelves, whilst Swain looked at him in pretty much the same way as Drysdale would have looked at some animal he'd never seen before. The fellow in his heart believed that Drysdale was an idiot. Then, with the sly, satisfied leer beginning to settle on his yellow face once more, he opened the door delicately, and slid off.

Drysdale looked abstractedly into his empty cash-box for a minute or two, and then shrugged his shoulders. He had no conviction that he had done a wise thing. He straightway dismissed Swain from his mind, and wrote to Hilda.

II.

NOTHING happened in Drysdale's beloved woods, spinneys, ditches, hedges and fields but what he knew. He had the eye of the Indian, which misses nothing and misreads nothing, and Workington has put it on record that a field-day with Drysdale out in the open was a liberal education in the art of taking note. He knew the innermost meaning of the fall of a green leaf, why the blackbirds at the corner of the spinney were always scolding, and the reason for the hurried threading of a hare through the long grass at midday. When a pair of sparrow-hawks built a nest on the foundations of an old carrion-crow's in the giant Scotch fir and began their long, sweeping, scythe-like curves in the summer sky, he prophesied the birds that would forsake the neighbourhood. It happened so, even to the magpies who forsook their half-hatched eggs. He knew where the otters lurked under the willow roots, when no one dreamed there were any in the Lodden: but Drysdale could read a meaning into the frequent dead trout on the banks and into the business-like bites behind the head. Otters are epicures in their way. And Drysdale was the man to doubt strongly that shrikes ever hang up bees and beetles in the thorns, because he'd never found a larder himself. The half-hearted

naturalist, seeing this in print, would implicitly believe it. Drysdale may one day.

Now that Ricketts had gone, the "Angler's Arms" was a rather decent little hostelry, and Drysdale had full permission to beat in and out of the spinney, which hid it from the towing path, to his heart's content. At the corner of the little wood, just where it ran down to the towing path, a few trees had been felled and carted away, and in the cleared space there had been tipped a few carts of sand, and a few rough-dressed stones for some minor building operations which had never been commenced. This was at the angle of the spinney. Shutting in the wood from the towing path on one side, and from the meadows on the other, was a tall hedge, now dense with its June luxuriance of leafage, and with the rank grass springing up at its feet. At the point where the hedge commenced to run at right angles was a gate, which swung backwards by its own weight, and prevented cattle from straying out of the meadows on to the towing path.

Drysdale was truly extraordinary. That little heap of sand beaten rather flat by wind and rain had suggested something to him, and, every hot day, for a week past, he had made a point of stealing up to it carefully and noiselessly as though he expected to find something there, if he could arrive very quietly. And one day his careful stalk had its reward. As he lifted his head out of the rank grass at the edge of the spinney he saw something whicker off the sand into the thick herbage with a speed of an arrow—a black arrow.

"Thought so," said Drysdale, with a sigh of satisfaction, "Mrs. Viper sunning herself when the sands are nicely warmed for her. She's shy and sly, of course, but I can wait her pleasure next fine day—with a stick. I know the dodge."

Thus it was that a week after Swain's visit Drysdale lay stretched full length in the long, lush, June grass, his chin resting lightly on his arm; in his right hand he clutched a short, forked hazel stick. He lay within a yard of the little patch of sand, at the corner of the spinney, which was just clear of the shadow of the trees, and caught the full flood of a burning sun. The heat wave vibrated above the patch, and Drysdale felt more than a little of the reflected warmth on his face. He was morbidly anxious to keep the sand well in view, and as anxious to keep himself out of sight. His curls barely topped the grass. For half-an-hour he had not moved a muscle, and his eyes were kept rigidly on the

sunny patch. When you want to catch, alive, the British viper, you must take all the precautions and give away no points in the game.

Drysdale's visitor was taking her time. She seemed in no great hurry for her bath of sunshine, but the naturalist did not mind. When he was on the war-path he had the invincible patience of the Indian lurking in the thicket. And, somehow, Drysdale and his patience seemed to get everything all in good time. As he lay there, his eyes aching from the glare of the sun, he heard the gate behind him swing back as people passed up and down the towing path, and the splash of the sculls in the water told him that Elizabethan juniors were disporting themselves on the Lodden's breast in the usual manner. He could hear the voices of those who passed by on the other side of the hedge, and, as they eased up at the gates, he heard little snatches of conversation. "Elizabethans *don't* use their tongues to conceal thought, anyhow."

The occasional flat jar of the swinging gate moderately annoyed Drysdale. "Lucky hearing isn't my lady's strong point, or else she'd never lie up in this row.

'If his ear were as quick as his eye,
No man should pass him by,'"

quoted the naturalist, to satisfy himself. "That last smash must have set each and every one of her bones on edge if she's within half a mile of here. No, it hasn't; she's here!"

A faint, almost imperceptible shiver in the grasses opposite had arrested Drysdale's eyes. The quiver wavered and ceased, and, from the point where it had ended, Drysdale saw the head of a snake move, slowly and deliberately, yet cautiously, out of the grass. He could see those black, unwinking eyes which look out upon the world as no other eyes look, and which nothing moving can escape. Drysdale stiffened as rigid as his rod: he did not move as much as an eyelid. The snake came forward into the sunshine about half its length, and then remained absolutely motionless. She seemed as though she listened. Had Drysdale moved the fraction of an inch at that moment the waiting creature would have flickered into the grass as a whip-thong through the air.

Drysdale had seen the cautious out-thrust of the head with a species of surprise: the head was not the head of a viper, the marking was not the marking of the grass snake. He stared at the motionless reptile in fascination, wonder and doubt, but when finally he could distinctly see the black spots on the

grey skin he could have cried aloud with joy, with delight. "The *coronella*, by all that's wonderful."

The snake, motionless as a dead stick, was the *coronella*: the smooth snake, the rarest of the British three. "Rare, oh! rare," murmured Drysdale, in ecstasy. "I thought Brusher Mills,* in the New Forest, was the only man who ever saw them, and he only every year or so." Drysdale flushed with sheer heart-dissolving joy. This was the luck which came to a man once in a lifetime.

The snake still remained motionless. It seemed for an age to the Elizabethan. Then—and Drysdale began to sweat with fear—he heard voices coming through from the meadows towards the gate. Drysdale heard every word. The speakers came to the gate and Drysdale's heart nearly stopped beating as he listened for the crash of the gate. If it did crash the tremble of the earth would send the *coronella* off like a streak. Drysdale gave it up for lost.

The crash did not come. Instead, an angry voice ripped through the warm air as though it were tearing silk, and Drysdale wondered, even in his anxiety, where he had heard that voice before. Somewhere, certainly, and recently.

"I'm not going one step further. Are you going to get me the money? No or yes?"

A hand, palpably trembling with passion, had seized the bar of the gate and shaken it savagely. The slight jar reached the snake, and it pulled back its head warily. The Elizabethan could still see it like a dead stick in the grass. He dare not stir, but Drysdale would, at that strained moment, have dearly liked to drop the speaker into the Lodden. The conversation still went on, and Drysdale had perforce to listen to it.

"I tell you, Swain, I've done my best. I only came out of hospital this morning, and I can't raise the coin. I'm played out."

"Played out, you snivelling puppy! that's always your infernal whine!" said the gentle Swain.

"I can't do more. I'll pay you back, next term, every penny I owe you. 'Pon honour, I will."

"I can't wait till then," said the other in a fury, "I'm on the expelled list myself, as near as a toucher. With being in your blessed hospital you're behind affairs. Workington's put the beaks on Peel's tracks, and he's got to clear out. No more little diversions for you or me or anybody else at the orangeman's in the future. But now I've

* A famous snake hunter.

got to pay for the old fun. I owe Peel a cool fiver——"

"What a gorgeous liar!" thought Drysdale.

"—— and he's going to get it, or show me up."

"Show you up!"

"Don't echo me like a gaping jackdaw," said Swain, relapsing into fury. "D'you think Peel 'll listen to any cock-and-bull story, paying 'pon-honour-style, that I can pitch him? No fear. He won't expect me bleating."

"Oh! you utter beauty," thought Drysdale. "Peel's cut."

"What can I do?"

There was an interval of silence, and Drysdale wondered what was coming next. The Elizabethan was singularly free from curiosity in what did not concern him, but he thought he'd like to know who the wretch was that had fallen into Swain's clutches. "I'll find out all in good time," he thought. He could barely restrain himself from throwing away the chance of a lifetime—the *coronella*—by beating Swain's face into a jelly on the spot. This furious, lying, hounding Shylock was the same fellow who had come softly and fawningly to him a week ago, and had gone away laden with loot.

The voice of Swain cut into the silence, a voice of anger, sneers, and contempt. "Well, you can do what you like, but this is my programme. If you don't hand over to me tomorrow, before last school, when the crash comes you'll be booted out of Eliza's with me."

"He *can* tell 'em!" murmured Drysdale.

There came a moan. "I can't do anything. Home is impossible. Pater would be down here in a streak, and—well, it's not to be thought of. Dorothy sent me her last sovereign for that bet with you a month ago. There is no one . . ."

"There's your watch," said James Swain, "sell that."

Drysdale heard a gasp from over the hedge.

"Dorothy gave it me. I can't—I can't sell that!"

There was another long pause, and finally the voice said, "I will sell it. But, oh, you brute, I wish I'd never seen your face."

"Don't lug my face into the matter," said Swain, complacently, "but let me have the money. Going? Well, I'm off, too. Good-bye."

Drysdale breathed more freely when he heard the pair move off: he could not have stood much more. Disgust simply choked him as he lay mechanically watching the

snake, but with mind remote from thoughts of coronellas. "Never mind," he said to himself at last. "Him later, her now. . . if she'd come out."

The absolute lack of movement reassured the snake, and once more the head was thrust out cautiously, and she moved slowly and luxuriously into the warm sand. Then she curled herself up precisely like a dog after its preliminary circuit, and lay, a little blackish pool, on the hot yellow sand. Drysdale waited for five minutes until the warmth had made her sluggish, then, stiffening his limbs for a spring, he launched himself upon her. The snake was off like a whip-lash at the first movement, but before she could reach the harbourage of the grass the stick had pinned her down in the soft sand. Next instant the Elizabethan had her by the neck in his hand.

"Brusher himself couldn't have done it neater," said Drysdale, gurgling with delight, as he held the squirming reptile at arm's length and examined her as a miser might pearls of great price. "Coronella, every spot of her, and yet we're a hundred miles from Hampshire. I'll drop a little note to *The Field*. She's calling me all the names she can lay her double tongue to, and she smells like—like a pole-cat. Worse," said he, as the full flavour reached him—it was indeed a stench to break windows—"but I know those little games, old lady: You're coming along o' me for all your family failings. I won't be happy till you're one side of a cage and I the other."

Drysdale, happy as a sand-boy with sixpence, cut out of the spinney and swung school-wards; he forgot Swain and the other, and his sickening disgust, in the present joy of the writhing, malodorous reptile in his hand. It was only when Mrs. Coronella was exploring her glass cage in the menagerie, and Drysdale had closed his own door behind him, that he decided what to do.

After tea he went in search of Swain. He tried Worsfold's, but drew blank, and when he went to Workington's den the owner's voice expressed the surprise he felt. "Swain?

No, I couldn't say where he is. He'd hardly keep me posted in his movements."

"Think he's in Peel's," said Drysdale, with a steely smile.

Worsfold's autocrat looked up quickly. "No, I shouldn't say he's there. If you want him very much—and now—I'd try Hart. Anything wrong?"

"More or less. I'd like to see him to-night."

"I rather fancy you would, by the look of



"BRUSHER HIMSELF COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT NEATER."

you," said Workington with grim satisfaction as he looked at his friend's mouth. "Whatever it is, hit hard."

"Any of your tribe been in hospital lately?"

"Young Emery," said Workington, after a pause. "Just saw him an hour ago. Looked as though he'd come out too soon into the bargain. Emery's mixed up in Swain's biz, Dry, for a level penny," added Workington keenly.

"I think so," said Drysdale. "Anyhow, will you send the youngster to my room and tell him to wait. You'd oblige me awfully if you would. I'll post you in the whys and wherefores after."

"I'll send him. And be sure you hit hard," he added grimly.

Drysdale roused Hart in his scented lair—the gentleman was inserting jam-tart jewelled studs in his shirt front—and Hart advised him to try the towing path. "That's Jim's lounge, usually." Then, seeing that Drysdale seemed unusually glad to hear his news, he said, affably: "Try one of Jim's weeds. R-r-ripping."

"Thanks," said Drysdale, laughing as he ran off.

Up the towing path sped Drysdale, and, as fate would have it, he ran his quarry to earth at the place where a few hours ago Swain had kept a lad on torture-hooks. Swain was luxuriously smoking a weed, which, when he spied Drysdale, he deftly whipped into the grass with a dexterity born of long practice, and swore softly under his breath. He beamed on the Elizabethan, however, and looked unfeignedly glad to see Drysdale—as glad almost as Drysdale was to see him. "Hullo! old man," he sang out genially, "anywhere in particular?"

"Rather," said Drysdale. "This is the very spot. Jove! you are the unpainted beauty, without any error. What were you doing here with young Emery this afternoon?"

Swain paled, but he looked mystified. "Er—r—r, what do you mean?"

"Hop up on that gate, and you'll see. Whilst you were talking nicely to the kid, I was there."

Drysdale pointed to the trough he had made in the grass as he lay watching his snake, and, by the deadly pallor of his com-



"SOLD YOUR WATCH—DOROTHY'S—YET?"

panion, he saw the shot had gone home. "Hop down, now, and get out of your coat. I want to see if you've got anything honest in you—blood, for instance."

"I'm not fighting," said Swain.

"Oh, yes, you are!"

Drysdale slipped off his own coat, and rolled up his sleeves, his eyes speaking the kind of language that changed Swain's liver to water. His knees quaked, and he backed away in terror. "I apologise. I . . ."

Drysdale's flat hand caught him a stinger on the cheek. The pain changed his terror to hate. A rat will fight when he is in a corner, a mongrel will snarl if you tread on his tail, and we know the worm turns on the heel that crushes it. Now, Swain was meaner

that rat, mongrel, or worm, but that stinger stung him to action. Hate supplied the place of pluck, and he rushed headlong on Drysdale, who dropped him with a terrific stop in the mouth. Swain bled fluently in the grass. He had had enough. Drysdale tore the coat from off his back, and made him stand up. For five minutes he thrashed the brute. He left him then, on his stomach, face among the flowers, gurgling like a beaten hound. Drysdale then got into his own coat and stalked to Eliza's, nose in air and eyes gleaming with satisfaction.

In his den he found a pale-faced youth waiting for him. "You wanted me, Drysdale, so Workington said?"

"Yes. Sold your watch—Dorothy's—yet?"

Emery clapped his hands to his waistcoat pocket as though he had been stung.

"No—o. Not yet, Drysdale."

"Then don't. You hear? You've not to sell it. Go to Swain's room, just before 'lights out,' and tell him. Say I said so. He'll know."

"But . . ." stammered Emery.

"There's no but about it. Now, you've got to dry up all your tomfoolery in future, young squire, or you'll end as Swain has ended. When you see him you'll understand exactly what that means. You're to be as decent a youngster as you jolly well can. Tell Bayliss, too. I'm going to talk to Workington about you both. But, you understand, you don't owe Swain one penny. I've paid him for you. Are you going to go decently?"

Emery said solemnly enough, "I'll try to, honour bright."

"Then cut."

Drysdale washed his hands very carefully.

Emery went to Swain's room just before "lights out." When he saw his old bully's face, astonishment made him nearly forget what he had come to say. However, he repeated Drysdale's words as though they were the charm abracadabra.

"I'm not going to sell my watch, Swain. Drysdale's paid you."

What Swain said is certainly not worth printing.

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STORIES OF FLOWERS.

Told by Themselves.

How dark it was! The soft moist earth pressed all around me as I lay waiting—waiting for what I knew not.

THE DAFFODIL. Ages seemed to pass away in that secure darkness. One day I felt a change. It seemed as though some genial influence strove

to draw me up, and in my terror I resisted, and sent down deep into the earth a little white root. I was growing.

My resistance availed but little, however; for one day the darkness faded away, and light, glorious sunlight, fell upon me, drawing me up above the earth into the air. The little root I had sent

forth still remained in the ground, and by its aid I was able to stand upright, and look about me.

Near me were several green plants, beautiful, although they only consisted of pale green spear-like leaves. A dim consciousness told me that these were my brothers and sisters, and I greeted them affectionately.

My home was a plot of ground beside a house, and was guarded by a low hedge. Other flowers bloomed there, but I could only look at them; and they were very beautiful.

The bright sun shone overhead, and sent its glowing beams to caress us. I felt a strange yearning to rise up and reach the golden orb; but I could only do that by growing—and I grew. My slender leaves became more numerous, and one happy day a little bud lifted its fragile head from their midst, they proudly standing up around it to shield it from harm.

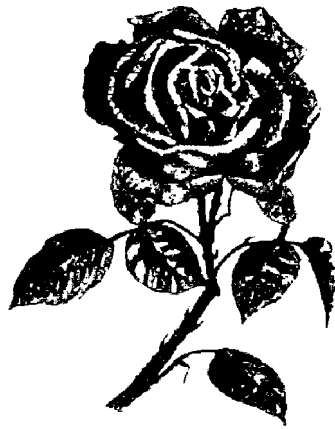
My single bud grew fairer and fairer, and pale yellow streaks began to show through the green. At last it threw off its soft robe,

and stood revealed in all its beauty. A pink rose bent over the hedge, and murmured, "Oh, lovely flower," and the passing breeze gently fanned my silken petals. A violet from the other side of the hedge breathed sweet fragrance to my glorious blossom, and I was happy. Lifting my yellow head, I looked up, and saw the sun. "Oh, that I were as bright and beautiful!" I cried, and then drooped, murmuring, "I am only an insignificant daffodil." My green leaves bowed low in sorrow at my presumptuous discontent, and the gentle breeze sighed, "Only a daffodil—only a daffodil."

WINIFRED LYNCH.

I am one of a family of red roses! So far, my life has been one round of sweet and unalloyed enjoyment, but, alas! though still in the prime of life, my days, I am afraid, are already numbered.

THE ROSE.



Only yesterday, the lady who owns the garden in which I live, while showing a friend my family tree, took my head in her hand, and remarked, "What a sweet rose this is. I will cut it tomorrow for the drawing-room."

They say "the good die young"; how true this will

prove in my case is yet to be seen!

The first thing that I can remember doing in my life was wondering who I was, where I was, and why I was there. I knew one thing—that I felt very comfortable.

As day after day passed, and the weather grew more genial, I became gradually stronger, and more accustomed to my life. My outer leaves began to open; slowly and timidly at first, as if afraid of what they might reveal to my searching gaze; but as

the sun's rays grew warmer, I waxed more bold, and before long was a lovely rose-bud. Every day I increased in size and beauty! My brothers and sisters often said that I was the most beautiful rose upon the tree, and, to tell the truth, I half believed them.

How sweet life was! All around me the lovely flowers smiled and nodded in the sunshine. Every colour was represented there. The lawn, which lay in the middle of the garden, was a sea of white and green. How I loved to gaze upon the little daisies, so charming in their sweet simplicity!

Sometimes the sunshine would give way to a gentle shower of rain, which put new life into my thirsty leaves. All this time I was growing larger and stronger, until to-day I am a fully-blown rose. I would be supremely happy save for the lady's awful words of yesterday. How they haunt me no one can ever know. "Will she carry out her threat?" This is the sentence which runs ever in my mind!

Hark! A footstep on the walk! Oh! cruel fate, she is coming! In her hand she carries a pruning knife. She bends over me, the blade descends, and I am no more.

W. H. THOMSON.

I am a pale blue larkspur, and, though I am tall, I am not very old, so I cannot remember a great deal, but will tell you all I can. I remember when I first saw the world I was dazzled by the colours of the flowers round me. Of course, I look down on most of them, because I am so tall, and for this reason people think I am proud, but I am not. People admire me very much; I think it is partly because there are not very many of us delphiniums, and partly because blue flowers always seem to attract people. We do not get as much attention as our relations who live in green-houses, but we do not need it, for we are far



stronger than they. I can remember one or two very dry summers, when I have felt dreadfully weak for want of water, but a

shower of rain has always come before I became quite exhausted. I have a good many relations; I daresay you will be surprised to hear that I am related to Buttercup, Wild Clematis, and Peony, for we are not much alike. Well! I have not told you much about my life yet, but there is really not a great deal to tell. I live so peacefully, waking up morning after morning to find the dew cooling me, and the sun shining upon me. My home is a garden, almost filled with flowers in summer, from which we can see a cool and shady wooded hill, across green fields. One of us was taken away into the house one day, and we never saw her again until she was carried out almost dead with exhaustion. It seemed very sad, but she had given pleasure to many people and so her life had not been useless. Some people seem to really love us for ourselves, and sometimes little children come and kiss us, if they can reach, and we like that. So I suppose we shall go on living this quiet, happy life until we die of old age, and are carried away to make room for the young people.

DOROTHY HEWETT.

I am a delicate flower, called a Sweet Pea, and, as you take so much interest in me, I will tell you the story of my life. At first, I was covered up in the garden with several of my

THE SWEET PEA.

companions by a big creature called a "gardener." I stayed buried under the ground for nearly two weeks. Then it rained, and the kind sun shone warmly on the earth, and rescued me. I was the first to escape, and grew fast. As I grew, the gardener came and gave me some sticks to climb up, and so I was caged up again. Then the sun and rain came to my assistance for the second time.

As I got stronger I fought for my liberty, and grew so tall that I reached the top of the sticks. I could grow no taller, and had to resort to the hairs which wound



round the sticks for my support. I developed some lovely green leaves, and was in perfect health. As my mistress took great interest in me, visiting me every day, I took it into my mind, now I was in the prime of my life, to beautify myself with lovely pink flowers. I produced buds in great profusion, every one finer and bigger than that before. On the day I turned out my first flower, I saw my mistress coming, and beautified myself. On seeing my splendour, she almost ran to her husband, and said to him that the finest Sweet Pea she had ever seen was in flower. I felt flattered, as you may imagine, but still more so as I was the only plant whose flowers weren't to be picked. I continued flowering, and everyone who saw me was astounded at my size and colour. At last, autumn drew on, and my strength waned, but they harvested my seeds, which would grow larger and be more admired than I was. Then I died, and the gardener burnt me. But I hope you have been convinced of my one-time splendour by my biography.

A. PERCY WHITEHEAD.

My earliest recollections date from a time when, with a number of my friends, I was exposed for sale in a shop window. My personal appearance was not exactly attractive, for I was then

THE HYACINTH.

what is called a "bulb," and an exceptionally large one.

One morning a lady and a small boy stopped in front of the shop. He was a jolly little chap, with blue eyes and fair, curly hair.

"Here we are!" he cried, exultantly. "Oh, look, mother! I must have that lovely big one." And he pointed to me.

"Very well, dear. We will take six of these bulbs, please"—to the shopman—"and my little boy particularly wants that large one."

So I and five of my companions were duly consigned to the care of the child, who carried us off in great glee.

I was planted in a large pot, covered with rich, damp mould, and left in solitude. A

few days later I felt something move above my head, a little hand suddenly lifted me out into the daylight, and a disappointed voice exclaimed:

"Why, it hasn't even *begun* to grow!"

Then I was unceremoniously hustled back to my hiding-place, and covered up once more. After that I was left in peace, and by degrees began to push my way upwards. One never-to-be-forgotten day I raised my head above the earth, and looked about me. Where was I? All around were earthenware pots similar to my own—some to all appearance empty, others with a tiny green shoot peeping out.

Before I had time to examine my surroundings more closely, in rushed my little master.

"Ah! the big one at last!" he exclaimed, delightedly, and, taking me in his arms, he whispered:

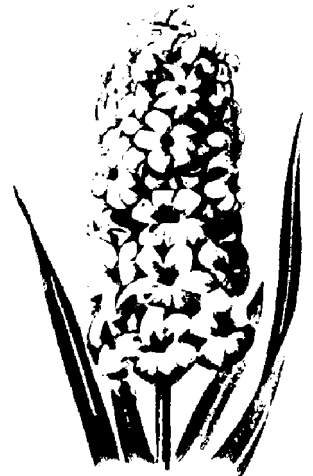
"You must come with me, and help make dear mother better."

Whereupon, I was carried to the sick-room, and placed on a table near the invalid's bed.

Day by day, as I grew taller and more lovely, she became weaker and more fragile-looking; and when at length the end came, I stood, a tall, purple hyacinth in full bloom, beside the death-bed. As the last breath was drawn, the sun shone out in dazzling radiance, lighting up my petals with splendour unspeakable.

A few days later I was reverently plucked by my little master, and placed between the dead woman's fingers.

My work was done.



DOROTHY OWEN.



COASTING: ITS PLEASURES AND PITFALLS.

TO such as are anxious to know all that there is to be known of "the joys of the open road," a word may be in season as to the matter of descending hills. I suggested long ago, when I was speaking on the subject of hill climbing, that I might at some time or other have a word to say about the best way of going downhill. The time has now come. One may travel indefinitely "by broad high road and narrow winding lane" and yet know little or nothing of the delights of mountain work. There are writers upon cycling topics who aver that all the finest things that there are to be seen must be sought for in mountainous countries. This I think an exaggeration, but I am quite in accord with the main idea which prompts the assertion. You cannot see the finest things that this delightful England of ours has in store, or, indeed, the finest things which the landscape of other countries holds locked up as its most beautiful treasures, unless you are prepared to face a bit of rough work up hill and down dale in the act of searching for them.

CONSERVATION OF ENERGY.

It seems so simple and obvious a thing to say—and yet it is so true and so important that it ought to be said—that every foot you climb implies a foot of prospective descent. You are in doubt as to whether to tackle a mountain ride. An hour or two of persistent and determined ascent seems so big a deterrent as to decide you against the project. But if you should adopt the other course, and determine to undertake the climb, you will not only have the exhilaration of air breathed at high altitudes, but you will also have

earned the privilege of using the stored-up energy with which the labour of climbing has endowed you, and with it you will be enabled to enjoy a glorious "coast" in reaching once more your old original level. It is worth all the labour, even if that labour takes the form of pushing up acclivities so stiff that you decide that they must be classed as unridable. All that pushing, provided it be on fairly decent roads in a mountainous country, may count as so much energy stored up and capable of being utilised to produce the unequalled pleasure of a glorious downrush later on.

GOOD BRAKES ESSENTIAL.

I have dealt with the art of hill climbing, and will not again dwell upon it here. But remember that it is an art, and that only those who adhere to the principles laid down in a former article are at all likely to enjoy it, or to benefit by the resultant privileges which the gaining of the high ground gives. It is necessary to set out fit and well, and with lungs and limbs well schooled to the business of hill climbing, if all the joys and benefits of coasting are to be fully realised. From the mechanical point of view there are other necessities which must on no account be overlooked. In my article on brakes I set forth the attributes which ought to characterise the perfect brake. That instrument is not as yet forthcoming, but there are several very splendid attempts which closely approximate the ideal. Of brakes it is essential to have at least one which is highly efficient, and should the bicycle be provided with any free-wheel device it is imperative, as I said when dealing with recent free-wheel

devices, that there should be two good brakes in working order. The reason for this is, of course, that with a free-wheel you cannot back-pedal in the ordinary sense, and it is therefore advisable to have a second means of checking any tendency of the machine to run away—in short, it is advisable to have another brake. Let us assume that the tourist has had the pluck to select a mountainous country, and has had the foresight to provide himself with the brake-work necessary wherewith to tackle it successfully. He has, then, gained the exhilarating heights which he desired, and is properly equipped for the full enjoyment of the delights that are to follow.

WHEN NOT TO "FLY" A HILL.

The very thought of going downhill suggests speeds that are higher than those coming within everyday experience. All the same, I would caution all readers of *THE CAPTAIN* against supposing that high speed can ever be the be-all and end-all of the delights of coasting. There are places where it would be foolish to "skoot" down, however favourable the conditions. I have in mind the slope locally known as Otley Chevin. I had toiled upwards and north-westwards from Leeds, going on the way to Ilkley. When the descent presented itself it seemed more than possible that a speed of twenty miles an hour, or thereabouts, could very easily be attained. But how glorious was the view to the northward! The Vale of Wharf—that glorious vale up which the otter hounds and the picturesquely dressed huntsmen tread their way in search of their illusive quarry—lay below me like a map. The Wharf wound its way below, but was hardly anywhere visible. Yet its course could quite easily be made out by following the tortuous line of richer foliage which marked the belt of green along which the generous waters of the river had bestowed a more luxuriant foliage and a verdure more intensely emerald. As I swung down the slope of the Chevin I held the machine in to something like five miles an hour in order the better to dwell upon and enjoy the beauties of the scene; and I dawdled downwards until sunset came and blotted out the last line of the glorious woodland which clothes the farther slope of the valley and lends glamour and poetry to the distance. No tourist bent, as every tourist should be, upon drinking in all the pleasures of the road would hurry past such a scene.

FAITH IN THE BRAKE.

But when the time comes for doing a really fine rush down, it is essential that the proper equipment should be on hand. If the scene is one that is well-known, and can therefore be skimmed over, there is no harm in letting the machine go its own pace. Or, if the country lying round about offers no special charms such as the tourist bent on drinking everything in would care to dwell upon, the same remark applies. In either case it is proper, when a good descent lies ahead, to let the thing go. Of course, there is an art in doing it. The brake on the back wheel should be handled very alertly, and should be called upon to do most of the work required. But the brake applying to the front wheel ought on no account to be neglected, for it should take a considerable portion of the strain at all times when braking is really required. The rider with two brakes who habitually only uses one of them is not getting the best work possible out of his machine. Rim brakes are essentially the best; their application to the rear wheel still leaves something to be desired, and in their place a brake actuated from the hub is possibly the best substitute. Of this class I do not know a better than the "Universal Automatic Coaster and Brake," offered by Messrs. Markt and Co. I have said before that I prefer rim brakes to hub brakes, but as a member of the latter class the one named seems to me to be a particularly fine one. There must in any case be perfect confidence on the part of the rider that the machine can be held in check, or, which is of still greater importance, that any dangerous speed which it may have developed during a descent can easily and safely be reduced within manageable limits.

THE OLD DAYS.

I remember two experiences in my very early days of touring when these principles were indelibly imprinted upon my mind. It was long ago, when there were no "safeties" and no pneumatic tyres. We all, then, rode "solids," with the "good old ordinary" for framework. It was then impossible to back pedal as we can now; for if this action was indulged in more than very gently the inevitable result was what was then commonly spoken of as a "header." The spoon brake—the mother of all modern brakes—was sometimes fitted, but its friction had to be "fed on" very carefully, as otherwise the same disastrous header was almost sure to result.

It was my first tour, and I had to learn all the things I am endeavouring to tell young riders now. I was touring without any brake at all. Further, I suffered from that peculiar ailment which almost every old rider can remember—a sort of distorted notion of perspective, so that it was not at all times easy to tell whether I was going uphill or on the level. I have known men who have laughed—once even a senior wrangler laughed at this notion. But any fellow in really decent form may test it for himself. He rides along hardly knowing that he is working up a slope. Even a sharp acclivity may seem to him to be like a gentle one. At moments when he is pressing hard upon the pedals he scarcely knows what he is doing until he looks behind. It thus arises that, having reached the zenith of the climb, he is totally unable to judge the steepness of the descent which follows. I was caught in this way many years ago in Derbyshire, just as I was passing the inn bearing the almost, but not quite, unique name of "The Cat and Fiddle."

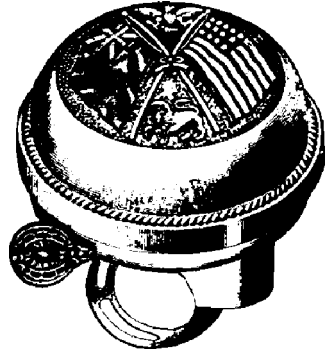
A TERRIBLE DOWNHILL RUN.

The decline looked so easy that no precautions seemed necessary. I put my legs over the handle-bars, as was our fashion in those days in order that—should reason for a "header" arise—we might fall on our feet. In less than twenty seconds the machine was racing at a frightful pace. I tried to catch the pedals, with the object of trying to "feed" some "backing" into them. But they were whirling at an appalling rate, and there was no apparent possibility of catching them so as to be able to do anything with them. Almost any old rider can tell you stories like this. My own story ends in my seeing an escape somewhere on the right. There was a quarry, I think, and a very small entrance to the path that led to it. But the path was uphill and very steep. It seemed to me that if I could only steer between the two stone posts that barred the way to this upward path I might yet save myself. To cut a long story short, the thing was just done, by the skin of my teeth, as it may be said, and the machine, after jumping violently for ever so many yards, came to a happy standstill. There was another instant—and this happened also to be in Derbyshire—in which I had started downhill without a brake. The machine fairly ran away with me, for the reasons I have sketched above. I was foolishly letting the thing go, and was coming downhill at a speed

which I should carefully estimate at anything between twenty-five and thirty-five miles an hour. I could see that at the bottom there was an abrupt turn in the road. Its outer side was bounded by a precipice, over which there was a twenty foot drop into a stream with a stoney bed. I had no brake—foolish person that I was—and I thought my last hour had come. The old, tall machine, with the very small, solid tyre which we used to ride upon, offered a better bite of the road than the modern machine can by any possibility present. I almost lay down on my left ear, got round the corner somehow, and found, fortunately, something like level ground on the other side of it.

ENGLAND ONLY A SCHOOL.

These are only examples of the action of a foolish schoolboy—for I was nothing more at the time—in recklessly taking on unseen dangers. Of course, I know better now; and



SAMPLE OF GAMAGE'S DECORATED GONGS.

what is more, I want all my readers to avoid such silly mistakes as I made in my callow days. The true secret is to provide yourself with plenty of brake power. After that you can face anything. There are places in Switzerland, if you can afford to travel so far, where you can coast for twenty miles or more. The Stelvio Pass has been named to me as offering no less than twenty-eight miles of continuous downhill. This may be true, but I cannot speak of this particular part of Switzerland as one who knows it. There are, at any rate, plenty of other famous descents that are known as splendid bits of quite practicable coasting. I know several in the Seine valley. I know the road with fourteen folds in it which makes the descent of the notorious Stalheimsklev, in Norway. English hills are a very good first school for these. You may drop down from the "Cat" into Macclesfield, you may approach Hereford from the south, or Llandudno from the west,

or you may cross breezy passes like that of Shap, or that of Sych-nant. But all the while there is the same art of dropping downhill to be kept in mind. Before you lies, perhaps, unknown country. What matters that? You are well able to tell by the mere lie of the land how the contours will present themselves when you have passed the particular zone of altitude in which you chance for the time to be. It is one of the chiefest joys of coasting, that you can not only foresee by the lie of the land how the next lower contour will be, but that you can utilise that knowledge in such manner as to know exactly when to hold the machine in check and when to let go.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Ars Longa" (HARROW).—You have been trying along the wrong line. You mustn't attempt to mend a puncture all in a minute. The solution has to be given time to get thick and "tacky." Mixtures which you have been told don't require this are no use. I've seen punctures mended in less than a minute, but the cure has rarely been permanent. A little patience is required in order to make a really good job. I like a fellow who does these things for himself, instead of rushing at once to a repairer, and deciding that such troubles are beyond him.—**F. T.** (DUMFRIES).—Let me know how you go on with the new brake. Personally I have great faith in it, and don't think you have risked anything in the experiment.—**"Patentee"** (BIRMINGHAM).—There is nothing in the umbrella idea. It has been tried before. Nor do I think much of the notion of pumping air into tyres by mechanical means as the wheels revolve. The first is too crude, and the second too complicated to be likely to attain success. But there may be something in your suggested cycle stand. I should like to see drawings. The things to aim at are strength, simplicity, and cheapness. I should think that, living where you do, you could get excellent advice on the spot.—**F. W.** (HULL).—(1) I must leave you to measure the mileage between the various points. It is one of the chiefest charms of touring to look ahead a bit and do these things for yourself. I think by far the most interesting route would be formed by keeping down the east coast for a start—through Lincoln, Boston, and Cambridge. (2) Unquestionably I should return by way of Warwick, Leicester, and Nottingham.—**T. R.** (GREENOCK).—Thanks for the information. The tyre is very strong, but, I fear, rather slow. That is not always a bad fault. I have recently been riding a tyre of similar qualities with the idea of making it carry me over some of the rougher passes in Wales. It has done all I asked of it, and has returned without a puncture to its discredit.—**F. F.** (CREWKERNE).—There need not be the smallest question in your mind. The firm will sell nothing that is not completely and

thoroughly tried. You may with equal faith rely upon the makers I have named before. There is hardly anything I take more pains about than the prolonged inquiries that forego recommendations as to what is good and trustworthy stuff.—**Gert-rude** (DUBLEY).—It is not good policy to ride with slack tyres. When the tyres are very big there is certainly a feeling of comfort, until such time as the rim begins occasionally to bump. But all experience goes to show that there is considerably increased liability to puncture while the tension of the outer cover is reduced.—**"Header"** (NOTTINGHAM).—It is clear that you applied your brake too suddenly. You are lucky not to have been more badly hurt. The particular form of fork crown you had was about as strong as anything on the market. It is long odds against it giving if the brake friction be fed on gradually, as it ought to be. But you mustn't let so small a trouble act as a deterrent. You are only on the threshold of the joys of cycling, and a little perseverance will soon show you that what I am telling you is true.—**George** (HARROW).—I do not like those head locks that are absolute in their action. Some of them embody a danger of remaining done up when the re-mount is made. The band that tightens round the head is better. It holds the steerage firmly enough when the machine is at rest, and yet allows of a possible movement if the rider should chance to re-mount without undoing it.—**"Sociable"** (WEYMOUTH).—The decline of clubs does not mean the decline of cycling. The clubs were well enough in their way, but they have for various reasons taken up a new position and a new set of functions. It is conceivable that there may be no club in your neighbourhood that appears to be of a kind to be of real service to you. But you should, at any rate, belong to the Cyclists' Touring Club. The subscription is five shillings, with a shilling entrance fee. Although I make a general rule of not introducing anyone who is not personally known to me, I shall be happy to send a form of introduction to anyone who forwards me a letter stating him to be a member of THE CAPTAIN Club.—**A. L.**—You may rely upon anything supplied by the firm of Markt and Co. They are the purveyors of some of the best and most knacky cycle accessories that are to be bought.—**L. D.** (THE OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER).—It is all nonsense about cycling spoiling the eyesight. Precisely the contrary was practically proved long ago. The reason then assigned, and which holds good by experience, was that the habit of fixing the focus of the pupil on distant objects was beneficial to persons engaged in laborious reading, such that they commonly used their eyes only for very short distance work. This change in the range of focus produces a very healthful rest.—**Ida N.** (BURY).—Two brakes by all means. I am going to put the Birtwistle hydraulic jointing through a test. At present all I can say is that it pleases me in theory. I think from what you tell me that the former saddle was not stretched tightly enough. The one that best provides for this kind of adjustment is the Saint Crispin.

I. P.





THE ODD TRICK.

By P. G. Wodehouse.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

THE ATTITUDE of Philip St. H. Harrison, of Merevale's house, towards his fellow man was outwardly one of genial and even sympathetic toleration. Did his form-master intimate that his conduct was not *his* idea of what Young England's conduct should be, P. St. H. Harrison agreed cheerfully with every word he said, warmly approved his intention of laying the matter before the headmaster, and accepted his punishment with the air of a waiter booking an order for a chump chop and fried potatoes. But the next day there would be a squeaking desk in the form-room just to show the master that he had not been forgotten. Or, again, did the captain of his side at football speak rudely to him on the subject of kicking the ball through in the scrum, Harrison would smile gently, and at the earliest opportunity tread heavily on the captain's toe. In short, he was a youth who made a practice of taking very good care of himself. Yet he had his failures. The affair of Graham's mackintosh was one of them, and it affords an excellent example of the truth of the proverb that a cobbler should stick to his last. Harrison's *forte* was diplomacy. When he forsook the arts of the diplomatist for those of the brigand, he naturally went wrong. And the manner of these things was thus.

Tony Graham was a prefect in Merevale's, and part of his duties was to look after the dormitory of which Harrison was one of the ornaments. It was a dormitory that required a good deal of keeping in order. Such choice spirits as Braithwaite of the Upper Fourth, and Mace, who was rapidly driving the master of the Lower Fifth into a premature grave, needed a firm hand. Indeed, they generally needed not only a firm hand, but a firm hand grasping a serviceable walking-stick. Add to these Harrison himself, and others of a similar calibre, and it will be seen that Graham's post was no sinecure. It was Harrison's custom to throw off his mask at night with his other garments, and appear in his true character of an abandoned villain, willing to stick at nothing as long as he could do it strictly incog. In this capacity he had come into constant contact with Graham.

Even in the dark it is occasionally possible for a prefect to tell where a noise comes from. And if the said prefect has been harassed six days in the week by a noise, and locates it suddenly on the seventh, it is wont to be bad for the producer and patentee of same.

And so it came about that Harrison, enjoying himself one night after the manner of his kind, was suddenly dropped upon with violence. He had constructed an ingenious machine consisting of a biscuit tin, some pebbles, and some string. He put the pebbles in the tin, tied the string to it, and placed it under a chest of drawers. Then he took the other end of the string to bed with him, and settled down to make a night of it. At first all went well. Repeated enquiries from Tony failed to produce the author of the disturbance, and when finally the questions ceased and the prefect appeared to have given the matter up as a bad job, P. St. H. Harrison began to feel that under certain circumstances life was worth living. It was while he was in this happy frame of mind that the string, with which he had just produced a triumphant rattle from beneath the chest of drawers, was seized, and the next instant its owner was enjoying the warmest minute of a chequered career. Tony, like Brer Rabbit, had lain low until he was certain of the direction from which the sound proceeded. He had then slipped out of bed, crawled across the floor in a snake-like manner which would have done credit to a red Indian, found the tin and traced the string to its owner. Harrison emerged from the encounter feeling sore and unfit for any further recreation. This deed of the night left its impression on Harrison. The account had to be squared somehow, and in a few days his chance came. Merevale's were playing a "friendly" with the School House, and in default of anybody better Harrison had been pressed into service as umpire. This in itself had annoyed him. Cricket was not in his line—he was not one of your flannelled fools—and of all things in connection with the game he loathed umpiring most.

When, however, Tony came on to bowl at his end. *vice* Charteris, who had been hit for three fours in an over by Scott, the school slogger, he recognised that even umpiring had

its advantages, and resolved to make the most of the situation.

Scott had the bowling, and he lashed out at Tony's first ball in his usual reckless style. There was an audible click, and what the sporting papers call confident appeals came simultaneously from Welch, Merevale's captain, who was keeping wicket, and Tony himself. Even Scott seemed to know that his time had come. He moved a step or two away from the wicket, but stopped before going further to look at the umpire on the off chance of a miracle happening to turn his decision in the batsman's favour.

The miracle happened.

"Not out," said Harrison.

"Awfully curious," he added genially to Tony, "how like a bat those bits of grass sound! You have to be jolly smart to know where a noise comes from, don't you!"

Tony grunted disgustedly, and walked back again to the beginning of his run.

If ever, in the whole history of cricket, a man was out leg-before wicket, Scott was so out to Tony's second ball. It was hardly worth appealing for such a certainty. Still, the formality had to be gone through.

"How was *that*?" enquired Tony.

"Not out. It's an awful pity, don't you

think, that they don't bring in that new leg-before rule?"

"Seems to me," said Tony bitterly, "the old rule holds pretty good when a man's leg's bang in front."

"Rather. But you see the ball didn't pitch straight, and the rule says——"

"Oh, all right," said Tony.

The next ball Scott hit for four, and the next after that for a couple. The fifth was a yorker, and just grazed the leg stump. The sixth was a beauty. You could see it was going to beat the batsman from the moment it left Tony's hand. Harrison saw it perfectly.

"No ball," he shouted. And just as he spoke Scott's off stump ricocheted towards the wicket-keeper.

"Heavens, man," said Tony fairly roused out of his cricket manners, a very unusual thing for him, "I'll swear my foot never went over the crease. Look, there's the mark."

"Rather not. Only, you see, it seemed to me you chucked that time. Of course, I know you didn't mean to, and all that sort of thing, but still, the rules——"

Tony would probably have liked to have said something very forcible about the rules at this point, but it occurred to him that



CRAWLED ACROSS THE FLOOR IN A SNAKE-LIKE MANNER WHICH WOULD HAVE DONE CREDIT TO A RED INDIAN.

after all Harrison was only within his rights, and that it was bad form to dispute the umpire's decision. Harrison walked off towards square-leg filled with a holy joy.

But he was too much of an artist to overdo the thing. Tony's next over passed off without interference. Possibly, however, this was because it was a very bad one. After the third over he asked Welch if he could get somebody else to umpire, as he had work to do. Welch heaved a sigh of relief, and agreed readily.

"Conscientious sort of chap that umpire of yours," said Scott to Tony, after the match. Scott had made a hundred and four, and was feeling pleased. "Considering he's in your house, he was awfully fair."

"You mean that we generally swindle, I suppose?"

"Of course not, you rotter. You know what I mean. But, I say, that catch Welch and you appealed for must have been a near thing. I could have sworn I hit it."

"Of course you did. It was clean out. So was the lbw. I say, did you think that ball that bowled you was a chuck? That one in my first over, you know."

"Chuck! My dear Tony, you don't mean to say that man pulled you up for chucking? I thought your foot must have gone over the crease."

"I believe the chap's mad," said Tony.

"Perhaps he's taking it out of you this way for treading on his corns somehow. Have you been milling with this gentle youth lately?"

"By jove," said Tony, "you're right. I gave him beans only the other night for ragging in the dormitory."

Scott laughed.

"Well, he seems to have been getting a bit of his own back to-day. Lucky the game was only a friendly. Why will you let your angry passions rise, Tony? You've wrecked your analysis by it, though it's improved my average considerably. I don't know if that's any solid satisfaction to you?"

"It isn't."

"You don't say so! Well, so long. If I were you, I should keep an eye on that conscientious umpire."

"I will," said Tony. "Good night."

The process of keeping an eye on Harrison brought no results. When he wished to behave himself well, he could. On such occasions Sandford and Merton were literally not in it with him, and the hero of a Sunday school story would simply have refused to compete. But Nemesis, as the poets tell us,

though no sprinter, manages, like the celebrated Maisie, to get right there in time. Give her time, and she will arrive. She arrived in the case of Harrison. One morning, about a fortnight after the house match incident, Harrison awoke with a new sensation. At first he could not tell exactly what this sensation was, and being too sleepy to discuss nice points of internal emotion with himself, was just turning over with the intention of going to sleep again, when the truth flashed upon him. The sensation he felt was loneliness, and the reason he felt lonely was because he was the only occupant of the dormitory. To right and left and all around were empty beds.

As he mused drowsily on these portents, the distant sound of a bell came to his ears and completed the cure. It was the bell for chapel. He dragged his watch from under his pillow, and looked at it with consternation. Four minutes to seven. And chapel was at seven. Now Harrison had been late for chapel before. It was not the thought of missing the service that worried him. What really was serious was that he had been late so many times before that Merevale had hinted at serious steps to be taken if he were late again, or, at any rate, until a considerable interval of punctuality had elapsed.

That threat had been uttered only yesterday, and here he was in all probability late again.

There was no time to dress. He sprang out of bed, passed a sponge over his face as a concession to the decencies, and looked round for something to cover his night-shirt, which, however suitable for dormitory use, was, he felt instinctively, scarcely the garment to wear in public.

Fate seemed to fight for him. On one of the pegs in the wall hung a mackintosh, a large, blessed mackintosh. He was inside it in a moment.

Four minutes later he rushed into his place in chapel.

The short service gave him some time for recovering himself. He left the building feeling a new man. His costume, though quaint, would not call for comment. Chapel at St. Austin's was never a full-dress ceremony. Mackintoshes covering night-shirts were the rule rather than the exception.

But between his costume and that of the rest there was this subtle distinction. They wore their own mackintoshes. He wore somebody else's.

The bulk of the school had split up into

sections, each section making for its own house, and Merevale's was already within sight, when Harrison felt himself grasped from behind. He turned, to see Graham.

"Might I ask," enquired Tony with great politeness, "who said you might wear my mackintosh?"

Harrison gasped.

"I suppose you didn't know it was mine?"

"No, no, rather not. I didn't know."

"And if you had known it was mine you wouldn't have taken it, I suppose?"

"Oh no, of course not," said Harrison. Graham seemed to be taking an unexpectedly sensible view of the situation.

"Well," said Tony, "now that you know it is mine, suppose you give it up."

"Give it up!"

"Yes; buck up. It looks like rain, and I mustn't catch cold."

"But, Graham, I've only got on——"

"Spare us these delicate details. Mack up, please. I want it."

Finally, Harrison appearing to be diffident in the matter, Tony took the garment off for him, and went on his way.

Harrison watched him go with mixed feelings. Righteous indignation struggled with the gravest apprehensions regarding his own future. If Merevale should see him! Horrible thought. He ran. He had just reached the house, and was congratulating himself on having escaped, when the worst happened. At the private entrance stood Merevale, and with him the headmaster himself. They both



"MIGHT I ASK WHO SAID YOU MIGHT WEAR MY MACKINTOSH?"

eyed him with considerable interest as he shot in at the boys' entrance.

"Harrison," said Merevale after breakfast.

"Yes, sir?"

"The headmaster wishes to see you—again."

"Yes, sir," said Harrison.

And there was a curious lack of enthusiasm in his voice.

THE CAPTAIN

CAMERA CORNER

HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPHY

NOW that the holidays are on you will have plenty of time for following your favourite hobby and making photographic records of what, we trust, will be a very enjoyable time. As there is nothing more disappointing than finding the whole of the plates or films exposed on a holiday spoiled, we will give a few hints which we hope may be useful in securing success on the present occasion.



THE PIERROTS, WHO HELP US TO ENJOY OUR HOLIDAYS AT THE SEASIDE. A SNAPSHOT WITH MUCH DETAIL.

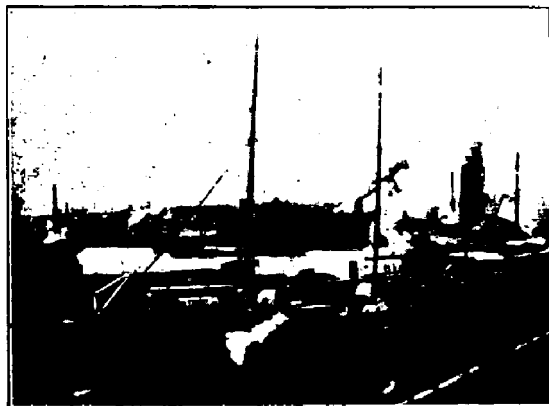
Photo "Frena" Camera.

First, try your camera and one of the batch of plates which you intend using before starting for your holiday, so that you may see whether the camera is light-tight and working in a satisfactory manner, and the plates clean and free from fog. The lens should be examined both inside and outside the camera, and any dust carefully removed with a soft handkerchief (dust on the lens scatters light in the camera and produces foggy pictures).

It is also well to be provided with a portable dark-room lamp for changing plates while away from home. An efficient folding one to burn hard night-lights can be purchased for a shilling, and may be used in the bedroom after dark. We much prefer this method to using a local photographer's dark-room. If it is necessary to change plates in the daytime, recourse may be had to a dark cellar, if one is available.

While you are away you should remember

that there are conditions of light and atmosphere when photography, although not impossible, is undesirable. When the light is very grey, and especially at the seaside, where so much light is reflected from the water and scattered in all directions, only very flat and feeble pictures are usually obtained. For artistic effects (and we hope that our readers will attempt something more than a mere photographic record) photographing in the middle of the day should be avoided as far as possible; far nicer pictures are obtained *in the morning or evening*, when the sun is not so high overhead. You must remember, however, that at this time of the year, before eight and after six, *double the exposure will be necessary*. We would, however, warn beginners against over-exposure at the seaside, and those who are spending their holidays in wooded districts against the opposite defect—under-exposure, foliage and glades under trees requiring a considerably longer exposure than an open landscape. You should also avoid photographing with the sun or brightest part of the sky immediately behind the camera. The subject should be illuminated from either the right or left, and the more the sun or bright sky is to the one or the other side, the more will the subject be



A TYPICAL "TRAMP" STEAMER ENTERING THE DOCK GATES AT TYNE DOCK PREVIOUS TO TAKING IN BUNKER COALS.

Photo "Scout" Camera.

thrown into relief. Or, in other words, you should endeavour to photograph the subject when the shadows cast make it most effective and pleasant to look at. Choose your point of view so as to get some part of the subject in perspective; for instance, if you are taking a photograph of a farmhouse or a country cottage, it is quite obvious that it will look far more picturesque taken from an angle than if taken broadside on. Such a point of view should also be chosen as will give the lines of a road or path, or any other distinctive features leading up to the principal object. This should occupy a position in the picture a little to the right or left of the centre. Also avoid getting two very prominent objects in one picture, and be very careful not to get a number of lines appearing to cut the picture into equal portions; for example, *never* get your sky-line in the centre of the plate.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Arnold Jowatt.—We have the greatest admiration for your commercial instincts, but we are afraid that a portrait attachment or magnifier is not supplied with the cheap cameras you mention. It is, however, quite possible that a portrait attachment or magnifier sold for another camera might be used on one of these, but the right distance at which to use it can only be found by trial.

Lorn Campbell.—We have no doubt that you would find the developing cartridges a simpler method than having to make up your own developer, as the contents of the cartridge are simply dissolved in the quantity of water directed or given in the instructions. We, however, do not advise the use of these simplicity methods, as we think that it is far better that the worker should know exactly what he is using.

R.A.P.—(1) Your method of washing negatives is decidedly ingenious, and I have no doubt is efficient, providing always that you take care not to damage the films as you did at first. Some recent investigations, however, have proved that soaking negatives in a dish of water and changing several times is quite as efficient as washing in running water. (2) An accelerator, as its name implies, hurries up the development, and with some developing agents is absolutely necessary to get the development complete in a reasonable time. In nearly every case it is an alkali, and nearly all the alkalis have been used for the purpose. Carbonate of soda, however, is by far the most generally used, and is perhaps the best for most developers. The developing formula issued with plates and films generally consists of two solutions, and the one containing the alkali is the accelerator, and should be used as directed with the plates or films under treatment. The quantity recommended should never be exceeded, but a lesser quantity may often be used with advantage. Your question *re* eikonogen is not clear. If it is a special preparation containing eikonogen, as I should infer, the accelerator would be mixed with it, but in any case you should carefully read the instructions supplied with the package and follow them out. (3) It is impossible to tell

you how long a negative should remain in the developer. You must learn to judge when a negative is sufficiently developed by looking *through* it. The time varies with different developers, and with different strengths of the same developer. Mr. Watkins, of exposure meter fame, has invented a method of timing development according to the time occupied from the pouring on of the developer to the first appearance of the image, and has drawn up a table for different developers which has been published in several journals. We believe he is just issuing a little shilling book which is partly concerned with this subject. As a general rule, a developer which flashes up the image very quickly requires a considerable time to build up sufficient opacity.

S. Langlois (VALPARAISO).—We are afraid we can only advise you to fit up a dark-room which you can use in the daytime if you wish to employ a more rapid bromide paper, and we refer you to an article on dark-rooms in our June number. Of course you could charge your enlarging apparatus with a rapid paper one evening, expose the next day, and



AN EFFECTIVE SNAPSHOT IN THE WOODS, SHOWING ARTISTIC LIGHT AND SHADOW.
Photo Benetfink's "Flash" Camera.

wait until the evening to develop, but this would involve a severe trial of patience. You may use your small magic lantern for enlarging from small negatives providing you use an objective (the front lens of a lantern), which is corrected for photographing. An ordinary magic lantern objective would probably not give a sharp photographic image.

Sibyl O'Neill.—We should say you will be quite safe in buying a No. 2 Pilot. It has other advantages over the "Little Nipper," in addition to taking larger pictures.

E. A. Hughes.—Regret photo of Lewis' Endowed School, Pengam, is too dark for reproduction.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

• • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the Captain Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club Contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

This month the prize (six shillings) is divided between J. W. ANDERSON, Teithside, Callander, Perthshire ("Wanted—Cricket in Scotland"), and ROY CARMICHAEL, 68, Mill Street, Alloa, N.B. ("A Visit to Crusoe Land").

Wanted—Cricket in Scotland.

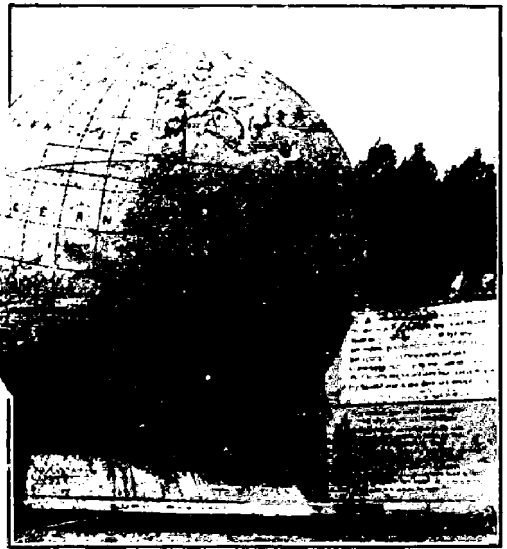
IF Scotland can bid fair to equal England in football, not only in Soccer, but also in Rugby, which is England's peculiar game, why is she so far behind in cricket? This is the inquiry of many an ardent Scottish cricketer as he watches one of the great English matches, or reads in his newspaper of brilliant innings, which, alas! are rarely to be witnessed in his own country.

This year Scottish cricket appears to be in as bad a state as ever. It is true that plans have been set on foot to arrange a combination similar to that which exists amongst the English counties, but will it succeed? Very few are the counties in Scotland which can boast of clubs in any way to be compared to the great English clubs. Somehow or other the game will not catch on as is thought to, and what the reason is none can tell. Some even go so far as to say that we are in a worse state than was the case some years ago. Certainly it is that in Perthshire, Inverness-shire, and many other northern counties, there is not one first-class club. In all our schools the game is, of course, pursued with avidity, but I fear that a match between Fettes and Marlborough would be a sorry spectacle. I am not, as a rule, a pessimist, but one cannot get past the fact that, for the last twenty years, cricket has been striving to gain a footing in Scotland, and has all but failed. In my own village a club was formed two years ago, and almost thirty joined. Last year six sent in their subscription. Perhaps I am taking an exaggerated view of the whole condition of affairs, but, as an ardent cricketer, I feel more acutely for Scotland's position in what many justly regard as the prince of pastimes.

I believe that if an international contest could be arranged between the four countries of Britain, a great impulse would be given to Scottish cricket. Or a match might be arranged between England and the other countries together. Perhaps, if the M.C.C. took the matter into consideration, it might help Scotland out of a rather hopeless position from which she seems unable to extricate herself.

J. W. A.

[I believe the state of things J. W. A. describes is mainly due to the hilly nature of Scotland. Readers may have observed that cricket has made no great strides in hilly parts of England—Devon, Cornwall, Northumberland, etc.—or in Wales.—O.F.]



THE GLOBE, SWANAGE.

A clever snapshot of this remarkable stone sphere, taken by J. E. Stevens.

Sports of the Collier.

THE favourite sports of the collier are pigeon-flying, bowling, and dog-racing. Nearly every collier owns some pigeons, and he will spend his spare time in carrying them miles, just for the pleasure of seeing

how long it will take them to fly back to their homes. Flying matches are arranged between different owners, each man putting a certain sum of money down as entrance fee, the total amount being given to the owner of the pigeon which flies the distance agreed on in the shortest time. These matches, or "sweeps," as they are called, attract large numbers of colliers, who freely back their favourites. At bowling the Lancashire collier is usually a good hand, and on a fine Saturday afternoon he will adjourn to a neighbouring "pub" and bowl his mate for "gills." At Blackpool a bowling tournament is held every year, the competitors who take part in it being mostly colliers. The dog-racing he indulges in is not the kind in which the dogs are set to chase a defenceless hare. The race is held on a straight course, two or three hundred yards long, at one end of which the competing dogs are held, whilst at the other end the owners stand with towels, which they wave about to attract the attention of their dogs. When the pistol is fired, the "starters" let the dogs loose, and away they go in a frantic desire to get the towels between their teeth. The dogs are of the class known as whippets, and the collier takes good care of them and treats them kindly.

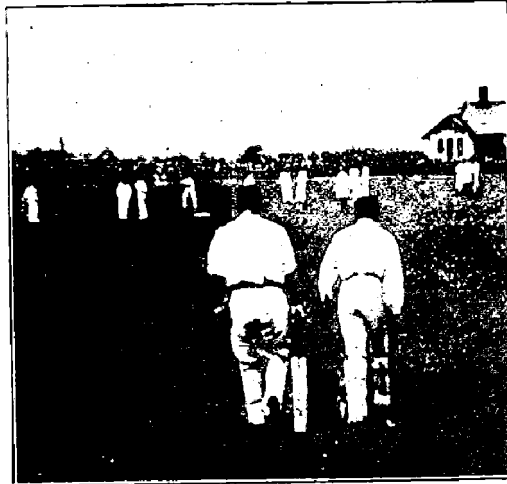
WILLIAM BULLOUGH.



W. M. BRADLEY (KENT).
Photo A. L. Money.



D. DENTON (YORKSHIRE).
Photo A. L. Money.



C. B. FRY AND RANJITSINHJI, THE BACKBONE
OF SUSSEX, GOING TO THE WICKET ON THE
BRADFORD GROUND. Photo by E. Arthur Miller.

A Visit to Crusoe Land.



ON the first day of September, 1896 (I need not glance at my diary to remind me of that), the stout, old-fashioned "wind-jammer," *Salvador*, left her moorings in Valparaiso harbour, and with a fresh breeze swelling her canvas made her way clear of the crowd of shipping and stood out to sea.

The occasion was a memorable one to several on board, myself included, for it was our first trip to the South Seas, and we had

just been commissioned to carry and take off the mails from the outlying islands of Mas-a-Fuera and Juan Fernandez, the latter the island on which the shipwrecked seaman, Alexander Selkirk, spent four lonely years, the adventures incident to which gave rise to the world-renowned story of "Robinson Crusoe," the first hero whose life-story really appeals to the youthful mind.

For four days after leaving harbour I was in a fever of excitement. On the fourth evening, just as the shadows were beginning to fall, I saw before me the gaunt, rocky outline of Juan Fernandez.

We made the island the same night, but owing to the lateness of the hour it was impossible to land, so, as the weather was fine, we stood off, and dropped anchor in sand at forty fathoms, about three-quarters of a mile from shore.



ARD PATRICK.

The winner of the Derby passing Marlborough College on its return from Epsom. The horse behind is Pedigree
Photo by "Sportsman."

As soon as the sun was up next morning I rose and made my way on deck.

It was a glorious morning, and the rising sun, reflected from the ripples and wavelets, was simply dazzling.

Straight ahead of us lay a beautiful bay fringed with pimento and cotton trees, and well covered with long, luxuriant grasses.

After breakfast we effected a landing without difficulty.

On jumping ashore, the first thing that struck me was the profusion of beautiful wild flowers and shrubs scattered amongst the grasses; the next, the motley nature of the inhabitants, who ranged from a Portugee and an Arab to the deep-brown-coloured native who was born on the island.

The inhabitants number about seventy, and live an easy, indolent life. Their chief support evidently is the wild goats which have apparently been left as a legacy to them by the adventurous Selkirk.

The climate of the island is very temperate, the winter only lasting about six weeks, during which period there is a heavy rainfall, and sometimes a few degrees of frost.

The houses, which are built some distance from the shore, are neat little structures of wood, thatched with esparto grass.

On the island itself are no wild animals of any size with the exception of the goats, though some

of the rough-haired mongrel dogs belonging to the inhabitants have a decidedly wolfish aspect.

The language spoken by the inhabitants is Spanish; although nominally under the Chilian Government, the community savours of Socialism in an advanced state, each man being a law unto himself.

There is a mountain on the island over 4,000 feet high, which, about the beginning of the nineteenth century, developed into an active volcano. Happily it is now at peace once more, and likely to be so for many years to come.

The interior of the island is very rocky, and, as in Crusoe's time, there are many caves in which nest various species of sea-birds.

Fish of all kinds are very plentiful, and also a large kind of lobster, of which we took some specimens aboard the ship. Our stay being limited, we had unfortunately no time to roam over the island as I should have liked to have done, but, as it is said to be very rocky and uninteresting, perhaps we didn't miss much.

I looked in vain for any relics of the famous Robinson, but apparently he has had to be content with the Largo monument, no such effigy

being erected yet on Fernandez.

The island itself is about twenty miles long, of oval shape, with deeply indented coast line and sandy shores, the haunts of thousands of crayfish and turtles.

There is no industry on the island, and in exchange for our stores we took aboard only some woven mats, a quantity of fruit and vegetables, and some lobsters and turtles. My own portion of

the spoil consisted of a basketful of small round turtle eggs, which made a very agreeable addition to our dinner-table.

About midday we returned on board, and soon I was standing on the poop, gazing across the waters as the rock-girt shore of the island abode of my boyhood's hero slowly receded and faded from my sight.

R. C.



A VERY CURIOUS FREAK OF NATURE PHOTOGRAPHED IN STOKE WOODS, EXETER, BY LIONEL D. SAUNDERS.

"Captain" Club Criticisms.

"The Advantages of Education."

—I have enquired of Mr. J. Harrison why he sent in this picture, which was palpably copied from the work of an American artist. Mr. Harrison replies that he did not know that he was breaking any rule in so doing, and writes such a sincere and frank letter of apology that I have decided to accept his explanation, as well as his promise that all future work by him shall be strictly original.

H.S.S. (PORTER'S BAR).—A little later on it will be easier to say whether your boy will "make an artist." **Phil. S. Bell.**—Yes, original ideas are everything. I agree with Mr. Louis Wain, but you require lots of persistent practice, drawing from the life and not from copies. Be more decided in the outline of your drawings, and the rest will follow naturally. **F. Marshall.**—You don't say what the photos represent. Always write full instructions on the back of a photo., but not in ink. **Gildart J. Walker** is requested to send a few lines of information about the S.S. "Banrigh." **K. Glover.**—Clever, but not good enough for publication. **Benjamin Ackland.**—Um—er, yes, creditable, but I would rather criticise original sketches, however rough. **Joan Sterling.**—Snapshots too dark and foggy. When taking photos. of this kind, get nearer the object (other C.C. members might note this also). **H. Mills Whittle.**—Very smart; execution not quite good enough for printing.

A. J. J.—Take more care over what you do. Not even Mr. Phil May would "dash off" sketches as you seem to do. Glad your mater likes the mag. so much. **L. V. Neligan.**—Will try and find room in a future number; thanks. **"Yorkshireman."**—If room. Globe at Swanage we have in hand; a photo., I mean, not the globe. **"Grapho."**—No, sorry to say, not great. Want practice; joke

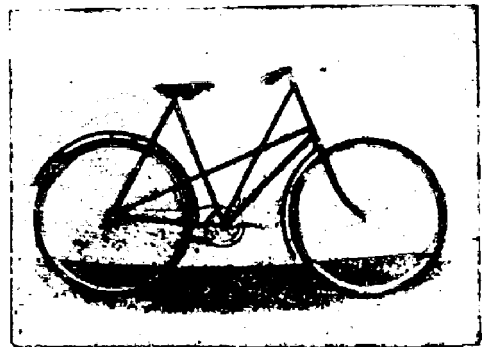
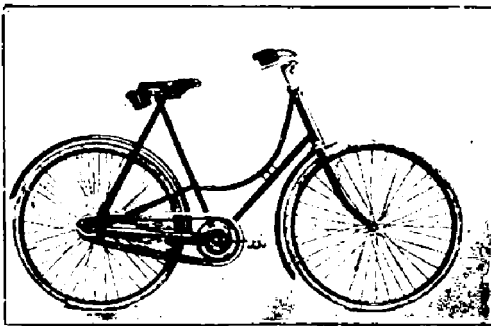
good. **G. W. Ivey.**—Yes, but get more natural action into figures. **Anxious Mother.**—The drawing as a copy is very clever indeed, but I would rather criticise something original. **Dyke White.** Shading a little too fine for reproduction. Your last never reached me, as we acknowledge all contributions of this kind. **T. Stubbs.**—Regret no room. Thomas. **"Grigalach."**—Your adapted sketches are very funny. Watch good cricket, and you will find that better than learning from a book. All the same, read Mr. C. B. Fry's articles in Vols. II. and III. **G. E. Birrell.**—Smart and bright, but not quite up to standard. **Maurice Perrott (SOUTH AUSTRALIA).**—You are a persistent contributor. This last batch shows a great improvement in foreground figures, but your shading is still far too fine. Alter your style by studying the illustrations to "J. O. Jones."

Contributions have also been received from: Archibald Pollock, jun., H. W. Grant, W. H. Kennedy, K. Glover, D. Norman Pugh, T. Allwork Chaplin, "Ratrap," A. Cannington, Albert G. Scott, H. Platt, H. M. Hinson, J. Cameron, D. J. B. Lloyd, E. Hartley, "Nobody Much," "One-who-doesn't-like-to-see-another-make-a-fool-of-himself" (shorter *nom-de-plume* in future, please), H. Payne, F. Collier, "Viator," Hector Frew, W. H. Thomson, "A Carpenter," F. Kipping, W. A. Oldfield, J. S. Forbes, "Penn Wright," G. L. Smith, H. F. Winifred Lynch, A. L. Snow, F. B. Morton, K. J. Wood, H. W. Shore, "Bara," S. H. S. Moxby, J. Garratt, jun., N.C.O., Frank Browne, J. K. Bruce, H. L. Dobrée, Hugh Golby, H. Scholfield G. W. Beaumont, A. J. Cameron, "Dodo," F. H. Atkins, F. E. Rose, T. Crawford, A. Albrow, "Fleur de Lys," H. MacCrie, G. B. (that anecdote has already been published).

A number of criticisms and accepted contributions are held over.

"MOHAWK" BICYCLE PRIZE COMPETITION.

See "Captain" Competitions for August.



A SIXTEEN-GUINEA "MOHAWK" MACHINE.

EITHER LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S.

BEST registered cross frame (height of frame to suit winner), Dunlop tyres, free or fixed wheel, Crabb front rim brake, black celluloid detachable mud-guards, plated rims, red line throughout, tool-bag, etc., complete.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY COMPETITIONS.

Special Prize: Sixteen Guinea "Mohawk" Bicycle.

SIX EXTRA DAYS GIVEN. COMPETITIONS CLOSE AUGUST 18th.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —,
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, "THE CAPTAIN,"
12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by August 18th.

The Results will be published in October.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"Mohawk" Bicycle Prize (presented by the makers).—Pictures, with full description, will be found on p. 474. What you have got to do is this: make a list of the *twelve best tips to cyclists* which Mr. Haydon Perry has given in his articles in the present volume—that is to say, from April to August, 1902. The tips are to be copied out on foolscap paper and headed with your name, address and age. No tip that you copy out is to exceed forty words; it may be anything under this you like, but not over. Competitors must not think it necessary to make each tip run to forty words; in fact, the first should be quite a short one, the second a little longer, and so on down to the twelfth. Tip must be given in Mr. Haydon Perry's own words; that is to say, the wording must not be altered by the competitor. We may mention that back numbers of THE CAPTAIN can be had for 8d. each, post free, from the Publisher, "THE CAPTAIN," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

One Age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 2.—"Hidden Towns" (SECOND SERIES).—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe a town or city in the United Kingdom. Write the name of each town under each picture, fill in your name, age, class, and address, tear the page out, and post to us. In the event of a number of

competitors sending correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. There will be THREE PRIZES of 10s.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.

Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.

Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"John Smith's Menu."—When John Smith came up to London, he occupied the top attic in his aunt's house and had to get all his food "out," as she did not want him to bring food into the house. He was allowed a shilling a day to buy it with. Send on a postcard John Smith's menu. Show how he spent his shilling in the various restaurants he resorted to. Give only one day's menu; say Monday. Two PRIZES of 5s.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.

Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"The 'As You Please' Office."—A merchant in the City with free-and-easy ideas about the way his office should be conducted, told his clerks that they could do their work whenever they liked as long as they put in eight hours a day at the office. Write a short essay, not exceeding 300 words, explaining how you would spend your day if you were a clerk in this office. State the hours during which you would work in the office. Two PRIZES of goods from our advertisement pages to the value of 7s.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.

Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"Missing Landscape Competition."—On one of our advertisement pages will be found a picture from which parts of the landscape have been omitted. All the competitor has to do is to put in the missing parts so as to make the whole thing complete. Use pencil only. No shading. The complete picture will be given in our October number. THREE PRIZES of 7s.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.

Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.

Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—"Foreign and Colonial Readers' Competition."—We award three prizes of 5s. every month to the foreign or colonial readers forwarding the best (a) Essay not exceeding 400 words, or (b) Photograph, or (c) Drawing in pen, pencil, or water-colours. All competitions must be absolutely original. Time limit for this month's competitions: December 12th, 1902, and thereafter the 12th of every month. Only one prize will be given in each class for the best essay, photo, or drawing, as the case may be. Readers living anywhere in Europe are not eligible.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.

Class II. Age limit: Twenty.

Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

I hope you will all read "The Honour of a Transgressor." In addition to being a good, robust yarn, it contains some homely philosophy which we may all take to heart. Uncle Mac is a most delightful central figure. He put barbed wire round his vineyard to keep the boys out. A week later he took the wire down, and explains thus:

"There was a feller tol' me yeste'dy how the women-folks hereabout ain't done much else all week but lam their kids for comin' home with their clothes tore pretty near plum off of 'em. That made me hot! I never did see the good o' lickin' a boy, nohow. Pore little fellers!"

In his heart of hearts Uncle Mac rather sympathised with the youthful marauders, remembering his own boyish escapades.

"Most boys is that kind; don't you know it? I never had no use for the sneakin' little spindly chaps that's got no bad in 'em. Decent folks ain't made that way. Decent, healthy folks is some good an' some bad, mixed up together. I reckon the good Lord made 'em that way, an' He surely knowed what He was about when He was doin' it. Sometimes the good end 'll be up, an' sometimes the other end. I like it that way: that's what makes the whole game worth playin'."

And then Uncle Mac launches forth into a story, which he tells with the object of backing up his assertion that he had never come across a man who was altogether bad.

"There ain't one man in ten thousan' but 'll do the square, honour'ble thing when it comes down to a pinch. Now that's God's truth! Why, look here!" he cried, his manner expanding with the warmth of his enthusiasm; "look here: there's men—lots of 'em, that's just as honest as sunlight, but that tries to hide it an' not let folks know it, because they're afraid o' bein' took for fools. That's the trouble: a good many folks seem to make it a part o' their religion to say that plain, honest men an' fools can't be told apart. They know it ain't so; everybody knows it ain't so. Everybody knows that honest men is the wisest men we got, an' that the only real fool is him that's a liar."

I mustn't say anything about the plot of Uncle Mac's story; that might spoil your enjoyment of a literary treat. It is a story of a kind that I am particularly partial to myself; I daresay you have noticed that I often choose for your worships open-air tales told in a natural manner. You remember the tale of the Colorado postman and the outlaw! If you don't, look up your February number of this year.

Well, I want you all to like tales of this kind. Whilst reading them, one is not merely "killing time": one is learning lessons of unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others. Some people say that novel-reading is not good for young people. Well, it depends on the novel, of course. There are novels which have changed the current of men's lives; which have inspired readers to "do noble deeds, not dream them all day long." The reading of such books is a most pleasant and profitable way of spending part of one's leisure hours.

Thackeray—whose fame will be enduring, and who becomes greater as each year rolls by—is a novelist whose books I would see you save up your money to buy. Give him an honoured place on your bookshelves, and keep him free from dust and damp. This man was a giant, physically and intellectually, and inside his big body there beat a most tender heart. Rough in his manner he may sometimes have been, but his nature was true gold. Let me repeat an anecdote or two about him. Evidently aware that money, when properly used, is a wonderful health restorer, Thackeray (according to one of his biographers) was found by a friend who had entered his bedroom in Paris gravely placing some Napoleons in a pill-box, on the lid of which was written: "One to be taken occasionally." When asked to explain, it came out that these pills were

for an old person who said she was very ill and in distress; and so he had concluded that this was the medicine wanted. "Dr. Thackeray," he remarked, "intends to leave it with her himself. Let us walk out together." And he could be very polite as well as kind. "My friend," he once said to a waiter, holding out a gold piece, "will you do me the favour to accept a sovereign?" How much more gentlemanly was this method than that of throwing a big tip on the table, after the manner of your flashy gentleman who wishes to air his generosity!

A good many people would be generous if they could afford it, but their desire to be free with their money is greater than their ability. But there are other ways of being generous, besides that of money-giving. One may be generous with one's time and one's help: one may sacrifice one's pleasure to assist a neighbour. Bear these little hints in mind, you fellows, during these long summer holidays. I am asking it of you as a little favour.

"Bill Mason's Boys."—In "M. A. P." I find the following information concerning the author of the interesting study of factory life which we publish this month:

"Mr. Bart Kennedy is an entirely new temperament in literature. His imagination is of the finest



BART KENNEDY. AUTHOR OF "BILL MASON'S BOYS," "LONDON IN SHADOW," &C.
Photo by George Newnes, Ltd.

order, whilst his style is intensely individual—short sentences, close-packed with meaning in strong, simple Saxon words. Mr. Kennedy is a man of fine development and immensely strong physique, who

infinitely prefers discussing prize-fighting to philosophy, although in the discussion you would probably get some original side-light on the philosophy of prize-fighting. Few living writers have had a life as romantic, or so full of strange changes and curious adventures. He comes from and is of the working class, knowing from personal experience the poverty of the poor. As a little lad he was a half-timer in Manchester, at work in a great factory at five in the morning at wages of eighteenpence a week. As a raw youth of seventeen, longing for an ampler life, he threw up the mechanic's shop and shipped before the mast for America. He has been everything, from sailor to opera singer, until he became a writer. He has dug and delved and pulled ropes, and starved and feasted in many parts of the world. In the eighties he was in British Columbia prospecting for gold, and knew Klondyke long before it was famous. He knows the American Indian as intimately as Fenimore Cooper. Once, armed to the teeth, he and four other sailors braved it into the country of the murderous Chilcats. Of the five only two got back alive—Kennedy and a half-dead man. The others had gone down under the Indians' knives. For a year he lived the life of the Indians in a Siwash settlement on the Pacific slope. He helped as a navvy on the building of the Canadian Pacific line, and then, tramping across the Rockies, took a coal ship from Vancouver to 'Frisco, where he threw up sailing and navying for singing in the chorus at the Tivoli Opera House. Had he not discovered his literary gift, music would probably have claimed him. As a factory lad his musical talent brought him into Hallé's choir, and through his rough life he would spend his scanty earnings on buying and studying the scores of the great operas and oratorios. From 'Frisco he crossed the continent with a travelling dramatic company to New York, where he first wrote—and starved—but went on writing till his original stories found acceptance. Since then literature has been his one object."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[As we receive a great number of letters, our correspondents are requested to bear in mind that we can only comment on communications that we consider to be of general interest. Readers requiring information quickly should enclose stamped envelopes or post-cards, according to the length of the answer they desire.]

"Assistant Master" writes:—"I have just been reading 'J. O. Jones.' In many ways I have been exactly in his position. I was educated at a public school, and afterwards failed to get into the Civil Service, so to 'pass time' I took up teaching. When I left school I should never have believed that boys could have been such cads as to revenge themselves on a master who justly punished them. If a fellow did wrong at my old school we always took it for granted that he would not even grumble, much less play mean tricks in revenge, when punished. Yet when I began teaching at — I found out very differently. My head-master was as weak as he well could be, because he was afraid the boys would leave if he punished them. The incident of young Adderman keeping his slight wound open was a very common occurrence at —, one of my colleagues (or, rather, my colleague, for I only had one), leaving through an incident of that sort. *He struck a boy who was shaking pepper on his head.* Another time I punished a boy (too heavily, I will

own) for continually cheating, and being cheeky; the next morning Mr. — called me in and told me it would be better for me to let him (practically) off; that is, let him down with a punishment fit for a slight breach of discipline, *because the boy would write home, and his mother would take him away.* That was how all the bigger boys were treated. I should like to know whether Mr. Warren Bell has had experience in teaching in private schools, as I feel sure he must have had." The above letter is particularly interesting, as it shows that the kind of thing described in this story is not so unusual as some readers might suppose. As regards the concluding query, I may say that the author of "J. O. Jones" was for some years a master in various private schools, and is therefore writing about what he well understands.

Miss R. B., who has read *THE CAPTAIN* from No. 1, tells me she has got to put her hair up at Christmas, and that her people tell her she will then be too old to take in *THE CAPTAIN*. Well, upon my word, what a very old person Miss R. B. will be then! Yet there are a great many people who don't take the same view of *THE CAPTAIN* as Miss R. B.'s people seem to take. For instance, there are ladies who read *THE CAPTAIN* regularly who put their hair up thirty, forty and fifty years ago; they either read it, or have it read to them, which comes to the same thing. In our early days I received a letter from Mr. George W. E. Russell, the well-known M.P. and writer, who told me that he took *THE CAPTAIN* in regularly for his own reading. I observe in *Who's Who* that Mr. Russell was born in 1852. Now, Miss R. B., if she is going to put her hair up at Christmas, was probably born about 1884, and yet her people think she will be too old to read *THE CAPTAIN*, although a gentleman thirty-two years her senior, who was once Under-Secretary of State for India, doesn't consider *himself* too old to read *THE CAPTAIN*. I will leave Miss R. B.'s people to digest my remarks, and if they like to write and tell me exactly why a magazine which is suitable for Miss R. B. with her hair *down*, becomes unsuitable for her when her hair is *up*, I shall be very pleased to hear from them.

H. E. J.—The Cambridge medical degree—M.B. and B.C., and afterwards the M.D. or M.C.—certainly now ranks as high as, if not higher than, any in England. For many years the medical school at Cambridge has increased enormously, and there is no medical school in England that has such fine or well-equipped laboratories, etc. There are such large numbers of medical students at Cambridge, at all the colleges, that it really does not make much difference what college you go to, so long as you go to a good one. But Caius has always had a reputation for medicine, which it still keeps up. The cost is much the same at all the colleges, except at Selwyn, which is run on cheaper lines, and is an excellent college. An ideal medical and university course is to go up to Cambridge and take your degree in arts in some branch of natural science, stay at Cambridge perhaps one year after taking the Arts degree, by which time the 2nd M.B. (both parts) should have been passed, and then go to one of the large London hospitals for two or three years. The training thus taken is longer and certainly more expensive than the ordinary course, but in my opinion is well worth the time and money. The "Tutors" of the various Cambridge colleges will oblige you with any particulars as to fees, etc.

Militia.—You can obtain a form of Application for a Commission in the Auxiliary Forces from the Adjutant-General, War Office, Pall Mall, S.W. This

form has to be filled up and sent to the officer commanding the regiment you wish to join. If the Commanding Officer does not care to nominate you, you should send the form, duly filled up and signed, with a letter, to the Lord Lieutenant of the county to which the Militia battalion belongs, for a nomination. Before actually settling on a regiment, you should obtain a copy of the regulations under which Militia officers can take up commissions in the Regular Army. This can be had gratis from the War Office, as above. Obtain the Army List, which will show the regiments. As to cost, the uniform runs into at least £70, and an officer of Militia cannot live on his pay; an allowance of at least £50 per annum is required, or some employment when not on military duty.

Sciens wishes to point out an inaccuracy in the correspondence columns of the June *CAPTAIN*, where it is stated that an accepted candidate for the Royal Marines has to go to Sandhurst for a year. He says: "A candidate for the Royal Marines enters for the same entrance examination as the Woolwich and Sandhurst candidates, but if he passes high enough in the list to be eligible for the Royal Marine Light Infantry, and passes the medical examination, he goes to Greenwich for one year divided into two terms, and gets his commission as second-lieutenant on joining, and as lieutenant on leaving."

Over-worked Student.—I do not know anything at all about snakes. You had better read "The Vivarium," price 8s., post-free, from L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C. Or, better than reading a book, consult a naturalist friend who understands the habits of these pets. Anyhow, I cannot see what good comes from keeping snakes. Certainly a friend of mine in Australia found his collection useful, for, when inebriated gentlemen used to call on him with the distinct object of "making a night of it," he used to let his snakes loose—and—well, they *got!* Still, you are an English boy, and don't need snakes for that purpose. All this pet-keeping appears to me rather a heartless business, as it serves to coop up a lot of creatures which would have a very good time if they were living their proper free life.

Big Ben, commenting on the laments which sometimes reach me from fellows who have reached a great height, and look upon it as rather a nuisance, takes an opposite view. He himself, although he has not reached the age at which a man may be said to have stopped growing, is six feet four skywards, thirty-eight inches round the chest, and thirteen stone in weight. He adds that he finds his weight and size a huge advantage at football and at cricket; in the latter game he is a swift bowler and a slogging batsman. He is very fond of taking exercise, and feels as fit as a fiddle. I am very pleased to find Big Ben acknowledging the usefulness of his stature. Let those who have Big Ben's height, but not his bulk, just bide their time: weight comes in due course if you live a healthy life.

Tredegar.—The London Rifle Brigade, Bunnhill-row, E.C., is one of the best in London. It has a cyclist battalion, but it is not advisable to join this until you have finished your recruit drills. Write to or see Corporal Scaines, "N" Company, on Tuesdays or Thursdays, after 6.30 p.m. He will give you all particulars, and will be able to introduce you. It will be best for you to wait until the first week in November before you join, as otherwise you will have to pay the Capitation grant of 35s., which sum is lost to the Corps if you are not efficient by

then, which you cannot possibly be if you join now. The subscription is 25s. per annum, and you have to buy your uniform, which costs about £5, but this can be paid in monthly instalments. Spectacles are not allowed, but you may wear folders. Look in Monday's *Standard*, in which will be found the Weekly Orders, and by them you will be able to tell if there are any drills that week; if there are not, do not go up that week.

Frater Balbi.—Judging from your letter, there are several appointments in the Civil Service which, I think, would suit you, viz., Junior Supply (Admiralty), India Police, or Irish Constabulary, all of them open-air jobs. The first two are open competitions, but for the third a nomination is required from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Further information can be obtained from Clark's College, Chancery-lane, E.C.

Red Injun.—If you want a good portrait of Mr. Fry to hang up in your study, write to E. Hawkins and Co., Preston-street, Brighton. They have made several excellent studies of him. They have also all the captains of counties, I think, and a great number of prominent players. I think it would be a good idea if Messrs. Hawkins got out a nice little catalogue with all their portraits of cricketers reduced down to about two inches, so that customers could make a choice from them.

Navy Lists.—With reference to my answer on this subject in the June number, J. C. W. writes: "There is no Navy List published at 1s. The price varies, the quarterly issue costing 3s., and the monthly 1s. 6d. Quarterly Lists contain full information as to the clothing and pay of officers and men, also a list of war medals and decorations, together with the names of retired officers, etc."

Long Jump.—M. Bradanovich, at the Sports held this year in connection with Calday Grange Grammar School, West Kirkby, Cheshire, jumped 21 ft. 1½ in. This jump was measured and judged by Dr. Speirs, of Liverpool, an old Edinburgh University and Scotch International Long Jump Champion.

Secretary.—If you write to the City Sale and Exchange, Athletic Outfitters, 91—95, Fleet Street, London, E.C., and mention that I told you to do so, the very pick of the goods will be placed at your disposal at exceedingly moderate prices. This firm is certainly a young one, but it is a very sound one. Try it.

Hooker.—We have not had an article on "How to Become a Clergyman," but you will find all the

information you want in an answer to "Theology," published in *THE CAPTAIN* for December, 1901.

Hawkeye (Luton) and Others.—A re-issue of *CAPTAIN* stamps is being printed, and will be ready shortly. **Saxon.**—Clubbed. Write on lined paper, and your handwriting will improve. Also, always give yourself *plenty* of room. **Manchester.**—Why not try "Tatcho"? It may be that the falling off of your hair is due to some deficiency in your general health. If it goes on, you might find it advisable to consult a doctor.

Rudolf Rassendyll.—Mr. J. O. Jones's compliments, and he is very pleased to hear that you like him so much. **I. S. Clarke.**—Mr. Fry has replied by post to your first questions. Try Benetfink's "Flash" hand-camera, price 18s. 6d. This camera carries twelve quarter-plates in sheaths. **J. M. Stanley.**—Clubbed. A fellow who is 5 ft. 7 ins. at fifteen has a good chance of reaching six feet before he's done. **Chingachhook.**

—Correspondents should send their names and addresses. Questions for Mr. Fry and the Editor should be put in separate envelopes. **H. D. A.**—Some day we hope to have an article on model yacht building and sailing. I am keeping your suggestion before me. **C. F. Knowles.**—Clubbed. The letters "R. P. G." are the initials of Mr. R. P. Gossop, a *CAPTAIN* decorative artist. **"Captain Lifeboat."**—A number of letters have reached me in support of this idea. I will go into the matter further next month. **Erratum (July).**—Edward IV. came to the throne in 1461—not 1431. **Wops.**—You can obtain all the information you require in "The Official Guide to the University of Cambridge," price 7s. 11d., post-free, from A. and F. Denny, 147, Strand, W.C. **M. M. C. Z.**—See notice *re* Club below.

Official Representatives appointed: R. Hargreaves (Westcliff-on-Sea); Ursula Snowden (Ripon), Edgar H. Cross (Sidcup).

Letters, etc., have also been received from: "Highlander," Hugh Bell, Geo. Arrowsmith (Clubbed), "Tarantelle" (Clubbed), E. C. N. (Thanks; see above), "A Would-Be Ranji" (Clubbed; Mr. Fry will reply to your queries), "An Old Boy," "Tim" (yes, it is quite customary for old boys to wear their school colours), F. Rushbrooke, and others whose communications will be acknowledged next month.

THE OLD FAG.



"CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

Readers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB, which was established with the object of supplying expert information on athletics, stamp-collecting, cycling, photography, &c. Applicants for membership must be regular purchasers of the magazine. "The Captain" Badge may be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying, please state which kind you require, and address all letters to Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burling Street, Strand, London. The Badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.

Results of June Competitions.

No. I.—“Hidden Books.” (FIFTH SERIES.)

£1 10s. DIVIDED BETWEEN: Leonard A. Watson, Dennis Park, Stourbridge; and C. M. Le Mesurier, 25, Clarendon-road, St. Helier's, Jersey.

WINNER OF 5s.: G. Williams, Sydenham House, Harrogate.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: C. H. Probert, Trentham-road, Longton, Staffs.; Lillian H. Shelton, 16, Archibald-road, Tufnell-park, N.; R. N. Davis, 6, Thurlby-road, West Norwood, S.E.; Ernest B. Holmes, Rossall School, Fleetwood, Lancs.; W. C. Lee, 160, Shaw Heath, Stockport; H. Platt, Wirral Hey, Wilmslow, Cheshire; E. B. Watson, Maison Haute, St. Aubin, Jersey, C.I.; A. B. Newcomen, Sunny Bank, Coleford, Glos.; Jack Loutet, Brankham Villa, Dalkeith-road, Dundee; Winifred D. Ereat, Belleville, St. Saviour's, Jersey, C.I.; W. Thomson, 8, Salisbury-street, Liverpool; William A. Whitehead, Fir Bank, Fulwood, Preston, Lancs.; W. Turton, Arnewood Towers, Lymington, Hants.; Morton Jewell, 66, Clapham-road, London, S.W.; Edward Parry, Hazlewell, Ilminster, Somerset; Arthur Edwards, 99, Victoria-buildings, Clerkenwell-road, E.C.; R. A. H. Goodyear, Tune-street, Barnsley, Yorks.; C. Crossley, 62, Moorcliffe, Savile-park, Halifax; George Stone, High-street, Ewell, Surrey; Enid Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.

No. II.—“Eleven Best All-round Cricketers.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 7s.: W. White, Fairlea, Abergavenny.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Roy Collard, 2, Westcombe Park-road, Blackheath, S.E.; and W. Pollock, Stanley House, Margate.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lucy Massey, G. W. Berry, R. Harold Royle, Jas. J. Nevin, William Turnbull, R. Hastings, A. Cross, Charles Morris, Ernest King, T. Millard, C. Conat, Hilda Gilling.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: George H. Hampton, 95, Darncombe-street, Moss Side, Manchester.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Sydney J. Buttfeld, 30, Kilmorie-road, Forest Hill, S.E.; and Matthew W. Bell, 36, Bridge-road, Stockton-on-Tees.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. W. Cox, Edgar R. Smith, W. Cook, Allia Hymers, Walter H. Moore, Maurice P. French, W. A. Oldfield, M. P. O'Grady, T. F. Burley, Ernest Adams, E. O. Pinto, Alfred G. Capham.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: R. Samson, 1, Norfolk-street, Globe-road, Mile End, E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: G. S. Porter, 2, Kersal Towers, Kersal, Manchester; and S. J. Wilde, 124, Duke-street, Southport, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. Wernham, R. Robertson, Leslie Ray, G. E. Webster, F. C. Nawton, Thomas Gair, N. D. Quirk, W. J. Wilson, Stanley Hoatson, E. Hodgson, Norman House, Stanley W. Hall.

No. III.—“Drawing of a Head.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Tillie Shephard, The Oaks, King Edward's-road, Barnet, Herts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. Trinder, Walter A. Mitton, T. Allwork Chaplin.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: H. Lawrence Oakley, Shirland, Upper Poppleton, York.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Dorothy C. Hudson, 57, Tiabury-road, Hove, Sussex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Crossley, Agnes M. Parsons, Sydney J. Bond, Charles Smith, W. B. Huntly, G. F. Hayeruff, Frank H. Timmings.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: John Gauld, 12, Balmoral-terrace, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Leonard J. Smith, Bessie A. Fry, May Mackay, Constance H. Greaves, Hilda J. H. Hasson, E. M. Thompson, H. M. Bateman.

No. IV.—“For Competitors who have Never Won a Prize.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN: R. B. Ewbank, Grammar School, Carlisle.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Roy Carmichael, 68, Mill-street, Alloa; Wm. Bullough, 454, St. Helen's-road, Daubhill, Bolton; and George L. Clue, 3, Milton-road, Herne Hill, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Isabel Pickthall, Edith O. Walford, Claude A. Smythe, Herbert J. Wallis, Marguerite Avrd, Sibyl Owsley.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN: George W. Plummer, Pevenhill, Eastbourne.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Frank V. Edwards, 196, Kentish Town-road, N.W.; G. A. Taylor, Kilmington, near Axminster, Devon; and George Birrell, 13, Alexandra Mount, Litherland, near Liverpool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Walter O. Stewart, Walter English, Frank A. Mackay, P. A. Ford, P. Higham, O. Lawford.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN: Dorothea Jacobs, 149, Edgware-road, W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Evelyn Haines, Mayura, Meads, Eastbourne; R. G. White, Fairlea, Abergavenny.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. L. Johnston.

No. V.—“Photographs of Games.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-three.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Roy Carmichael, 68, Mill-street, Alloa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ernest A. Taylor, Kathleen Cartland, Alice M. Archer, W. J. White.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Ernest B. Holmes, Rossall School, Fleetwood.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Jerardine Byron, Philip Nutt, J. A. Humphreys, Stella Bedford, W. J. Riley.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Frank Garratt, Drayton Villa, Oxford-road, Putney, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. V. Southwell.

No. VI.—“John Gilpin was a Motorist.”

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: J. F. A. Barnard, Hillcrest, Spa-road, Weymouth.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Edgar J. Ereat, Belleville, St. Saviour's, Jersey; and R. Bruce Beveridge, 5, Queen's-crescent, Hampstead, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Helen Eccles, Claire E. Mamelsdorf, Albert E. Ereat, Winifred M. Raby, Winifred Lynch, Ethel M. Sheppard, Mabel A. Thorman, Samuel K. Donaldson, Alfred J. Judd, Edwin H. Rhodes, Marian R. P. Irvine.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the “Captain,” “Strand,” “Sunday Strand,” “Wide World,” or one of the books by “Captain” authors advertised in this number.

COMMENTS ON THE JUNE COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—The correct list of books will be found on an advertisement page. No one had the list quite right, the winners of the first two prizes having two wrong. Only one competitor had “The Fatal Gift” for Picture No. 2.

No. II.—The voted list of all-round cricketers is as follows: 1, Hirst; 2, Jackson; 3, Braund; 4, Mason; 5, Lockwood; 6, Jessop; 7, Trott; 8, Grace; 9, Hayward; 10, Llewellyn; 11, Fry.

J. Gunn, A. O. Jones, and S. M. J. Woods were the next three.

No. III.—Some very good sketches in pen, pencil and colours were submitted. The prize in Class I. was awarded to the sender of a well-modelled figure in oils. In Classes II. and III. the prize-winning pictures were in pencil.

No. IV.—It was very gratifying to receive a large number of “unsolicited testimonials” as to the fairness with which the Competitions have always been conducted, from those who had never won a prize. Some excellent suggestions for new Comps. were among these essays.

No. V.—This competition was very keenly contested, the chief fault, however, being that, in the majority of photos, the figures were far too small.

No. VI.—No very high standard was reached, and there was rather a lack of originality. Most of the competitors, however, showed considerable skill in preserving the metre, and the Prize Parody was really amusing.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

THE LAY OF A LOUNGER.

Oh, ye energetic striplings,
Who devote your lives to Sport,
Scarcely giving Mister Kipling's
Stern rebukes a passing thought;
Oh, ye students, poring lonely
Over tomes of ancient lore,
Thinking Scholarship the only
Thing in life worth living for—

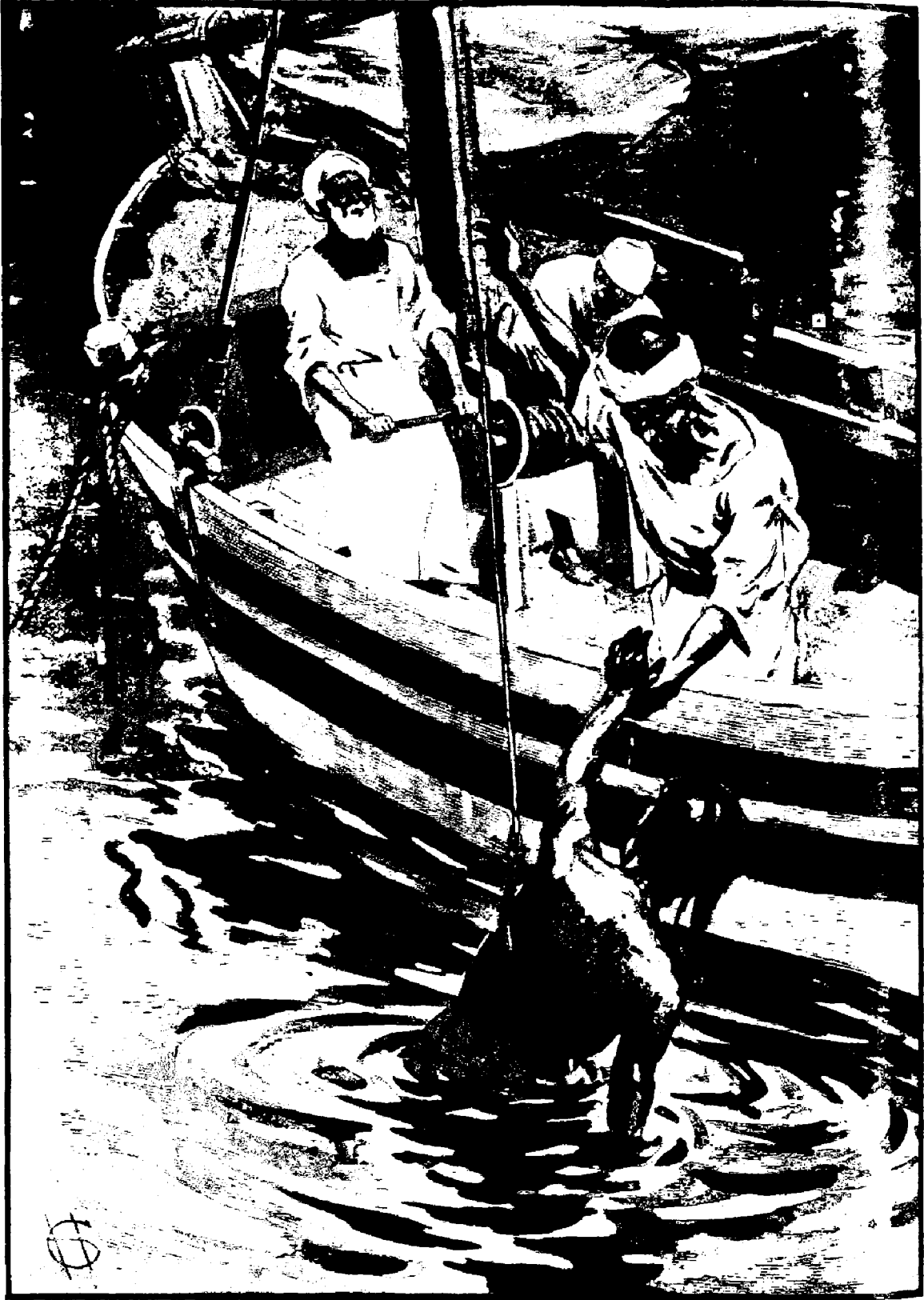
Do you think I'd ever hinder
You from getting "Firsts" in "Greats,"
You from shining on the cinder
Path, or in your college eights?
No! Then let me travel my way
Through the world, as I let you;
Though it may not be the highway
To a fellowship or "blue."

Who would emulate the deeds of
Bredin, "W.G.," or Fry,
Sowing thus (who knows?) the seeds of
Cardiac Hypertrophy?
Who would, aping Stokes or Vassal,
For the coveted array—
Tawdry cap and dangling tassel—
Drain his sapling strength away?

"Life is real," sang the poet,
"Life is earnest"—yes, I fear,
Bitter Fate will let me know it,
At some stage of my career!
In the meantime, whilst parental
Funds and patience still endure,
From all physical and mental
Effort let me live secure!

Let my Uncle's dingy, sober
Office in St. Helen's Place,
Or a hut in Manitoba
Daily stare me in the face!
Future troubles, darkly brewing,
Present pleasures but enhance;
"Let us then be up and doing"
Nothing—while we have the chance!

ARTHUR STANLEY.



THE SPONGE FISHERS WERE WORKING FOR DEAR LIFE.

(See page 486.)



By FRANK SAVILE.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

MR. BLEWITT, midshipman of H.M.S. *Imperial*, twirled his cap nervously as he passed the sentry at the Admiral's cabin door.

What misdemeanour of his could possibly merit reprimand from anybody more distinguished than the First Lieutenant he could not imagine. Consequently, he was mightily flustered as he entered the Commanding Officer's presence. Sir Richard Flannigan was haranguing in a loud voice his Maltese caterer, Emmanuele Bianchi, who stood opposite him, shrinking and apologetic. On the desk between them stood nothing more important than a plate of boiled cabbage.

"If I hear of so much as a spider in the next consignment of green stuff," concluded the Admiral as Blewitt entered, "you leave my service. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sare. But, sare, it is not my fault—the contractors—"

The Admiral waved him into silence, and turned to the midshipman.

"Ah, there you are, Mr. Blewitt. It has been reported to me that you speak a little Arabic."

"Yes, sir. When my people lived in Egypt i—"

"Quite so, quite so," interrupted Sir Richard, who wanted to get to business. "So I want you to exercise your knowledge on behalf of the fleet. The last supplies of green stuff from Martino and Co. have been atrocious—simply atrocious—full of caterpillars, slugs, and what not. I am sending the caterer ashore at Arzeila to-morrow

to see if he can arrange for consignments from the local Kaid. As he is evidently not to be trusted, judging by the supplies he has passed lately"—here Sir Richard glared at the plate of cabbage, and then at the abashed Maltese—"I shall send you to supervise him. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir; but I don't think the Arabic these Moors speak is quite like the Egyptian."

"I shall leave you there three days," went on the Admiral, ignoring the protest, "and call for you on our return from Malta. I trust you will behave yourself, and bargain to the best of your ability. As you go out tell Mr Carpenter that I want to see him."

Mr. Blewitt, thus summarily dismissed, gave his message to the First Lieutenant, and returned to the gun-room slightly bewildered. It is needless to say that, after his account of his interview with Sir Richard, his messmates tacked "greengrocer" on to his baptismal name with great delight, where, in the Service at any rate, it remains to this day.

In the Admiral's cabin, meanwhile, Carpenter, the First Lieutenant, was receiving his orders about putting the midshipman ashore, but before he left the Admiral introduced a new subject.

"Before the evolutions to-morrow, Carpenter, we might try that new gyroscopic torpedo of yours," he remarked.

The other flushed with delight. The invention was the darling of his professional heart, but so far Sir Richard had not shared his enthusiasm nor offered him a chance to

demonstrate its value. He went back to the ward-room beaming.

So it came to pass the next morning that the same launch which took Blewitt and his Maltese companion ashore, remained at anchor after it had landed them, as a mark boat, to pick up and restore the torpedoes which Carpenter aimed at it most successfully. He proved conclusively that his invention had a longer and a more accurate range than any similar invention extant, and Sir Richard was moved to congratulate him.

Scarcely, however, had he done this, than the lieutenant's swelling pride received a fall. The flag ship stood away from the target, and lengthened the range, and this time there was no answering signal from the mark boat. It hovered around, widening its search fathom by fathom, but without result. Another boat was sent to assist, but after an hour's wait the Admiral's patience gave way. The boats were signalled in, the order for evolutions to commence was given, and Carpenter's cherished invention left to its fate. It was reported that in the privacy of his own cabin the First Lieutenant gave way to tears.

Meanwhile, Mr. Blewitt was most comfortably installed ashore under the awning on the Kaid's terraced roof, sipping green tea, munching sweetmeats, and quite at his ease. He had found, as he expected, that his Egyptian Arabic was no assistance to him, but Bianchi's bastard Spanish did all that was necessary. Daoud bin Farag, Lord of Arzeila, had received his negotiations for green stuff with enthusiasm, assured him that every leek and lettuce within his dominions was absolutely at his service—at a price—and was refreshing him to the best of his ability. In return, Blewitt, through Bianchi's interpreter, endeavoured to explain to his host the evolutions now going on in the bay.

"This we call the grid-iron movement," said he patronisingly, as the great ships closed into a patchy oblong, and then slid by exact degrees into two parallel lines. "You observe, do you not, that they keep so much apart, and no more. That is the whole game—to keep the precise station. Do you see?"

"But if one stopped for any reason," argued the Moor. "Bismillah! what a smash there would be!"

"In *our* Navy," said Blewitt, "we never stop. We go on."

"May Allah never call you a halt," grunted Daoud piously. "What is the little

ship that blows off so much steam and flies through the fleet like a shuttle through a loom?"

"We call it a destroyer," interpreted Bianchi. "She goes back to Gibraltar with despatches. She carries a letter, among other things, which will considerably surprise the vegetable contractors there."

"She will return?" asked the Moor indifferently.

"Certainly," said Bianchi. "And with a good cargo, too. She will bring beautiful little boxes of shining gold and silver. The Fleet is paid on Saturday."

The Kaid looked at him eagerly.

"How much?" he demanded.

The caterer had no idea, but wished to be impressive.

"Hundreds and thousands of pounds," he said with vague magnificence, waving abroad his hands.

Daoud grunted like a camel.

"Ah! for the days of sixty years ago!" he cried. "What a prey for a rover—what a prey!"

Bianchi laughed

"Frail she may be," he said. "In fact, her plates are but quarter-inch steel, but her machine guns would blow into splinters the stoutest galley that ever sailed out of Rabat or Sallee. Where is that youth gone?"

Mr. Blewitt, rather bored by a conversation in which he had no part, had risen and strolled away.

"Doubtless to buy pipes or daggers in the bazaar," said the Sheik, and immediately returned to the subject of the green stuff. Mr. Bianchi had been very stiff-necked about the amount of commission he required, and the Moor endeavoured to modify his demands by the use of much Oriental eloquence, but with poor success. Half-an-hour later a vociferous outcry from the direction of the beach roused them from their bargainings. They both stood up and peered across the glare.

A group of gesticulating figures was darkly distinct against the yellow sand. There appeared to be something of a tumult. Bianchi vehemently denounced the midshipman.

"The son of misfortune has got into trouble," said he.

The Kaid nodded as he thrust his feet into his slippers. Then he paused.

"There is nothing of disquiet," he said. "They have found something." Bianchi looked again. A procession had formed up, and Mr. Blewitt's white duck trousers most

peaceably led it. Behind him the bulk of the mob staggered under a heavy load. A few minutes later they came into view in the square before the Kaid's kasbah, chanting triumphantly. They laid their burden reverently upon the ground.

It was a long cigar-shaped object, about fourteen feet from end to end, flanked by four horizontal and four vertical fins, with a brace of fan-like projections in lieu of a tail. The Kaid, in much amazement, asseverated that no such fish had been caught in their waters before.

"I caught it—I—Selim, the sponge fisher," cried a hook-nosed, swarthy individual, wearing a dirty djelab of sack cloth. "It basked on the surface entangled in the strands of my anchor rope. The dog of an unbeliever claims it, saying that it is a machine. Now, anyone can see that it is a fish, though of metal, and perhaps the handiwork of djinns."

"Explain to these idiots that it is a torpedo," said Blewitt to the caterer, "and that it is not to be damaged on any account."

Bianchi stammered and trembled.

"Is it loaded, sare?" he inquired, anxiously.

Blewitt rapped carelessly on the nose of the machine.

"No," said he, hearing the hollow ring from within, and the caterer began voluble explanations to the Kaid.

"So you loose it at a ship, and it smites a hole, and the ship sinks?" said the latter, greatly interested. "Does a man sit astride it as on a horse?"

Bianchi laughed and applied to the midshipman for details.

Blewitt explained the gyroscopic fly wheel, and showed how it was wound and released to obtain the required propelling force.

"You can tell him that it is a good job



THEY LAID THEIR BURDEN REVERENTLY UPON THE GROUND.

it didn't meet the sponge dredger in full charge," he concluded. "It would have gone through its planks like a scoop through cheese!"

"So great is the force of it!" wondered the Kaid. "It would perhaps pierce even iron?"

"This one would," said Blewitt, and then, under his direction, the cause of all the excitement was bestowed in a stable. That evening, though, at the earnest solicitation of the

Moor, he gave an illustrated performance of the properties of the machine in the inner bay, and having ample labour at his command to wind the gyroscope, sent the torpedo flying hither and thither in a way that provoked terrific enthusiasm from all beholders.

But, in spite of his host's attention, the next two days went by very wearily for the midshipman, and though in duty bound he inspected the vegetable supplies submitted to him, he found little else to occupy his time amid the limited attractions of the bazaar. When on the third morning he awoke to find the destroyer *Nectarine* returned from Gibraltar to await the fleet, he went aboard delighted to resume the society of his fellows.

Bianchi preferred to remain ashore. He had food, flattery, and seemingly considerable funds of conversation in common with the Kaid. The two talked endlessly throughout the live-long day, the Maltese apparently finding protest after protest for arguments lavished on him by his new friend. The sun set that evening to find them still talking. At dusk a blanket-like veil of mist rose about the river swamps. It drifted slowly seaward, enveloping the *Nectarine* and the little flotilla of sponge fishers' ketches that were anchored about thirty fathoms from it. Towards midnight a couple of boats crept out under cover of the smother, noiselessly towing a solid raft.

As they sidled alongside Selim's craft, the excitement of their crews grew terrific. They pointed to the gleaming metal cylinder that lay upon the raft, exchanging ideas in awful whispers. It had to be explained to each in turn, and by dint of vigorous kicks, that no single one of the party was to be allowed to ride the "sea-horse," as they still fondly called the torpedo, against the ship of the gaiours. They were allowed, however, to expend their heated energies in winding the gyroscope.

Mr. Blewitt's instructions of the previous day left little room for error. The fins were adjusted, the rudder fixed, and the cruel snout aimed relentlessly for the sleek hull of the *Nectarine*. With a sigh of satisfaction Selim released it. Three score Arabs watched the phosphorescent track of bubbles that followed it into the fog.

A few moments later the watch aboard the destroyer was galvanized into sudden action by a mighty thud amid-ship. The sentries challenged. The boatswain's mate roared the hands on deck. A couple of stokers bounced through the engine-room manholes to report

that a very cascade of ocean water was pouring down upon the bed plates of the propeller. Lieutenant Mears appeared in his pyjamas to take command of a sinking ship.

The boats were ordered out; confusion died down; discipline took its place. Only the cutter was successfully launched before the sea was alive with bobbing heads as the sailors gripped desperately at oars and gratings. Finally, the boat towed a long string of gasping mariners towards the shore, looking very like a lame duck escorting a huge brood of unhappy ducklings. It ran into shoal water just as a flotilla from the shore, guided by the uproar, put out to the rescue. Happily, no single member of the crew was reported missing. All had got on deck in time, and the sea had been without a ripple.

The commanding officer of the *Nectarine* was furious. The ship, it appeared, had been sunk on a calm sea at a well-plumbed anchorage. There could be only one explanation, to his mind. An unknown current must have parted the moorings at bow or stern, and swung the hull upon a concealed reef. He was violently abusive to the watch on deck that could allow such happenings, and be blind to them. Yet with one voice sailors and marines were ready to swear that the hawsers both fore and aft were tight at the moment of shipwreck.

They were not left long to wrangle in. Daoud bin Farag swooped down upon them with profuse offers of assistance, and led them to his kasbah. Before half an hour was over both officers and men were warmed, their clothes dried, and they themselves distributed throughout various simple lodgings in the town. Nothing could be investigated till morning, and they slept the sleep of the weary.

Meanwhile, hidden by the fog, and swinging gently over the very spot where his Majesty's ship had disappeared, the sponge fishers were working for dear life. Not a creak or a rattle was heard—the little hand winches had been drowned in grease and oil, while beneath the calm the divers were groping their way to the cabin, plucking the contents from shelf and locker, and trying confusedly to remember the directions the renegade caterer had given for finding the captain's cabin. Selim, leaning over the gunwale, goaded with frantic whispers each dripping head that burst its way to the surface for air—whispers that grew more and more vehement as the hours lengthened without bringing the reward of their toil. Yet at last it came.

A woolly head bounced out of the calm, gripped a windlass chain, and disappeared again with an inarticulate gurgle. A moment later the greasy winches were bringing iron-clamped boxes up out of the oily sea in quick succession, dumping them into the ketch's hold, where they were immediately covered with seaweed, and returning for more. Well before dawn the treasure trove was won, and along the beach a score of patient donkeys were being loaded for a trip into the interior. Daoud was already calling himself a millionaire.

And then Fate closed her relentless fist upon the Moor. With the breaking of the day Lieutenant Mears came forth, sleepless

with anxiety, to view the scene of his disaster and to probe for an explanation. With him came Mr. Blewitt.

Even then all might have gone well for the Kaid. Twenty donkeys, all bearing sand—and the panniers were apparently loaded with this alone—is a sight common enough on any North African foreshore. Mears hardly gave them a glance. But at the sound of an astonished yell that burst from the midshipman's lips he turned sharply in his tracks.

A donkey had stumbled at Blewitt's feet. The sand, rolling this way and that, had discovered to the amazed youth the real burden hidden in the pannier's bottom. The sight of the iron-clamped boxes had awakened his native intelligence. He was clutching the donkey boy by the throat, roaring vehemently for the aid of every British seaman that Arzeila entertained.

And they came. From door and from window they came, and from wynd and from alley—seventy furious mariners were abroad and doing before sixty seconds had been added to the day,



ONLY THE CUTTER WAS SUCCESSFULLY LAUNCHED BEFORE THE SEA WAS ALIVE WITH BOBBING HEADS.

and Daoud bin Farag saw his new-made fortune being snatched from beneath his very eyes. He, on his part, did not hesitate to rally his followers to resist the recapture of what he already deemed his own.

It was an intermittent, scrambling sort of warfare, for it took the bewildered sailors some few minutes to understand in what cause their officers were herding donkeys out of the hands of their rightful owners, though they did not allow this fact to stultify their zeal in the chase. They hunted the panniered asses from group to group, thumping lustily, while by now the whole population had waked to join the fray. The confusion had all the spice of real warfare, tinged by the humours of a Hampstead Bank Holiday.

In vain Mears hustled in between the opposing armies and endeavoured to gain a hearing. The Moor was deaf to his warnings. The gold he had gleaned from the sea was being torn from him, and all considerations of prudence were scattered to the winds. Musket shots began to punctuate the din. The sailors mustered but the cutlasses worn by the watch on deck, while Baynes, the sub-lieutenant, had his revolver. Seeing the disparity of weapons, Mears cast about him for some place easier of defence than the open wharf. A storhouse beside the water's edge caught his eye.

He roared his commands to his men. Hustling, thumping, and sprawling, the sailors managed to shepherd the animals into a solid convoy, and rush them towards the building. They were thrust in pell-mell, while after one more useless attempt to open negotiations, Mears ordered his men to follow them, and the door slammed in the pursuers' faces as the bullets began to thud upon it.

For half an hour afterwards the tide of battle waxed and waned. The Moors flung themselves upon the crumbling walls with frail ladders. The sailors, mounting through the roof, tore the bricks from the parapet, and rained them on their enemies' heads. The ladders were flung to earth before a foot could be placed upon them. Cutlasses were flashed from half a dozen loopholes, and seldom returned unblooded. A couple of bullets from Baynes' revolver saved the door from being stove in with an extemporised battering ram.

But in spite of the gallantry of the defence, it cannot be doubted that the defenders must in time have been overcome. Stones and fists, however deftly used, cannot contend, even behind fortifications, against bullets

backed by overwhelming numbers. Daoud, flourishing his sword, was just leading his followers to a new and impetuous attack, when from the fringe of the combat came cries of warning. At the same moment, the sailors, crouched behind the roof parapet, turned to see their rescue imminent.

Vomiting black smoke from a score of funnels the fleet was rounding the headland and steaming in stately procession up the bay. A cheer rose from the bluejackets, followed by a mighty laugh. It was answered by a furious scream of rage from the Kaid.

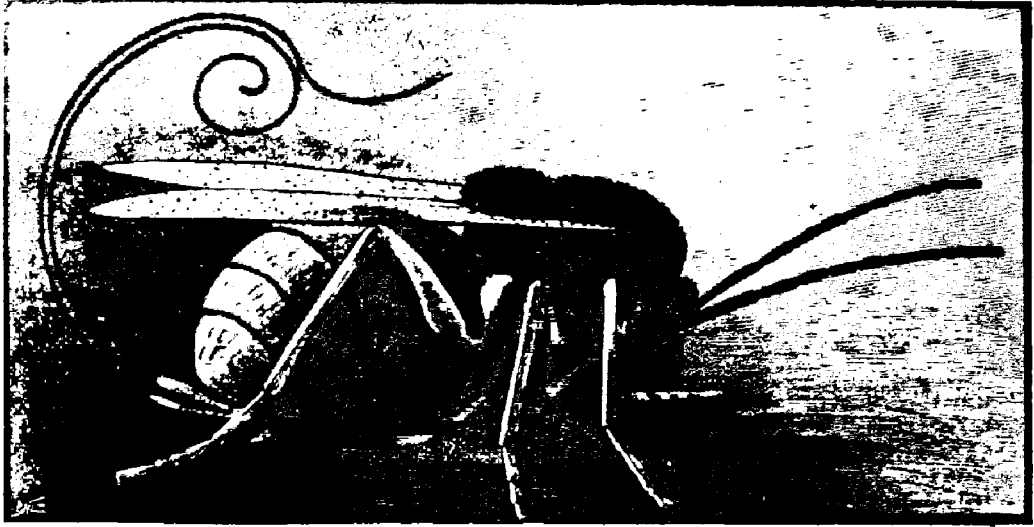
"The dogs of unbelievers laugh in our beards!" he yelled. "Fall upon them; slay every one before their fellows come ashore!" He led an onslaught with a reckless vehemence that made matters for the moment look very serious.

And then Mears did a brave thing. Leaping to his full height upon the crumbling roof of the storhouse, for two perilous minutes he stood erect, waving his arms in semaphore signals that spelled out the story of their plight. He fell at last, with a bullet through his shoulder, but the tale had been told. Instant bustle was observable on the flagship.

A great gout of smoke burst from her sides, followed by a long-drawn clatter as the shell screamed across the interval. There followed a mighty crash. The Kaid's kasbah dissolved into a flying cloud of dust and splintered stones. Then with one consent each Arab dropped his weapons and fled to the cover of the gardens. The war was over.

A lamentable voice guided the search party to the ruins of the kasbah, and it was a ragged tatterdemalion that was extracted from it in lieu of the dapper caterer. He vehemently denounced his late host, but when no sign of the torpedo was to be found in the stable, Mr. Blewitt had suspicions which became certainties when the divers descended to examine the destroyer's hull. Lieutenant Carpenter received back his cherished invention with joy, thinking, so it was said, the loss of the *Nectarine* a small price to pay for its recovery. But though nothing could be proved against the Maltese as an accomplice, there was ample evidence to justify Sir Richard in dismissing him, which he immediately did. The only people who gained by the adventure were Martino and Co., vegetable salesmen, who gloated with great satisfaction over the Admiral's disastrous attempt to obtain vegetables elsewhere, and put an extra penny a dozen on cabbages to celebrate their triumph.

SOME REMARKABLE FLIES.



NO. 1.—SIDE VIEW OF THE GALL FLY (SHOWN IN NO. 2), WHICH PIERCES THE OAK AND CAUSES THE BALLS TO FORM.
Notice the excessively long piercers.

Written and Illustrated from Nature by James Scott

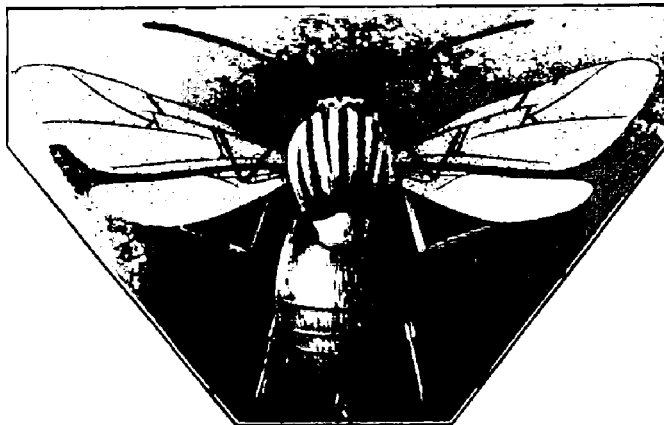
FLIES

PLAY a wonderfully important part in connection with the welfare and economy of mankind. Their position in the affairs of man, and the complex effects which they are capable of producing, are not generally considered in the minds of men, unless those men are directly concerned, either pecuniarily or scientifically, with them. If, in one instant, all the flies and their offspring could be eliminated from the face of the earth, startling consequences would be quickly developed; but whether the new condition would bear an influence for good or for evil it would be a difficult matter to predict. If a consensus of opinions was, however, sought from those authorities most capable of advancing it, I am inclined to think that the verdict would result in favour

of the retention of flies, and not for their abolition.

Practically speaking, all flies, before they become winged and mature, have to undergo a transformation from a nasty maggot, or grub state, in which form they are hatched as minute beings from the eggs deposited by the parent flies. To this rule there exist some peculiar exceptions, as in the case of winged aphides. The maggots, or grubs of flies, are to be found feeding on refuse, clothing, cheese, vegetables, and other edible commodities, leaves of trees, and the insides of their trunks, in water, and, in fact, are usually, especially during warm weather, abundantly busy at their various avocations all over everywhere.

I have taken for illustration some of the most diverse samples from among the many varied families which live among and about us, and



NO. 2.—TOP VIEW OF THE GALL FLY (SHOWN IN NO. 1).

these will furnish us with a very vivid demonstration as to the deeds for which flies are responsible.

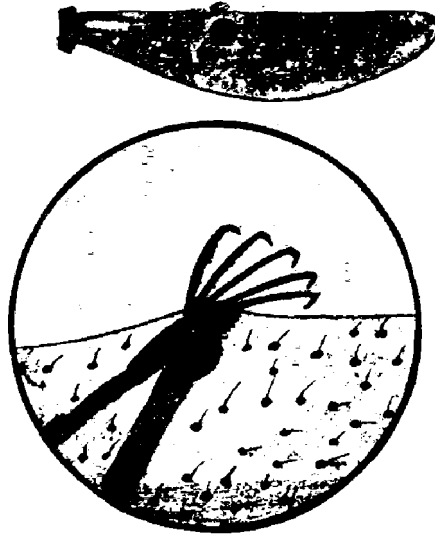
In the summer-time you may observe with wonderment a great number of curiously shaped lumps, or even symmetrically formed protuberances or extensions, on many of the trees and plants in forests, gardens, and fields. The majority of these freaks have been coaxed into existence by the intimidation of *flies*, and their grubs live and thrive into exceedingly truculent creatures within these strangely formed homes.

A fully bloomed oak will often expose a dozen or so varieties of these excrescences, which are identified as galls; and from each particular set of galls a special kind of fly (different from those produced out of others) will ultimately issue. Some are minute specks with wings, while others are of fairly large dimensions, proportionately considered. Those spherical, brown, "woodeny" balls, which hang from oak twigs like a number of marbles, and which everyone must surely have observed, are actually brought into being through the agency of one species of fly, shown considerably magnified in Nos. 1 and 2. This creature, which is light brown in colour and highly polished on the armour-plated hind half of its body, possesses a curious tube that fits into a cleft which extends completely along beneath its abdomen, from near the chest to the back extremity. It has the power to protrude this tube, or withdraw it to concealment. Along and from it passes an excessively long double piercer, with which it bores and irritates the chosen part of the plant into which it desires to insert one of its eggs. Just as picking your teeth with a needle or pin will often cause a gumboil to develop, so the respondent tissues of the oak become inflamed, as a direct consequence of the work of the gall fly; and the affected parts continue to swell and change in character until a nicely rounded wooden ball has grown into prominent existence. In the interior of each of these queer galls you will find, snugly enclosed, a very fat and greasy white grub. This obnoxious looking creature is favoured in two conspicuous ways far more beneficially than are the grubs of most flies. It has not the necessity entailed upon it of

hunting for food, inasmuch that within its own immediate proximity the substance of the gall affords it due nourishment. As it grows, its own

consumption of the substance around it provides a space for its enlarged condition. It will always be found to tightly fit a central spot. Then from the point of view of safety it is very fortunate in the fact that its prison protects it from the attacks of birds and various other denizens of the field and forest. In the internal cavity it undergoes a metamorphosis, eventually bursting forth as a *four-winged fly*. Sometimes the grub will, at a time preceding its change into the matured form, bite its way through the nut and fall to the ground, with the instinctive intention of burying itself in the earth and there undergoing its alteration in form.

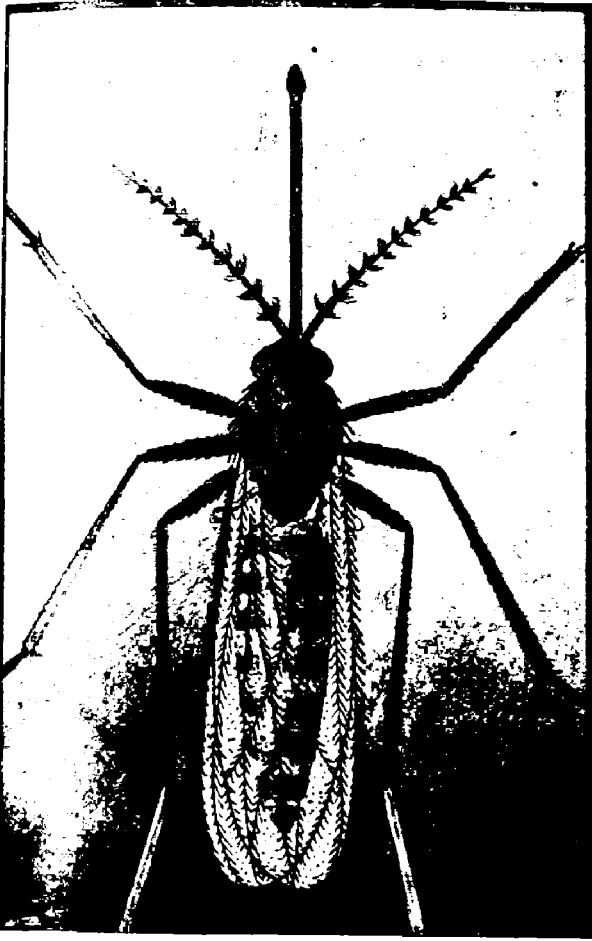
When I have kept these nuts for the purpose of hatching out the insects, the flies themselves have bitten their way



NO. 3.—HOOKS ON THE EDGES OF THE HIND WINGS OF THE GALL FLY, AS SHOWN IN NOS. 1 AND 2.



NO. 4.—FLIES EMERGING FROM OAK GALLS, ALSO ONE OF THEIR GRUBS SHOWN IN THE CENTRE OF A GALL.



NO. 5. TOP VIEW OF FEMALE GNAT. THE TRUNK PROJECTS FROM THE FRONT OF THE HEAD.

from out of the galls, having preferred for some doubtlessly acute reason (perhaps a curiously ascertained knowledge that no earth was reachable from the glass jar containing the galls) to pass their change inside the nuts. The tunnel made by each of these flies for its egress is beautifully neat and cylindrical, and I am sure that the exterior hole, which can be seen in untenanted galls, could not be drilled cleaner by any mechanical means furnished by man.

As before said, a gall-fly has a long boring apparatus, shown extending upwards in the illustration No. 1. This tool can be completely retracted within the insect's body, when it assumes a flat spiral form, almost like a coil of rope. The insect has four wings, and it is a remarkable fact that when it so desires the convenience, it can fasten these pinions together in order to form *two* large wings. This attachment is effected by means of a few incredibly minute hooks which project from the front edge of each small, or hind wing, and catch into a pre-

pared portion of the corresponding edge of each foremost wing. One set of hooks is shown magnified in No. 3, and their exact position can be comprehended by referring to the illustration of the detached wing, where the large dot indicates them.

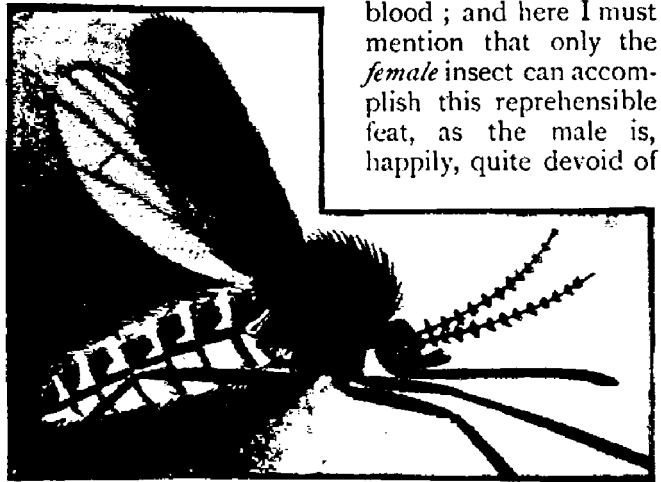
Bees and wasps also have this peculiar facility; but in their cases the hooks are in rows—not in bundles.

It may here be said that the veins or ribs of flies' wings are not formed in the haphazard way that some people think they are, of being differently disposed of in the same kinds of insects. However grotesque the formation of the pattern made by the veins may be, it is strictly the same among the members of any one species, although that of one species may differ from that of another.

In most cases the wings are covered and edged with tiny hairs, whilst in others they are partially or completely overlaid with scales or feathery-like particles.

Among the uncountably numerous tormenting pests by which poor man is severely afflicted must be included the apparently insignificant yet really very formidable gnat. Just a few words are necessary for making clear what a gnat is. Nearly every small and slender long-legged fly that hovers about the window-panes, or is encountered during a country ramble, is called a gnat, whereas it might actually be something totally different. Gnats average nearly $\frac{1}{4}$ in. in length, always have a somewhat long and slender body, have *two* wings and a humped back, with depressed head. If you are sufficiently inquisitive and interested in the matter you may generally detect a gnat from other flies by the use of a lens such as forms the eye-nose of a camera. You must, of course, in such a case risk the opportunity you will afford

the gnat for sucking your blood; and here I must mention that only the *female* insect can accomplish this reprehensible feat, as the male is, happily, quite devoid of



NO. 6.—SIDE VIEW OF THE FEMALE GNAT. THE TRUNK CONTAINING ITS PIERCERS PROJECTS IN FRONT OF ITS HEAD.

the necessary weapons, although it has a similarly shaped trunk.

The statement has often been printed before, but repetition is now excusable, that gnats and mosquitoes are practically identical creatures. There is about as much difference between the homely gnat and a foreign mosquito as exists between a Frenchman and an Englishman. Just as both the latter are white and civilised men, with head, hands, feet, and everything alike, yet possessing slight differences of appearance, temperament, and so on, so are gnats and mosquitoes similarly different—if I may so quizzically express it. Both dig for blood with the same kind of tools, which I will now describe.

From the female gnat's head projects a very slender and comparatively long trunk, which is usually held straight out in front, as if ready for making a sudden attack, although when in use it is bent downwards, in the same way that an elephant's trunk is carried. This proboscis is a very noticeable object, and is conspicuously displayed in the illustrations. You can see it, if you look very closely, like a fine hair, with the naked eye. Unless an insect, even though in nearly every other respect resembling the fly here being treated with, owns this extraordinary trunk it does not come under the description of true gnats, and beyond irritating human skin in a tickling manner, cannot suck blood.

Along the top surface of this trunk is a slit extending its whole length, and the insect can withdraw therefrom six minute lancets, with which it pierces the skin. Until lately, investigators asserted that the six lancets were contained within the tube; but the contention is now universally supported that one of them serves as a kind of lid, which fits into the slit just mentioned.

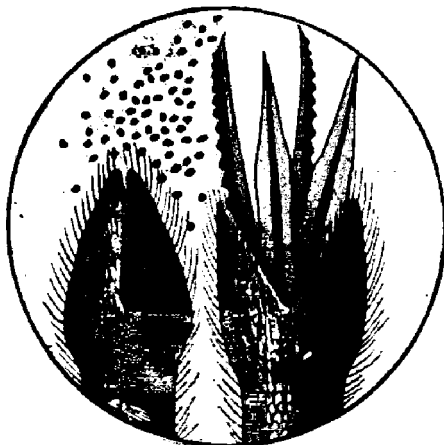
As the piercers are driven down into the flesh the trunk bends a little, retaining its lips over the wound being made. For the purpose of conveying an adequate idea of the almost inconceivable fineness of these lancets, I add to the drawing No. 9 the pointed portion of an ordinary $\frac{1}{2}$ in. sewing needle, as when seen magnified proportionately with the tools of the insect.

In No. 7 I provide a still more greatly magnified view of the *extremities* of four of the lancets or piercers. You can clearly observe that they are notched like saws, or sharpened like swords. When a person is "bitten" (*i.e.*, literally *sawn*) by a true gnat or mosquito, it seems incredible to him that so tiny a creature should be possessed of the power to inflict so potent a degree of pain. In face of the emphatic effects which insects can and do produce

in the human body; many people still deride all references to the pests. But microscopists are able to prove neatly the reasons why such disproportional results are possible; and No. 7, with the particulars I am now about to add, will furnish a clue in this direction.

The heap of "cobblestones" in that drawing are magnified blood corpuscles of the human body. Nearly everyone has, I suppose, been taught at school that our blood consists of a gummy-like fluid called serum, crammed full of red and white corpuscles, which career through our veins and arteries like underground

springs and rivulets do through the earth. Of course, gnats, fleas, bugs, and other unpleasant invaders feed on this serum and the blood corpuscles. Hence, to give you some idea of what the truth is, I direct you to examine No. 7, all parts of which are drawn in as strict proportions as possible with relative parts. From this it will be understood that the meal of a gnat, although to us apparently



NO 7.—ENORMOUSLY MAGNIFIED END OF GNAT'S TRUNK, WITH FOUR OF ITS SIX WEAPONS PROTRUDING.

Around these points are shown some sketches of human blood corpuscles for the sake of comparison.



NO. 8—HEAD OF MALE GNAT DISPLAYING ITS EXTRAORDINARY HAIRY ATTACHMENTS.

a mere drink of fluid blood, really consists of the consumption of liquid (serum) and "eatables," like miniature nuts, in the form of blood corpuscles. In these matters man is little more than a huge productive world for avaricious insects, which probe for wealth in our bodies as disdainfully as we dig for gold or water in the bowels of the earth.

I wish to particularly request the reader to notice the curious tree-like form of the female gnat's horns or feelers. They consist of several segments, from each of which sprouts a circlet of hairs in a quite symmetrical manner. The feelers of the male gnat (which, as has already been remarked, is unprovided with the necessary implements for sucking blood) consist of beautiful bunches of these hairs, stretching from the head in a triangular form. In addition, it owns a pair of jointed finger-like attachments and a plain trunk.

Gnats lay their eggs in boat-shaped masses on top of the water, and from them hatch out grubs, which will pass their lives in the water, and undergo, before the winged state is reached, somewhat *similar*, yet certainly different stages, corresponding to the caterpillar and chrysalis conditions of butterflies. Most people are only acquainted with them in the atmospheric portion of the world.

You may have heard much about the supposition—now an actual certainty—that certain foreign gnats, which pass by the awful name of mosquitoes, are responsible for the widespread infliction of that terrible disease, malarial fever. The manner in which they effect this dreadful plague may be briefly given. As wriggling grubs in the water, they consume as food vast hosts of the malarial microbes, many of which remain within them during their change into the fly form. When, thus, one of these smitten matured gnats "bites" (*i.e.*, pierces) the flesh of a victim, some of the wretched microbes pass down the tube, which thus forms a direct channel of communication with the "stomach" of the gnat and the blood of the person attacked. If you still wonder why, while the gnat is sucking *up* blood, the microbes may pass *down* its proboscis, I must ask you to bear in mind that when you yourself eat or bite anything, a saliva passes into or over it. A

similar condition of things naturally takes place when the gnat "bites" a substance. Undoubtedly the fever is also spread through the agency of flies that have already imbibed the horrid blood of stricken men.

Fishing flies must be regarded as almost unique curiosities of the insect world, and are very well entitled to our present consideration. You cannot meet with such creatures in so disagreeable an abundance as you may the poor abused house-flies or the pestiferous gnats, but if you are sitting quietly by the side of a rural pond in the summer-time, and will display a somewhat tiresome patience, a number of them will probably perform before you in a most astonishing manner. I picture a *male* specimen, and desire to specially direct your attention to the extraordinary curvature of the hinder portion of the body which characterises this particular insect. It will be seen that the abdomen is bent forwards underneath, and terminates in a hairy, brush-like appurtenance. This particular feature clearly distinguishes the male from the female fly of this species.

These creatures are individually $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long (or thereabouts), and have a hard, armour-plated look, their bodies sparkling with a metallic brilliancy which is very noticeable. My selected fellow had a black body, which shone with a greenish, shot-silk kind of colour, and eyes of a most vivid bronze green, forming altogether a very picturesque and exquisite

model of insect beauty.

These flies walk with facility upon the surface of a pond, without losing gracefulness of movement in so doing. They are as alert as kingfishers, and their vigilance is used for a somewhat analogous purpose with that of the magnificent bird just mentioned. They search in this way for living food in the water beneath them, and will pounce on any unfortunate inhabitant of the pond which ventures near the surface. Although you might suppose, if you base your judgment on the appearance of the fly in No. 10, that these insects have beaks resembling those of birds, the fact really is that each one is provided with an elephantine sort of trunk, which is furnished inside with one or more sword-shaped piercers. As a rule they do not roam far from what may be termed *their* shore of the pond; when, should they be in



NO. 9.—THE FLESH PIERCERS OF THE GNAT COMPARED WITH A MAGNIFIED FINE NEEDLE POINT.

search of food, they will, immediately upon detecting a living thing dart within reach beneath them, seize it, and, after having thrust their piercers into it, suck its life-juices out. They seldom attack man or his companion animals, as do the gnats, but prefer, for a reason sufficiently good according to their own views, to prey upon fellow insects, or similarly small forms of life.

There is one important part of insect life so conspicuously revealed in these flies that I have taken No. 10 as being capable of serving very efficiently to illustrate it. All flies (as well as other true insects) breathe by means of rows of holes placed along the sides of their bodies, instead of with what must, for description's sake, be called their mouths or trunks. I hope you will believe me, and not try the experiment, when I say that you can suffocate a fly by varnishing, or otherwise clogging, these holes, just as a man would be choked if his mouth were sealed up. If you examine No. 10 closely, you will see one of the fishing fly's series of breathing apertures along the lower part of its side. All the other flies portrayed here possess similar necessary features; but they are not so sharply defined in them.

It is strange to reflect on the peculiar facts I have here paraded, that the weapons belonging to some insects are attached to their heads, whilst those possessed by others are placed on their hinder portions.

I earnestly hope that in giving you the following particulars concerning the production of a very valuable and highly appreciated commodity of the household, I shall not raise a distaste for a really good thing. If the whole truth were known of the unavoidable connection, in various ways, between insects and food, fastidious people would be compelled to starve, if they supported their inclinations.

The brilliant crimson cochineal with which our cooks so beauteously tint the quivering jellies of the dinner-table, is really the essence of tiny insects, just as wine is the essence of the grape. It is the female who is so strangely adapted to man's use; and in connection with her habits I have some very strange truths to narrate. The two bulbous-looking objects in illustration No. 11 are females, whilst the sprightly, winged creature is the male. Could you imagine a greater dissemblance between a mother and a father of any kind of animal than exists between those belonging to this section of life? Such excessive contrasts, although to be found in nature, are very rare.

The females, which may be likened to tiny

balls, each provided with six legs and a piercing snout, are throughout the whole of their lives very sluggish and lazy (so far as pedestrianism and physical movement are concerned), and at a very early period of their existence drive their snouts into the substance of some plant, usually one of the cacti, and remain in that position for the remainder of their lives, even laying their eggs, and shrivelling up to mere skins over them when their life's work is done. Two sad circumstances result from this voluntary bodily indolence, and from them might be pictured a moral for the guidance of those folk who prefer to lounge about and feed continually, without adding any other labour to their curtailed exertions.

They become outrageously fat, even to grossness and pure ugliness, as may be under-



NO. 10.—A FLY THAT WALKS ON TOP OF POND WATER AND FISHES FOR FOOD.

stood by referring to the illustration, whereas their partners continue to retain a certain amount of beauty, which the possession of two very long hind bristles does not spoil. In addition to this undesirable *acquisition* the females sustain a loss—of their legs! This result is gained gradually, of course.

Alas, for the gluttonous capacity of these curious insects! Along come the giants, who claim their bodies, and induce them to fall into sheets and pans by certain processes of fumigation, they being thenceforth destined to forfeit their essential substance for the adornment of jellies, and for other purposes. Actually, their essence is quite as unobjectionable as honey. In both cases the product is practically made from the vegetation on which the insects feed.

It is only among insects that practices of the

after-mentioned kind are discovered; and it is as well, perhaps, that our own sense of pity is not exposed to outrage in this direction. What the eye does not see the heart does not grieve over, we have been told. Certainly, only an entomologist encounters the full effects of the tragedy I am about to describe. I studied it recently in its various stages, but it is, nevertheless, equally well known to all students of insect life.

There is a group of flies, of which that illustrated in No. 12 is one species, whose grubs inherit the instinct of feeding on living caterpillars and similar creatures. A brief description of my fly is necessary. It is, in size, not dissimilar to a house-fly, but it has a characteristic way of carrying its wings wide apart (as shown), as though it were anxious to fully display the real beauty which it possesses. To bright red eyes and a glistening silver forehead is added a body bearing a quaint design of very dark brown and brilliant gold. The lighter patches in the drawing represent the latter.

One of these flies had laid some eggs upon a plant, and from them had hatched some maggoty grubs, which concealed themselves for the purpose of awaiting their prey. Along came a juicy caterpillar, and was pounced upon by one of the small grubs, which bit its way right into it. Determinedly carnivorous, the fly-grub continued to lodge within the body of the caterpillar, feeding meanwhile on its tender, and evidently delicious living flesh, fattening itself as a consequence. No mortal injury having been suffered by the caterpillar, it underwent its change into the chrysalis state (as you see it illustrated), from which—but for the tragedy being narrated—it would have emerged as a large moth. But the pernicious grub within it continued to consume the soft parts of its now mummified victim, until only a hard, and practically empty chrysalis shell, or case, remained.

Subsequently, having no more food left, as a direct result of its own gluttony, it chewed its way through the

shell of the dead chrysalis, laid itself down quietly in an adjacent spot, and underwent on its own behalf a similar transformation—that is to say, it became in turn a chrysalis, with a hard, dark brown shell, different, however, in shape to that of the moth, for it was merely a cylindrical lump with no definite exterior marks, whereas moth chrysalides bear distinct indications of forthcoming eyes, wings, feelers, etc. Inside this cylindrical shell the grub matter shrivelled away from the outer skin, and developed into a fly, whose portrait is given magnified in No. 12, along with the remains of its victim, and its own self as both a grub and an emptied chrysalis shell. Most flies, in hatching out from their cases, push off a lid or cap. When

they have expanded their previously folded wings and stretched out their legs, you would hardly credit that they had burst from such apparently unaccommodating quarters.

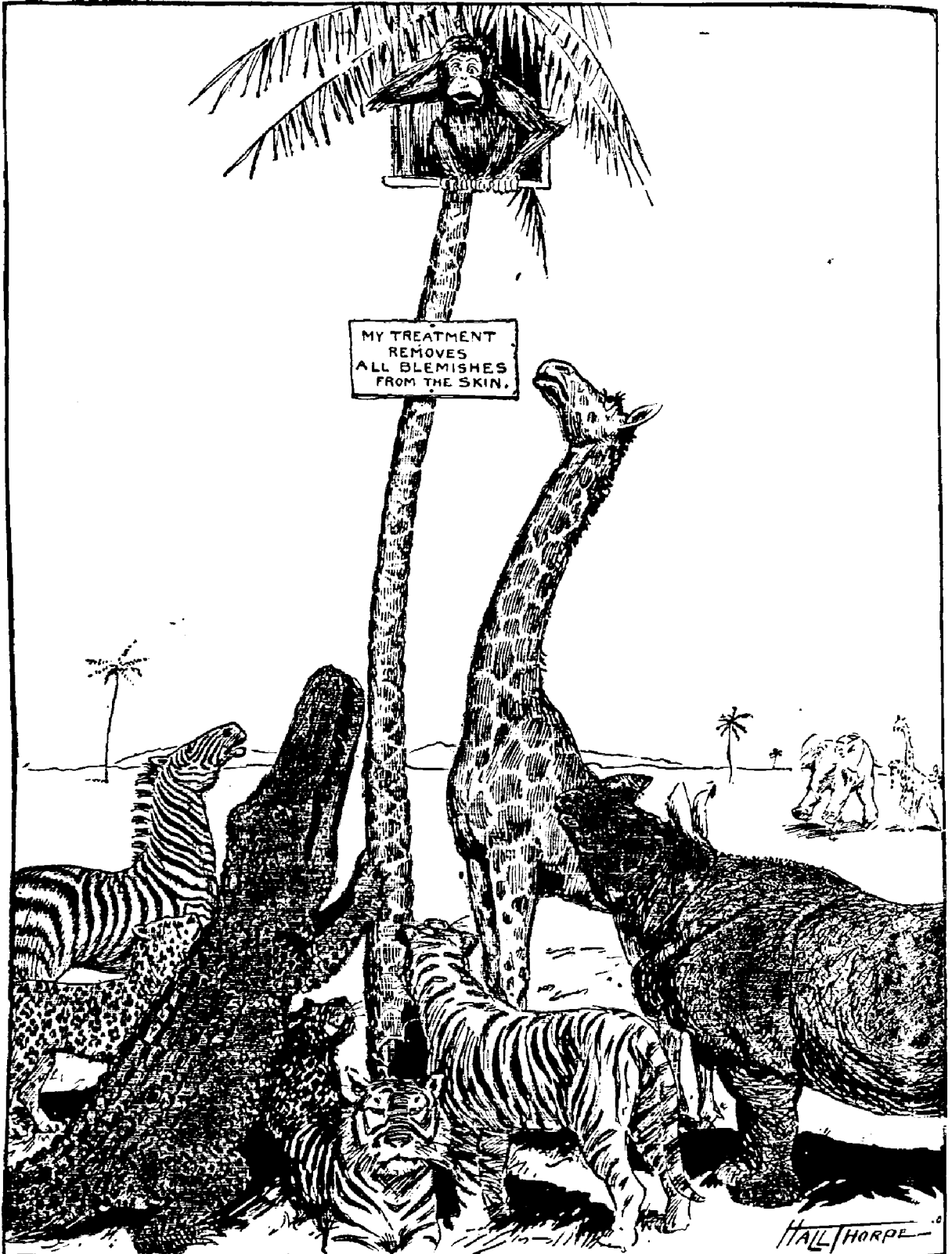


NO. 11.—ONE MALE AND TWO FEMALE INSECTS WHICH PRODUCE THE COCHINEAL DYE WITH WHICH JELLIES ARE COLOURED.



NO. 12.—THE GRUB, EMERGING FROM THE MOTH CHRYSALIS ON WHICH IT HAS FED, BECOMES TRANSFORMED INTO THE FLY SHOWN ABOVE.

THE WRONG CLASS OF CUSTOMER.



"Great Scott! What an ass I was to put up that advertisement! It won't be safe to leave this tree for the next six months!"

CONTRABAND OF WAR,

An Incident of the Cuban Rebellion.
By Ernest Richards.

Illustrated by Geo. Morrow.

I.

I HAD been ashore for some few months in New York City, and, having spent the dollars, was on the look-out for another ship. In taking my customary walk round the water-front, I came across a little Yankee schooner that wanted a supercargo,* as she was about to trade—so the skipper said—with her general freight in the ports of San Domingo.

"Yes," said the old man in answer to my question, "when we've traded away the cargo, why, we'll just load logwood for this city."

This seemed all right enough, and, considering that I should be able to trade a little on my own account, I arranged there and then with the skipper, agreeing to join the ship and bring my gear aboard next day, the vessel being already loaded.

When I arrived aboard next morning, the mate showed me my room, which was rather dark on account of the deck load blocking the dead lights. However, I stowed my things away as well as possible under the circumstances, and went ashore for a last stroll round.

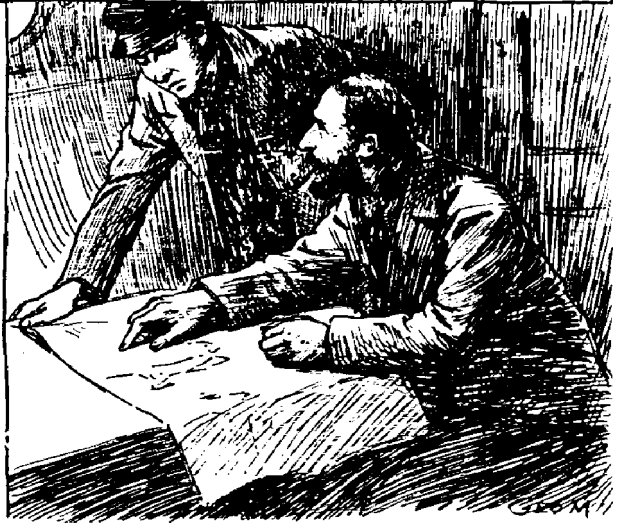
We left New York early that afternoon, and before evening dropped our pilot, and proceeded with a fair wind under our own canvas.

The crew consisted of seven hands—captain, mate, cook, three seamen and myself. I had little to do on the passage down, except listen to the skipper's proposals with regard to disposing of the freight to the best advantage.

We had a nice fresh breeze from the north-east, and the old schooner, though by no means a clipper, soon picked up the fine weather latitudes; and during the fine days in the semi-tropics I turned my attention to the bills of lading and cargo manifest.

I found our freight was general, but consisted chiefly of goods packed in cases, and described in detail on the bills of lading according to their various contents. One curious feature attracted my attention with regard to the various entries in the vessel's cargo books, and that was a peculiar sign opposite every third line, somewhat like a shorthand word. Occasionally this sign was varied; in fact, I found the variation to be uniform, two signs only being used throughout. I endeavoured to puzzle out what these could

* The duties of a supercargo were to keep an exact account of the shipment and unloading of all cargo on behalf of the merchants. Nowadays this is all attended to by the chief officer.



mean. They could not be the receiving clerk's ticks in checking the freight, for the orthodox ticks were duly placed opposite each item, and in addition the curious signs occurring respectively opposite every third and sixth line.

I resolved to call the skipper's attention to the matter as soon as a favourable opportunity occurred. In the meantime I made a general survey of the vessel. Her papers told me she was 120 tons register, and launched in Machias, Maine. She was very strongly built, and on her cabin deck were several hatches like trap doors.

Acting on my resolution of the previous day, I broached the subject of the curious signs to the skipper at breakfast. He only smiled and said, "The marks were placed against packages which were to be stowed in certain parts of the hold for convenience."

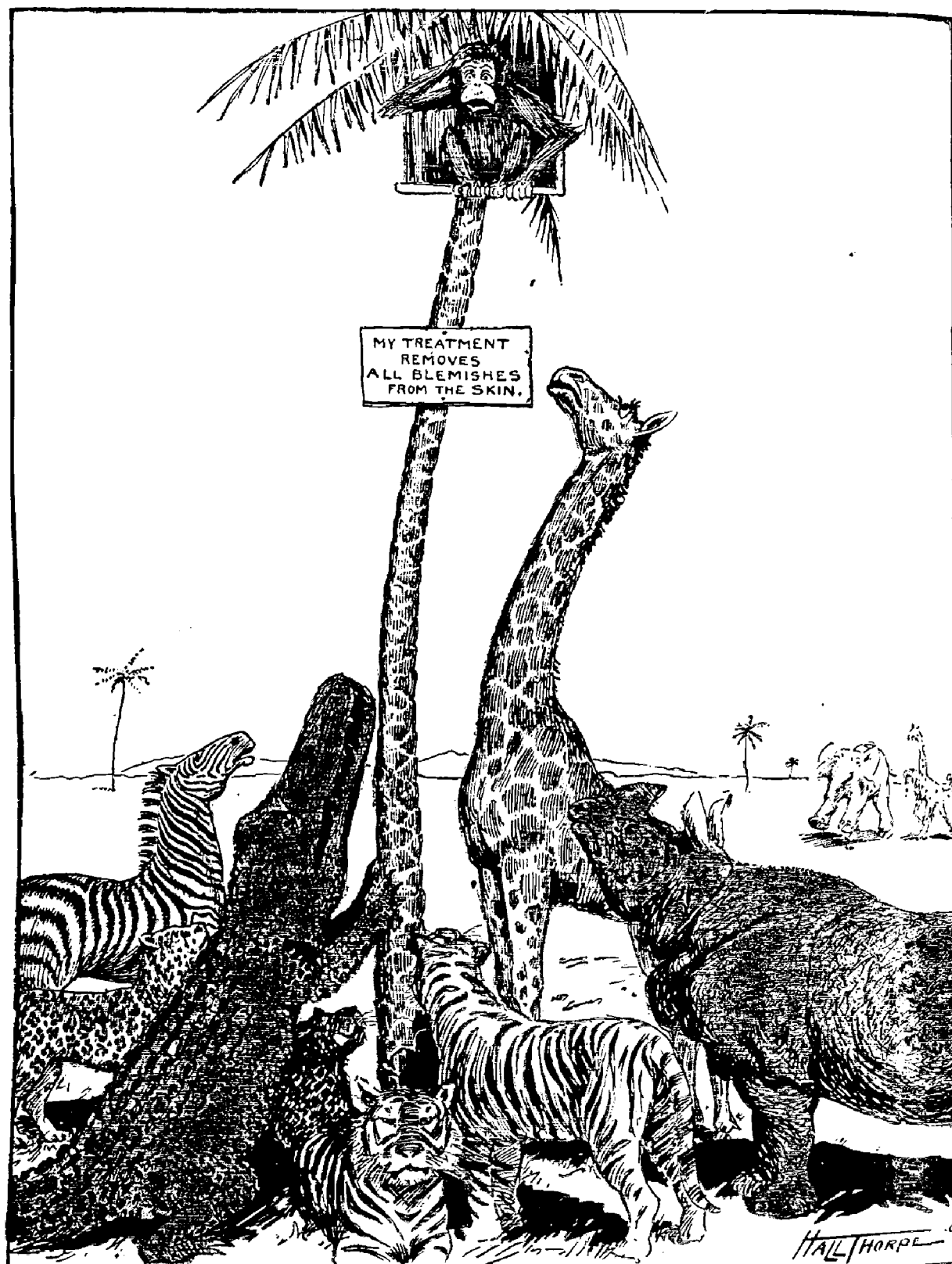
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We had been, perhaps, fourteen days at sea, and having carried our fair wind with us the whole time, I naturally expected to see the land. During the afternoon I strolled about the after deck, and, knowing something of navigation, I took a casual glance at the compass and found the man steering S. by W.

Considering our position I thought this was a peculiar course for San Domingo, as under ordinary circumstances it would put us right on one of the coral reefs to north of the island.

I mentioned the fact to the mate, but he simply informed me in a dry Yankee fashion that he "reckoned the old man was navigating the ship." I noticed, too, that a good look-out was kept,

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496

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even in the day time, for passing ships. A man was stationed in the fore cross-trees—a most unusual thing for small vessels—with orders to report any sign of approaching craft, particularly steam.

It was impossible now to settle down quietly to the ordinary routine of ship's life. My duties at sea were practically nil, and though I was a sailor by calling, I had nothing to do with the navigation of the ship except to give a voluntary pull on the halliards in setting sail, or lend a hand on some similar job.

I was puzzled to discover what could be the real meaning of the strange incidents above related. I sought the skipper for a proper explanation. He asked me down to the cabin, and, before opening the conversation, unrolled on the table before me a large scale chart of the West Indies. Then he slowly filled his pipe, and, having lit up, proceeded in a leisurely manner to question me as to whether I had any sympathy with the Cuban rebels.

I informed him that I had not thought much about the matter from this standpoint, but on the whole I was inclined to favour the struggle for liberty from the Spanish yoke in Cuba.

"Very well, then," he continued, "would you be willing for a consideration to give them practical assistance?"

"That is another matter," I said. "But why question me on this point?"

"Because," continued he, and at the same time pointing with his finger to the chart, "to be brief, we are bound for a small bay on the southern coast of Cuba, and the peculiar marks you saw in the cargo books are simply to indicate certain packages which contain rifles and ammunition. If you see your way clear to fall in with the scheme, I can offer you a fair remuneration. I was particular when shipping you to be quite sure you were a sailor, and not merely a ship's clerk, because I knew that you would then be useful in assisting to land the goods. If you refuse there is nothing to be done but to put you ashore at some out of the way place in San Domingo, where it would be impossible for you to get in communication with the authorities in time to stop our project. Well, now, sonny, what do you think?"

I replied that I had thought a great deal whilst he was speaking. I also suggested at once that he might have mentioned the scheme to me in New York before I signed the ship's articles.

"And have you give the show away?" was his ready reply. "No, sir," he continued, "I have thought this matter out, and judge the course I have taken to be the best."

I was clearly in a trap. If I refused I should probably give myself a lot of trouble, and even

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This was to my mind a workable scheme. Now I understood why a look-out was kept from the cross-trees. A Spanish cruiser might heave in sight at any moment. I was relieved to have the mysteries cleared up, and having thoroughly made up my mind to bear a hand in the business, I began to speculate what I could do with the five hundred dollars, to say nothing of my other pay.

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As I paced the deck of the little vessel on this particular night, alone with my thoughts, the words of Dolores came back to me and revived and intensified the old flame. Subdued into a somewhat latent passion by constant effort to keep these desires and impulses in check, until some practical scheme should formulate in my brain, the inspiration which the skipper's plans gave to my thoughts awoke to new life and energy my desire to marry Dolores.

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even in the day time, for passing ships. A man was stationed in the fore cross-trees—a most unusual thing for small vessels—with orders to report any sign of approaching craft, particularly steam.

It was impossible now to settle down quietly to the ordinary routine of ship's life. My duties at sea were practically nil, and though I was a sailor by calling, I had nothing to do with the navigation of the ship except to give a voluntary pull on the halliards in setting sail, or lend a hand on some similar job.

I was puzzled to discover what could be the real meaning of the strange incidents above related. I sought the skipper for a proper explanation. He asked me down to the cabin, and, before opening the conversation, unrolled on the table before me a large scale chart of the West Indies. Then he slowly filled his pipe, and, having lit up, proceeded in a leisurely manner to question me as to whether I had any sympathy with the Cuban rebels.

I informed him that I had not thought much about the matter from this standpoint, but on the whole I was inclined to favour the struggle for liberty from the Spanish yoke in Cuba.

"Very well, then," he continued, "would you be willing for a consideration to give them practical assistance?"

"That is another matter," I said. "But why question me on this point?"

"Because," continued he, and at the same time pointing with his finger to the chart, "to be brief, we are bound for a small bay on the southern coast of Cuba, and the peculiar marks you saw in the cargo books are simply to indicate certain packages which contain rifles and ammunition. If you see your way clear to fall in with the scheme, I can offer you a fair remuneration. I was particular when shipping you to be quite sure you were a sailor, and not merely a ship's clerk, because I knew that you would then be useful in assisting to land the goods. If you refuse there is nothing to be done but to put you ashore at some out of the way place in San Domingo, where it would be impossible for you to get in communication with the authorities in time to stop our project. Well, now, sonny, what do you think?"

I replied that I had thought a great deal whilst he was speaking. I also suggested at once that he might have mentioned the scheme to me in New York before I signed the ship's articles.

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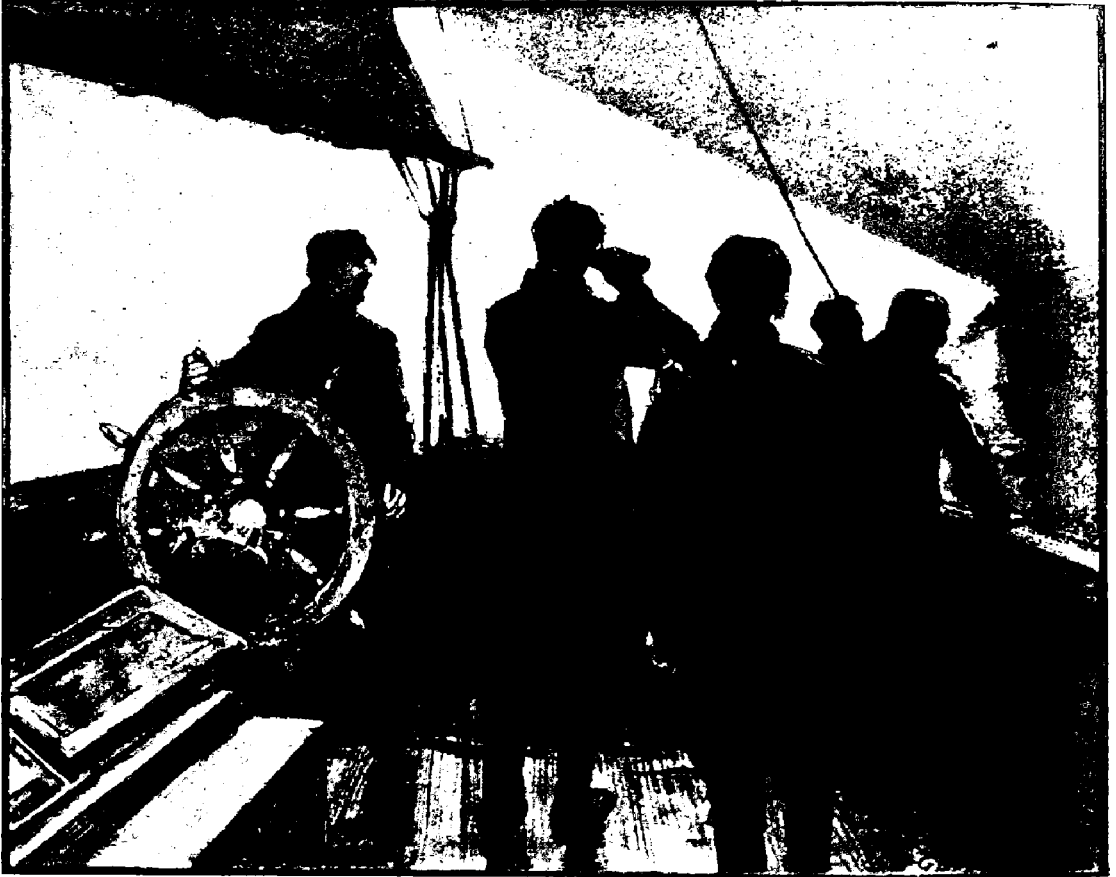
II.

It was about four bells (10 p.m.). The wheel had just been relieved, and the look-out was for'ard on the deck load. I had settled down to smoke after the temporary excitement of a squall, and was leaning over the weather rail enjoying my pipe and watching the brilliant phosphorescence of the water, when my eye, almost from force of habit, travelled to the horizon in search of a possible light. Right abeam I saw the faintest glimmer of a steamer's

water like a radiating arm. It was at once evident that she was a cruiser using her search-light.

Gradually the scintillating rays ceased. A steady piercing glare of light crept cautiously round the arc of water which included the schooner. It approached us almost stealthily, and paused as the glare fell upon the black outline of our vessel, and turned the water between us and herself into molten silver.

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mast-head light. I watched it closely for a time, thinking it might be a rising star. But no! It climbed too quickly above the water-line for a rising star, then stopped its upward movement and approached the schooner. The look-out man reported "Light abeam, sir." I made the usual reply and took my binoculars from the companion. With the aid of the glasses I could see her side lights, and noted also she was heading directly for us.

In a few minutes, flickering rays of light travelled upward from the stranger to the sky and across the squally clouds, then down to the

officer in the conning tower. As she approached nearer to us the brilliant, penetrating power of the light was intensified, and but for the binnacle top she might have seen the very course we were steering.

I called the skipper. He came up in his pyjamas, took a look at the approaching vessel, and having satisfied himself that she was a man-of-war, probably a Spaniard, went below to get our papers ready. Fortunately we had "cleared" from the port of New York in the orthodox way.

In the meantime the cruiser reduced the distance between us, and, when within a mile, fired

a blank charge as a signal for us to heave to. Escape was clearly impossible. Her speed was so superior to ours, even had we had a good lead with a strong fair wind, that we should only have excited suspicion in the minds of her officers without standing the remotest chance of getting away. Under the present circumstances, to show the slightest hesitancy in heaving to was only to court disaster. Her steam power, coupled with the splendid steering gear of the modern cruiser, was a perfect barrier against any attempt to out-maneuvre her, to say nothing of her quick-firing guns, and though the seaman-gunner of the Spanish navy is not a perfect shot, we were sufficiently near to make very indifferent shooting effective.

It did not require much professional experience to arrive at these conclusions, and, almost anticipating the event, I told the helmsman to put the wheel down a few spokes and bring the ship to wind; at the same time I sang out to the men for'ard to "flatten" in the head-sheets. This done, we soon lost our way and "lay to," rolling on the swell.

The light continued to glare down on us. The cruiser had reduced to half-speed, and was so close to us that I heard the ting of the engine room telegraph as it registered from half-speed to slow. Her propellers throbbing under her stern were quite distinct, though less rapid, and the pulse beats of her pistons were slower, but more marked as the engineer shut off the steam. She was now within two hundred yards. It seemed as if she must run us down. I had the two men standing by forward to slack away the sheets, and myself ready to put the wheel hard up, so that the schooner might pay off before the wind and avoid a collision, if necessary. But the officer in charge of the steamer knew his business. Just as it seemed she was towering above us and must put her bow through our bulwarks at the next few revolutions of her screw, "Hard a-starboard," she went and passed under our stern; then "Hard a-port, steady," and almost simultaneously "Stop!" rang down her engine-room telegraph. Then she ranged up to leeward, almost alongside.

The mate was by this time on deck with his watch. He stood by the after-companion, and regarded the armed leviathan with some amazement. There was little real concern manifested in his face, and I thought a smile was on his features as he turned his eyes away from the blinding rays of the searchlight. I could not quite see where the laugh came in, but I concluded, or rather persuaded myself to conclude, that he was chuckling at the way we should bluff the *Espanola* when they overhauled our papers.

I was, however, not really assured that this was the case, but it served to allay my anxiety just then.

The skipper, having arranged the papers so as not to waste time, and concealing all documents having the faintest smack of contraband, came on deck just as the stranger hailed us in English.

"Schooner, ahoy."

"Hallo!"

"Who are you, and where are you from?"

"This is the *W. T. James*, of Machias, Maine, from New York to Monte Christe, San Domingo," replied the skipper.

"You are out of your course for Monte Christe. I will send a boat with an officer to examine your papers."

A few moments later we heard the creak of the davit falls as they lowered the boat. In the meantime we got our Jacob's ladder over the side, and before we had well finished the job the boat was alongside, and a lieutenant stepped on to the ladder and came up over our gangway.

"Buenos noche," said the lieutenant, as the skipper extended his hand. "Hablean Vd. Española?" ("Do you speak Spanish?")

"I guess not, Señor," answered the old man with the brevity common to the after end of small trading ships.

"Well, Señor Capitan, I speak English." This was said with a decided Latin accent, but his pronunciation was intelligible.

The skipper motioned him below. I followed in their wake, thinking that my knowledge of Spanish might prove useful, and for some reason or other I intended to keep the mate from having a chance to speak to him. In fact, though I did not care to admit it to myself, I was beginning to distrust the man.

The ship's papers were on the cabin table, and also the chart of the West Indies. There was no necessity to show a detailed statement of our cargo, and our copy of bills of lading contained no indication of the ammunition. These cases had been described as containing hardware, hence the ticks which had attracted my attention would not be seen on those papers which are signed by the customs' authorities when the ship is cleared, and which would be examined by the lieutenant.

The officer seemed quite satisfied with the documents, but was puzzled to know why we should be steering such a course, or why we should be in such latitude or longitude if bound for Monte Christe.

The question was perfectly natural to anyone well acquainted with navigation, and it was difficult to explain it away. I thought we should surely be trapped by this incongruity. The chart

with pencil marks showing our mean course was open on the table, and our position to noon of that day was indicated by a dot. I felt, during the very brief interval that elapsed before the skipper replied, that we were now cornered, for, simple as it may seem to the landsman, our position, with the courses traced on the chart, was an eloquent testimony to the fact that we could not be bound for Monte Christe.

I had, however, underrated the inventive genius of the skipper. He was quite prepared for this eventuality, and, turning round from the chart to face the officer, said, "Well, you see, sir, we were cleared from New York to Monte Christe, but in Lat. 20° 50' N. and Long. 70° 10' W., we spoke a Ward Line steamer from Monte Christe. She had been told by the agent to keep a look out for us, and we learned from her that we were to proceed to San Domingo city direct, as the new railroad near Monte Christe was not sufficiently in progress to require the material which forms a portion of our cargo, the other portion being 'Yankee notions,' which we shall trade in San Domingo when we get the necessary permit from the authorities of that city. As soon as it suits the engineers of the line, we shall proceed to Monte Christe with the material for the railroad, or transfer it to a native coasting vessel."

It required some self-control on my part not to display any surprise, as the old man explained the matter just as if he had read it from a book. But I managed to say in Spanish that we had experienced favourable winds, and therefore were going through the Windward Passage instead of round the western end of Hayti. Finding I spoke tolerable Spanish the lieutenant exchanged a few commonplace remarks with me.

He was apparently satisfied with the explanation, and, expressing his concern at having delayed us, was in the act of turning round to ascend the companion when his foot caught one of the ring bolts of the hatches on the cabin floor. His nautical eye immediately noticed several hatches.

"A rather strange way," he said, "of flooring a cabin."

"Yes," said the old man, "but perhaps if I lift them you will understand."

Suiting the action to the word, he raised two or three of the hatches, and there, right below us, were several tanks filled with petroleum. I felt very relieved when the officer went on deck, which he did promptly, no doubt because he knew the danger of ignition. In a few minutes he was over the side. We cast the boat's painter off. He wished us adieu. The boat went back to the cruiser, and we resumed our course.

The companion clock indicated that it wanted an hour before I should be relieved. The skipper

and mate went below, and, as they descended the ladder, I could hear them boasting of the way we had disposed of the cruiser.

I had been somewhat alarmed myself lest the officer should not be satisfied with the appearance of things, and prosecute a more rigorous search, though I am doubtful if it was quite legal for them to detain an American vessel on the high seas before war was declared; but, in any case, had they discovered our intentions, we should undoubtedly have suffered. We were too anxious to escape observation to take any pains to press matters with regard to the possible unlawful act of the cruiser.

As I resumed my usual walk along the weather quarter the revelation of the petroleum in the tanks beneath the cabin deck was uppermost in my mind. It almost startled me as I thought of the probability of an explosion. For some weeks I had now lived constantly over what might prove through the slightest carelessness a floating volcano.

Next day I mentioned the matter to Captain Peters.

"Well, you see, Mr. Rhodas," he said, "it's very handy to pump it from tanks into barrels, and much better than carrying it in cases for our purpose. The danger of explosion is much overdone. If you dropped a lighted match into the oil in bulk, as it is in the tanks, the chances are that the watery nature of the kerosene would put the light out. A fire, of course, would cause an explosion if it reached the lazarette, but so it would if we carried case oil."

I had to confess there was a certain rough logic in his reasoning, but I should have felt decidedly more at ease if the oil had been stowed in tin-lined cases.

We were now approaching the bay. If the wind held we should arrive in a matter of thirty-six hours. The anchors were put over the bow, and on the starboard cable a fender was placed to buoy the chain in case we should have to slip.

On the deck load we carried a fine whale-boat, very suitable for running through the surf. We fitted her with masts and sails, and also brass rowlocks for pulling where necessary. In the davits aft was a large gig of the type carried by all West Indian traders. The men, including the cook, were divided into boat crews, and we were to take charge as previously arranged.

The next evening we saw the breakers which roll over the Key at the entrance to the bay, and, fortunately, there were no other craft in sight. The skipper, knowing that I had been in the neighbourhood before, asked me to act as pilot. Seating myself on the skylight, I gave the courses necessary to avoid the reefs. Just after sundown we were reducing our canvas, and

by the time it was well dark we saw the red light on the hill which was to be a signal for us to anchor.

One of the men forward replied with our side-lights, and then took them inboard. The mate stood by the anchor with a maul, and as soon as the lights were on deck he knocked away the stopper. Down went the anchor with a splash. The cable payed out furiously for a few seconds, then stopped and jerked spasmodically round the windlass until the vessel brought up.

We lowered away the remaining canvas as noiselessly as possible, but did not furl the sails, so that we should be ready to get under weigh at any minute.

Our anchorage was about a mile from the shore, and, though we might have gone closer, the distance gave us a good offing if we should be compelled to slip our cable.

A small bright light now flickered on the beach for a few moments. This was the signal for us to commence handling the cases.

We got our whale-boat over the side, and, using our fore-throat halliards for a purchase, hauled out of the fore-hatch a few cases of ammunition, sufficient to load the whale-boat in good trim. The skipper, with two men, took charge the first trip, and, having a nice breeze, set the sail, and away they went for the beach.

The night was dark. There was no moon, but as I watched the boat I could trace her white sail as she neared the surf. The sail was lowered within a few fathoms of the combers, and then I lost view of their proceedings.

In about an hour the skipper returned. He had been met by an educated young Cuban, who called himself a lieutenant. The officer was in charge of a score of men, who opened the cases and took out the packages of ammunition. In this manner it was possible for them to carry the stuff to a larger party of men some few miles inland.

I took charge of the boat the second trip. I sailed over the unbroken water, but, before reaching the surf, got out the oars. We ran the boat as high as possible on the beach, and in this I had little difficulty, for I had been accustomed to boating on the surf-beaten shores of the Southern Pacific. Nevertheless, the slightest mistake might have proved disastrous, if not to ourselves, at least to our freight.

The party on the beach wore no uniform, but the young lieutenant carried a sword, whilst the others were armed with the most cruel of all weapons, the machete.

I was too anxious to get back to the ship to spend time in talking to the young officer. Immediately the cases were ashore, we launched our boat and waded through the surf until the water

was above our waists, and then one good push and we scrambled in as best we could, losing no time in shipping the oars and pulling into deep water.

We made no more trips that night. During the day we kept anchor watch in the usual fashion, keeping at the same time a bright lookout for any craft or any sign from the beach which would necessitate an alteration in our plans.

With the exception of the solitary anchor watch, we spent most of the day in very welcome and refreshing sleep. In the evening, after a hearty meal, we hoisted all the remaining cases on deck. It was doubtful if we should succeed in putting the whole of these ashore that night, but in the event of a surprise we could "dump" them overboard "as easy as rolling off a log."

The old man ran the first consignment, the mate taking the second turn, and I the third.

The work proceeded for some time with but little variation. We were absent on each trip about three-quarters of an hour, and before midnight had landed several hundredweight of ammunition and three or four hundred rifles. At twelve o'clock we made a break in favour of refreshments. There was little conversation during the midnight meal. Our minds were too occupied with our business to find much room for other considerations. We ate with the rapidity of men who had a task that could scarcely tolerate the necessary intrusion of a meal.

Hitherto no incident had occurred during the progress of running the boat to and from the beach worth mentioning, and as I sat at the tiller on my first trip after supper I thought we should manage to finish the business without interruption.

My fear of our being surprised now sensibly diminished. We had made a matter of a dozen trips all told. I congratulated myself that I should not have to take more than another turn in charge of the boat. The night was clear, and a steady breeze was blowing from the point which terminated one side of the bay. The crescent moon had already set. A struggling line of fleecy clouds drifted lazily across the sky. The boat scudded along under her large mainsail with lovely effect, her stern gracefully carving its way through the swell with a heaving motion that was almost mathematically correct in its constant proportion. Her lines were so well shaped that she responded to the slightest pressure on the tiller.

It seemed almost sacrilege to be bent on any enterprise connected with slaughter, yet there was a sense of pleasure and of strange excitement which seemed to spur me on as I watched the steering mark which I had chosen on the

beach. We were now within twenty fathoms of the surf, when, for the purpose of looking at the wake that was traced over the dark water in milky whiteness and brilliant contrasts of phosphorescent hue, I turned my head.

Right astern lay the schooner. She had no light visible, but I noticed that a dark column of smoke ascended from near the companion way.

"We are in the breakers, sir," shouted one of the men in the bow. There was no time to think of the schooner.

"Down sail and out oars," I sang out.

We were just in time, and before the boat had lost her way the men were pulling a good stroke.

"Back port, pull starboard," I cried.

Round she came, and we put her on the beach, stern first.

The first few minutes of my time were occupied in placing the boat in a suitable position for discharging her freight. This finished, and the work proceeding satisfactorily, I turned my attention to the schooner.

The smoke had given way to a huge blaze of fire that shot upward, and which appeared to rise through the cabin skylight.

The flames lit up the sky with a vivid glare. It was quite easy to watch the movements of the men left on the schooner. I saw them lower the gig and haul her alongside. This relieved my anxiety somewhat, for I now realised the probability of their escape.

It may sound rather strange, but, at the moment, so astonished was I at the suddenness of the whole thing, that I did not think of the petroleum in the after tanks.

I saw the fellows take to the boat and pull away from the burning vessel a matter of half-a-mile.

Presently, with a loud report, the old "wagon" separated in two parts, and her after end suddenly disappeared below the surface; the forward portion tottered and reeled on the boiling cauldron of waters which the explosion had created, and finally rolled over in a shapeless mass of wreckage.

We had relieved our boat of her load. I was sitting some little distance from the men. The Cuban lieutenant and his sergeant were discussing our plight, when my mind reflected very naturally on the incident of my being on that beach, a shipwrecked mariner, some two years before.

It seemed hopeless to expect help from Señor G—, as he was a loyalist. I was occupied between these thoughts and endeavouring to catch fragments of the officer's conversation, when my attention was attracted by a rustling noise in a mangrove swamp close by. At first I thought it might be a water snake, but presently the

murmur of voices reached my ear, and almost in a moment a voice challenged us in Spanish.

We were stupefied by this sudden intrusion, and before we could reply a party of fifty Spanish infantry emerged from a thicket, and, with rifles at the "ready," warned us not to attempt to escape.

It was clearly a case of surprise and capture. The Cubans had foolishly neglected the most elementary rules of warfare. No proper sentries were posted, and most of them were without firearms. In fact, the only reliable weapons were the revolvers which we ourselves carried.

The Spanish troops were reconnoitring in the neighbourhood, and had been attracted by the blaze in the bay.

Scenting that something was amiss, they ascended the hill, and, aided by the light from the burning vessel, had watched our operations.

It was no use to attempt an explanation. The ammunition on the beach was what a Yankee would call "a dead give-away."

At daybreak we marched under escort to their camp, and, after an interview with the senior officer, it was decided to separate me from the Cubans and the other portion of our crew.

Next day I went westward with my escort to the small town of Santa Barbara, in the occupation of the Spaniards; and here I was tried by the General commanding the district.

My crime was found to be too serious for his jurisdiction, and I learned that I was to be sent to Havana.

I was pretty closely confined in a temporary jail, and well guarded by armed warders, during my detention in Santa Barbara. My stay in their unwholesome quarters was likely to be prolonged, as the route to Havana led through a country in which the rebels were numerous.

At last, tired of waiting for an opportunity to send me for trial to Havana, and the news having been spread abroad in St. Barbara of the outbreak of hostilities between Spain and the United States, it was decided that I should be detained for a week longer, and, in the event of my not being able to prove to the contrary, that I should be shot as a filibuster and a spy.

It was beyond all reason to expect me to disprove the charge of being a spy. The mysterious disappearance of the gig and its occupants, and my separation from my Cuban and American confederates, left all my statements without support. The ammunition, and the incident leading to my capture, were more than enough to prove that I certainly was a filibuster, if not a spy.

In vain did I plead with the General that I was a British subject, and only employed in an American vessel. It was impossible to move him to reconsider his decision, and, though it may

have been legally wrong for him to have condemned me in this summary manner to death, yet, since war was now declared, it was not likely he would stop at trifles. The hours of my confinement passed wearily enough.

I was closely watched night and day by a sentry from the guard. At night the soldier would frequently look in to see if I was safe, and sometimes these nocturnal visits scared me very much. Often in a wakeful condition I used to start up, and there, right in the door of my cell, was the figure of a soldier, his long bayonet gleaming at the end of his rifle, ready to pierce me if I attempted to escape.

On one side, near the top of my cell, was a grating which looked on to an ill-paved street. In the daytime I could hear the feet of pedestrians as they hurried past to the town. It was not difficult to distinguish the dark, thick, unshod foot of the negroes from the booted foot of the more aristocratic population. As with varied gait the different people filed past the bars, I often thought, as some light feminine foot came for one brief instant in view, that it might be Dolores on her way to the church.

I had been in my solitary confinement for two days, the thought of my approaching end acting on me like a spell, when I began to think of sending some note to Dolores, whose residence could not be more than about a dozen miles away, asking her to help me.

Every day at noon the captain of the guard—a fair Castilian—paid me a visit, to see that the regulations with regard to my confinement were properly carried out.

I thought I had detected beneath his military and formal exterior a certain kindness of manner, which might not ill-dispose him to assist me in my desire to communicate with my friend. On the occasion of his next visit, I determined to risk asking him to send a message to Dolores.

Fortunately he came that evening. By way of opening the conversation, I spoke to him about the Moorish conquest in Spain. Finding that my sympathy was with the Castilians, he stayed to talk with me for a few minutes.



IT WAS CLEARLY A CASE OF SURPRISE AND CAPTURE.

He expressed very genuine surprise at my being acquainted with the early history of Spain before the Moorish invasion, and I diplomatically referred to his being a Castilian. His vanity was flattered, and as the colour rose to his cheek in the enthusiastic and inspiring conversation which followed, I fancied I noticed a strange likeness to a face, a photograph of which I still possessed in the pocket of my flannel shirt, and which by a providential fate had escaped the observation of my captors.

Next day we resumed our conversation. He expressed his sorrow at my condition, and spoke with some feeling in reference to my sentence.

"Ah, Señor! If you knew all you would indeed be sorry," I said, at the same time producing the portrait from my pocket.

He took the photograph and gazed steadfastly

at it. Then he turned to me and abruptly demanded :

"How came you by this lady's portrait?"

I told him frankly, although, at the time, my heart sank. This man seemed to be unusually interested in the picture. Could it be that he, too, knew and loved Dolores?

At this moment a flood of thought surged through my brain. For a moment I hesitated to put my thought into action. Then it seemed to me that to be shot as a criminal could serve no purpose. To die for one's country would be noble, but to be condemned for being the accomplice of a Yankee skipper, and the dupe of a half-bred mate (for I had no doubt but that he fired the schooner), was simply folly.

"Do you love Dolores?" I asked, now perfectly desperate to put my newly-formed plan into action.

"Si, Señor," he replied with perfect frankness.

"Then will you do something to win her? For," I continued, "I too am in love with Dolores. But should she learn that I have been shot without a fair trial, and you could have prevented it, your efforts to win her would be fruitless. If, after all, she should prefer you, then for her sake I will, hard as it must be to me, return to the sea and leave you to the prize."

He extended his hand and said, "You are good, very good, Señor; I will do my best."

He handed me a leaf from his note-book, and I scribbled:—

"MY DEAR SEÑORITA DOLORES,

"I am a prisoner in Santa Barbara military jail (Calaboose). I was caught on the beach assisting to land contraband of war. In four days, unless respited, I shall be shot, as the General believes I am a spy also. Lose no time in pressing your father to use his influence.

"J. T. RHODAS."

"*Yo siempre sera su amigo.*"

He took the note from me, and promised to do his best to forward it to the house in which Dolores still lived.

The events above related now gave a new turn to my thoughts. My mind was somewhat relieved, a ray of hope seemed to break through the dark cloud of my fate, and I felt that the officer who had command of the military guard was inclined to befriend me.

The hours now seemed to pass rapidly. My doom was fast approaching.

In the evening the captain came to visit me as usual, and brought me information relative to the boat which had left the schooner.

It appeared that a boat's crew had been picked up by a Boston steamer and landed at the Bermudas. They informed the authorities of the port that their vessel had foundered in a gale, though I subsequently learned that the mate had fired the schooner, as he was in the pay of a

Spanish secret society in New York. This conversation served to while away a pleasant time, but, when I asked him for news about Dolores, he shook his head and said :

"I have to be careful, Señor; my position—in fact, my life, would be at stake, if I was found guilty of conveying secret messages on behalf of a prisoner."

When his footsteps had died away in the distant courtyard, I wondered if he was indeed befriending me, or was this merely a ruse to satisfy me for the time, and allay any anxiety or scruples Dolores might have on learning of my fate? For I thought, since he loved her, he would be certain to assure her of my death, and at the same time emphasise the fact that he had tried to help me, and thus find a surer way to the girl's heart.

Wearied with these thoughts, I spent some time in prayer to God, but towards morning, my limbs aching with malaria and my teeth chattering with ague, I fell asleep.

The sentry called me at sunrise. I dressed, feeling sure that it was now impossible to escape my doom. I repented, as was natural, my connection with the whole affair. My head burned with fever, and I left my breakfast untouched. I heard the bugle blow for parade, and a priest came in to administer the last sacrament, but, finding I was a Protestant, the good padre spoke to me in a suitable manner.

An escort of four men led me out to the courtyard. At this point the firing party closed up, and between the flanks I marched a matter of a mile beyond the town to the parade ground.

The sun was shining very brilliantly overhead on this eventful morning. In the little thicket which skirted the road, birds of gay plumage flitted, their pretty hues twinkling in the morning sun. Overhead a flock of turkey buzzards hovered in ominous circles round and round. It seemed an awful thing to be led out to be shot on such a day as this.

The men lined up about twenty paces ahead of me, their pieces already loaded, some with ball and others with blank cartridge, as is usual at military executions.

The officer asked me if I would like to turn my head. It was a great temptation. It seemed hard, almost impossible, to stand facing the gleaming barrels, some of which so soon would discharge their message of death. But with a tremendous mental effort I pulled myself together, and, although the words seemed to stick in my throat, I said, "I will face front."

My temples now throbbed with excitement. I could dimly see the officer, as he stood ready to give the word. Then a glaze came over my sight; the blood surged through my brain; my heart seemed to cease beating; my tongue clove

to the roof of my mouth. It was a moment of awful suspense; I heard, almost as if in a dream, the click of the rifles, as they pushed the "cut off" over the magazine. My senses were numbed; the fear of death was no longer upon me. I awaited the final command indifferently, with closed eyes.

But no command came. I opened my eyes

The same lustrous eyes which had looked at me two years before, and that same expressive face! Yes, it was still Dolores, and I almost wished, when I thought of Captain Murillo, that I had been shot. Dolores would be sure to marry him after his noble effort to save me, risking, as he had done, his commission, if not his life. In a few days I was convalescent, and a note



IT WAS A MOMENT OF AWFUL SUSPENSE.

and gazed upon the firing party—the officer and men were looking round at a horseman who was just dismounting.

This I saw, and then swooned.

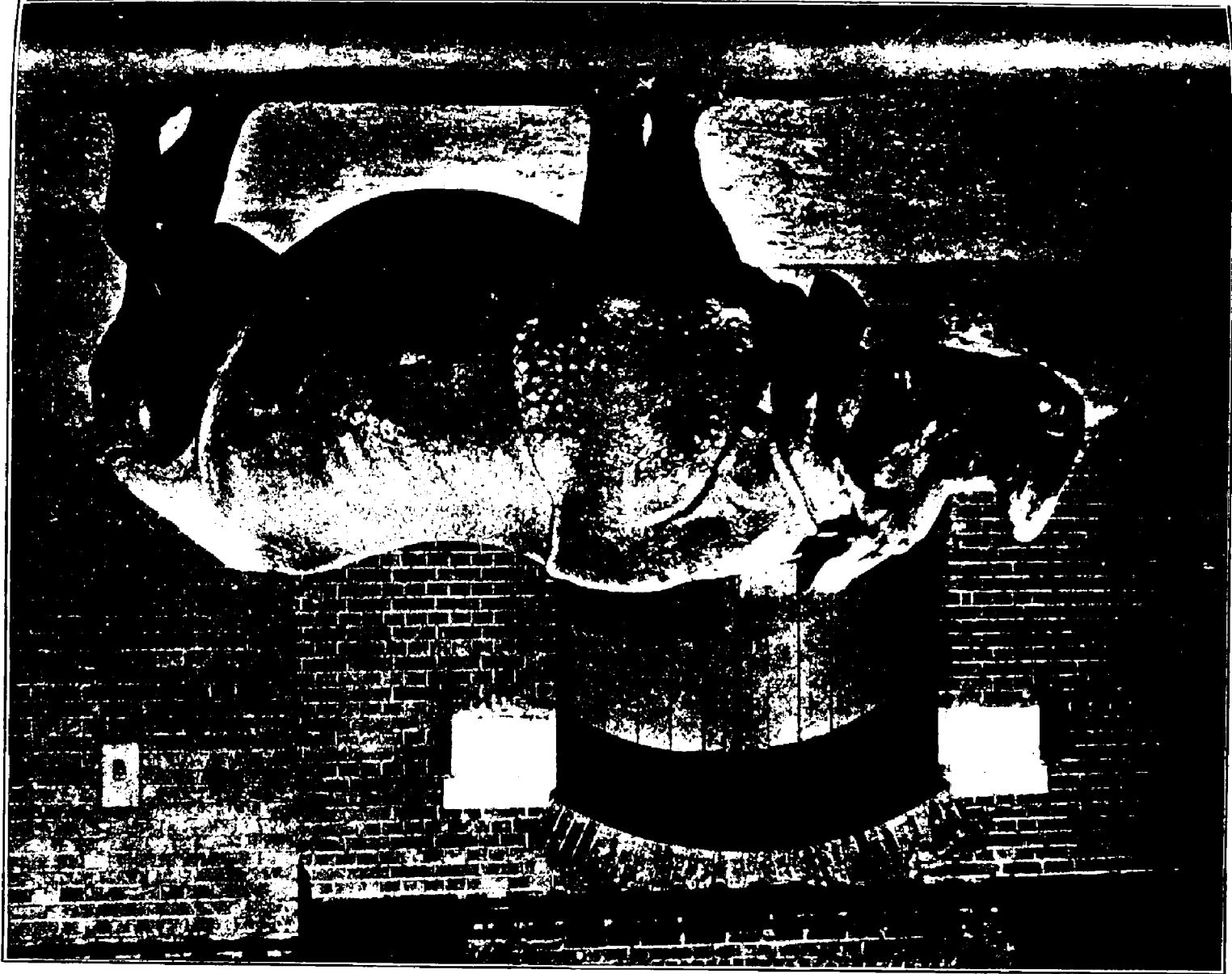
When I came to, Dolores was bending over me. I was in her father's house, and she briefly related to me how Señor Gascon had ridden up, just in time to save me from being shot, with an order for my release from the Consul at Havana, signed by the Spanish General.

was placed in my hand by a Cuban servant of Dolores'.

"My congratulations, Señor Rhodas, on your safety! True, I do love Dolores, for she is my sister. During hostilities I go by my mother's name. Again, a thousand congratulations!"

"MASCASO MURILLO
"Capitana)."

And so, when the end of the war came, and I was appointed Harbour-Master at Santa Barbara under the American Government, I married Dolores.



"I'LL STAND LIKE THIS FOR A WEEK IF YOU LIKE."

Photo by H. J. ... Woodbury Company

HOW SMOKING HURTS YOU.

By ALFRED T. STORY.

Sketches by E. F. SKINNER.

SINCE James I. of happy memory wrote his "screed" against tobacco, many things have happened, not the least noteworthy of which is the fact that nowadays, when we venture to oppose a given practice or habit, we do not gather together all the strongest, bitterest, and most vitriolic terms we can lay hands on or tongue to, and hurl them against the thing we dislike; but we rather take reason as our guide, and see how far that will help us towards our end, feeling sure that if we cannot win by its aid, there is not much hope of success. In taking up the cudgels against tobacco smoking, therefore, I begin by invoking "sweet reasonableness," and asking those who read the arguments I shall set forth to believe that I have been exceedingly careful not in any way to overstate my case, that I have resorted to the best authorities on the subject of tobacco, and that my only desire is to benefit those on whose behalf I write. And, in the first place, I may premise that I was myself, for ten or twelve years, a fairly constant, though not an excessive, smoker. I smoked chiefly cigarettes, although when time allowed I preferred a cigar. I never touched a pipe. I should say that I did not begin to smoke until I was upwards of twenty-five years of age. The result of my indulgence in tobacco was that I began to suffer, in the course of a few years, very seriously from dyspepsia.

NOTHING DID IT ANY GOOD UNTIL I LEFT OFF SMOKING.

Then in a few weeks' time the symptoms disappeared. When I was quite well I resumed my cigarette habit, and in a very short time was suffering from dyspepsia as badly as ever. I again left off smoking—with the same result as before. This process I went through several times, until at last I came to the conclusion that not to give the habit up, once and for all, would be to convict myself of utter folly. As I did not desire to be included in that category, I became a confirmed non-smoker, with the result that I both slept and enjoyed my food very much better than I had previously done. I did not, of course, arrive at my final

decision without consulting medical authorities and looking generally into the scientific aspects of the matter. In brief, I made a thorough study of the subject, and what I then learned I propose now to set forth in as succinct a form as possible, backing up my conclusions with the opinions of the best and most recent authorities on the subject.

There is hardly any one of the vital organs which the abuse of tobacco does not more or less injuriously affect; and in speaking of the "abuse" of tobacco, I hold that it is almost invariably abused when the smoking habit is formed before the body has attained its full growth and development. Medical men are not generally opposed to a moderate use of tobacco, holding that within reasonable limits it exerts a gentle and even a genial stimulating effect upon the brain and the intellectual powers, and that in other ways it at times has a beneficial influence; but nearly all are agreed that upon growing, and as yet undeveloped, youth, its effects are so deleterious, that to such wisdom would say: "Leave it alone!"

One of the effects that almost every doctor observes as one of the most general concomitants of the smoking habit is its depressing influence upon the heart's action; and when it is understood that the depression of the heart's action means the malnutrition of the body, some idea may be gained of the seriousness of the interference. To this matter I shall have to return presently, when I have given a few particulars of the way in which the effect of tobacco is shown upon the heart and circulation. Dr. Chas. D. F. Phillips says that in persons fully under the tobacco influence, the blood corpuscles are less aggregated and more irregular in shape than usual, and he adds that palpitation and other diseases of the circulatory system, very prevalent in the army,

ESPECIALLY AMONG YOUNG SOLDIERS,

are largely caused by the smoking habit. The symptoms invariably cease when the habit is left off. Diseases of the circulatory system, it should be said, rank second in causing invaliding and death in the army.

Sir Lauder Brunton, physician at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, after speaking of some of the more recondite effects of tobacco on the system, says that it stimulates and then paralyzes the motor nerves of involuntary muscles and the secreting nerves of glands. "In consequence of this action of tobacco on the intestine," he continues, "there is in poisoning by it, nausea and vomiting, with intense prostration and wretchedness; while the effect of the drug on the heart and the nerves connected with it is," he says, "to cause paleness of face, cold sweats, feebleness of circulation, dizziness, and fainting."

Dr. Jolly, of Berlin, and Dr. Krafft-Ebing, of Vienna, both of them authorities of the first rank in Prussia and Austria, go even further than our English physicians in attributing the most deleterious effects to the prevalent habit of tobacco smoking, especially in the case of young people. In Germany they go deeper into these matters, as into others, than we do in this country, and too much weight can hardly be given to the opinions of the physiologists just named, who attribute to the abuse of tobacco many of the diseases which afflict society, including general paralysis and other ailments of the brain, together with vertigo and loss of memory.

These are but a few of the more general, and, for the most part, physical evils which arise from the abuse of the pleasant narcotic. In these forms (except, perhaps, in nausea and similar disagreeable sensations) the tobacco habit is not so likely to show itself injuriously—at first sight—in the young. In their case the effects are much more insidious, and—in some senses at least—more serious. "By depressing the heart's action," said to me a well-known authority on the subject,

"TOBACCO INTERFERES WITH THE NUTRITION
AND GROWTH OF THE BODY,

and not only of the body generally, but especially of the nervous system. For if the heart acts weakly in consequence of the use of tobacco, the brain is of necessity insufficiently nourished, and, as the result, the 'centres' cannot attain full development."

The sentences I have quoted embody the opinion of one of our leading authorities, a lecturer in one of the chief medical schools in London. What he meant by the "centres," are those portions of brain that have to do with special functions, as, for instance, the functions of sight, of hearing, of taste, or that control certain muscles, like those that move the tongue, the arms, and so forth. These "centres," in short, are intimately connected with the life and activity of the brain, and it is mainly through their instrumentality, not only that the different parts of the body are actuated and controlled, but that the mind does its thinking, its willing, and so forth. Hence the necessity that nothing should interfere with their full and complete working, especially during the period of growth and development.

But observers and investigators have found, especially in France and America, where the subject has been given more attention than with us, that tobacco smoking prevents the proper development of these brain centres. These observations have been made chiefly among students in colleges and universities, where it has been found that the smokers are, as a rule, never capable of competing on equal terms with the non-smokers. They cannot learn so well or so quickly, and they do not manifest so much retentiveness of memory as those who do not use tobacco. It is one of the commonest of the observed

THE BOY WHO SMOKES.



At 14.



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40.

Doubtful
whether he
gets any
older.

?

effects of smoking, by nearly all medical men, that

SOONER OR LATER IT GREATLY IMPAIRS THE
MEMORY;

but it is much more likely to do this if the habit be formed in early life. Not only does it affect the memory, however, but it weakens also the attention, that is, the power of fixing the mind on a given thing in an effective manner; moreover, by causing amaurosis, it greatly deteriorates the power of sight, and thus weakens perception.

Nor are these various effects upon the brain the worst part of the evils of tobacco upon young and still undeveloped persons. Dr. Phillips (above quoted) says significantly that "there can be no doubt of the evil effect of smoking in early youth. It hinders the growth and development of the higher nervous centres, and may seriously damage both intellect and character by its depressing agency continuously exerted during the development period." This is very cautiously put; but it agrees in substance with both French and American authorities, who affirm that the constant use of tobacco deteriorates the moral character. In other words, it interferes with the growth of that part of the brain—the "higher centres"—which have to do with the development of the loftier attributes of our nature. So convinced have those become who are best able to judge both in France and America, that in some colleges and universities they absolutely forbid smoking, and eject any student who breaks the rule.

Before completing these notes, I put the question to a friend, perhaps the one who, among London physicians, has given the most attention to the brain in its normal, as well as its abnormal, relations, whether he thought such prohibition of smoking in schools and

colleges was justified by the physiological effects of tobacco. His reply was very emphatic. "Most assuredly!" said he.

"NO YOUNG FELLOW WHO VALUES HIS HEALTH
AND HIS FUTURE PROSPECTS SHOULD SMOKE
BEFORE HE IS TWENTY-FIVE.

He will be wise, perhaps, if he refrains then. But no one can smoke before that age without injury in one form or another. The brain is a very delicate instrument, and, during the period of growth and development, the smoking of tobacco, especially in excess, is almost sure to injure it."

I have put these few facts together in the hope that they may have their effect on thoughtful boys. They know what their aim is in life—how high they wish to mount, how much they wish to do. If their only desire is to drag through life in some happy-go-lucky way, it does not perhaps matter much if they impair the body and brain with which they have to do their work. But if they want to be effective men and do effective work, then it is very much worth the while to take the facts here set forth into consideration, and, by the use of a bit of will and good sense, refrain from an indulgence, during their youth at least, that may do them much harm and stand very considerably in the way of their success.

[I may supplement Mr. Story's wise and temperate remarks by reminding readers of THE CAPTAIN that Mr. C. B. Fry has on several occasions in this magazine condemned smoking among boys and young men. Even when a man is fully developed smoking should only be very moderately indulged in. I hope that Mr. Story's article will be the means of showing a very large number of young smokers what mental and physical harm they will suffer if they persist in the practice. Editors of school magazines are at liberty to reproduce the whole or portions of this article in the periodicals under their control.—Ed. CAPTAIN.]

THE BOY WHO DOESN'T SMOKE.



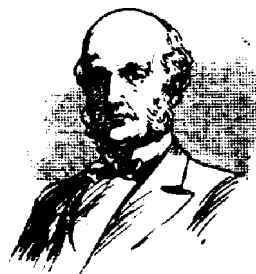
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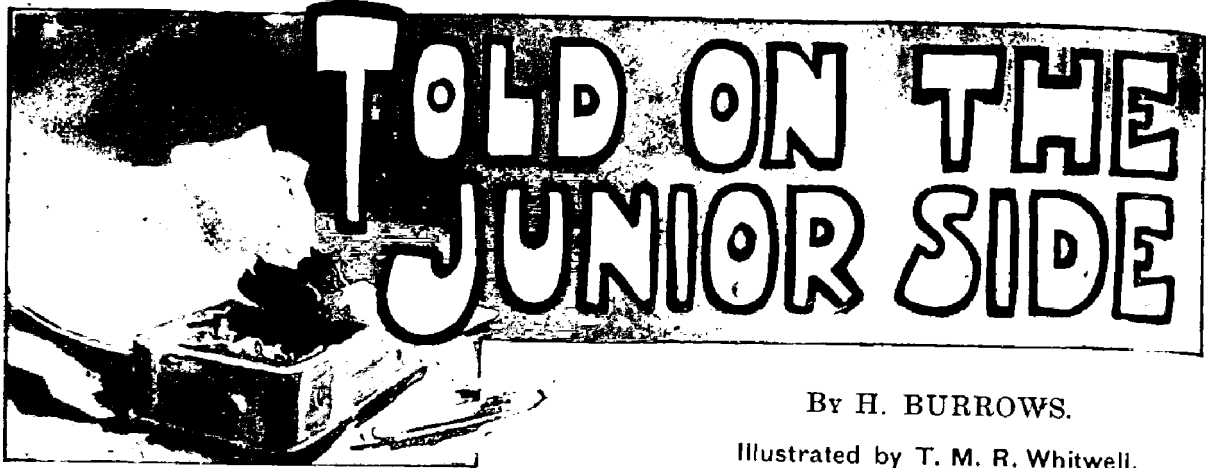
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70.




By H. BURROWS.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

IX.

MOSSOO'S LECTURE.

 BELIEVE his right name was Emile Alphonse Auguste Camille Favart de Jalaguier, but we boys used to call him "Mossoo." I must add, however, that if we called him "Mossoo" by way of first greeting, we did so at our peril. For Jalaguier had a great sense of his own dignity, and was wont to insist on being addressed as Monsieur *de* Jalaguier before he permitted any shortened form. Woe to the unhappy lad who, on first meeting the Frenchman, ventured to greet him with a polite "Morning, Mossoo." Jalaguier would acknowledge the courtesy by the imposition of two hundred and fifty lines. In fact, his mania for distributing punishments was proverbial. I recollect that on one occasion when the Junior Classic was going on a fishing expedition, and discovered that he had mislaid his tackle, a general chorus went up from the class:—"Oh, sir, go and ask Mossoo. He has always plenty of lines." But there was one consolation with regard to the many impositions which Jalaguier hurled at our unoffending heads. We very seldom did them.

Yet the manner in which Jalaguier most impressed himself on my memory is in connection with a certain lecture which he once insisted upon delivering at the school. It was in the early days of University extension, when England was beginning to ring with the cry of "culture." And in due course the infection spread to that village which, as we fondly believed, took its name from our school. And so it came to pass that a deputation, consisting of the Rector and a few

of the principal townsmen, waited upon the Doctor, and asked him if he could arrange to deliver a lecture in the schoolroom. And the dear old Head said:—

"Lecture? Ah! yes, yes, to be sure. I cannot undertake to deliver it myself, you know. You see, my time is so very much occupied with the dear boys. (We could have given him a holiday). But I have no doubt one of my colleagues would be pleased to do so."

Whereupon the deputation bowed and withdrew.

But when it came to the point it seemed that the compliance of the colleagues had been rather too hastily assumed. First one and then another hesitated and found some excuse.

The Senior Classic (old Slowcoach) said he would be delighted to do it, but he should like a little time for preparation. If it could stand over for a month or two, or till the next term, or say the next year—but here the Head interrupted him, and declined to say anything of the kind. Next the English master remarked that he really didn't know. He thought he could manage a class well enough, but when it came to a lecture, he didn't know. A lecture was rather different to a class, was it not? He didn't know—and here again the Head interrupted with a polite intimation that he should prefer some one who did know. Then the Junior Classic was appealed to. I blush to record the answer of that young man. Thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, he opined that all that sort of thing was rather rot. don't you think? But just as the Head was beginning to wax wrath with indignation and despair, Jalaguier came forward with a beaming smile. Expanding his arms, he exclaimed:—

"Ah! do not be troubled, my dear Doctor Goodenough—I will give the lecture."

And the Doctor gazed blankly at the Frenchman, and said:—

"Oh! H'm! Ah! Er—yes, we shall be very pleased. And what will be your subject, M. de Jalaguier?"

And Jalaguier rolled his eyes and said:—
"Ah! but I will lecture on Rômanicism."

Whereat the Doctor looked, if possible, a shade more doubtful than ever.

But from that time forward our form had a very jolly time in Jalaguier's class. He used to read to us little bits from the masterpiece he was preparing, whilst we sought amusement in sundry diversions. The whole hour was generally consumed in this manner. Did the Frenchman show signs of pausing, a general cry went up of: "Oh, Mossoo! That is good, Mossoo! Do read that little bit again, Mossoo." And with a gratified smile Jalaguier proceeded with his task. But if flattery failed, a little adverse criticism was even a surer draw.

"I should cut that bit out, Mossoo," Carter would say, judicially, "I really cannot see the joke there, you know."

Then in a state of extreme agitation Jalaguier would set to work to explain the joke, and so between us we managed to keep the ball rolling.

But if, as far as appearances went, the boys were never tired of listening to the lecture, the masters were not so complacent. Buttonholed by the indefatigable Frenchman on every possible occasion, they had to resort to every kind of stratagem to avoid him. But though these might succeed in the daytime, there was no suppressing him at the masters' supper table in the evening. Taking advantage of their all being together, Jalaguier would recite to them what the Junior Classic plaintively described as "simply reams." At last they could stand it no longer and conspired with the matron to have supper laid half-an-hour earlier, without advising Jalaguier of the alteration. That evening the Frenchman arrived, brimful of fresh inspiration, only to find that his prey had fled, and that the fragmentary remains of the feast alone awaited his oratory. Then it began to dawn upon him that he was not altogether appreciated.

"Hélas!" exclaimed he, "I do perceive! Whenever I do long for the solitude I have only to produce my lecture."

Everything comes to him who waits, and at last the fateful evening on which the lecture was to be delivered, arrived. All the village

notabilities were there—and so were we. The chair was taken by Major Williams, a little man of no very martial appearance, deriving his title from the auxiliary forces. And a very nervous orator he proved. He said:—

"Ladies and—er—gentlemen. We are here, h'm—er—we are here—er—um—ah—we are here (hear, hear!) to listen to a lecture from our esteemed friend, M. Emile Alphonse Auguste Camille Favart de Jalaguier (immense bow from Jalaguier, loud yells from the boys—"Good old Jal-a-gee-ay!") whose—er—abilities, and—er—talents, and—er—capacity, and—h'm—er—ah—abilities are, I—er—dare to say, not only—er—universally known, but are also, I—er—would venture to add, *known to all*. In these circumstances I—er—need hardly say, we are very pleased, h'm—er—we are very pleased, in fact—er—in short—er—we are *very* pleased."



HE USED TO READ TO US LITTLE BITS FROM THE MASTER-PIECE HE WAS PREPARING

And, mopping his fevered brow, the Major gulped down a glass of water, and amidst loud cheers resumed his seat, in which he promptly went to sleep. Then, amidst the applause of the audience, and a tempest of shouting from the boys, Jalaguier came forward, and, with a magnificent bow, commenced his address.

"Ladies and gentlemen. The subject of the lecture for the night is Rômanicism. (Great enthusiasm.) Now I did meet to-day one fellow townsman of yours in the street and he did say to me: 'What is the meaning of this word what you call Rômanicism?' ('No?' 'Did he now?' 'What ignorance!') But I did say to him, as I do say to you, that before you can understand the

guage of language, that is (with deprecating bow) the French, and also (contemptuously) from the German, the English, and the Chinese."

And so Jalaguier continued for the space of about half-an-hour, when he at last arrived at the episodes which were to illustrate his lecture. And at this point he informed his audience:—

"When he do come to the episode, the true artist, he do not simply *say* the episode; he do not even *act* the episode. Ladies and gentlemen, the true artist, he *is* the episode."

And so Jalaguier commenced to be the episode. And amidst



"VA-T-EN. EN ROUTE, AH !"

meaning of the word Rômanicism, it is necessary that you do also comprehend the meaning of the cognate words, Rôme, Rôman, Rômance, Rômanicist, Rômanesque, Rômanique—('Go it, Jal-a-gee-ay!')—all which words will duly appear in my lecture. ('Draw it mild, Mossoo.') And I shall illustrate the subject of Rômanicism with episodes the most pathetic, the most dramatique, taken from the lan-

the laughter of the townsfolk and the loud yells of the boys, he turned up his coat collar, he ruffled his hair, he produced a pair of blue spectacles, and otherwise proceeded to disguise himself, until at last the cheers and laughter of the audience penetrated even the slumbers of the chairman and—he woke up!

And seeing Jalaguier bowing and scraping on the platform, and the audience applauding and laughing, he not unnaturally concluded

that the lecture had come to an end. So he came forward to say the inevitable last few words. Whereat the boys, who at once grasped the situation, greeted him with an almost frantic demonstration. At this the Major, pleased with his new-found popularity, commenced to bow—a jerky little bob of the neck which Englishmen call a bow. And the boys yelled louder than ever. Then Jalaguier, thinking the renewed cheering was called forth by his efforts, also began to bow—a most elaborate, dignified, and sweeping bow, recalling the graces of the days of chivalry. So the Major bowed, and the Frenchman bowed; then the Frenchman bowed, and the Major bowed; and so they went on, until, at last, they caught sight of each other. And a look of disgust crept over the Major's face.

"What conceited asses these Frenchmen are! Why does he want to block up the platform when any one can see that the audience are cheering me?"

So he bowed. And the Frenchman looked, if possible, even more disgusted than the Major.

"Ah! cochon anglais! Quel maladroite! Why for he come when the audience they do give the cheer for me? Conspuez!"

So he bowed. And I believe they might have gone on bowing, each after his own fashion, until this day, had it not suddenly

occurred to Jalaguier to be the episode. So he darted across the platform in the direction of the Major, shouting at the top of his voice: "Va-t-en. En route, ah!"

And when the little Major saw the long, lean Frenchman rushing straight towards him and uttering unintelligible words, he quite lost his nerve, and turning, simply skedaddled back to his chair, leaving Jalaguier in undisputed possession of the field.

And when it was all over we crowded round the Frenchman, laughing and cheering, and even patting him on the back in our enthusiasm, whilst Jalaguier, suffering these familiarities for once, beamed benignantly upon all, and, shrugging his shoulders deprecatingly, enquired:—

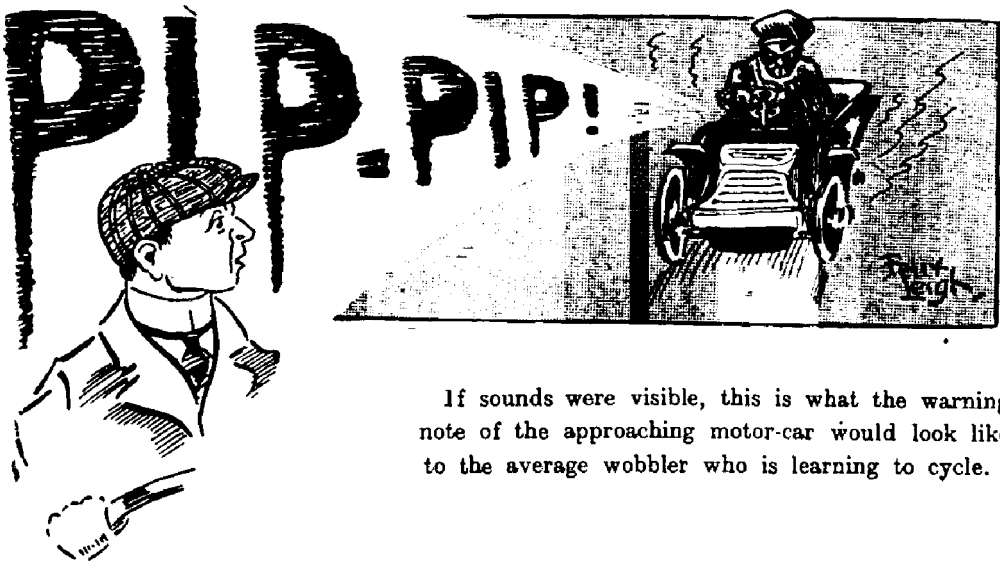
"How went it? Pretty well? Hein?"

And we all promptly responded in our best French:—"Il va off tout bien, Mossou!"

And Jalaguier smiled a sweet, self-satisfied, complacent smile, and said:—

"Ah! I thought so. There are some fellow-countrymen of mine they do say the English they are so cold, so phlegmatique. But I do say to you that never—in the whole course of my personal existence—never have I come across an audience so congratulatif, so enthu-siastique as that which did appear at my lecture."

THE SIZE OF A SOUND.



If sounds were visible, this is what the warning note of the approaching motor-car would look like to the average wobbler who is learning to cycle.

"WHAT WE EAT OUT HERE."

BY TWO CANADIAN GIRLS.

WELL, first we *don't* live on buffalo and bear meat, with a little venison thrown in—in fact, we get precious little of the latter ;

A GOOD DEAL OF PORK. and next, we do eat food very much like your own. We break-

fast on good Scotch oatmeal—not like our American cousins, on pie—and our bread, made from the lovely Canadian flour, with our own good butter and cheese, cannot be excelled. But I must confess that our farmers' diet is, like that of David Harum's boyhood, rather primitive and unvaried, as it consists of little else but *pork*—roast, boiled, fried—day in and day out. You see, they raise little stock, putting their money and land into grain ; so, when the crop fails, having nothing to fall back upon, they must perforce live on the easily raised pork.

We grow no large fruit in Manitoba, getting ours from Ontario and California, but berries grow wild and are also easily cultivated—raspberries, strawberries, currants, gooseberries, high-bush cranberries, saskatoons, cherries, and the delicious blueberries—the Indian's harvest. We import bananas, pine apples, and the festive water melon also. But we seldom taste the beautiful Nova Scotia apples ; they all go to you in the Old Land, and we must take just what we can get and be thankful.

Plenty of fish comes to us, mostly fresh-water, though—Fraser River salmon, white fish, etc., and the dear little brook trout. We get oysters from the Atlantic coast. In Rat Portage, Ontario, caviare is made, and it is said to excel that sent to you from Russia.

In autumn and winter we feast on wild geese, ducks, and rabbits, which are all plentiful—not like our much-to-be-lamented prairie chicken or pinnated grouse, which are becoming so scarce that the season is made very short, and the birds are forbidden to be sold, under a very heavy fine, lest they, like the buffalo, should "vanish away, and never be heard of again," though we still have a few buffalo.

The quantity of ice cream consumed in summer is appalling, but we thrive on it. We grow our own vegetables, and raise plenty of good mutton, veal, lamb, and the roast beef of Old England, with, last but not least, *pork*.

ELEANOUR M. DAVIDSON.

If by we is understood all Canadians, my subject is indeed a comprehensive one, for it includes the blubber of the Esquimo, the half-roasted fish and meat of the Indian, the "sauerkraut" and "pigs' feet" of the descendants of the German settlers, and many other dishes that do not appeal

WHY CANADIANS AREN'T DYSPEPTIC.

to a British palate. No one need suffer from a lack of the good things of the earth, however, for "Our Lady of the Snows" is a bountiful provider for her children, of whatever race they may be. The average Canadian does not, as many suppose, depend entirely upon the victims of his gun and rod for his sustenance, nor yet, unless he lives in the large cities, is he able to obtain every delicacy in season or out. In the spring he buys his maple sugar and maple syrup, the former of which is often made into *sucre à la crème*—the national sweet of Canada, and a jolly good one it is, consisting of maple sugar, cream, and walnuts.

Canada is a great fruit-growing country, and peaches, plums, pears, cherries, grapes, green-gages, and many other kinds, are to be had in abundance in their various seasons, while good apples—there are none better than those of the Annapolis Valley in Nova Scotia, or Ottawa Valley in Ontario—can be obtained all the year round. Strawberries come in in June, and are followed by raspberries, blueberries, and blackberries. Shooting commences in September, and woodcock, teal, partridges, pheasants, blue-winged duck, and many other wild fowl furnish very good sport, not to mention moose and cariboo hunting. On the whole, I think Canadians fare well and sensibly. They are not much given to hot bread, pies, and strong coffee, as are their neighbours over the line, and, consequently, are not dyspeptic. Canada is without doubt destined to be one of the great food-supplying countries of the world. The wheat harvests in the great North-west are enormous, and are yearly increasing. Before long Great Britain will be dependent on no foreign country for her provisions, but will be able to get all she needs from "her own shop"—a state of affairs eminently satisfactory to Canadians, who, beyond all else, have the welfare of the empire at heart.

UNE CANADIENNE.

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS ON by J.A. Oldaker, M.A. ENTOMOLOGY.



THESE hints are meant chiefly for beginners, and that is why I have confined my remarks almost entirely to butterflies. But most of what I say applies equally well to moths, and I hope that all fellows who go in for entomology will find something useful here.

In the first place, I suppose I need hardly say that, for butterfly and moth collecting to be at all interesting, it must be taken up thoroughly, with a genuine wish to find out all about the subject, not merely for the sake of killing a few unfortunate insects and putting them haphazard in a cigar-box. So there is the keynote of all my remarks—thoroughness.

First and foremost, you will want a net. Do not buy any of the flimsy things that are sold at the fancy shops, for they will not last. If you can afford it, buy a net complete at a proper naturalist's shop, such as Messrs. Watkins & Doncaster's. Should your finances be limited, however, it is possible to make one for yourself. Get a brass Y from the above firm, and two canes, one for the ring and the other for the handle. Let the ring be a good large one—say, 18 ins. in circumference—and the handle from 4 ft. to 5 ft. long. Any draper will supply you with green gauze for the net bag at 4d. a yard, and those who are fortunate enough to possess a good-sized sister will find no difficulty in getting the net bag made.

Most people when starting entomology get a wooden or zinc cork-lined collecting box for the pocket, but my advice to you is—don't. Get,

instead, a few dozen nested willow chip boxes, or, better still, some glass-bottomed boxes, varying in size from 1 in. to 2 in., and carry these on your expeditions in a satchel containing two compartments, one for empty boxes, the other for those with inmates. The advantages of these over a single collecting box are many, and, to my mind, far outweigh the inconvenience caused by the small addition to the bulk of what you have to carry. In the first place, you will not have to take any pins out with you, and will thus save time when you find yourself in the midst of a colony of insects, as well as avoid damaging the wings by hasty pinning.

Another advantage is that you bring your specimens home alive, and can thus kill and set them at your leisure, instead of being compelled to set a great many directly you arrive home for fear of their becoming dry and stiff. But perhaps the greatest advantage of all is that, especially in the case of moths, by keeping the females alive you are likely to find some eggs in the box when you come to open it, and if you go in for breeding your gain is obvious. Perhaps at first you will find some difficulty in getting the insect into your pill-box inside the net, but after a little practice you will be able to do it in a moment.

With regard to killing; I am an advocate for cyanide of potassium, though great care must be taken of such a poison, and the insect must be left in long enough not merely to stupefy it, but to kill it. Chloroform is used by many people, but I always find it liable to stiffen the wings,

and I believe it has a bad effect on some colours. Nipping the butterfly under the wings is far from satisfactory, because sometimes you will nip off a leg, and often you will not succeed in killing it.

Well, having killed your butterfly, the next question arises about the pins to be used. Personally, I prefer black ones, and the smallest possible, for they are less conspicuous. It is very important to pin your insect exactly in the middle of the thorax, and to get all your pins exactly at the same angle, so that they may look symmetrical when arranged in the store box or cabinet. And, in setting, care must be taken to fix the wings at exactly the same angle, as well as the antennæ, and at least one pair of legs, in all but the smallest insects, should be set to show. Many books tell you to fix the wings with small strips of card pinned to the board, but I prefer to set them with tracing paper, because it flattens out any little creases there may be. It is a little more trouble to do, but no entomologist who is at all keen will mind that. When your insect is set, don't take it from the board too soon, or perhaps on a damp day it will "spring." I myself never in any weather take an insect off in less than a week, though in dry weather they are always ready sooner than in damp.

I expect many of my readers have experienced, as I have often done myself, the annoyance of having to pack up the setting boards at the end of a holiday, for instance, before the insects on them are fit to remove. Here is a simple remedy for anyone who is at all handy with a tenon-saw. Get a wine case, or any old box made of wood $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, and cut two pieces $14\frac{1}{2}$ ins. long by 5ins. wide, and two pieces 10ins. by 5ins. In the two shorter pieces, cut out four parallel grooves, each $\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide, at intervals of $2\frac{1}{4}$ ins., beginning from the top, or if you use small pins for setting you may make five grooves at intervals of $1\frac{3}{4}$ ins. (see Fig. 1). Then nail the four pieces of wood together, so that they occupy the positions seen in Fig. 2. The inside measurement of this framework will be $13\frac{3}{4}$ ins. by 10ins.

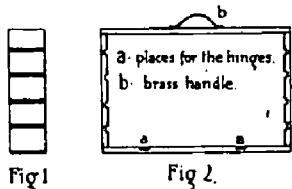


Fig 1

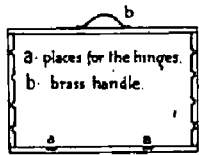


Fig 2.

Now get two pieces of perforated zinc large enough to fill up the spaces back and front, and fix one of these by means of tin tacks at the back of the framework. Fix the other to a thin frame made of wood $\frac{1}{4}$ in. square to fit on the other side as a door. This door should measure $14\frac{1}{2}$ ins. by $10\frac{1}{2}$ ins., and should be attached by small hinges to the upper edge of the bottom of our frame, so that when the zinc door is let down it may fall flat on the table and allow the setting

boards on the bottom row to slide out over it. The door may be fastened at the top of the frame by means of a hook and eye. A brass handle on the top of the frame will complete this very useful article—a setting and drying house. Of course, the measurements here given can be modified, as far as the height goes, for any number of grooves can be made; but the width will always be the same; as setting boards are all made 14ins. long. All that is necessary now is to cut off $\frac{1}{4}$ in. of the cork from each end of all your setting boards, and the wood left will fit into the grooves made for them. And by so arranging your boards that the whole space of 5ins. is filled up in each row (e.g., a 4in. and a 1in. board on one row, a 3in. and a 2in. board on another), you will be able to carry the setting-house about without in any way injuring the insects set within.

A little further ingenuity will enable you to combine a store-box with this setting-house, in which case a cork-lined box, 2ins. deep, and the same length and breadth as the frame, will take the place of your zinc door.

Talking of store-boxes, those fellows who are not too much overburdened with spare cash should remember that they can often get store-boxes second-hand, and these are quite as good as new ones for all practical purposes. A very good size to have is 14ins. by 10ins., and you can often get one at about two-thirds of the original price from Messrs. J. & W. Davis, 31-33, Hythe Street, Dartford, or elsewhere.

Cabinets are expensive things, and most entomologists prefer to wait till they have a good collection before they buy one. It is no good getting a cheap one or a small one. For one reason, you will soon fill it, and want to exchange it for a large one; and, for the sake of your insects, it is best to have a good one, well seasoned, and properly fitted with glass top and camphor cells.

It may be useful if I append here the prices of a few things which I have mentioned in this short paper. They are all (except where mentioned) taken from the catalogue of Messrs. Watkins & Doncaster, 36, Strand, London, W.C.

Brass Y, 8d.; large ditto, 1s. 6d.; cane for ring and handle, 1d. each. The gauze for the net bag can be got at any draper's for 4d. a yard: setting boards from 5d. to 1s. 10d. each, according to width. Useful sizes to start with are: 1in., 6d.; 2ins., 10d.; 3ins., 1s. 2d.; and 4ins., 1s. 6d. New store boxes from 2s. to 6s., or at about two-thirds these prices second-hand; nested willow chip boxes in four sizes, four dozen for 7d.; glass bottom boxes, 1in. to 2ins., nested, 2s. 2d. per dozen. Killing bottle and cyanide of potassium you can get at any chemist's.

FOG'S MISTLETOE

By MARTIA.

Illustrated by Anthony Helmer.

I.

THIS tale begins with a visit to my godfather, who lived in the far north, on the banks of the Coquet.

My godfather's house was a big one and stood in an immense garden sloping down to the river. The orchid houses were very low and all of glass; the flowers were of lovely colours, and shaped like long jugs, some of them. My godfather showed me one flat pot of tiny seedlings; each had two leaves, about half an inch high, and he said these wee plants were worth £30. It was March, so there was no fruit in the gardens, but bulbs and spring flowers were peeping up everywhere—snowdrops, crocuses, daffodils, hyacinths, and, in sheltered places, primroses. I learnt how to grow and take care of them all. One special thing my godfather had, which I had never seen before, was mistletoe, and in this I got greatly interested.

"How is it that it grows here, and in nobody else's garden?" I asked.

"Because I have grafted, or, rather, inoculated it."

"Will it not grow like the other seeds?"

"No, it is called a parasite, which is, I think, from a Greek word, and means a *fellow who lives at the expense of another*. That describes the mistletoe well, as it lives on the life juice of the tree, when it once takes firm hold, and as the mistletoe increases the tree it is on ceases to grow; indeed, it often dies after many years, because of this greedy parasite."

"Oh do tell me how you grow it. What do you do first?"

"I take a ripe berry, such as this," and



HE SAID THESE WEE PLANTS WERE WORTH £30.

my godfather picked one of the pretty white berries, "then I squeeze it firm to the young soft bark of a tree, and leave it to harden on, which it soon will do, as the inside is sticky, like thick glue."

I picked a berry and burst it with my fingers. Yes, it was just like glue.

"Will you do one now," I begged; "put it on the tree, I mean—'inoculate,' is that the word?"

"Yes." So we picked some half-dozen of the biggest berries, and wandered about, choosing from many young apple trees a tender branch such as he had described.

"Now," said my godfather, "the berries

are barely ripe until April, but will do now, I think. I have chosen an apple tree, as I generally find them best, but, as you see, I have mistletoe growing on thorn, peach and pear. Now, see—this bark is of two years' growth. I press the berry on under the branch so that birds shall not pick it off, and I put several berries on, as some of them are sure to fail."

I watched intently, and then, much excited, I was allowed to do the last one myself.

"Will it only grow on fruit trees?" I asked.

"No, it grows wild in some parts of England on poplar, crab, lime and sycamore. Many hundreds of years ago it was considered a magic growth when found on oak."

"Does it grow on oak now?"

"I have never seen it on oak," said my godfather, as we walked slowly from the orchard. "It is just occasionally found, but is very rare."

My pleasant holiday came to an end all too soon. April was nearly over, and I had to go to school the first of May.

When I left High Beeches I was quite laden with presents: a set of gardening tools, a sovereign, a book on plants, seeds of many kinds, and, above all, a small box of mistletoe berries, now in the finest stage of ripeness.

I was going to Hawker's School—endowed by one John Hawker some three hundred years ago—a school famous in the land, in fact, one of the great "nines."

Some fifty years earlier, a rich townsman (an old Hawker boy) named Grand, left a large piece of ground for the use of Hawker's School, also a sum of money to endow it. His will ordered that the ground should be planted with shrubs, trees, and "beautified to be a joy for ever." Also in and about it were to be separate gardens, divided off, so that any "Hawkerite" might claim one such plot during his time at school, subject to certain rules, the principal one being that the said garden should be "diligently tilled and cared for." A certain part of the money was to be set apart for prizes each year, all the young gardeners having a chance. There were prizes for the prettiest garden; for the best vegetables; the best dish of fruit (or fruits); and for the best collection of flowers. Besides these there was a special prize of £2 given for the greatest curiosity grown in the gardens, a cause of great emulation and secrecy to all the school.

A few days before the reassembling of the school my mother took me to see the headmaster. He said very little; told me I had

taken a good place in the entrance exam., said he had known my father, Geoffrey Rayne, well, and was glad to have his son, who, he hoped, would be worthy of such a father. Then he wished us good-bye, saying he was so busy; but I screwed up my courage: "Please, sir, can I have a garden?"

Dr. Hales took a book from a drawer, passed his finger down a list, and then said:

"Yes, I think so. I will give you an order on the lodge-keeper to show you them."

So my mother and I passed out of the big iron gates, and walked down to the garden-keeper's lodge, and gave him the precious sheet of paper. While he read it I looked round. He had quite a shop there, seeds and bulbs, and matting and labels, and all things used in gardens, which he sold to the boys at cost price.

Then the garden-keeper, whose name was Brown, came with us into the gardens. We passed through groves of trees, and lovely shrubs and gravel walks, for several gardeners worked there always, and Brown pointed out the various gardens. They were not all together in patches, but in unexpected places here and there. No one was allowed to meddle with any of the boys' gardens; he had to dig, and prune, and plant, and weed himself. Each garden had its number, and each also a green post with the owner's name painted white upon it. I was interested to see what fine rock work Neason had, and that Scott had a forcing frame made of old photograph plates. Brown said Scott had cucumbers last year.

Ferrand's garden had fruit trees, and a border of bulbs round. Somehow I thought I should like Ferrand.

Three of the gardens had no names on them. Brown said I could have my choice of these, as the owners had left. I could not decide at first. All were very untidy. The boys who had them had been boarders, so nothing had been done during the holidays. I walked from one to the other.

"Choose quickly, dear," said my mother.

"It is so difficult," I sighed.

"Why?"

"Oh! because I want a place for flowers, and lettuces, and radishes, and things, and I want some trees, too."

I had not much time, but at last I fixed on No. 23. The ground for seeds was small, but there were apple, pear, and other trees in it, and, at the top, a young oak tree, whose branches shadowed a garden seat, which the last boy had made and left. I tried it at once, and looked proudly over my new property,

thinking how well "Geoffrey Rayne" would look on the green post at the entrance.

On May 1st school began. I found my good form place counted for little

"Snow," "Hail," and, finally, "Thunderstorm" (when I got vexed). After some egregious blunders at cricket, however, the bowler hit upon the happy sobriquet of "Fog," and Fog I remained from that time onwards.

I soon got happy in my new life, and spent all my spare time in my garden. I planted my seeds, pored over the gardening



I AT LAST FIRED ON NO. 23.

among the boys; I was not good at games, which they seemed to think much more important. My unlucky name had to endure all kinds of alterations. I was shouted to as

book, pruned my trees so heavily that I cut off the fruit buds, made many mistakes, and in a year's time began to really understand a little of the hard work, beauty, and science

of gardening. The first thing I did was to "inoculate" with the mistletoe berries. I stuck them on the young branches of apple trees, pear, and thorn. I had six berries left when my eye fell on the oak tree. I would try them on that—a forlorn hope, of course. I climbed the tree, but there seemed no soft bark, so I chose the softest in several places, and scraped it with my knife, as my godfather had told me could be done, and then stuck on the berries. I felt sure I should remember all the parts of the tree that I had put it on, so I tied no marks round, and that was my great mistake.

II.



NEED not go into particulars of my life at school, but will take up my story at Diamond Jubilee summer, when I had been three years at Hawker's.

I had worked hard and had been fortunate enough to get one of the minor scholarships. I was so glad to be able to help my mother thus. I was still poor at games and sports, but had many good friends, in spite of this failing. I spent much of my spare time in my garden; my second year I had even taken a prize for fruit. I had had one great disappointment—my mistletoe had been a failure. True, the berries had dried on, and had even shown a tiny green stem for a year on several of the apple branches; then all had fallen; not one thin root had penetrated the bark. On the oak tree the scraped places on the bark was all that I could find, and even of these I could only discover four. However, I had felt sure that these would fail, so I did not hunt again.

Diamond Jubilee was to be celebrated by an extra festive Gardens Day: prizes doubled, and many more of them, for collections of young plants, wild flowers (classed and named), etc. It was to be a whole holiday, and held on July 20th. Sports also in the afternoon, so there was something to interest every boy. Influenza had broken out in the school in June; the sanatorium had been full, but by the end of the month all had nearly recovered. Then, alas! I began with it. I was very miserable, as my garden was at its best, and I had hoped to enter for many classes. However, the only thing was to bear it like a man, and try to get well as fast as I could. When I was able to go out, I was ordered at once to the sea for a few days, as all the boys had been, so my mother took me to Cromer for a week. The sun and sea, and

almost living on the sands, soon made me strong and brisk again.

We only got home the evening before Gardens Day. I first reported myself at the school, and then ran to the Gardens.

"Be quick," called the lodge-keeper, "gates close in a quarter of an hour." I flew along the paths, and then my heart went down and down, for *my* garden was a wilderness. My two currant trees had been stripped by the birds; my peas ditto, and hanging in limp, ripped pods; my scarlet runners had fallen from their supports and were trailing on the ground! I turned sadly from my wrecked paradise.

Gardens Day rose bright and beautiful. An hour's "preparation," and then work was over for the day and books huddled into lockers.

After call-over, the boys all remained in their places, and the prefects handed each an envelope containing entry tickets for every class of gardening produce. Then the intending competitors walked in groups to the scene of action, discussing the probabilities.

"Well, old Fog, what are you going in for! you look very sober about it," said a fellow.

"Oh, I say, Trevor, don't chaff. If you only saw my garden, you'd know."

"Well, I have, as a matter of fact, and it's beastly hard luck, and I couldn't do anything, of course. I say, let's come and look about it, and see if we can't ferret out something for you to show. I'm going in for prettiest garden and young plants, so I've nothing to pick and arrange."

"Will there be a good show?" I asked.

"Oh, prime," answered my friend, and his head went back with a shout of laughter. "The 'rare plants' are a joke; there's Forbes major has a melon, a weird little beggar about as big as an orange; and Jameson has a pink water lily; you know his pond, don't you? Oh, yes, and Hartley's got a barrel with holes in it, and soil inside, and strawberries growing out of the holes; and Weeks has an Alpine anemone with fur on, and——"

But here we reached my garden, and Trevor's flow of language was stopped as we gazed aghast at the forest of weeds. Hunting about we found a few fine gooseberries, the only things worthy of entry. Trevor fetched me a plate from the big garden-house, where all exhibits were arranged on tables, and I picked my gooseberries (a poor show, as I felt), and then carried and placed them in the division set apart for smaller, separate kinds of fruit, put my card for that class (filled in with name and number) into the proper box, and

then walked back in anything but an amiable mood to do a little tidying among my plants.

I could hear merry voices near and far. Certainly weeding was very uninteresting on such a day. As the fellows passed now and then they ragged me in the usual fashion. "Going in for tidiest garden class, Fog, eh? Better make

to see how it would crawl on the under side. Some slight obstacle barred its progress, and then I cried out in my excitement, for it was a tiny sprig of mistletoe—*growing*

Only an inch or so of pale green stem and some small fleshy leaves, but not to be mistaken for any other growth. I gazed and gazed in rapt admiration, only thinking of



IT WAS A SPRIG OF MISTLETOE—*growing*.

haste"; or "Fog is bad for gardens in July; don't try it," and such chaff, which I was not quite in the humour for. It was very hot, and I seemed to be the only one working. I took a rest on my rustic seat; then, to be out of sight, climbed the oak tree, higher and higher, until I was quite hidden, like Charles II., among the leafy branches. A quiet spot, and I tried to get over my sad thoughts, listening to the songs of the birds and hum of insects in the sultry heat. From the oak branch where I was sitting smaller branches forked off into still smaller ones. On one of these I idly watched a green caterpillar creeping slowly by, arching and lowering its back, towards the end of the branch. Now the caterpillar curved downwards, and I bent

my success. Then the thought flashed across my mind. This is "rare," certainly. I will try it for the "rare plant class."

The entries closed at 12 o'clock, when the boys left the gardens, and the judges began their work. There was no time to fetch a mark, and without it who could find the tiny growth. My handkerchief. Alas! my pocket proved to be empty. Hurrah! my necktie would do. So I hastily divested myself of my school colours, and bound the tie conspicuously round the branch close to the mistletoe. Anyone under the tree could see it. Then I ran to the garden-house, filled in my ticket and description, "Mistletoe grown on oak," slipped it into the "box for rare plant" entries, and had just time to help

a gardener lift a ladder into my enclosure, when the bell rang for the boys to leave the gardens.

The mid-day dinner was a big affair at "Hawker's" on the 20th July. Parents and many friends were there, and the big hall full. Much discussion went on as to sports and gardens, and the prizes. My mother was not there, and I felt that I could speak of my mistletoe to no one.

Sports were going on after lunch. Interested though I was in my friends' performances, I eagerly longed for three o'clock, when the gardens would be opened again, and the results of the judging made known. There was a great rush and crowd to the garden-house, and the various entries were much commented on and admired. Then part of the crowd passed out to examine the various prize gardens and growths in them,

outside. At last I was able to make my way round. I passed my poor gooseberries, eclipsed by some half-a-dozen better entries; saw, further on, that Trevor's garden had taken a first prize, and then I heard my name shouted by someone in great astonishment. With that I pushed my way on to the "rare growth" prize list, and there, with my entry ticket fastened to it, in the most important place, *was the red ticket of the first prize.*

Yes, I had won the big prize of the day, a "double first," as Dr. Hales called it, given in honour of Jubilee year.

I need not go into the delights of the prize presentation in the Pavilion, when I was called up first, and had to answer many enquiries about my "interesting parasite" from judges, masters, and boys. "Fog's Mistletoe" still remains the pride of Hawker's Gardens.



THE SLEEPING BLOODHOUND.

From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.—Photo Woodburytype.

THE ATHLETIC CORNER

BY
C. B. FRY

ARE ATHLETICS OVERDONE?

THIS question is, in its recent prominence, a by-product of the war in South Africa. It was asked sometimes before the war, but neither as often nor as seriously. Why did the war excite the question? Briefly, thus. First, at the time when things were not going well with the campaign the critics at home and abroad were very much down upon the average officer in the Army; he was incompetent, they said, because he had not studied his profession, and the reason he had not studied his profession was that his interest was entirely absorbed in games and sport. Secondly, when Volunteer forces of various kinds began to be collected and sent out from England it was discovered that the average home-bred and home-reared Englishman could not ride and could not shoot, and therefore compared badly for warlike purposes with the average Boer and the average Colonial; and it was suggested as a reason of this defect in the average Englishman that he devoted his leisure to mere games such as cricket and football instead of to military exercises. Summing the two aspects of the case together, a certain class of critic plumped volubly for the opinion that England had gone to the dogs *via* cricket and football, and, in general, an excessive devotion to athletics.

Now, with regard to the inability of the average Englishman to ride and shoot, it does not appear that devotion to athletics had anything to do with the matter. The England of to-day is a country of towns, and the normal pursuits of the average Englishman do not put riding and rifle shooting in his way. Even if you take English country life, the average man has very little to do with horses, and nothing whatever to do with rifles. In the colonies it is entirely different. The colonies have towns, but they are not town-countries; the main life in them is such

that almost all Colonials have experience of riding and of roughing it, and a considerable number of them are familiar with the use of the rifle. And if all games and athletics, commonly so-called, were swept away from English life, English life would still remain as unlike Colonial life as before. It is difficult to see how, even if no games were played in England at all for the next ten years, the average youth from amongst us would be any better qualified than he is under existing conditions.

Whether or not the average English officer neglects his professional studies in favour of athletic pursuits, most of us are very much inclined to doubt. One thing is quite certain, to wit, that many of the officers who have proved themselves extremely competent in South Africa have been men devoted to various forms of athletics; consequently there is no doubt that an officer can be addicted to athletics without prejudicing his professional competence. My own opinion is that the English love of athletics has nothing whatever to do with the shortcomings of the English Army officer, if they exist, and whatever they may be. It is all very well to point to the German officer, and extol him at the expense of the English, and to say that the former reads military history and plays *Kriegsspiel*, while the latter reads the *Sportsman* and plays cricket. To begin with, it has yet to be shown whether the average German officer is a better man at his profession than the average English officer. And then it is doubtful whether the German officer does not devote as much of his leisure to pastimes of some sort which do not catch the eye as the English officer does to games which do catch the eye.

Then, Mr. Kipling wrote a bitter and trenchant phrase or two about cricket and

football, and all other games, both great and small.

When, however, one comes to look into the matter, it is rather difficult to see how games and athletics can do much harm to a nation like ours. By far the greater number, infinitely so, of people are prevented by the undeniable necessity of earning their daily bread from indulging in athletic pursuits beyond a little, and a very little. And, inasmuch as it is absurd to maintain that games and athletics are in themselves bad, or that unless indulged in to excess they can do anything but good, the whole recent outcry against them appears exaggerated.

It seems probable that there is some misconception about so-called first-class cricket and football. It is impossible to deny that anyone who plays county cricket all the summer is, for the time being, entirely devoted to the game, and has scarcely any opportunity of doing any work. But the number of people who play county cricket is very small indeed in comparison with the total population of England. If you give 500 as the total number you are well outside the limit. And of these there are some who only play in their holidays.

As for football, a few hundred young men devote their time completely to the game, but the majority of those who play spend at most a couple of hours a week on the game.

It would, at first sight, appear from the great crowds which go to see first-class cricket and football, that the general public wastes a deal of time, if it is wasted, upon watching games. Yet is it so? Ninety per cent. at least of the cricket and football crowds belong to the poorer classes; necessarily these only spend their actual leisure in attending games. It is a mistake to suppose that because some thousands of people watch a cricket match for three days that the crowd is all the while made up of the same people; they go and come; the greater number only put in a few hours at the ground and then go away, and others take their places. And as for football, it is almost impossible for any spectator to spend more than three hours a week in watching it.

The truth about county cricket and league and cup-tie football is that these games are popular entertainments: and the justification of the lines on which they are organised and played is the amount of amusement they afford to the public.

It may be said that the space and attention devoted to games in newspapers is out of all proportion to the importance of games as

compared with other events. But the reporting of cricket and football is merely a means of providing those who cannot see the games with, so to speak, second-hand entertainment. And no one with his head screwed on at a fairly proper angle can be so stupid as to suppose that because a newspaper devotes a column to a cricket match and only a paragraph to a political crisis, the game is regarded by the editor as the more important event. The fact is, a game is very easy to report and to make interesting: it happens always fairly early in the day, and can easily be got into print. But important political events often turn up by brief telegram late at night, and as often do not afford any opportunity for elaboration.

In general, it is difficult to see how the nation at large can be said to sacrifice upon games and athletics time and energy which should be devoted to more important matters. Nearly everyone has work to do; and the penalty for not doing it is in nearly every case too heavy to encourage any excessive indulgence in athletic pursuits. When one remembers that nowadays the majority of Englishmen live in towns, and follow more or less sedentary pursuits, it is surely no bad thing that there is a tendency among us to spend what little leisure we have in outdoor games. To put the merits of athletics on the lowest basis, there are so many much worse ways of spending leisure than in enjoying cricket and football, whether at second-hand as a spectator or at first-hand as a player.

There is one place, and one only, where the average individual can go for games for more than they are worth, and that is at school. Do we spend too much of our school time in athletic pursuits? That is a question worth looking into.

First of all, it must not be forgotten that a large number of schools in England are actually short of games and athletics. It is only in the schools of the well-to-do classes, the public schools, so called, and kindred educational establishments, that there is any possibility of too much time and attention being given to games. Under no system whatever is it possible, even if it were desirable, for boys to be at work the whole day: boys must have leisure, and they must spend their leisure somehow: and no better way of spending it has yet been discovered than indulgence in field games.

If you take, as an example, schools like Charterhouse and Repton, where games are

given the fullest prominence and attention, and where as much time is devoted to them as at any schools, you will find that the number of hours per week devoted to work is ample. No boy can fruitfully spend more than six hours a day at book work, and that is about the average at the greatest game-playing schools. There can be no doubt that sufficient time is given to work. Indeed, a well-known authority on education has maintained that the public school boy spends too much time in the class-room: the same result should be obtained, he says, with shorter hours, if those hours were properly spent.

On the other hand, it is quite true that athletic success is too highly esteemed among boys at public schools. It is not that boys do not admire intellectual proficiency: they do: but athletic proficiency comes home to them more closely. The average boy is more likely to make a hero of W. G. Grace than of Huxley, for the simple reason that he understands cricket, but does not understand philosophy: he knows what W. G. has done, but Huxley is a mere name to him, if that.

It is clear enough that a boy can achieve all that is possible at school in the athletic line, and yet achieve all that is possible for him in the intellectual line. But athletic pursuits may be prejudicial in two ways. It is, of course, granted that intellectual proficiency, unless achieved at the expense of health, is infinitely more valuable than anything in the shape of athletic success. But a boy who is successful in athletics often expends all his energy and purpose upon his games, and leaves none for his work: he need not do so, but he does sometimes. Clearly he is making a great mistake. Again, a boy who is successful in games often finds his ambition thereby satisfied: his athletic success carries him to the front for the time being, and he has no spur to prick him forward in work.

It must, I think, be admitted that the perspective of the average boy is incorrect: he sees games too big and work too small. But he need not: he ought to divide his mind into two departments, one for games and one for work, and keep both departments perfectly efficient. It is not time that fails him: he has ample time for both departments. But if he gives full attention to the games department, and only a half-hearted attention to the other, it is fair to say he is spoiled by his games. The exaggerated importance sometimes attached to athletic success at

school is, of course, absurd enough. But it is not correct, I think, to say that games are overdone. Work is often underdone: which is a different matter.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. C. Houston.—I am sorry to say I am not able to give you the name of any school where it is the custom to reward proficiency in studies by adding a gold button to the cap. Perhaps some of the readers of *THE CAPTAIN* can oblige with the information.

W. B. Welsh.—You can get a good bat from any of the makers who advertise in *THE CAPTAIN*. Write to one of them, mentioning your height and age.

St. Stephen's C.C.—If a batsman refuses to go on with his innings after a stoppage for rain when the umpires and captains agree that play is to commence again, he, of course, loses his innings, and is out. He would be entered in the score book as absent, but would be credited with any runs he had made before the stoppage.

B.B.—(1) I have no doubt that you would benefit by following a system of physical culture. I certainly do not think that the American system you mention has any superiority over the English system you compare it with; certainly not enough to justify the difference in price. (2) The batsman is not out if the wicket-keeper catches the ball with one hand, and puts down the wicket with the other; the wicket must be broken with the hand that contains the ball. (3) If you write, giving full particulars of what you require in the way of a bat, to Messrs. Shaw and Shrewsbury, of Nottingham, they will, no doubt, send you exactly the right sort. (4) The Badminton volume on "Cricket" costs, I think, 6s. It does not treat of the purely technical part of cricket as fully as does Ranjitsinhji's book, but is very good. (5) It is difficult to say what are the best books to recommend to your French friend; it depends what his age is. I should say Sir Walter Scott's novels might suit him.

Smiler.—If there is a very feeble chap in an XI., and you want a good long-stop, where ought you to put him? Obviously, not long-stop. Perhaps mid-on is the best place for a bad catcher. But catches follow a bad fielder wherever you put him.

Half-Back.—With the amount of walking you do you ought to be in good enough condition. You might do a little sprinting twice or three times a week in the evening. You ought to try to get three or four easy practice matches before playing in a hard match. You do not need to be very highly trained for football.

M. R. Murray.—The fact of the bowler's umpire having given the man not out for an appeal for a catch at the wicket, does not make the ball dead. If the wicket-keeper then stumps the man, the square-leg umpire can give him out.

L. E. C. Clark.—I should say that J. R. Mason was the better all-round man of the two you mention. But what about F. S. Jackson and Hirst?

V. W. D.—If the wicket-keeper simply returned the ball to the bowler, for the latter to bowl again, the ball was dead, and the batsman not out. If, on the other hand, the wicket-keeper threw the ball back, with the obvious intention of running the batsman out, the ball was not dead, and the batsman was out. It was a matter for the umpire to decide.

E. H. Farrand.—A batsman is not out for knocking his wicket down, unless he does so actually in playing a stroke. From your description of the incident, I take it that the batsman knocked his wicket down, not in making a stroke, but in running, in which case he was not out.

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G. H. Escott.—The match that you describe was a tie. If a batsman is away, so that he cannot take his innings, he is reckoned to have been in, and, of course, to have made no runs. There is no doubt about this whatever. Time cannot be called in the middle of an over. If begun the over must be completed. Umpires, as a rule, do not allow an over to begin if time is likely to be up in the middle of it.

H. M. W.—A proper system of gymnastic exercises ought to develop the muscles uniformly all over the body. And it ought also to develop the chest expansion. It is a great mistake only to develop the muscles of the arms. As a matter of fact, nothing is more important than to have a good chest, which usually means good lungs and a good heart. Of course, it is a bad thing to walk with the head poked forward. Lawn tennis is an admirable game. But there are two ways of playing it; one is hard, fast hitting, the other is commonly known as pat ball. I believe that grip machines are very good for the purpose for which they are intended. I expect you will see one advertised somewhere in THE CAPTAIN. I have not the least objection to being snapshotted.

R. B. Firth.—The fact of the bowler breaking the wicket his own end in the act of bowling does not make the ball a no-ball. So, if the ball in question happens to bowl the batsman, the latter is, of course, out.

J. M. Thatcher.—If you have the opportunity, fives and rackets are the best games to play in winter, with a view to keeping in training for cricket. But any outdoor game, of course, helps to keep you in condition. You can keep actually fit for cricket only by playing cricket: because the game calls upon special combinations of muscles. But general good condition you can maintain by almost any form of regular exercise.

K. R. C. C.—How you managed to tip a swift ball so that it went round the wicket, and hit it at the back and knocked the bails off, I do not understand. Did the ball rebound from the wicket-keeper's pads? If so, you were not out. If the ball went directly from bat to wicket, you were out. As to the catch, it is a proper catch if the man's hand is between the ball and the ground, so that no part of the ball is touching the ground. The hand itself may rest on the ground under the ball. Neither of the batsmen was run out in the case you mention. When the bails were first knocked off one or both men were inside the crease that end, and then the one who ran back was inside the crease when the ball arrived at the other end. Bats should be oiled twice a week in summer, and once a fortnight in winter.

K. Truelove.—I have complied with your request.

De Wet.—Sorry to say I can give you no useful advice on the first point. Thinness is, I believe, sometimes constitutional. The best way to learn to swim is, I think, to try by yourself. When you know the proper action of arms and legs, nothing is

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H. D.—The best oil for cricket bats is a mixture of olive and linseed oils. See answer to K. R. C. C.

N.—Your hand-writing does not seem, to me, very bad. You might try a softer pen, and write rather larger. I should not think your hand is particularly unsteady. If it is, I am afraid I know of no remedy.

D. C. L.—If the ball fell out of the fielder's hands into her dress, without touching the ground, the batsman was out. Vide the rules of cricket touching the ball being caught in any part of the fielder's dress or person.

An Admirer.—It would take a page to describe the correct position for starting. But I described it in THE CAPTAIN in an article on athletics not very long ago. You might try the American method, with both hands on the starting line and the feet about a foot apart behind it. You can get a small book (price 1s., "Athletics," in the All-England Series), which describes the method.

F. E. R.—For l.b.w. the ball must pitch in the narrow rectangle formed by parallel lines drawn from the outside edges of one wicket to the outside edges of the other, and must also, in the opinion of the umpire, be going to hit the wicket. A bowler bowling round the wicket cannot get a man l.b.w. unless the ball breaks a good deal or is very much pitched up. I do not think the loss of a toe will impede you much. If it were a big toe it would matter more.

A. H. Matthews.—I know of no means whereby you can increase your height. But you do not say how old you are. People grow, you know. The more outdoor exercise you take, the better. Thank you for your good wishes.

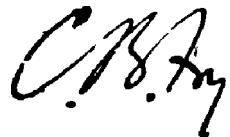
H. Suhr.—You might write to the Secretary of the North Surrey Golf Club, Norbury, asking him for particulars. I do not see why you should not be eligible for election to a golf club on account of your age. I do not know the subscription, but the Secretary would, no doubt, tell you. You might start with four clubs, which would cost about 5s. each. Golf would be a very good game for you. It is a pity about your eyesight, and about your inability to play games like cricket and football. But you are quite young, and may easily out-grow your weakness.

Proteus.—Please go on writing. As long as you are amusing yourself, I am only too delighted, but I find it rather difficult to answer so many different questions.

Sussexite.—(1) Ordinary pipeclay or Blanco does for cricket boots. (2) Lockwood, on his day, is the fastest bowler. (3) Hirst, when in form. (4) Tate is a very good bowler. (5) G. L. Jessop is the best field. (6) V. Trumper.

H. F. Smith.—(1) In order to run a batsman out, the man who puts the wicket down must do so with the hand which contains the ball. In the case you mention the batsman was not out, as the wicket-keeper broke the wicket not with his hand but with his knee. (2) The only cure for bruised hands is rest. Fives is rather hard on the hands. You ought to get your hands hard gradually.

H. Crosley.—Your writing seems all right, but you might make it more free. It looks rather too much like print.



IN THE RED MAN'S LAND.

By JOHN MACKIE.



BLOOD INDIAN SQUAWS, PAPOUSES AND TRAVOIS, READY FOR A LONG JOURNEY OVER THE PRAIRIE.

Photo, Steele and Co., Winnipeg.

[In view of Mr. Mackie's approaching serial, "THE RISING OF THE RED MEN," the author has supplied us with the following introductory facts.—ED. CAPTAIN.]

ONE of the most refreshing and picturesque fields for a novelist is to be found in the Canadian North-West Territories among the Red Indians and the British and French half-breeds, or *metis*, as they are called. Only one or two who have had practical knowledge of their subject have succeeded in conveying anything like an idea of the spirit-broadening, free life, so full of danger, yet so full of attraction, that the trapper, the voyageur, the North-West Mounted Policeman, and the adventurer lead in that Great Lone Land. It is all very well to write from a purely artistic point of view about its romantic past, the conquest of great rivers and plains, of sanguinary encounters with tribes of hostile Indians, and of the volatile and excitable race of half-breeds who have twice rebelled, and who bear grand old historical French names—their forbears belonged to the company of "gentlemen adventurers" who hailed from France, and hardy Anglo-Celts—but unless one has been a sojourner in the land and lived the life of the people it is impossible to impress the reader with the spirit and the picturesqueness that constitute its real charm.

It is unlike any other land or life. Here Nature has worked on a grand scale. Compared with the mighty Saskatchewan, the rivers of

Europe are but tiny streams. The great freshwater lakes are like seas on which one might drift about for days and never see land, and the vast plains or prairies are so interminable that day after day as one travels across them earth and sky meet all round, and convey the idea of limitless space. Perhaps the predominant feature of these prairies is the absence of all sound—the absolute stillness that haunts one like a living presence. Now and again in summer one may hear the rustle of the prairie grasses as the winds stray through them, or in winter the hiss of the deadly blizzard as the dry and drifting snow scours the frozen earth, but always there is that sense of man's insignificance in those vast solitudes. As for the swift, roaring rapids, and the great gloomy pine woods where the bear, the musk ox, and the wood buffalo still roam without fear or hindrance, one has only to visit them to understand how it is that the red man has peopled whirlpool and forest aisle with weird and beautiful creatures of his fancy, and boasts such a wealth of fairy-lore and legend. Small wonder he hears strange voices in the ever-murmuring forces of Nature, and detects ghostly human semblances in the fashioning of rocks and trees. When at night, away to the north, over the vast frozen plains of snow, he sees the Aurora Borealis with its shafts of pearly, silvery, and rosy light, radiating fan-like from the throne of the great Ice-king, crossing and re-crossing one another transversely, it seems very natural indeed that he should call it "The Dance of the

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F. E. R.—For l.b.w. the ball must pitch in the narrow rectangle formed by parallel lines drawn from the outside edges of one wicket to the outside edges of the other, and must also, in the opinion of the umpire, be going to hit the wicket. A bowler bowling round the wicket cannot get a man l.b.w. unless the ball breaks a good deal or is very much pitched up. I do not think the loss of a toe will impede you much. If it were a big toe it would matter more.

A. H. Matthews.—I know of no means whereby you can increase your height. But you do not say how old you are. People grow, you know. The more outdoor exercise you take, the better. Thank you for your good wishes.

H. Suhr.—You might write to the Secretary of the North Surrey Golf Club, Norbury, asking him for particulars. I do not see why you should not be eligible for election to a golf club on account of your age. I do not know the subscription, but the Secretary would, no doubt, tell you. You might start with four clubs, which would cost about 5s. each. Golf would be a very good game for you. It is a pity about your eyesight, and about your inability to play games like cricket and football. But you are quite young, and may easily out-grow your weakness.

Proteus.—Please go on writing. As long as you are amusing yourself, I am only too delighted. but I find it rather difficult to answer so many different questions.

Sussexite.—(1) Ordinary pipeclay or Blanco does for cricket boots. (2) Lockwood, on his day, is the fastest bowler. (3) Hirst, when in form. (4) Tate is a very good bowler. (5) G. L. Jessop is the best field. (6) V. Trumper.

H. F. Smith.—(1) In order to run a batsman out, the man who puts the wicket down must do so with the hand which contains the ball. In the case you mention the batsman was not out, as the wicket-keeper broke the wicket not with his hand but with his knee. (2) The only cure for bruised hands is rest. Fives is rather hard on the hands. You ought to get your hands hard gradually.

H. Crosley.—Your writing seems all right, but you might make it more free. It looks rather too much like print.

C. B. Fry

IN THE RED MAN'S LAND.

By JOHN MACKIE.



BLOOD INDIAN SQUAWS, PAPOUSES AND TRAVOIS, READY FOR A LONG JOURNEY OVER THE PRAIRIE.
Photo, Steele and Co., Winnipeg.

[In view of Mr. Mackie's approaching serial, "THE RISING OF THE RED MEN," the author has supplied us with the following introductory facts.—Ed. CAPTAIN.]

ONE of the most refreshing and picturesque fields for a novelist is to be found in the Canadian North-West Territories among the Red Indians and the British and French half-breeds, or *metis*, as they are called. Only one or two who have had practical knowledge of their subject have succeeded in conveying anything like an idea of the spirit-broadening, free life, so full of danger, yet so full of attraction, that the trapper, the voyageur, the North-West Mounted Policeman, and the adventurer lead in that Great Lone Land. It is all very well to write from a purely artistic point of view about its romantic past, the conquest of great rivers and plains, of sanguinary encounters with tribes of hostile Indians, and of the volatile and excitable race of half-breeds who have twice rebelled, and who bear grand old historical French names—their forbears belonged to the company of "gentlemen adventurers" who hailed from France, and hardy Anglo-Celts—but unless one has been a sojourner in the land and lived the life of the people it is impossible to impress the reader with the spirit and the picturesqueness that constitute its real charm.

It is unlike any other land or life. Here Nature has worked on a grand scale. Compared with the mighty Saskatchewan, the rivers of

Europe are but tiny streams. The great freshwater lakes are like seas on which one might drift about for days and never see land, and the vast plains or prairies are so interminable that day after day as one travels across them earth and sky meet all round, and convey the idea of limitless space. Perhaps the predominant feature of these prairies is the absence of all sound—the absolute stillness that haunts one like a living presence. Now and again in summer one may hear the rustle of the prairie grasses as the winds stray through them, or in winter the hiss of the deadly blizzard as the dry and drifting snow scours the frozen earth, but always there is that sense of man's insignificance in those vast solitudes. As for the swift, roaring rapids, and the great gloomy pine woods where the bear, the musk ox, and the wood buffalo still roam without fear or hindrance, one has only to visit them to understand how it is that the red man has peopled whirlpool and forest aisle with weird and beautiful creatures of his fancy, and boasts such a wealth of fairy-lore and legend. Small wonder he hears strange voices in the ever-murmuring forces of Nature, and detects ghostly human semblances in the fashioning of rocks and trees. When at night, away to the north, over the vast frozen plains of snow, he sees the Aurora Borealis with its shafts of pearly, silvery, and rosy light, radiating fan-like from the throne of the great Ice-king, crossing and re-crossing one another transversely, it seems very natural indeed that he should call it "The Dance of the



A TYPICAL RED MAN AT DOOR OF TEEPEE.
Photo, K. W. Suider.

Spirits." Hence the poetical form of expression and the love of imagery in the Indian language.

Here and there over this great land are little communities of half-breeds. On the site of Winnipeg, now a great city, there stood in the year 1870 a Hudson Bay post called Fort Garry. On the banks of the Red River hard by was the principal settlement of half-breeds in the country. This was the scene of the first rebellion under that dangerous religious fanatic and malcontent, Louis Riel. With his moccasined "generals" he seized the Fort, murdered and pillaged, and necessitated the famous Red River Expedition under Lord Wolseley, then plain Colonel Wolseley. But Riel and his hirelings fled to American soil on the approach of the red-coats. The half-breeds and their Red River carts, their ponies and their cattle, moved on to the Saskatchewan River some few hundred miles to the north-west, and there, where the cold was not quite so intense, where herds of buffalo blackened the plains as far as the eye could reach, and it was a man's own fault if he did not profit by the abundance of Nature's gifts, they settled

down, and for many years were contented and happy.

In the meantime the Canadian Pacific Railway was projected through the country, and land began to have a marketable value. White settlers came; happy and prosperous homes sprang up on the prairie, and the beautiful and richly-grassed meadows in the bluff country, in the neighbourhood of Qu'Appelle Valley and the Saskatchewan, were stocked with herds of cattle and mobs of horses. It was, as it is still, a pleasant land for the strong and self-reliant in which to live. There was abundance of all kinds of game everywhere; there were fish in the lakes and rivers, all manner of wild fruits in the bluffs and creek bottoms, and you could count on your fingers the few days in the year on which the sun did not shine. The half-breeds diversified their spells of freighting, hay-cutting, and hunting with dancing and merry-making, at the same time living on good terms with their white neighbours. The Indians, notably the once warlike Black-foot nation under their great ruler "Crowfoot," who was influenced by the wise counsels of

the great missionary, Père Lacombe, with a certain section of the Crees under long-headed old Piapot, had settled down peacefully, abandoning many of their wild, barbaric ways in deference to what they realised was the superior power and just legislation of Great Britain. The North-West Mounted Police, a splendid body of picked men who wore the uniform of the dragoon, and then only some five or six hundred strong, kept order in a tract of country larger than Europe with comparatively little difficulty. These men relied not so much on a display of physical prowess, as on the moral effect of their presence. Where in the United States, just across the international boundary line, they would have sent a squadron of cavalry to effect a capture, two Mounted Policemen would go into a large camp of Indians and take away their man without the slightest fear. It was a black day for the trooper who allowed himself to be "stood off," or a prisoner to escape. The annals of the North-West Mounted Police read like a romance, so high has been their ideal and standard of duty,

and their conscientious carrying out of the same.

Amongst the hundreds of stories which I could tell to exemplify this, here is the first that comes to my mind.

A member of the force rode out one day into the wilderness after a man who was badly wanted. Days passed, weeks passed, months passed, but that trooper did not come back, nor was he or his prospective prisoner heard of. The Police patrols from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains, a distance of nearly a thousand miles, were warned to look out for them; but neither the Mounted Police, the Indians, nor the half-breeds could find any clue regarding their whereabouts. In due course the trooper's name was struck off the strength of the force, and his fate remained a mystery.

But one day, as the division to which he belonged was drawn up for inspection in the barrack square, two ragged and footsore men were seen approaching. They were two of the sorriest tramps it were possible to imagine, and the troopers on parade wondered and were moved to pity. Then one of the two men, whose face bore traces of starvation and want of sleep, went up to the orderly officer and saluted.

He was the missing trooper, who had returned, a scarecrow of his former self, but with him he had brought his prisoner!

This is only one of many *true* stories I could tell regarding the North-West Mounted Police. Sir Gilbert Parker, in his "Pierre and his People," gives some very graphic sketches of the Riders of the Plains, as the Police are called in the territories; and when it is said that Strathcona's Horse and the Canadian Mounted Rifles in South Africa were largely officered by and composed of members of the North-West Mounted Police, they need no further commendation from me.

These then were the men whose good influence for years kept the half-breeds and Indians peaceful subjects of the Queen in the far North-West. Unfortunately, however, Louis David Riel, and his "General" Gabriel Dumont, by mistaken magnanimity of the Government, had been allowed to return, and after the manner of all ingrates, and with the help of other unscrupulous harpies such as Maxime, Lepine, Jackson, and Garnot, began once more to insidiously stir up the ignorant and excitable half-breeds and Indians to rebellion. The Government had not given them their rights, they were told. What of the promises of land and money that had been made? They would be swamped and driven out by the Whites. Riel told them that St. Peter him-

self had appeared to him in a vision and said that he was to be the saviour of the *metis*, or half-breeds. With such talk and with the help of his emissaries, he succeeded in working upon the ignorant and excitable half-breeds and Indians, who came to believe that when once they had got rid of their white neighbours, the millennium of unlimited food, fire-water, tobacco, and freedom from toil would begin.

And all this time the Police had been warning the Government, and chafing under the red-tape that kept them looking on impotently while the fuse that they might easily have plucked from the mine of fiery horrors was sputtering down to the lurid finish.

The end came quickly. On the 16th of March, 1885, Louis David Riel, the originator of two rebellions, knave and visionary, had convened a great meeting of the half-breeds and Indians near Batoche to decide on some definite line of action. He had chosen this day because an almanac had told him there was to be an eclipse of the sun, and he intended to turn it to account. Of course his ignorant followers knew nothing about that.

With the exception of Riel, who stood on a Red River cart, the red, white and grey blanketed crowd sat all round on the snow that, be-



TWO SQUAWS.

Photo, K. W. Suider.

fore many days, was to disappear before the sudden spring thaw.

Two o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun shone brightly down. Riel, who was haranguing the crowd, knew exactly how long it would continue to shine, and timed himself accordingly. The arch rebel realised how strongly dramatic effect appealed to his audience, and having been brought up for the priesthood, and being an educated man, there was much method in his fanaticism.

The red-bearded, self-constituted prophet of the *metis* spoke of Père André and his fulmina-



ASTOKUMI AND SQUAW. SAREE INDIANS.

tions against him. What did they want, he asked, with the Church of Rome! He, Louis David Riel, was going to start a church of his own! Yes, St. Peter had appeared to him in a vision and told him that the popes had been on the wrong tack long enough, and that he, Riel, was to be the head of all things spiritual and temporal. He promised them all a good time when that came about, as it most assuredly would very soon.

He wiped the perspiration from his forehead and looked anxiously at the sun. What if, after all, the compilers of the almanac, or he himself, had made a mistake and called this meeting on the wrong day? Such a contingency was horrible to contemplate. But no, his keen eyes detected a dark line on the outer edge of the great orb. His opportunity had come. He stretched out his hands, and dramatically asked—

“But oh, my people, tell me, shall I beg of the Manitou, the Great Spirit, to give you a sign that He approves of the words His servant speaketh?”

From the great crowd of half-breeds and Indians there went up a hoarse, guttural cry for confirmation.

Riel bowed his head and shot a quick glance at the sun. He would have to hurry up. Those almanac people were wonderfully accurate. In a loud voice he cried—

“You have asked for a sign, and it shall be given unto you, but woe unto those to whom a sign is given and who shall pay no heed to the same. They shall be cut off from the land of the living, and their bodies shall be burned in everlasting fire. The Great Spirit will darken the face of the sun for a token, and a shadow, that of the finger of the Manitou Himself, shall sweep the land.”

The fanatical trickster closed his eyes and raised his face heavenwards. There was a rapturous look on it, and his lips moved. His hands made nervous passes in front of him, as if imitating the preliminary antics of a conjurer. As for the half-breeds and Indians, incredulity and awe showed alternately upon their faces. It was something new in their experience for the Manitou to be interesting Himself personally in their affairs. A great silence fell upon

them, and the prophet proceeded with his hanky-panky.

Then a great murmur and chorus of wondering “Oughs! Oughs!” arose from the Indians, while many of the half-breeds crossed themselves. Incredulity changed to belief and fear. The simple ones raised their voices in wondering accents to testify to the potency of the “big medicine,” or magic, being wrought before their eyes. The hand of the Manitou was slowly but surely passing over the face of the sun and darkening it. The shadow of that same hand was already creeping up from the east. The rapt prophet never once looked himself—he knew from the hoarse roar that the almanac had not erred.

And then the clamour subsided as the ominous shadow fell like a chill over them ere passing westward. The Indians shivered in their blankets, and were thrilled by this gratuitous and wonderful proof of their new leader's intimacy with the Great Spirit. But what if the Great Spirit should take it into His head to darken the face of the light-giver for ever? It was a

most alarming prospect. They cried to Riel, who opened his eyes, glanced heavenward, and cried—

"The Manitou will remove His hand and give us light again."

Then, as it seemed, more quickly than the blackness had come, it was removed from the sun's face, and the shadow passed.

The wondering cries and exclamations that went up from the now convinced throng must have been music in the ears of the arch fraud. He looked down upon the deluded ones in triumph and with a new sense of power.

"The Great Spirit has spoken!" he exclaimed with commendable dramatic brevity.

"Big is the medicine of Riel!" cried the people. "We are ready to do his bidding when the time comes."

"The time has come!" said Riel.

Never perhaps in the history of impostors, not even in the case of the Mahdi, had an almanac proved so useful.

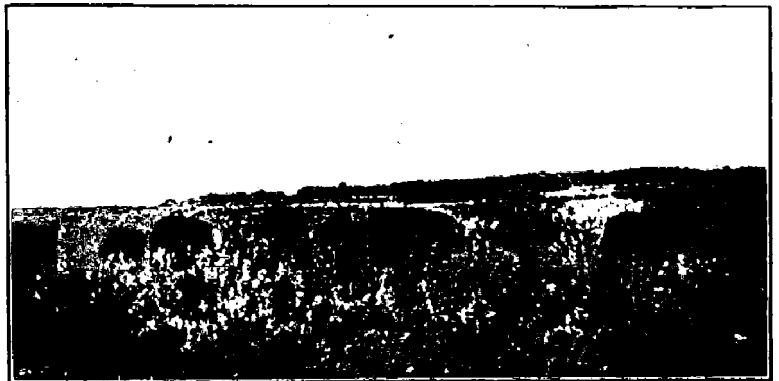
And then the mine was exploded and all the horrors of rebellion were rampant in the land. There was a riot on the Saskatchewan and the telegraph wires were cut. Colonel Irvine, commanding the Mounted Police, evacuated Fort Carlton, which was badly situated, after destroying the stores and setting fire to the buildings. Poundmaker and Big Bear, with their cruel Stony Indians, went on the war-path and murdered the luckless whites indiscriminately. They captured and looted the town of Battleford. Many settlers, among them tender women and children, fled by night over the snow-clad prairies and managed to take shelter in the barracks, which a handful of Police still held. With the exception of the Blackfeet nation and a few others, the whole country for hundreds of miles was ablaze with rebellion, and the primitive, excitable natures of the rebels were in a frenzy to "blood" themselves. The Police made heroic efforts to stem the fierce tide, and spilt some of its best blood in doing so, but all it could successfully effect was the formation of laagers for the white refugees. How some of the brave settlers defended their homes, enduring suffering and hardships almost unparalleled, would make spirit-stirring reading. At Frog Lake, eight whites were killed in church, and two brave priests beaten to death. At Prince Albert the town was in a state of siege. The news flashed through the civilized world, and Canada hurried up troops to the front. At Fish Creek, General Middleton had his first

fight with the rebels, losing twelve men killed and forty-seven wounded. On May the 7th, after a seven hours' fight, Colonel Otter routed Poundmaker's Indians at Cut-Knife. In this action the Indians charged the guns and gatlings on horseback, and it is reported that many of them had their horses smeared with clay so as to avoid being easily seen.

Middleton took Batoche, which the rebels had held against the British troops for four days, and rescued several prisoners. In this fight the rebels lost fifty-one killed and one hundred and seventy-three wounded. Owing to the ingeniously constructed rifle-pits of the enemy it had been found impossible to shell them, so they were carried in a general charge with fixed bayonets. Gabriel Dumont escaped to Montana, but Louis Riel was found wandering in the woods by two scouts, and captured. The back of the rebellion was broken.

The last scene of all was when Riel stood on the scaffold in the Mounted Police barracks at Regina on that grey November morning only some seventeen years ago. A year or two later, while I was a member of the Mounted Police, Jack Henderson, who hanged him, told me many interesting facts regarding the arch-rebel. Henderson had been a prisoner of Riel's in 1869, and was under sentence of death when he escaped. How he crawled for miles on his hands and knees on that occasion, with frozen feet, was worth hearing. I also spoke with some of the Indians who were implicated in the Frog Lake massacres.

Such is part of the lurid and picturesque history of the Great Lone Land, and should, perhaps, the statesman of the future, who is a boy to-day, read this article, I hope it may serve to influence him, if ever so little, in his attitude to those hardy colonists who have helped to build up the British Empire, and who have never hesitated to give of their best blood for the Mother Country when the days were dark.



THIS IS A SNAPSHOT OF THE LAST HERD OF AMERICAN BISON IN CANADA. THESE ANIMALS HAVE BEEN PRESERVED IN SIR DONALD A. SMITH'S FARM AT SILVER HEIGHTS, NEAR WINNIPEG, MAN.



J. O. Jones

And How He Earned His Living.

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

Author of "Tales of Greyhouse," "Love the Laggard," etc.

Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HEAD'S BOMBHELL.

ON Monday morning—four days before term-end—all the masters were gathered together in the Common Room during the interval between breakfast and school.

Mr. Huntingdon was puffing vigorously at a brand new pipe which an affectionate sister had sent him as a birthday present, for Mr. Huntingdon was six-and-twenty to-day. Another sister had sent him a prettily decorated tobacco pouch, and another a smoking-cap of black velvet embroidered with yellow silk and finished off with a flowing tassel.

J. O. Jones, an old Greyhouse boy of enormous strength, obtains a mastership at Adderman's, a notoriously ill-managed and unruly private school. On his first evening, whilst taking prep., he orders a boy to go to the headmaster's study. The boy—who proves to be the headmaster's son—refusing, J. O. Jones carries him to the study. Mr. Adderman is intensely vexed by the incident, and warns Jones not to use violence with the boys. Mr. Samuels, the second master, promises to inform the Head should Jones infringe these instructions. Shortly after, a parlour-boarder named Harper arrives. His self-possession and indifference to the opinions of others exasperate some of the fellows, among them Bradwell, a member of the Sixth. One night a raid is made on Harper's room by Bradwell and his gang, and Harper narrowly escapes being suffocated. Jones intervenes, and thrashes Bradwell for speaking insolently to him. Mr. Samuels enters the room while Bradwell is receiving his due, reports Jones's conduct to the Head, and urges Mr. Adderman to send the new master away at once. The Head declines to do this, though he gives Jones notice to leave at the end of the term. After this Jones becomes more popular, but suddenly falls foul of the school by giving Baron, the full-back of the XV., five hundred lines a couple of days before the School is to meet Ardenwood in the semi-final of the Ardenshire cup-tie. Baron failing to finish the lines in time, Jones plays in his stead, and, by means of a brilliant run, wins the match for Adderman's. That night he receives an ovation from the boys in Hall, and seizes the opportunity to make a short speech, in which he urges the fellows to "pull the school up a bit" in other ways than on the football field. Mr. Samuels overhears the speech, and, in consequence of the garbled report of it which he supplies to the Head, the latter orders Jones to leave the school at once. He is about to write out a cheque for Jones, when he falls insensible across his desk. Subsequently he desires J. O. to remain on till the end of the term. The headmaster being too ill to conduct his affairs, Harper becomes his secretary. Passing the study windows one day, Harper observes Mr. Samuels peering over Mr. Adderman's shoulder at a letter which lies before the Head, who is dozing. Later in the day Mr. Samuels requests Harper to give him a list of all the parents' addresses, as he wishes to write to them for funds for a new pavilion. Harper promptly complies with this request.

Although Mr. Huntingdon was, as has been explained, an exceedingly moderate smoker, he made such a display of the occasional whiff he indulged in, and had such an array of pipes in his room at home, that his aunts and grandmother were certain that he was killing himself by an excessive indulgence in the weed. When they remonstrated with him he would laughingly reassure them in the tone of a man who knows he is going the pace and is reckless as to the consequences. His sisters always associated "dear Bill" with tobacco, and generally recognised his natal day with nicotian presents in quite an embarrassing number. The pipe he was now smoking had cost his eldest sister—a Girton girl, who was a mistress in a High School—seven-and-sixpence, but as she had chosen it for its bright colour and lavish silver plating (being, of course, entirely ignorant of the points which constitute a really good pipe), she

had sent dear Bill a most inferior article which was already beginning to crackle and burn (owing to the vigour with which he pulled at it) and fill his mouth with a taste of burnt wood as well as of the strong mixture he affected.

However, he stuck manfully to his task, although evidences of interior discomfort were already showing on his face. As he told the others, he was "breaking it in."

Jones quietly suggested that he should run a little whisky through it, "to mellow it," and then put a small plug from an old pipe into the bowl, but Huntingdon heroically declined to avail himself of these serviceable hints. He would break it in *au naturel*, he said, and J. O. smiled grimly as the bad pipe went on crackling and Huntingdon's tongue began to blister.

Presently Huntingdon decided to give his new treasure a little rest. So he laid it down, and tried on the smoking-cap, a proceeding which caused Mr. Atkins to remark that he looked like a Chinese Mandarin. Mr. Huntingdon did not object to his colleague's playful sally, as he felt that a Mandarin, in spite of the fact that he had not enjoyed a university education, must be a very respectable sort of person.

"If you walked through Ardenwood in that," added Atkins, with a grin, "they'd throw rice at yer. Ha! Ha! Fancy old 'Untingdon 'urry-ing 'ome like a duck in a 'ail-storm!" concluded the waggish music-master, with a wink at little Green, who could not restrain a smile.

Mr. Huntingdon hastily removed the cap from his head. He did not mind being called a Mandarin, but he did mind being resembled to a duck waddling out of a pond in search of shelter from the fury of the elements. Besides, he observed Green smiling, and he did not appreciate such mirth in an unwhipped cub from a grammar school. So he took the smoking-cap off and pitched it on to the table, whereupon Atkins seized it and put it on his own head.

"How does it suit me?" he enquired of Green, "what price my

'One little, two little,
'Three little, four little,
'Five little, six little WIVES'?"

he sang, as he performed a step-dance on the hearth-rug.

"Here—that'll do!" cried Huntingdon irritably as he rose and grabbed at the cap. But Atkins, avoiding him, skipped round the table.

"No, you don't, Father William!" he cried, "I'm going to walk round the playground with it on and see who'll have a fit first."

But before Atkins had time to carry out this intention, the door opened and Johnson appeared, bearing a silver tray with four notes on it.

"With the Headmaster's compliments, gentlemen," said the butler, gravely.

Then he approached Mr. Samuels, and indicated a note on the tray which was addressed to the second master. Samuels opened it, read it, crumpled it up and threw it into the fireplace.

From him the butler progressed to Huntingdon, Atkins and Green.

Huntingdon opened his note deliberately. When he observed its contents his face fell—the starch and dignity seemed to go out of him, and, for the moment, he was an ordinary man with ordinary feelings. Huntingdon read his note several times, but Green only read his once ere he replaced it in its envelope and put it in his pocket.

Atkins was the only one to give voice to his emotions.

"Well, 'ere's a nice go, and no error!" he exclaimed, and Huntingdon nodded ruefully. After all, it was no slight thing to receive notice to go at the end of his second term at a school. It does not do in the scholastic profession to chop and change about. Headmasters like to engage a man who has served under former headmasters for substantial periods. True, the circumstances in this case were explanatory and reasonable, but Huntingdon had only kept his last post for a term, having left it because he wasn't able to cope with his turbulent charges (although his headmaster, in giving him notice, had wrapped up his reasons for so doing in vague and delicate language), and here he was "out" again, which would mean that he would write many letters during the short Easter vacation and scatter copies of his testimonials broadcast over the scholastic earth.

"This is what mine says," continued Atkins, "and I suppose all yours are the same :

'DEAR MR. ATKINS,—

It is with much regret that I have to inform you that I shall not be able to avail myself of your services after the end of this term. It is my intention to dispose of the school at once—in fact, its sale is already being negotiated by a scholastic agent. In lieu of the usual month's notice, I shall have pleasure in paying you an extra month's salary on Friday next. With every good wish for your success in the future,
Yours faithfully,

THOMAS ADDERMAN."

Atkins gazed at the letter with undisguised dismay.

"This is about the fourteenth time I've 'ad the chuck," he observed lugubriously, "and although I've generally tumbled into something else pretty easy, it isn't a nice feeling to go 'ome with."

It was Mr. Atkins's plan to wait until the holidays had ended, and then snap up a vacancy

as an emergency man. Sometimes such suddenly-obtained engagements lasted several terms, but as a rule the music-master found himself under the necessity of looking for something else at the end of the particular term he had been engaged for.

It was not likely that Green would experience much difficulty in obtaining a new billet at a modest salary, for junior masters—who will do a lot of miscellaneous work for a little money, and not be too particular about the food they have to eat or the bedrooms they have to sleep in—are in considerable request in the many small private schools in which this land abounds.

Mr. Samuels had gone on with his writing.

"You don't seem to care much, Samuels," said Atkins, "I suppose you knew of it before?"

"No—this is a surprise to me," said Samuels, in an offhand tone.

"Don't you mind getting the sack, then?" demanded Atkins.

"I do not regard this as what you are good enough to describe as 'the sack,'" was the second master's frigid rejoinder.

"It comes to that, anyhow, old man," rejoined Atkins, irritably, "whatever the reason is, we've got to pack up our traps and *walk*."

"I have not mortgaged my salary to that extent," said Samuels pointedly.

It was common knowledge among his colleagues (because he insisted on telling them) that Atkins had had to "draw on the gov'nor"—as he put it—several times during the term in order to liquidate card debts incurred at the Ardenwood Conservative Club. He had not, of course, mentioned the exact nature of his liabilities to the headmaster, but it was possible that Mr. Samuels had.

The latter did not like Atkins's free-and-easy outspokenness, and had more than once hinted to the Head that a new music-master would be a desirable acquisition. But the Head, for reasons of his own, had not taken the hint.

"Why!" cried Atkins suddenly, "you didn't get one, Jones!"

"No," said J.O., "it was an unnecessary formality in my case."

"Oh, of course, I remember now," returned Atkins.

"Of course," said Jones, "it is quite possible for you men to apply to the new proprietor for re-engagement."

"By George! I hadn't thought of that!" exclaimed Atkins.

Huntingdon visibly brightened up as well. It was not improbable that the man who bought the school might like to keep on the old staff.

Samuels looked up from his writing.

"As I shall probably buy the school myself," he said, "I may as well set all your minds at rest on that point. I shall engage an entirely new staff."

"You buy it!" cried Atkins. "Why, if you can buy a school, why are you 'ere?"

"That, Mr. Atkins, is my business."

"Well, old man," returned Atkins, jestingly, "why not re-engage us? You might do worse."

"Hardly," returned Samuels. "For instance, the music-master I engage will be a gentleman."

Atkins flushed.

"Anybody 'ud think you'd bought the school by the 'igh-and-mighty way you talk, Samuels."

The second master rose from his chair. "As I do not propose to lose any time, I may as well make Mr. Adderman an offer for it at once."

And he walked out of the room.

Atkins winked at Huntingdon as Samuels closed the door behind him.

"Bluff," he grinned.

"I don't know," drawled Huntingdon, who had by this time got over his temporary discomposure. "He has no doubt got a relative in the money-lending line."

"Some one with a nose lookin' at 'is chin, eh?" cackled Atkins. "Well, Samuels can buy it for all I care. I don't 'anker after working under 'im. If he gives me any more sauce, though, I'll punch 'is 'ead for 'im, parson or no parson."

So saying, Atkins picked up the morning paper and ran his eye over the police intelligence, in which he was always interested. Huntingdon refilled his new pipe, and the other two went on with the work they were doing.

Mr. Samuels had been gone about ten minutes, and it was close on school time, when there came hurried, shuffling steps in the corridor without. A second later Johnson, looking white and frightened, entered the room without ceremony.

He walked straight up to J. O., with no eyes save for him.

"For Heaven's sake, Mr. Jones," he cried, "come to the study!"

"Eh! What's the matter?" asked J. O. in surprise.

"The gov'nor's gone stark, raving mad!" ejaculated the butler.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE THREAT.

SOME weeks previously Mr. Samuels had become possessed of certain information which rendered it unnecessary for him to court the goodwill of Master Tom Adderman any longer. In brief, Mr. Samuels had found out that the school was "For Sale."

This piece of information Mr. Samuels



"THE GUV'NOR'S GONE STARK, RAVING MAD!"

kept strictly to himself. With the boys he was pleasanter and more lenient than ever; he forgave them their punishments with easy generosity; he hardly ever kept anyone in, and when he did it was only for a very short time. He made an exception, however, in Tom Adderman's case, for, finding that the school was pleased when Tom Adderman was jumped on by a master (for Tom had reached the height of unpopularity by seeking shelter in his father's study instead of fighting a boy whom he had insulted), Mr. Samuels suddenly turned on his old toady, mouth-piece, favourite—call him what you will—and gave him a thumping dose of lines which astonished Master Tom as much as it infuriated him.

Now note what happened. Tom had never had any respect for Mr. Samuels, and so he did not trouble to execute the imposition. When Mr. Samuels demanded an explanation of this disobedience, Tom was familiar and saucy to his erstwhile patron, whereupon Mr. Samuels boxed his ears.

Then Tom turned on Samuels like a kicked cur: he retaliated with a volume of venomous abuse, and passionately declared that he would "pay him out." By way of reply, Mr. Samuels doubled his lines and kept him in during the whole of the next half-holiday to do them.

Mr. Samuels knew that the school would enjoy Tom's discomfiture: the school did. But, all the same, Samuels could not oust Jones from

[NOTE.—Unfortunately, we had no time to get the above picture altered before going to press. The Common Room table, of course, would not be laid for breakfast, as the masters breakfasted in the Hall.—Ed.]

the position the latter now held in the school. Save among the black sheep, Jones was the hero of Adderman's. The fact that he was leaving at the end of the term increased his popularity tenfold. They wished to make much of him while he was still with them: too soon his handsome face, burly form, and genial voice would be matters for remembrance only.

Tom Adderman, one day, told Jones how sorry he was for his conduct at the beginning of the term, and thereafter became one of J. O.'s firmest allies. During the various talks Tom had with his father, he referred constantly to Jones's kind-heartedness and other good qualities. Mr. Adderman in this wise came to think differently of Jones. He obtained from his son the actual wording of the little speech Jones had made in Hall after the semi-final, and found that it differed materially from the garbled report supplied to him by Mr. Samuels. The Head encouraged his son to talk about "J. O."—for this was Jones's nickname in the school now. And if, during these conversations, Master Tom could manage to say anything disparaging about Mr. Samuels, he invariably said it.

The upshot of all this was that Mr. Adderman decided to give J. O. a little surprise on the last morning of the term, when he would be handing the masters their cheques. Jones, he determined, should receive an extra month's salary as well as the other men. And an excellent testimonial.

This idea tickled and pleased the invalid as he sat all day in an easy chair in his study. It did not occur to him that J. O. might decline to

accept the additional sum. He often pictured to himself the gratified expression which would light up J. O.'s face (the headmaster had come to think of him as "J. O.," just as the boys did) when he saw the amount of his cheque.

Meanwhile Harper transacted Mr. Adderman's correspondence, and continued to look after the accounts: the masters received their "notices" in his handwriting. The signature, "Thomas Adderman," was the Head's only contribution to those epistles.

Soon after the letters had been given to Johnson to deliver in the Common Room, Mr. Samuels entered the study.

"May I have a word with you, sir?" he said to the Head.

Mr. Adderman motioned to him to approach.

"On business," added Samuels, looking pointedly at Harper.

"I should prefer Harper to remain," murmured the Head, "indeed, I should prefer you to state your business to him. He is my confidential secretary."

"No," said Samuels, brusquely, "it must be stated to you. I understand this school is for sale. I am willing to make you an offer for it."

The Head sat up. When in health he had possessed very keen commercial instincts: it was only when his grasp on business matters was slackening that the tradesmen had tried to take advantage of him.

Samuels' cool precision acted as a tonic on the Head. He sat up and pointed to the chair on the other side of the hearth.

"Sit down, Samuels. This is a surprise to me. You wish to make me an offer for this school?"

"I do."

"And the amount?"

"One thousand pounds for the goodwill. I will pay you rent for the land, buildings, and furniture."

Mr. Adderman smiled. The merchant part of him was now quite awake. So he smiled when Samuels named his figure.

"I consider that a fair offer," added Samuels.

The idea slipped into Mr. Adderman's temporarily alert brain that Samuels might be endeavouring to emulate the example of Melrose and Co., and presume upon his illness to "rush" him into accepting an absurdly low price for the school.

"I must tell you, my dear Samuels," said Mr. Adderman, smoothly, "that the minimum I will take for the goodwill alone is three thousand pounds."

"Ridiculous!" cried Samuels.

"It may seem so to you," returned the Head,

"but I like to think that I am the best judge of the value of my own property."

"My offer is one thousand for the goodwill," returned Samuels, who fancied he knew where he could obtain this sum at short notice.

"Then," said the Head, "I fear it is of no use to prolong this conversation."

Samuels rose to his feet.

"You decline my offer?"

"Absolutely."

"Then listen. I shall immediately start a school in Ardenwood. I shall inform the agents that I am doing so. I know the house I can have—I have been offered one. Anyone who comes to look over this school will hear that I am starting a school close by, and the value of this property will immediately depreciate. I have a list of all the boys' parents, with their addresses, and shall circularise them *at once*, stating my intentions."

Mr. Adderman was leaning forward with a strange light in his eyes.

"Where did you get that list? Have you been obtaining each boy's address, while I have been sitting here ill, with the object of undermining me—"

"No—your 'confidential secretary' supplied me with the addresses," interrupted Samuels, with a sneer.

"You are lying!" cried the Head, hoarsely.

"Look, then!" shouted Samuels, drawing a roll of manuscript from his pocket and unfolding it. The Head recognised Harper's handwriting, and saw the triumphant sneer on Samuels' face. His brain toppled over. He saw Samuels' scheme succeeding—saw himself ruined—saw chaos, misery, disease, death, following one upon another—saw all this in a mad red haze as he flung himself upon Samuels with the snarl of a beast, groping wildly for his false colleague's throat.

Johnson, passing by, heard the tumult, looked into the room, and then ran for J. O. When Jones came hurrying in with the butler, Samuels was lying on the hearthrug, black in the face, with the Head's fingers fastened round his neck. Harper was pulling desperately at the assailant, but his efforts availed nothing. Mr. Adderman, just then, was as strong as three men.

Jones lost no time. He sprang forward, dropped alongside the writhing forms, and, seizing Mr. Adderman's wrists, thrust his head and shoulders under the other's body, thus practically tearing the struggling forms apart, leaving Samuels, three parts strangled, on the hearthrug. Flinging his arms round Mr. Adderman, Jones next endeavoured to thrust him into the big easy-chair he

had quitted, but the other, filled with demoniacal force, got his hands on to Jones's face, and wrenched and tore and scratched at him like a tiger-cat. They went down together, crashing against and upsetting the desk in their fall. Jones fell underneath, and the Head, quick to see his advantage, pinned him to the ground by pressing his knees upon his arms, and then thrashed and buffeted his face. Johnson, shaking in his shoes, endeavoured to assist Jones, but the Head sent him spinning back against the mantel-piece with a ferocious blow across the mouth with the back of his hand.

Of a sudden the Head stopped beating Jones and glared round at the door, where was a frightened, white-faced throng of women and boys, Lucy and Miss Peters among them. He must have seen a face there which he had cause to remember with dislike, for with a fierce cry he sprang off Jones and bounded towards the door. Jones was at his heels in a few seconds. The group had scattered like chaff before a tempest, and Mr. Adderman was flying down the passage when J. O., catching him up, resolved upon desperate remedies. He himself was four stone heavier than the headmaster: he leapt forward and fell plumb upon the elder man, bringing him to the ground with a crash and imprisoning his arms as he did so.

But further effort was unnecessary; the Head made no resistance. His skull had met the stone floor as he went down, and he now lay at his captor's mercy, stunned and motionless.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SAMUELS AND A CITY MAN.

WHEN the Head's doctor descended from Mr. Adderman's bedroom, he found Jones and Harper getting the study into something like order.

"Well, my friend," he said, laying a fatherly hand on J. O.'s arm, "I rather fancied I should be wanted again pretty soon. The brain is a delicate bit of mechanism to play with."

"How is Mr. Adderman?" enquired Jones.

"Quiet—quiet and harmless. That rap on the skull knocked all the mischief out of him and probably prevented him from doing a deal of damage."

"How will he be—after this?"

"Rather less dangerous than a lamb. That's my opinion. I'll get a specialist to look at him just to satisfy his family, but I've seen cases like this before, and I feel pretty confident that I'm right. His brain went *snap* when he got nasty

first of all." (Jones had given the doctor a rapid summary of what had happened when the latter arrived at the school.) "When you brought him down you did him no harm beyond quieting him."

"Do you mean to say, sir," asked Harper, "that Mr. Adderman has gone out of his mind?"

"Well, I don't like to put it as strongly as that. He's suffering from brain-collapse. He won't be able to do any more work, but he'll be able to talk to you pretty sensibly—to tell you the way to Ardenwood, we'll say, or discuss the weather—or anything that won't tax the intellect, in point of fact."

J. O. and Harper looked very grave.

"Cheer up!" cried the bluff old doctor, whose hearty manner and jolly face had saved the life of many a despondent patient, "it might have been much worse. And now, my friend," he added, turning his *pince-nez* on Jones, "it seems you want patching up a bit."

J. O. had a black eye and a swollen lip, his cheeks were decorated with deep scratches, and his head ached and throbbed after the pounding Mr. Adderman had given it.

"I'm all right, thanks, doctor," he replied.

The doctor wasn't so sure, and gave the bell-rope a tug.

"A brandy-and-soda, please," he said to Johnson, when the butler appeared, "and make it pretty stiff. You feel better now?" he asked Jones, when Johnson had brought the medicine prescribed and J. O. had swallowed it.

"Fit as a fiddle," replied J. O.

"Then I'll be trotting," said the cheery old gentleman, "because I've got to send a nurse up to look after Mr. A. By the way, I was the first masculine acquaintance Miss Lucy ever made," he went on, "and so I've presumed on 'auld acquaintance' to give her some advice. As a consequence she's wired to her uncle to come down and look after matters a bit—sharp City man who won't stand nonsense. He'll break up the school, pay off the staff, and all that. Help him all you can, Mr. Jones—"

"Harper and I will give him all the assistance in our power," J. O. assured the doctor.

"Ah! 'Harper' is it?" chuckled the doctor, "heard of you down in the town. Ha! Ha! Well, well, well—I must be going! Adieu, adieu!" and with this parting speech the good-hearted old gentleman ambled out to his gig.

Mr. Adderman's brother arrived that night, and, after paying a visit to the sick-room, went to the study. He held a conversation of some length with Harper, and then sent for Mr. Samuels. When the second master answered the summons, he found, sitting in the Head's chair, not a weak, querulous, elderly man, suffering

from a nervous disorder, but a keen-looking, smart, middle-aged individual in the best of physical and mental health.

The Head's brother was a merchant—as the Head should have been—and a successful one. He had learned to sum up men quickly.

Samuels found himself looking into a pair of steel-grey eyes set beneath black eyebrows.

"When my brother was—er—taken ill to-day, Mr. Samuels," said the City man, "I understand that you were making him an offer for the school?"

Samuels did not altogether appreciate the way this brusque City gentleman opened the ball. He feared he would be a more awkward customer to tackle than the man who now lay upstairs in a semi-comatose state.

"That is so," said the second master, "I was making him an offer."

"I understand from Mr. Adderman's secretary that you mentioned one thousand pounds as the amount you would be willing to pay for the goodwill of the school?"

Samuels bowed.

"That was the sum I named."

"My brother refused your offer?"

"He did not seem disposed to accept it."

"He told you, in fact, that the goodwill was worth at least three thousand pounds?"

"He mentioned some such sum," acknowledged Samuels.

"And then," continued the man from the City of London, "you threatened to start a rival school in Ardenwood if your offer was not accepted?"

"I hinted——" began Samuels.

"Do not beat about the bush, sir!" thundered the Head's brother, "you *threatened* him. You knew he was ailing and not in a fit state to hear such words uttered, and yet—you *threatened* him!"

"That was fair business," said Samuels.

"That may be your idea of it, Mr. Samuels. I will not tell you what I think of your methods, because you can easily guess my sentiments. But before we go further, may I ask how you came to know, some time before you received information on the subject from my brother, that it was his intention to sell the school?"

Samuels had no idea that this was a trap—that the man before him had been leading up to it all the time.

"I was informed by Paine, the agent."

The City man looked fixedly at the other.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite."

"Think again, Mr. Samuels."

"Paine thought I might like to buy the school—as he knew I was looking out for one—and

therefore informed me of the fact as soon as he heard from Mr. Adderman."

"You found out that the school was for sale," said the merchant, calmly, "by looking over my brother's shoulder at a half-written letter which lay before him while he dozed."

"That is untrue!" exclaimed Samuels, "I was in here one day when he fell asleep at his desk, but I did not for one moment dream of committing such a dishonourable action as——"

The City man put up his hand.

"Enough. I will prove I am right."

"You have some lying witness, I suppose?" snarled Samuels.

"No—a silent one. The best I could wish for—the letter itself!"

And he held up an unfinished letter wherein Paine, the agent, was instructed to dispose of Adderman's School at the best terms possible.

"This letter was never sent to Paine. When my brother awoke he put it away in a drawer, and afterwards, owing to the weak state of his mind, thought he had sent it to Paine. He was still under this impression when he gave the staff notice. To-day Harper, his secretary, found that letter in the drawer among other papers. A wire to Paine confirmed us in supposing that he had never received instructions to sell Adderman's School. So, Mr. Samuels, it is not possible that you could have had information from Paine."

Samuels turned white. The merchant regarded him with cold scorn.

"Adderman's School is not for sale, then?" muttered Samuels, presently.

"Adderman's School is certainly *not* for sale!" replied the City man. "On the other hand, it will be carried on as usual, and a salaried headmaster will do my brother's work. I am to-night instructing Paine to select a man. The post might have been yours, Mr. Samuels, if you had acted honestly by your chief. As it is—here is your cheque. You need not trouble to stay at the school an hour longer than you care to."

And the City man turned his broad back on Mr. Samuels.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TERM-END.



ON the following day Mr. Samuels left Adderman's very quietly without saying good-bye to anybody. He told Johnson to take his luggage down to Melrose the stationer's.

The butler stared at him.

"I am staying in the town for a few days," explained Samuels, shortly.



WATCHING THE RAPID MOVEMENTS OF HIS LODGER'S PEN WITH MAUDLIN SATISFACTION.

Johnson did not hurry himself over this errand—in fact, he did not present himself at the stationer's with the luggage until the afternoon was well advanced. The boy wasn't in the shop, so Johnson rapped loudly on the counter. This apparently having no effect, the butler made his way round the counter into the back parlour. Here he found Mr. Samuels busily at work directing envelopes. At the same table was seated Melrose himself, a bottle and glass by his side, watching the rapid movements of his lodger's pen with maudlin satisfaction.

"I've brought your things, sir," said Johnson.

Samuels started slightly as he looked up, and hastily covered up his work with a large sheet of blotting-paper as he rose from his seat.

"Oh, thanks," he said, and handed the butler a sixpenny bit.

Johnson surveyed the coin with disgust. He had fetched and carried and run about for Mr. Samuels all the term—and this was his reward!

Just then the draught blew away the blotting-paper and sent one of the printed sheets that were under it fluttering to Johnson's feet. The butler picked it up, and, as he did so, he observed the opening words. A moment later Samuels snatched the document out of his hands.

On his way back to the school Johnson met Harper, to whom he imparted the information that Mr. Samuels had "put up" at Melrose's and

was sending round papers to people informing them that he was going to start a school in Ardenwood.

"I heard rumours of some such thing at the *Spies* last night," said Johnson, "so somebody must have been giving it away. I believe 'e's getting the leading tradesfolk to stand in with him."

Harper merely smiled.

That night the Mayor of Ardenwood, Mr. Moses, and the two Harrisons met Mr. Samuels in Melrose's back parlour. Mr. Samuels provided drinkables and cigars, and, having thus mellowed his visitors, unfolded his plans.

It was his intention to start a school in Ardenwood, to be called "Ardenwood College." He was informing the parents of all the boys at Adderman's of his intentions, and, as he was very popular with the said boys, and as things were all at sixes and sevens up at the school, owing to Mr. Adderman's illness, he had every reason to hope that the majority of the boys would be transferred to *him*.

However, he had no capital to speak of, so he had decided to call the leading tradesmen together and suggest that they should form a small company among themselves to run the college. They would, of course, enjoy the monopoly of supplying it with such goods as they vended.

This, in brief, was Mr. Samuels' scheme, and

the Mayor thought there was a good deal in it, but would like to know how many parents had consented to send their sons to Mr. Samuels before he definitely decided to put down any money. The others echoed his ideas.

"We'll leave it at that, then," said Samuels, "I may tell you that I expect to get at least *fifty* of the boys now at Adderman's."

Then they turned to the drinkables again, and waxed very merry over the little stories they told each other. Whenever Samuels got a chance he dilated on the glorious future of this school he was going to start, and when the party broke up they all felt that Adderman's wouldn't have a dog's chance when Ardenwood College had got fairly going.

"And that 'Arper feller won't walk about with his 'ead in the air quite so much!" cried Mr. Moses.

"Pokin' 'is nose into other people's busi-nesses!" added Melrose.

"I'll warm his jacket for him the first time I meet him," vowed young Harrison.

"You'll be sorry to hear that your dear friend Jones has been dismissed!" purred Mr. Samuels.

"Jolly good job," said Harrison, "I hope he'll be sacked from every job he ever gets!"

And with these nice sentiments these worthy men retired to their couches. Mr. Melrose, however, sat for some time longer at his table, sipping gin-and-water and occasionally chuckling over the castles in the air he built of seeing Harper having his jacket warmed by young Harrison.

Meanwhile, the bugbear of certain Ardenwood tradesmen—James Harper, to wit—lay asleep up at Adderman's with a sweet and innocent smile on his face.

Breaking-up day had arrived, and Miss Peters was dealing out travelling money and bidding the boys cold farewells. The good lady had been up since half-past six, for the first boys to go caught the 7.13 train from Ardenwood to London.

Lucy Adderman found Miss Peters thus employed when, at eight o'clock, looking as fresh and dainty as a daisy, she entered the Hall and approached the top table.

The questions Miss Peters put to the young travellers were short and sharp—not unlike the questions a female warder would put to a woman convict who was being released from gaol. -

"What is your name?"

"Turner, Miss Peters."

"Is your luggage labelled?"

"Yes, Miss Peters."

"What train do you go by?"

"The 8.10, Miss Peters."

"What is your fare?"

"Thirteen and sixpence, please."

Having received these replies, Miss Peters would consult a list which lay before her, and, having made sure that the boy under examination was entitled to thirteen and sixpence, she would gloomily hand over that amount.

"Good-bye, Turner."

"Good-bye, Miss Peters."

Then the youth would scuttle off, rejoicing at having come through the ordeal without having provoked a rebuke as to his attire or his hair.

The boys at Adderman's stood very greatly in awe of the matron, whatever may have been the attitude they adopted towards the headmaster and his staff. She was as stern and ice-like in her demeanour to the Sixth as to the First, and if the Sixth did not tremble in their shoes whilst they stood facing her (as did the First), they were at least very glad to get away from her unsympathetic presence and piercing, hawk-like gaze.

Miss Peters had one of those natures which appear to be bound by an eternal frost. She never pitied anyone and never asked for pity; she was a relentless task-mistress; she seemed to be made of leather and to be capable of doing an endless amount of work, and she tried to make others work as hard as herself.

But the last few days had tried Miss Peters's cast-iron resources to the utmost. She had worked incessantly. It is the duty of a matron to see that a boy's clothes go back home with him in a good state of repair; thus term-end meant to Miss Peters and her maids a great and prolonged bout of sewing and darning, of clothes-sorting and box-packing, and, in the case of the matron herself, label-writing and train-hunting.

Miss Peters and her assistants had sat up till three that morning completing their onerous duties, and at last even strong cups of tea failed to keep the girls awake. So the matron grimly bade them begone to their beds, with a stern reminder that they were to be up again at six without fail.

Perhaps those who will not spare others do not deserve to be spared themselves, but when J. O. Jones came into the Hall, pink and fresh and wholesome from his bath, he did not fail to notice the difference between Lucy's rosy countenance (possibly a little rosier than usual at that moment for reasons best known to herself) and the matron's white, drawn face, looking more than customarily harsh on account of the dark shadows lack of sleep had left beneath her eyes.

J. O. never mumbled a crust; his teeth made

short work of it. Nor did he hesitate when he thought he would do anything. He saw how tired Miss Peters looked, and so he hustled through the throng of boys that surrounded her, scattering cheery remarks in all directions, and brought up at the matron's chair.

"Now, Miss Peters, suppose I relieve you for half-an-hour! You look as if you want some breakfast. I can easily give these fellows their money, and I promise not to make any mistakes."

A term previously Miss Peters would have gruffly declined such an offer, but then there was no Mr. Jones at that time to make it. Miss Peters, living her solitary life, and thinking her solitary thoughts, had been watching the passage of events and making up her mind about the people with whom she came in contact.

"Thank you, Mr. Jones," she said, in her usual stiff voice, "I shall be glad of a little rest."

Lucy, watching from a short distance away, noticed with a woman's quickness that the rigid expression on the matron's face softened just a trifle, and that the elder woman's tired eyes had suddenly become suspiciously bright.

J. O.'s advent seemed to lighten the atmosphere.

"Now, you fellows, get back a bit! Six paces, please. Jordan, you untidy young dog, go away and do your boots up. I should give you fifty lines if you hadn't got to catch a train."

Jordan retired with a pleased blush. He had got a good deal to tell Phyllis about Mr. Jones, and was in a hurry to get home as much for this reason as for any other.

J. O. looked at the list.

"Bull!"

Bull came up.

"Eighteen shillings, isn't it? Train 8.20. You'll have to cut for it. Hurry up!"

But Bull hesitated.

"Good-bye, sir!" he said.

J. O. understood. Two months ago Bull had been one of the hottest anti-Jonesites. Things had altered a little since then, however.

"Good-bye, Bull," he said, shaking hands with the big boy, "pleasant holidays to you. Now cut off sharp or you'll lose your train. Fairbrother!"

Fairbrother was travelling with Bull, and it was running it close to linger, but he, too, was intent on shaking hands with Jones, as was each fellow who came after him, and so, what with counting out money and shaking big hands and middle-sized hands and little hands, J. O. had a busy half-hour of it.

He paid off quite a detachment during that period, however, and then Miss Peters returned to her post.

The popular train of the day was the 9.42, which ran from Ardenwood to the great and important railway centre of Jesseville, whence the boys caught trains to all parts of the country.

They cast wistful glances at J. O. as he sat at his breakfast. They did not like to go round and wish him good-bye, as your school-boy—bless him for it!—is a modest fellow as a rule, and doesn't court the eye of publicity. Still, a lot of fellows would have liked a last word with J. O., whom, as far as they knew, they would never see again.

Jones finished his breakfast, put on his hat, and, to the surprise and delight of the fellows who were travelling by the 9.42, appeared on the platform some three minutes before the train was due to start.

Generally the railway officials found it a hard job to get off on time, owing to late arrivals and fellows dashing out to buy papers and refreshments. J. O. saw the worried look on the station-master's face, and made a friend of that functionary for ever by whipping the fellows into their compartments with characteristic vigour. Then he shook hands all down the train.

"Good-bye, Seymour! Good-bye, Evans—I'd chuck that cigar away if I were you!—good-bye, Smith! good-bye, Lunn! good-bye, Brown—you'll never keep your wind if you smoke cigarettes—good-bye, Jordan—boots done up?—my signature for your sister?—Oh, yes, give me a letter to write on!—good-bye, Oliphant—hope they'll play you for the county at cricket—good-bye—good-bye. . . ."

And so the train rolled out of the station amid a chorus of shouts and decorated with waving handkerchiefs, after which J. O. thoughtfully retraced his steps to the school.

It didn't take him long to pack his portmanteau.

"I've a good-bye or two to say on my own account," he murmured, as he made his way (with some hesitation) to the drawing-room.

It was empty.

Jones waited. Nobody came. At length, very unwillingly, he retired to the Common Room. It was empty. Jones had had his cheque the night before. There was no reason why he should wait. His colleagues had all gone.

He went to Miss Peters's room. It was empty.

Coming out, he encountered Johnson.

"Where is everybody?" he asked the butler.

"Miss Peters is lying down, sir. Master 'Arper is a-dodgin' round somewhere—I don't know where. Miss Lucy is sitting in the gov'nor's bedroom. 'E doesn't like 'er to leave 'im."

J. O. reflected. He had a very great desire to say good-bye to Lucy, but circumstances had

intervened. He could not send a message up to her. What right had he to do so—a dismissed master! Still, it was hard to go without seeing her—without a word of farewell.

Whilst Johnson waited in the passage he went into the drawing-room and wrote a little note to Lucy. This he gave to Johnson, with a substantial tip.

The butler did not half like taking the tip, but he had feelings himself, and, therefore, respect for Jones's, so he pocketed the money.

"I don't want anything for serving you, sir," he said, slowly, "so I shall give this 'ere to the Cottage 'Orspital."

"Nonsense," said J. O., "keep it, man."

"Begging your pardon, sir," said Johnson, a little unsteadily, "it isn't nonsense. It's a pleasure to wait on you, sir. You've come among of us, and somehow you've showed us how a man can do his duty. We've learnt what the meaning of the word *gentleman* is, sir, since you've come among of us."

J. O. felt distinctly uncomfortable.

"That's all right, Johnson. Did you order me a cab?"

"Yes, sir; a cab will be here in time to take you to the station. But as I was saying, sir——"

"Suppose you go and get my portmanteau," said J. O., hastily.

The butler hobbled away, and presently returned with the luggage. The cab rumbled up, and J. O. got into it.

"Good-bye, Johnson," he said, putting out his hand.

The hard-worked servant crossed it, and turned away. He, poor fellow, had seen many ups and downs; so roughly had Life used him that a little kindness like this unmanned him. He was fifty, working for modest wages, and beginning to feel rather tired of running hither and thither. He turned away, and Jones, rolling off in his cab, kept a brave face, but—it was a bit of the hardest luck he had ever had, to have found the drawing-room empty, like that.

CHAPTER XXX.

HARPER'S HINT.

THREE mornings after the interview between Samuels and the City man, Harper walked into Mr. Melrose's shop and asked for a pennyworth of nibs. The shop had only just been opened. It was an early call; indeed, Harper hadn't had his breakfast.

A postman came in hard upon his heels.

"Gentleman named Samuels live here?" enquired the postman.

"E's our lodger," grinned the boy.

"Well, give him these letters, please. The persons they're addressed to can't be found." And he handed the boy a dozen missives peppered with inscriptions such as "Not known," "Try 24, Acacia Road," "Not known at Acacia Road," "Not known at Sutton, Surrey; try Sutton, Yorkshire," "Opened in error by T. Bull, Kingston," etc., etc.

On each, finally, had been stamped the official "*Return to Sender*," and back they had come to the emporium of Mr. Melrose, stationer, of Ardenwood.

Pocketing his pennyworth of nibs, Harper retraced his steps to the school, in, to judge by his face, a very amiable frame of mind.

Just about the time of the afternoon delivery of letters, on the same day, Harper again presented himself at the stationer's and asked for a penny bottle of ink. Curiously enough, the postman followed him in with another large packet of letters bearing the disagreeable official legend referred to above.

On the next morning—Friday, breaking-up day of Adderman's School—Harper once again appeared at the counter, and this time all he required was a penny exercise-book.

He found the stationer himself at the counter. Mr. Melrose glowered at the parlour-boarder as the latter put down his penny.

"You're quite sure I'm not over-charging you for it?" demanded Melrose.

"Quite!" replied Harper, "though I've no doubt you'd try to if we hadn't met before!"

At that moment—so carefully had Harper timed his visit—the postman entered, and for the third time deposited a bundle of disfigured and much re-addressed envelopes on the counter.

"Mr. Samuels, please," he said.

The boy took them into the back parlour. A few seconds later he came flying into the shop, and the bundle of letters came flying after him. And following the bundle came Samuels, livid with rage.

He had heard Harper's voice.

"Oh, I'm glad you're here—I want a word with you!" he snarled, "those addresses you gave me were all bogus—you made them up!"

"Now I wonder how you discovered that!" said Harper, gently.

Samuels came round the counter and confronted the parlour-boarder, and Melrose, seeing that he might be able to get even with his tormentor without incurring much harm himself, came round too, and placed himself in the doorway, so as to cut off Harper's retreat.

"I'll teach you to play off your jokes on me!" said Samuels, viciously.

Harper retired briskly, vaulted over the counter, and shut down that part of it which lifted up.

"Boy, kick him out!" yelled the stationer. The boy advanced on Harper—deceived by his slight appearance—and was rewarded with such a cuff that his head ached all that day.

"Call the police!" yelled Melrose to the blubbery youth, "go round by the side passage."

"Ah! there is another way out?" said Harper, "many thanks!"

And he glided out of the shop into the parlour. Simultaneously Melrose and Samuels rushed into the street to cut off his retreat by the side entry, and as they did so Harper re-entered the shop, vaulted back over the counter, and walked coolly up the High Street, the while Melrose and his lodger were awaiting his appearance in the entry. When the stationer and Samuels discovered how they had been baffled, Harper was fifty yards away, and neither of them cared about giving chase.

Later that day Mr. Samuels shook the dust of Ardenwood off his feet, and, using language not usually associated with the holy calling he had espoused in addition to scholastic work, went up to London to look after another mastership. And he did not trouble to inform the Mayor, or Mr. Moses, or the two Harrisons why his scheme for the formation of a college at Ardenwood had dissolved into thin air; he left that pleasant duty to Mr. Melrose.

As for Harper, about noon he made his way to the station on his bicycle, by a circuitous route. When Jones arrived, the parlour-boarder raised his cap.

"I thought I should meet you here, sir," he said. "I trust you don't object to my coming to see you off?"

"On the contrary," said J. O., "I am very pleased to be seen off. I was feeling rather lonely.

"If you don't mind," said Harper, "I will travel about four miles down the line with you—to the first stopping-place. The fact is, various friends of mine are looking out for me in Ardenwood. They are under the impression that I shall be going home to-day, like the other boys, and so the youths in their shops have been instructed to give me a warm reception as I go by. I came to the station by a roundabout way, and I shall return to the school along by-roads. My dear friends in the town will consequently be looking out for me all day."

"How do you get to know things of this sort?" asked Jones, laughing.

"The amiable but thirsty Johnson," explained Harper, "picks up information at the *Two Spies*."

"Well," said Jones, "and what are you going to do—shall you stay on at Adderman's?"

"Practically," replied the parlour-boarder. "You see, it's like this. Mr. Adderman and Miss Lucy are going for a long sea voyage, when the Head is well enough to travel. I am going with them to see that they are not robbed by their cabin stewards and people of that kind. I shall pay for myself, of course. I am pretty well off, you know."

"Your guardian has given his permission?" queried J. O.

"He will give it. The dear old man always lets me do what I like. I came here because I wanted to."

"And will you return to Adderman's with Mr. Adderman?"

"Probably!" said Harper. "Let me see, I suppose the voyage will occupy about six months. I shall get a good deal of fun out of it, I expect. After the voyage I shall come back to the school and resume my post as his private secretary. I don't mind the work—it amuses me. Well, here's our train. Third smoker, I suppose?"

Jones nodded, and they got in.

"What I particularly wanted to see you about, sir," continued Harper, as the train moved off, "is this. I think it will be worth your while to call at Paine's—the agent's—on your way through town. Mr. Adderman's brother will be at Paine's this afternoon to arrange about engaging masters for next term."

"You think that I might perhaps be re-engaged?" asked Jones.

"From what Mr. Adderman's brother said to me," replied Harper, "I should say it is not beyond the bounds of possibility. However, you will see what Paine says."

"I am very much obliged to you for giving me this hint, Harper," said Jones.

"Don't mention it, sir," said Harper, "it's none of my doing. Our worthy friend, Dr. Thornton, had a long talk yesterday with Mr. Adderman's brother, and I daresay your name cropped up."

Jones's spirits improved. He did not want to go home and tell them that he had lost his post. He could easily imagine the expression that would come over his father's face on hearing it. He felt he would be willing to return to Adderman's at half his present salary—if only he could keep his post.

The train rolled onwards, and presently the first stopping-place hove in sight. Harper shook hands with Jones, and got out. He stood by the open window then.



MISS PETERS, AS A RULE, PLAYING PROPRIETY BEHIND A BOOK.

"By the way," he said, as the train was moving off, "I almost forgot. I have a note for you from Miss Lucy. Good-bye, sir!"

He flung the note in, and disappeared. J. O. read the note and re-read it many times. He was glad nobody else was in the compartment, for Lucy's little letter of farewell made the landscape through which he was passing seem dim and blurred to his honest eyes. We will not pry into its contents, for it is no business of ours what Lucy had to say to J. O. But we may be sure that it was everything that was tender and true and womanly.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ROSES.

MORE than a year has elapsed since J. O. Jones took that little railway ride with Harper. To be exact, fifteen months have raced by—the months always race when you are very busy—since J. O. travelled blithely home to Middlebury, and, having been met at the station by sister Essie in the pony-cart, informed his family that he had been appointed headmaster of Adderman's School at a salary of three hundred pounds a year.

The Rev. Peter Jones stared incredulously at his youngest-born son.

"Is this really so?" he demanded.

"Well, pater," returned J. O., "I shouldn't say so if it wasn't."

"Do you think it will last?" asked his father.

"Yes, I intend that it shall," was J. O.'s alert reply.

"I suppose your playing for England had something to do with it?" suggested the Rev. Peter Jones, who, it must be remembered, had no knowledge whatever of the qualities J. O. had proved himself to be possessed of during the past three months.

"Oh, I daresay," said J. O., carelessly.

"Well, I congratulate you very heartily, John, on your appointment," said the Vicar, "it just shows how useful athletics may prove to a man."

"Rather!" said J. O., slyly, "I kept the fellows in order by kicking footballs at them, you know."

"Dear me! a curious school!" observed the Vicar, going off to his study to grapple with his Easter bills.

But Essie knew better. J. O. paid her back the ten pounds she had lent him, with a brotherly kiss as interest (receiving two back in return, so somehow he is still in her debt), and after she had been to stay at Adderman's (at Lucy Adderman's invitation) on the return of the travellers from foreign parts, she was able to give her father some authoritative reasons for J. O.'s appointment.

"It wasn't altogether his football, then?" said the Vicar.

"It wasn't his football at all, papa; it was because he kept the boys in order and made them respect him in spite of the fact that it was one of the most disorderly schools in England when he went there. Miss Peters, the matron, and Lucy Adderman—such a pretty girl!—told me *all about it, papa!*"

"Indeed!" said the Vicar, "well, I must admit that I had no idea John was a disciplinarian—or anything else, for that matter. Three hundred a year! Dear me! he ought to save quite two hundred of it."

But fifteen months have elapsed, and certain persons have observed that, when he has done his work, J. O. frequents Mr. Adderman's garden with great persistency. For Mr. Adderman is now mild and gentle, and devotes most of his time to the cultivation of roses. And sometimes J. O. and Lucy walk round the garden with Mr. Adderman, and sometimes they sit on a garden seat in the shade of a great tree, Miss Peters, as a rule, hovering about them or playing propriety behind a book.

But at times Miss Peters knows how to efface herself, for she is now far less grim than she was of yore. Perhaps it is that, old maid though she be, she has taken J. O. into her heart. Certain it is that, since J. O. has been at Adderman's, Miss Peters has shown herself to be more human than anyone ever thought she could. Perhaps J. O. was the first person to understand that; beneath the matron's harsh exterior, there lay much that was really womanly and gentle.

During the Easter holidays, whose beginning has already been recorded, Mr. Adderman, with Harper and Lucy, started on a long sea voyage. Under these bracing conditions, as far as his body went, Mr. Adderman rapidly regained his health, but it soon became apparent that he would never be able to resume his scholastic work. The old, irritable, nervous brain-worry had gone, leaving him as tractable as a child. When six months had gone by he expressed his desire to return to Ardenwood. His brother and solicitor, who were now in charge of his affairs, were at first against such a proposal: but the medical men said that no harm could come by it, the patient being perfectly docile.

Back to Adderman's, then, went its former headmaster. Jones had had a study of his own prepared for him, so his erstwhile chief returned to his old room, and passed his days either there or pottering about in the garden among his roses.

Many years before, ere the cares of a school came upon him, Mr. Adderman had been a great cultivator of roses. It was fortunate that his old passion returned to him at this epoch. In the summer he grew and tended them in the open; in the winter, under glass. He exhibited them and won prizes for them, and such victories brought him much innocent joy. He loved to wander about in an old straw hat and an old grey coat. He was not always with his roses. At times he would watch the games or walk about the country. Sometimes he would take some of the boys and show them his flowers, and more especially his roses.

Two years since, many of the boys at Adderman's would have openly jeered at this harmless old gentleman with the straw hat and mild face. They would have made raids on his flowers, played practical jokes on him, and teased him with rude jests when he appeared among them.

But Adderman's had changed. J. O. Jones was headmaster. Once only had a boy ventured to make open fun of Mr. Adderman—and Jones had seen him. Five minutes later that boy came out of Jones's study with a very white face. Ever afterwards their former headmaster was treated with respect by the boys he had formerly governed.

Living this quaint, quiet, peaceful life, Mr. Adderman's mind gradually grew stronger to the extent that he was able to converse rationally with those about him on ordinary topics. Sometimes he even took a class of little boys in such simple subjects as handwriting or dictation. He was delighted when J. O. asked him to do so—though he never proposed it himself. But there was one thing which Mr. Adderman could never get out of his head. He was positive that Jones had bought the school, and that he—its former head—owned nothing but the roses and other flowers in the garden.

When fifteen months had gone by from the time that J. O. was appointed headmaster, Adderman's had shaped into a very different place. Jones had re-engaged Huntingdon, Atkins, and Green, and had found a capable man to take Samuels' place. He expelled six boys during his first term's headship, and he refused to accept as pupils several boys who had been expelled from other schools. Thus working for the school's good, slowly and surely he raised the tone of Adderman's. At the end of fifteen months Adderman's was no longer spoken of as a disre-

putable place: it had a fine Eleven (led by Olyphant), and there were over a hundred boys there.

One day, when the summer term was drawing to its close, J. O. asked Lucy to marry him, and Lucy's reply was such that J. O. felt that he ought to tell Mr. Adderman of their engagement.

Then Mr. Adderman, hearing of it, went forth into his garden. He took his pruning knife and approached his best rose-tree. On this tree were two white roses—the finest of all the fine blooms in the garden and very dear to their master's heart.

Presently, spying J. O. and Lucy coming towards him, he cut off these two very beautiful flowers, and then, when J. O. and Lucy halted by his side, he handed a rose to each of them.

Then he put their hands, which held the flowers, together, and gently laid his own hand upon them.

"I have nothing but my roses now," he said, "and I have given you the best of what I have. They are my wedding-presents to you, with my love."

THE END.





CYCLING AS MEDICINE.



IT is not, of course, primarily to my younger readers that this article is addressed. Youth and health ought to go together, and I trust that in the case of most of you they do. But there are, I know, thousands of readers of *THE CAPTAIN* for whom youth is a happy memory of something past. Although I wish all the heartiest of health, yet there

can be no harm in old and young alike having some knowledge of the curative value of the exercise of cycling should the frame have got out of condition and the general state of bodily affairs be more or less seriously "off colour."

In the early days of cycling the pastime was much looked askance at, on the ground of its supposed prejudice to health. Medical men, very few of whom had at that time tried it, almost unanimously decried the new form of exercise, and predicted all sorts of evils as likely to result from indulgence in its delights. Many kinds of muscular ailments, nerve ailments, and injuries to the heart, the spinal column, and the visual organs were foretold, and we were taught to look forward to seeing an enfeebled generation of worn-out wheelmen who should succumb to what was slightly termed the new craze.

But with increased knowledge and experience, for the doctors quickly acquired both, there came a broader view. Medical men themselves began to be seen passing to and from their consulting rooms and surgeries upon the maligned vehicle, and they soon arrived at the conclusion that the machine was not so infernal after all. They even began recommending it to their patients, both for pre-

ventive and curative purposes; and since the "boom" of a few years ago brought the bicycle into universal recognition among the aristocracy, the rational use of the machine as a restorative for indisposition as well as a tonic at all times has become increasingly fashionable. Yet there still remain, especially among novices and non-riders, many ill-defined misgivings as to the relationship between cycling and health. I have of late years received a very large number of inquiries on the subject, some of them naming specific disorders, and asking timidly whether cycling is not injurious. In cases where I have not been sure I have invariably sought professional advice, but in almost every instance it has turned out advisable to recommend correspondents to adopt cycling, or to revert to it, whichever the case may have been.

The prejudice against cycling on grounds of health owed its rise to the outrageous scorching and indefensible postures of that thoughtless section of cycling youth who were supposed by the uninitiated to be our typical representatives. Hundreds of those riders have undoubtedly done themselves bodily harm, while at the same time they have inevitably brought the whole sport and pastime of wheeling into discredit. You see, they were so much more in evidence than the quieter riders who indulged in their riding pleasures after the fashion which I have never tired of advocating. The fly-away contingent were what is spoken of as "asking for" bent spines and injured hearts, and many of them, as the result of their folly, acquired either one or the other, or both. But, while this has been so, I venture to assert that there are hundreds of thousands of persons of both sexes who can look with thankfulness to the art of cycling as having given them a personal

standard of health and stamina, and a degree of soundness of constitution, which, before they cycled, had been strangers to them.

Who, knowing all the facts, could expect it to be otherwise? The most important organs of the body derive direct or indirect benefit from the exercise. Those who do not know, commonly suppose that the parts of the body above the waist have practically nothing to do. But there could be no greater mistake. The lungs are powerfully stimulated by the motions set up in the body of the cyclist, and it must be remembered that this takes place when he is in the open air. If the rider sits in an easy, natural, nearly upright pose, and if the dress allows of the proper abdominal breathing I some time ago described, this incitement to full, deep breathing is a most healthful thing. Some authorities have held that the principal cause of consumption is re-breathed air. It is obvious that when spinning along easily in the open country the rider can be subjected to no such risk as that of breathing the same air twice. Always assuming that the matters of dress and posture are right, the increased breathing of pure air is nothing but a benefit. As regards posture, we are not without our indebtedness to girl riders. When bicycling first became popular among girls—now quite a number of years ago—our streets and roads began to be filled with cycling figures which, on the mere score of novelty, were bound to command a certain amount of attention, and which, to the credit of their owners be it said, were calculated to do much to counteract the general uninformed notion of the non-cycling public that the pastime demanded the adoption of an unnatural posture.

If it had been so, no lasting good could ever have been hoped of it. But we who know, know that it is not so. Cycling, when pursued as a rational art and pastime, will bring with it nothing but physical good. It stimulates the circulation, promotes the healthy and regular breakdown of tissues which the body has used up, and which Nature desires to be rid of, accelerates the action of various organs of the body, and at the same time sharpens and gives a healthy tone to the appetite, and so paves the way for that rebuilding which Nature as imperatively demands. It may be useful, in dismissing for the moment these great generalities, to refer to a few of the specific cases upon which I have been at various times during recent years consulted.

Riders have asked me whether cycling is good for the eyes. Now, in the old days of

solid tyres and more or less bone-shaking ironmongery, I could not have replied that it was. But all that has long since been changed. We no longer have the conditions of the railway train, as it may still be found upon uncivilised lines, with little or no upholstery and with a minimum of spring furniture between the wheels and the frame.

To read poor type while being jolted along at speed in such conveyances was and is undoubtedly injurious to the eyes, owing chiefly to the continual necessity of minute muscular readjustment in order to keep the visual lenses in touch with the matter to be read. The old "ordinary" entailed a strain somewhat of the same nature, although by no means so pronounced. In these days it is different, and cycling on a modern pneumatic-shod machine is proved to be positively beneficial to the eyesight. The common-sense reason advanced in explanation of this is that the change from the study of very near objects, as, for example, in the ordinary act of reading, to the study or quiet contemplation of the more distant vistas which Nature presents, is a restful and a beneficial change. At any rate, you do not hear of the rational cyclist injuring his eyesight by pursuit of the pastime which he loves.

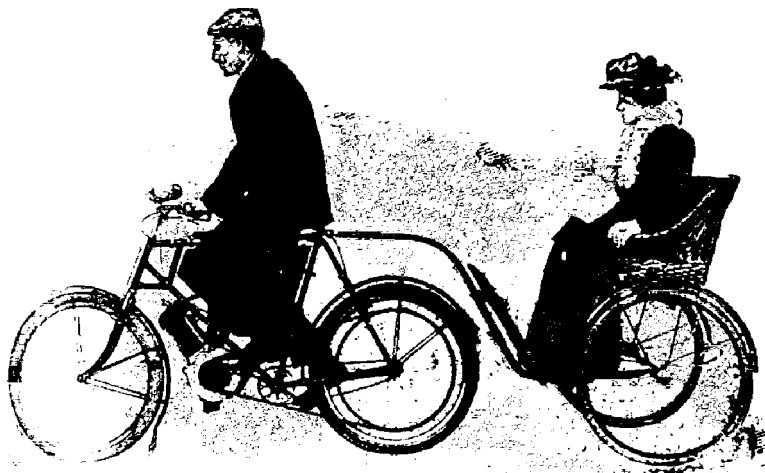
Frequently, too, I have been interrogated on the subject of varicose veins. Now, these arise from various causes, and are by no means so difficult to treat as was the case a generation ago. A very old dictum in dealing with them is that sitting or recumbent postures are preferable to the erect attitude, the reason being that in the case of the latter the column of blood to be supported by the valves and pulses is longer and heavier than in either of the other two sorts of position. It follows by the same argument that, in cases of varicosity, cycling is better than walking, since it approximates to the sitting posture, and I have known medical men advise patients who were troubled in this way to cycle, instead of walk, such distances as they had to compass. Of course no one would look for anything like an instantaneous cure from the cycle, unless the disorder were some exceedingly simple, and I may even say silly, thing such as "the dumps." I am not subject to the dumps, but on the rare occasions when I have foolishly given way to them I have found a smart spin out in the fresh air of either summer or winter—shine, or rain, or snow—to be a remedy little short of magical. One realises once again a healthy and joyous relationship with Nature, which relationship

is entirely incompatible with any form of despondency. Shadows and darkness flee away

"On the long brown road
Where the tired spirit's load
Slips off as the leagues go by!"

So wrote one of the few true cycling poets we have ever had. I wonder why there have been so few.

People who thought they were suffering from graver ailments than those mentioned above have often written for counsel. There is the terror of heart disease, although in many cases there is no reason why it should be regarded as a terror at all. Heart troubles are classed by practitioners into two main groups—disorders which are organic, and those which are simply functional. These pages are not the place in which to explain the different groups of symptoms by reference to which it is quite easy to distinguish the



ONE OF GAMAGE'S TRAILERS, WHICH ARE BECOMING SO POPULAR. THEY CAN BE FIXED TO ANY MACHINE, AND COST FROM £5 19s. 6d. UPWARDS.

one class of diseases from the other. Naturally any one supposed to be suffering from weakness of the heart in any form would seek professional advice. But the important thing is this, that whereas the more serious forms of heart trouble are rarely benefited by cycling, yet the moderate and sensible use of the cycle is found in general to be highly valuable in the others. There is a placidity, a repose about the exercise which qualifies it as a curative agent of high order.

The "cure by cycle," for these as well as other troubles, is, as has been suggested, nearly always gradual in its action. It may be effected in a day in some cases—say, for example, in the case of cramp, which is commonly only a manifestation of defective cir-

ulation; and I have suggested above that there are little matters mainly connected with transitory morbid moods in which the disease, if it may so be styled, can be dispelled in an hour or even a few minutes. But in graver circumstances patience will naturally be called for.

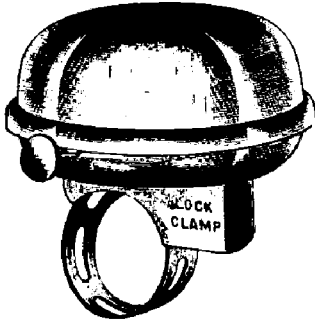
The sufferer may even be unable to ride at first. In such a case the newly popularised trailer is the very thing. It may require a strongish friend to undertake the haulage, but there is the satisfaction of knowing that his labours are of a healthful kind. The trailer is an ideal vehicle for such as are precluded from cycling themselves. One need only premise that the tyres should be in perfect order, and just blown out sufficiently to give easy running with no possibility of jolting on the rim. Unquestionably the best tyres on the market at the present time are the Dunlop, the Clincher, and the Palmer.

There are several cheaper, but there are none better than these; and bearing out what has been previously said of machines in general, it is true also of the tyre, that any firm which has spent great sums in first proving the validity of its patent rights, and afterwards in advertising its wares to the public, will be the last firm to commit the folly of betraying its clients by supplying them with wares of a quality which is inferior to that which they have been led to expect to receive. I have spoken of

well-tyred trailers before, and have shown pictures of them. Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., of Holborn, London, E.C., have a good series of trailers, the prices of which scale up from £5 19s. 6d. to ten guineas.

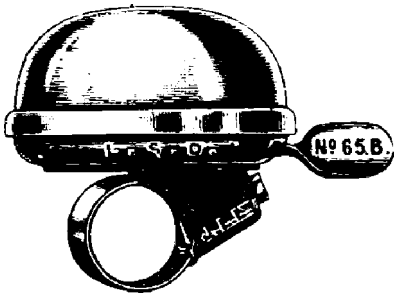
What has been said about the condition of trailer tyres applies equally to the tyres of the cycle when it is used as a means of curing nervous disorders, and notably in cases of insomnia. For insomnia cycling is the sovereign remedy. The easy, gentle, and smooth exercise; the more than normal supply of ozone to the lungs; the general placidity which is induced by rational cycling—all combine to bring about conditions favourable to healthy sleep. Some other morbid, or semi-morbid

states of the body not infrequently disappear as by magic under a simple cycling régime. Anæmia is one of them. It has been in very numerous instances cured by the use of the bicycle. It is not to be denied that walking might, and often does, achieve the same desirable end. But walking is a remedy less easy



THE TRILBY BELL (MESSRS. GAMAGE).

to apply, because it is less attractive. Pedestrian exercise does not command so wide a range of scenery and surroundings, since its radius is naturally only one-third or one-fourth of that which the cycle is capable of compassing with the same effort, and in the same time. Hence the patient, who may be the victim of such concomitants as lassitude, irresolution, or, at all events, want of enthusiasm, may find no particular attraction in the idea of



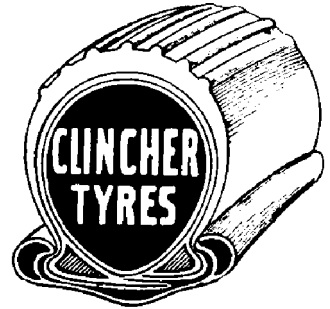
THE L.S.D. SPECIAL CYCLE BELL (MESSRS. LUCAS).

tramping over old familiar ground; whereas the bicycle invites to regions always new, and promises the possibility of a body refreshed and a mind made vigorous by contact with the varieties of Nature. May all of us regain, maintain, or build up that fine standard of health to which cycling is so well proved to be capable of administering.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rita (CAMBRIDGE).—Robinson's patent barley is a first-rate thing for cyclists. It makes a better

drink than that obtainable by the old method of adding crude oatmeal to water, though that was good in its way. The barley is mainly designed, perhaps, to act as a preparation for invalids. But "what's good for the sick is good for the well" is a saying which certainly applies here. There are few things more important than the choice of suitable drinks while cycling, for drink most cyclists must. The barley water made from this preparation is admirable. **J. R.** (PURLEY).—Clean the ball races by all means. Do this with some non-mineral oil, such as pure sperm or highly refined neatsfoot. If the races are made quite clean, and you are convinced that the oil holes are also free, you will find it most convenient to lubricate after fastening



THIS TYRE, WITH THE DUNLOP AND THE PALMER, ARE UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST ON THE MARKET.

up again. This should be done with oils of similar character to those named above. Owing to the large circulation of THE CAPTAIN, and the necessity of getting to press several weeks in advance, this reply cannot appear in the issue of the month you mention in your letter. **T. P.** (DUDLEY).—It all depends upon the nicety of the adjustment of the bearings. If this is all that it should be, an oiling every two hundred miles, and a light one at that—a mere drop—will be sufficient for most parts; and an oiling every hundred for the hardest working parts, such as the pedals, the crank bracket, and the rear wheel hub. After lubrication, wipe all oozing oil clean away, or it will assist the dust to collect, and the dust will, in turn, exercise a capillary action, and tend to suck oil out of the cavities.

A. H. M. (LANGOLLEN).—(1) It is a moot point. Toe-clips endow each foot with the power of working all the way round the circle, since they confer a slight lifting power on the up-stroke, and a very considerable power of "kicking forward" at the top. But it is questionable whether this is more advantageous than the employment of the vigorous down-thrusts of ordinary pedalling, which are alternated with brief momentary rests during the up-stroke. The use of toe-clips leads some riders into a slovenly style of pedalling. When it does so the clips are a positive disadvantage. The argument that they keep the feet from slipping the pedals has nothing in it. With correct anking the phenomenon of pedal slip will not occur. As I have said, there are arguments on both sides, and I do not like to be too emphatic. But I do not like toe-clips, and, personally, I never use them. (2) Antirustine, as previously recommended in this corner.

H. P.

TALES OF ELIZA'S

BY

FRED SWAINSON

THE AUTHOR OF
"ACTON'S FEUD."

No. VI.—MARTYN'S ONE TUNE.

I.

ARTHUR HOLMER did not know whether to be glad or sorry when Carver asked him to dinner, so he compromised matters by being very nervous. His Royal Highness the Maharajah of Bhurtpore, who was dining at Carver's, had asked specially to see him, and, because the Maharajah was a very, very great personage in a very, very great country, Carver sent the Elizabethan captain an invitation, which was of course a command disguised. Holmer knew that his father kept native rajahs more or less in order somewhere in India, but he did not know that the rajahs loved him for it. But he of Bhurtpore, a tall, black-bearded Rajput chief, somehow contrived to let the Elizabethan see that, if he did not love British residents as a rule, he had a very great respect indeed for Sir Richard Holmer. And the son, looking into the dark eyes of the man who spoke so steadily of his father, felt a tingle of pride. For the tall swarthy alien spoke as though he also was one in authority.

He left Carver's when the clock was booming twelve from the school tower, and, as he stood in the High in the crisp November night, he thought that above all things he would like to make his own term of authority at Eliza's in its own little way a simulacrum

of the power and authority of his father in the vast plains of Bhurtpore.

Bultitude's house was some half mile away from Carver's, and, more from the idea of being alone with his own thoughts, than of anything more definite, Holmer turned out of the High and went the lower way, which skirted the outlying houses.

As he walked slowly into the shadows of Worsfold's, and glanced up casually at the rows of darkened windows, he stopped thoughtfully, wondering what Worsfoldian slept with his window wide open, for, as a rule, in the pre-Workingtonian days the fellows of the house were not noted for any special love of fresh air. "And in any case," thought Holmer, "I'd shy at having all this November chill crowding into my den from the bottom sash. Worsfold's got an original up there. Hullo! he's on show, too."

As the Elizabethan captain stood looking up, he could distinctly see a white face at the black void above, and the next moment he saw someone clamber noiselessly out on to the window sill, softly lower the sash behind him—this made not the slightest sound—and then, apparently, glide slowly off into space.

"Interestin'," said the captain, keeping himself in the black shadow-pool of a big beech which flanked Worsfold's. "He's sailin' down quite nicely, too."

The figure could be seen descending slowly but easily, but when it was about eight feet or so from the ground there was a short, intense pause. Then Holmer saw someone uncurl from some invisible support above, hang with outstretched arms whilst he might count five, and drop lightly to the ground.

Holmer strode swiftly out of his shadow, and laid a hand squarely on the fellow who had come so slowly and so quietly to earth. "Hullo! who are you?"

The newcomer sprang back, as though the captain's touch had stung him, but Holmer's grip was firm, and he spun him round. When he saw the face, he put his hands calmly back into his coat pockets, and said quietly,

"Oh! Martyn! What does it all mean, Martyn?"

"Holmer!" said Martyn, in blank astonishment.

"More or less at your service," said Holmer. "What were you going to do?"

"That's my business," said Martyn, anger vibrating in every tone of his words.

"A little mine, too," corrected the captain, gently.

"Not a bit of it," said Martyn. "Good night."

Before Frederick Martyn could move one bare yard from the wall, Holmer stood in front of him, and said grimly, "Martyn, you've just got to explain."

"I say, Holmer, you are a choice hypocrite. What's the difference between you and me? Where are you cutting to yourself?"

"Bed," said Holmer, laconically. "Been to Carver's. Jolly pleasant evening."

"Then that's just what I'm going to have, if you'll get out of the way."

"Worsfold doesn't know, of course," said the captain.

"Would I bark myself against his bricks for sheer love of the thing if he did? You're an intellectual for Eliza's figure-head," said Martyn with a little jeer.

The jeer made no impression on Holmer. "Where were you going?"

"I am going, exactly, to Hurlstone; why? Some friends of mine are giving a dance. When? now; return a trifle before the milk when you're just opening your virtuous eyes to another blue day. You can't want to know more than that. Sorry I can't tell you whom I'm dancing with."

Holmer's eyes glittered ominously in the dark, but he said quietly: "You see, Martyn, Carver did not appoint me captain of Eliza's to nod pleasantly, or to shut my eyes when I come across a fellow who is crawling down a rope at midnight. So you'd better get up again, and leave Hurlstone severely alone."

Martyn said drily, "I'm going to Hurlstone to-night, even if I'm booted out of Eliza's to-morrow. I don't care anything you like for an ultra-pious prig of a captain, either."

Then Holmer said: "You



THE CAPTAIN WATCHED THE WORSFOLDIAN GO UP HAND OVER FIST.

must see, Martyn, that if I knock you down, as I will unless you're inside your own room in three minutes, that I shall have to ring up Worsfold, and you'd then be cut adrift—without your precious dance. As a mere matter of policy, your best plan is to go back."

Holmer's voice did not seem angry; he spoke in a quiet, argumentative fashion, but there ran through his few words a certain determination which told as unmistakably as tells a steel core thrust through an oaken stick.

Martyn half pulled off his coat in his fury, whilst Holmer eyed him coolly with the vague disdain of a man meeting something unexpectedly unpleasant. Martyn measured himself against the captain, his own case against the other's, and he knew well enough, despite his bitter anger, that Holmer had him in a cleft stick. He backed to the wall, and in the dim light contemplated his unlooked-for adversary from shoes to cap, then instantly made up his mind to the inevitable. "You have me fast, Holmer; I think I'd better postpone Hurlstone."

"Thanks," said Holmer, simply.

The captain watched the Worsfoldian go up hand over fist, and, when Martyn was in his room, Holmer heard him say cheerfully, "Heads below there, captain. The trophies are with you to-night. My turn next."

A rope dropped at Holmer's feet.

"Take it with you, please. Then you'll feel safe. Good-night."

Holmer saw the window pulled down, and then, gathering up the rope, he went on his way thoughtfully to Bultitude's. "I'll speak to Jack about him," he said, as he got into bed.

On the morrow Arthur Holmer and John Heron came back from footer dead-beat but cheerful. The fellows had cheered them off the ground, and the pink—the hunt-coat pink—might be the blushes still mantling on their faces or the kind of colour a man will capture when he has been playing a hard, grim back-game for seventy minutes out of ninety. And the cheerfulness was because eleven surprised and disgusted Carthusians had gone back to town with an unmistakable one to nil defeat.

When a school possesses one good—really good—back, it may be considered fortunate; when it possesses a pair, it is blessed indeed. And the Elizabethan captain and his chum John Heron made such a pair as a rhapsodical Bultitude junior might christen "dream-like."

In their degree there existed between them the perfect understanding, the Howarth and Holmes dovetailing work, A.M.'s and P.M.'s working harmony, the Fry and Oakley compact, and the school, lining the ropes and following the game with bated breath, had watched with amazement and delicious joy the Carthusian attack splitting on the rocks of Elizabethan defence.

Do you know the joy of life when, at the end of the ninety minutes, you have played your game of the season? The great day comes when your pace is the couple of yards faster and your necessary turning room half a dozen inches less; the very little that means so much. You step on to the field without an atom of doubt; you believe in yourself and look the opposition in the face without an inward qualm. Then, your placing is true to a hair; then, you can keep the ball low in the true Oakley fashion; and, when you rush into that little crowd of forwards sweeping swiftly for your goal, you have the faith and strength to move mountains, and you come through the ruck with the ball at your toes. You get possession by the ninety-ninth chance, and your most awful risks under stress are metamorphosed into the veriest sureties. Your reach is inches longer, and, when you have to stake all on a lunging, flying kick, you gather the ball sweetly on your instep, and lift it mightily three-quarters of the field. Then, you are lighter, speedier, trickier, deadlier, surer; your ordinary game is as twilight to the blazing midday sun. From the first call of the whistle to the stringing rush to the pavilion, when all is over, you have held up your end like a Viking on the long ships.

Holmer's and Heron's day coincided. They played such a game as Elizabethans had not seen before, and held at bay a side which had run the school halves to a stand-still; and they remained unconquered at the close. Then the frenzied Elizabethans lost their usual Horatian calm and balanced judgment, and signified what feelings agitated their bosoms.

Holmer and Heron were both in Bultitude's house, and Bultitude wouldn't have parted with them for any six you could have picked elsewhere. The pair had, for two years past, made Bult's shine in a perfect blaze of glory. "Wisden" had embalmed their doings in special spice, and their names in cloudy incense, and the remembrance of some frenzied slogging against time at Lord's, when the opposition bowling was tied into knots, is one of the peculiar treasures of

Eliza's. And when the elms were leafless and the skies grey, and the pair strolled easily, hands in pockets, upon the field, and drifted behind to back, there was not one Elizabethan who would not have considered himself clothed in glory if he had received a tithe of the admiration offered to them. They were both in the Sixth, monitors, great in the schools, and thick with the beaks. Carver, in the current legend, spun a penny when he appointed Holmer captain. There was only the spin of the coin for it. Heron and Holmer were as David and Jonathan; you saw them in the High, in the Pool, at the wickets, in the schools, in chapel, on the river—together. For the rest they were decent good-form Elizabethans, popular even out of the philathletic set, and feared in a real healthy fashion by the little knot of rowdies and bullies which Eliza's—like every other public school—had to carry as the usual handicap.

Young Matthews, Heron's fag, had prepared the school backs a square meal; there was a fearsome number of rounds of buttered toast, piled up like a peat stack, and from the array of potted flesh and fish arranged symmetrically on the board, it was apparent that Patrick Matthews had looted at least two corridors of Bultitude's. A kettle spouted merrily on the fire, and Heron's teapot gaped for the tea.

The chums eyed the spread with satisfaction. "Pat's usual winning banquet. The little beggar comes out strong on an occasion. Suppose you saw the match, young 'un?"

"Rather!" said Matthews, his voice almost breaking with admiration. "I said to Phil when Holmer——"

"No poetry," said Heron, cutting across the coming rhapsody and winking at his chum, "though Arthur did trot about to some purpose. Pearl of fags, such a thing as a tub?"

"Rather!" said Matthews promptly, "knew you'd want it. I told Mary to stoke for it. The towels are there."

"Come on, Jack," said Holmer laughing. "Let's eat clean as Pharisees. Patrick, your *forte* is the commissariat. I'll speak to Kitchener about it."

"Thanks," said Matthews, gurgling. "And, I say, Heron, when you rolled over Ryd——"

The chums beat a hasty retreat, and Matthews, after casting a last look round, cut away to his friend Phil.

The captain and Heron came back pink still, clothed, and ravenous. When the loaf

finally gave out they pushed back the table and drew up their chairs to the fire. Outside the day had passed into night, and the darkness had brought down a good steady rain which, although it made all things without miserable enough, heightened by contrast the joys of Heron's den. The school groups on the wall, footer, cricket, and house elevens, a good print or two, a photograph of mamma and Dora, a bookcase, books mellowed from much use, a complete set of Kipling—more mellowed still—, a carriage clock minus the minute hand on the mantelpiece, gloves, boots, dumb-bells in a piled heap in a corner, a fishing rod atilt the bookcase, and some chessmen peeping cheerfully out of a biscuit box, gave the room a habitable, bachelor, *sans cérémonie* look.

"I say, Jack," said Holmer, looking thoughtfully into the fire, "you know Martyn of Worsfold's rather well, don't you?"

Heron looked up quickly.

"I know his people. Why?"

"Know what sort of a fellow he really is?"

"I'd like to know, Arthur, more than a little. As a matter of fact, his people asked me to look upon him with a friendly eye."

"I'd get that eye on him, Jack, pretty soon. He's been in hot water too often lately."

Heron shifted uneasily. "I believe half of his appearances before the beaks is sheer *braggadocio*. He's one of those fellows who find our jog-trot too humdrum, and he kicks over the traces just to see what it looks like from the outside."

"Don't understand the breed, Jack," growled the captain. "Can't he work?—he's only in the Fifth—or can't he play? If he wants to do something in the Hercules sublime strain, why doesn't he clean out the Worsfoldian stable? There'd be nothing common nor humdrum in that. Do you know, Jack, I think him the usual rogue. A little cleverer, perhaps."

"I don't, Arthur. For one thing. He is not mean enough to lie."

"No, he doesn't lie," said Holmer, slowly, thinking.

"And there's always hope for that kind."

"Well, Jack, I'd give him a broad hint, the broadest you've got, that he must draw in his horns. Would a thrashing do him any good?"

"No," said Heron, hastily.

"I'm not so sure," said Holmer, grimly. "I've felt inclined to try that, once."

"I'll see him. I think him not so bad at bottom."

"You're an awfully decent fellow, Jack. I don't like him."

Then the talk shifted on to other matters—the match, and the school's chances for Alder-shot; finally, the chums tried a game of chess. Holmer routed Heron with ridiculous ease, but Jack was preoccupied. He was wondering what Martyn had been doing.

II.

A WEEK after the match Heron went to Worsfold's, and found Martyn in. It was a pouring wet afternoon, and Martyn had stoked up a rare fire, and was reading, luxuriously sunk in the depths of an arm-chair. It was rather like Martyn, that he should ignore the Elizabethan prejudice against arm-chairs. "Hullo! Heron," he said, as Jack came in. "Glad to see you. What blows you down to Worsfold's? Have you got a down on arm-chairs. No? Well, sit here."

Heron sank into the chair, whilst Martyn drew up another. Martyn, in common fairness, did not look the usual rogue. He had a rather good face, and a suggestion of cheerful independence helped out his good looks. A mocking grin lurked about his mouth with the sort of mockery that jeered at himself with the rest of the world, and his eyes had the sharp, alert look of the clever fellow. He looked very wide-awake indeed. He was well made, had a good pair of square shoulders, and his whole appearance belied his reputation of the non-athletic sort.

"Just had a letter from your people, Frank."

"In which they shed tears over my last stringing-up?"

"More or less. After all, Frank, why don't you quit fooling?"

"And become one of the Holmer-Heron gang? With all due respects to one of the partners, no—o thanks," said Martyn, his mouth twitching sarcastically. "I'm awfully glad to see you, Jack, of course, but, as a mere matter of curiosity, has Holmer anything to do with your coming out to Worsfold's?"

"No," said Heron, slowly. "Not directly. He told me he wished you'd draw in your horns, of course, and, 'pon honour, Frank, why don't you?"

"Say anything about our last encounter, Jack?"

"No. What was it?" asked Heron, looking up quickly.

Martyn reeled off a concise account of his meeting with the captain, and Heron got angry. "That sort of thing is beyond a joke. You'll be kicked out of Eliza's as sure as your name's Martyn. And would one expulsion be cheap at the price of half-a-dozen Joe-and-Jerry midnight strolls? I don't want to throw your mater at your head, but you haven't yourself to consider only. You're a fool, Frank."

Martyn, who liked Heron, did not wince at this clinching noun-substantive. "You can't see what a dull hole Eliza's is, Jack. You're in the cricket-cum-croquet set, the kids stare at you as you go a-linking with the ineffable Holmer up the High, you're well in with all the beaks, hand-in-glove with all the heavy-weight Sixth, and they all call you 'old man.' I'd murder anyone who called me 'old man' in the usual unctuous snuffle."

Heron looked a trifle bored.

"And the perfect embodiment of all this goodness, greatness, and muscle—the Elizabethan Washington—is Holmer, who exudes virtue at every pore."

"Did he exude virtue at any pore when he asked you to go back up your rope?" asked Heron, grimly.

"Not a bit," said Martyn, cheerfully. "He talked about knocking me down. This so surprised me that I went back."

"Can't understand why you hate Arthur: he——"

"He's too good: too white: too altogether the just-what-he-ought-to-be. He jars on an imperfect animal like myself. I think I'd like him better—no, dislike him less—if he and I had to meet each other in a quiet little corner and let a little blood. It would clear my head a bit."

"Heaven send that day soon," said Heron, fervently. "Meanwhile, Frank, I'd not irritate the beaks any more. Carver's back's waiting for your last straw."

Martyn yawned, and changed the subject, but when Heron rose to go, he said, "You're a decent fellow, Jack, to come and bother your head about me, but I don't think I'll trouble Carver—ever—in the export department. But I make no promise about the sublime Holmer."

"For so much, thanks," returned Heron. "As for Holmer, remember, Frank, he's got the deuce of a right."

"The impeccable couldn't have a left like ordinary folks," said Martyn, with a cheerful jeer.

Heron felt satisfied that, at any rate, he had done no harm in calling.

A few days afterwards, Carver put Hurlstone out of bounds—in the official notice it merely said that the school had to content themselves with their own bank of the Lodden—but it was the annual Hurlstone fair that this notice covered. The three days' fair was always a thorn in Carver's side. Holmer prepared for the usual skirmish with the black gang. He dropped a hint that he, personally, would give an eye to their doings,

a miserable day had come to an end. As he squished back along the sodden path, comparatively content, his eye caught sight of a boat about half a mile down the Lodden. It was being rapidly rowed across, and it was only when Holmer saw a fellow, who had, evidently, also seen him, spring out and scramble up the bank, and head for the school, that he noticed the Elizabethan cap on his head. There was no mistake about the cap—dusk or no dusk. Holmer made sure of this in a long, steady look, and then he ran



HOLMER SAW A FELLOW SPRING OUT AND SCRAMBLE UP THE BANK.

and Hawkes, Benson, and Isaacs, who made a permanent black spot on Eliza's decided that Hurlstone was too risky.

"Personally, I don't see any heinous crime in breaking glass bottles, and having a turn-up in the booths, but an order is an order: anyhow, for us," said Holmer to Heron, as he prepared for a stroll Hurlstone way. "I'm glad this is the last day. Hawkes and Co. have lain low so far."

Holmer strode out into the November drizzle, and headed for the Hurlstone bridge. He returned, just on the point of dusk, along the towing path, congratulating himself that

swiftly down the path. "Hawkes returning cunningly from the beastly fair, of course." Holmer felt chagrined that he had been so neatly outwitted. When he came to the place, the boat had been rowed back again, the boatman was quietly mooring it to a stake, and the late passenger was running like the wind for the school. Holmer could see him well ahead, striding along in beautiful style, and even from the half-mile distance the captain knew that nor Hawkes, nor Benson, nor Isaacs had that long, loping stretch, which fairly matched his own. And he thought he'd seen those square shoulders

somewhere. The captain did his level best to run down the Elizabethan ahead, but, try as he might, he could make no appreciable headway. When, finally, the speedy runner struck out of the path, across the fields, and into the High, Holmer, thoroughly blown, gave up the game, and walked moodily home. "Well, the rascal, whoever he is, is about the sweetest miler in the school. He has the real, genuine lift. Who is it?"

Just turning out of the field, the captain saw some one walking slowly towards the school. He had no doubt who this was. Holmer would have sworn to Heron's back view at a thousand yards. "Jove! that's Jack. My speedy friend, I have you now! You really shouldn't have passed Jack. I have you now—for a bad quarter-of-an-hour after tea, and, by the special favour of the gods, for the Open Mile in April. Jove! the bell!"

The evening call-over bell was sounding from the clock tower, and Heron had already quickened his pace, as Holmer broke into a sharp trot. "I'll see Jack after tea."

When Holmer turned into his friend's after six, he had the somewhat grim look on his face which always settled there when there was a bad time ahead for some member of the black gang. He said eagerly, almost fiercely, "Who was that fellow who passed you, old man, when you heard the call-over bell? Swinging along at the deuce of a pace."

Heron looked up anxiously, and said, "Oh! What's the matter?"

"I spotted him being ferried over from Hurlstone, and I hunted him home. He had the legs of me. Who was it?"

Heron was silent for a strained and intense moment. "I can't say."

"You didn't see him, then?" said Holmer, in a fog.

Heron moved his feet uneasily, and did not speak for another strained moment. "Yes, I saw him."

"Then ——"

"I can't say who he was."

Holmer paled, as though to match his chum's colourless cheeks with his own. He got up, and looked out of the window, and stared into the wet, dripping streets, though he saw only a blur of lamps, swirling gutters, and streaming roofs. At last he turned round and said in an odd, flat voice, "Why?"

"Because he's a friend."

Holmer's white face flushed with a sudden gust of anger. "Friend! You've found a

beauty, Jack. I can't share you with him." This last in a flicker of scorn.

Heron said quietly, but steadily, "I'm awfully sorry, Arthur."

"Is that your last word, Jack?"

"I can't say who he was."

The chums looked each other squarely in the eyes: they were both standing, and the few seconds that they tried to imagine what was to happen next, seemed minutes. The captain moved to the door, and said, "Good night, Heron."

And Heron, like an echo, said, "Good night, Holmer."

The door closed gently on the old friends.

The next day St. Elizabeth had a shock. Holmer and Heron had quarrelled. They were not seen linking together down the High, they had moved their places in the Sixth, and, when Bultitude's turned out for a game, Heron had stayed in his den, and Holmer's exhibition was a mere travesty of his usual form. What was it all about? Bultitude's fellows were buttonholed and questioned, and some weird romances held the field for a day or two, but no one was remotely in the secret. Elizabethans felt the severance of David from Jonathan as though some landmark had been removed from their little world. Heron and Holmer had passed in a day from an institution to a mystery. The school at first almost refused to believe the evidence of its own senses, but, finally, it had to acquiesce sorrowfully that they did not speak as they passed by. If by chance the pair was seen in the High, fellows watched with blank amazement how they stalked formally past with a stony, straight-ahead stare, and then the lookers-on turned to each other, and said, "See that? What is it?"

Heron and Holmer were the most miserable fellows in Eliza's. "That fellow *was* Martyn," said the captain, as he glowered into the fire after tea. "If I'd only the slightest clue, I'd catch the beggar by the throat and throttle the truth out of him. Oh! it is he. He said he'd score next time." And, as he thought of his old chum down the corridor, he murmured bitterly, "He has."

Heron, in the early days, hated the sight of Martyn. His friendship with Holmer had struck its roots deep into his being, and the sudden wrench had almost maddened him. What was Martyn but a conceited, smiling sharp? He had done nothing since he came to Eliza's but sail as near the wind as he dare. Why should one sacrifice oneself for such a fellow! Of course, Holmer couldn't

stand . . . etc.! Heron used to think until he felt dizzy, and then he'd get out his books and study fiercely without comprehending a word he was reading.

And when Dora came down with mamma she lifted his sorrow to its very climax. "Where's Arthur Holmer, Jack?" said Miss Dora, in a tone that showed she had rather expected to pour tea for four in her brother's study.

"Oh! he's in his own den, I suppose," said Heron, flushing hotly.

"You've quarrelled," said the young lady in disgust. "Your fault, Jack, I'm sure."

"Dora!" said her mother. "But, Jack, why didn't you bring young Martyn?"

Heron's flush deepened to purple. "Martyn be hanged!" he sputtered. "I'd sooner ask——"

"What, with him too!" said Dora. . . . "I've put three lumps of sugar in your tea, Jack."

In a word, Eliza's, whether that meant Bul-titude's, school, footer, or anything else, was mere flatness where it wasn't sheer penance. Heron thought it remarkably like riding a stale horse. And Holmer thought in unison.

III.



SAID before that no one in St. Elizabeth's had any certain idea of what was the mischief between the old chums, but there was one fellow who had a pretty shrewd guess. This was Martyn.

The Fifth-former had expected a visit from Holmer immediately after tea on the evening he had afforded him such a gruelling race, but Holmer came not. Martyn knew Holmer well enough to know that the captain would not pass over a deliberate score in silence, and, though he was pretty sure that Holmer could not be certain whom he had been running down, Heron had seen him (Martyn). And Holmer would ask his chum who the bounds-breaker was. And, of course, —here Martyn smiled sardonically—Heron would say. He would answer off-hand: "Oh! Martyn."

Since nothing happened, Martyn had two hypotheses open for argument. Either Holmer had not asked, or Heron had not told. Martyn dismissed the first without deliberation, but the second claimed his attention. When he heard that the old chums had quarrelled, he felt that his idea was confirmed, and their behaviour towards himself made conviction doubly strong. Holmer's colour

heightened ever such a little as the Fifth fellow went by, debonair and smiling, and Heron avoided him as though he had the plague. The captain's anger amused Martyn, and its slight exhibition made him tingle with unhallowed joy, but his feelings towards Heron were quite different. As he thought of him, as decent a fellow as ever trod Elizabethan roads, his sarcastic smile became wry. He felt sorry for him. "Wouldn't have thought that anyone could have liked that ultra-pious Holmer to that extent. The thing is becoming tragic. Wish I'd . . ."

At the end of a fortnight Martyn got impatient. "Why the deuce doesn't Holmer come and knock the truth out of me? Guess he is just a trifle afraid to tackle me on the confess-or-die plan." (This was exactly the position.) "Well, if the mountain won't go to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. But it will mean the deuce of a mill."

Mahomet's visit to the mountain entailed a visit to O'Rourke in the "gym." *en route*. "Dermot"—the Irishman loved to be called so—"I have a mill on with a fellow in a week, and I don't want to be slain under ten minutes. Is there any hope?"

Dermot at the end of five minutes said there was no hope. "You should have come to me before."

Martyn asked quietly: "Ever heard of anyone coming out top by a fluke?"

"Often," said Dermot, "especially if there's slogging. There's always a chance. Come to me for a week, and we'll do our best."

Martyn haunted the "gym." for exactly six long days, and an enthusiastic Celt showed a cool, collected, clever youth, in a manner of speaking, how to play a tune—one—before he could play his scales. Martyn then went out with Dermot's modified blessing. "Your hands and feet and everything are all wrong, of course, and you're no pup of mine. But I'd give something to have a clear three months with you. I think you're booked for the hospital, but——"

On a wet and drizzling Saturday Martyn waylaid Holmer as the captain was coming moodily out of the fields into the High. He was going on with a slightly quickened step, when Martyn said coolly: "I'd like to have a word with you, Holmer."

Holmer stared.

"Suppose we walk back a little . . . as far as the boathouse, for instance."

Holmer's eyes read something in the other's face, and without a word he turned back. Under the lee of the boathouse, screened by



HE SPRANG IN LIKE LIGHTNING.

the dripping trees, Martyn stopped. He said quietly: "It was I, Holmer, whom you hunted the other night. Hurlstone, etc."

"Then you'd better get out of your coat," said Holmer grimly.

It was a strange mill. No seconds, no time, plain cut-and-thrust-help-yourself fighting. Holmer, besieged by a whirlwind of emotions, lost his head ever so little, but Martyn was cool, nay, ice cold. So much de-

pendent on that. He made Dermot's eleventh hour preparation go a tremendous way, and he waited with a kind of cool eagerness for his chance to play his one solitary tune. He received something to make the time seem terribly long, too. But all things come to the man who can wait—long enough.

In this case it was something under ten minutes, but it came. Martyn saw reproduced before his eyes for the n th part of a

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"Dora!" said her mother. "But, Jack, why didn't you bring young Martyn?"

Heron's flush deepened to purple. "Martyn be hanged!" he sputtered. "I'd sooner ask—"

"What, with him too!" said Dora. . . .

"I've put three lumps of sugar in your tea, Jack."

In a word, Eliza's, whether that meant Bul-titude's, school, footer, or anything else, was mere flatness where it wasn't sheer penance. Heron thought it remarkably like riding a stale horse. And Holmer thought in unison.

III.

SAID before that no one in St. Elizabeth's had any certain idea of what was the mischief between the old chums, but there was one fellow who had a pretty shrewd guess. This was Martyn.

The Fifth-former had expected a visit from Holmer immediately after tea on the evening he had afforded him such a gruelling race, but Holmer came not. Martyn knew Holmer well enough to know that the captain would not pass over a deliberate score in silence, and, though he was pretty sure that Holmer could not be certain whom he had been running down, Heron had seen him (Martyn). And Holmer would ask his chum who the bounds-breaker was. And, of course, —here Martyn smiled sardonically—Heron would say. He would answer off-hand: "Oh! Martyn."

Since nothing happened, Martyn had two hypotheses open for argument. Either Holmer had not asked, or Heron had not told. Martyn dismissed the first without deliberation, but the second claimed his attention. When he heard that the old chums had quarrelled, he felt that his idea was confirmed, and their behaviour towards himself made conviction doubly strong. Holmer's colour

heightened ever such a little as the Fifth fellow went by, debonair and smiling, and Heron avoided him as though he had the plague. The captain's anger amused Martyn, and its slight exhibition made him tingle with unhallowed joy, but his feelings towards Heron were quite different. As he thought of him, as decent a fellow as ever trod Elizabethan roads, his sarcastic smile became wry. He felt sorry for him. "Wouldn't have thought that anyone could have liked that ultra-pious Holmer to that extent. The thing is becoming tragic. Wish I'd . . ."

At the end of a fortnight Martyn got impatient. "Why the deuce doesn't Holmer come and knock the truth out of me? Guess he is just a trifle afraid to tackle me on the confess-or-die plan." (This was exactly the position.) "Well, if the mountain won't go to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. But it will mean the deuce of a mill."

Mahomet's visit to the mountain entailed a visit to O'Rourke in the "gym." *en route*. "Dermot"—the Irishman loved to be called so—"I have a mill on with a fellow in a week, and I don't want to be slain under ten minutes. Is there any hope?"

Dermot at the end of five minutes said there was no hope. "You should have come to me before."

Martyn asked quietly: "Ever heard of anyone coming out top by a fluke?"

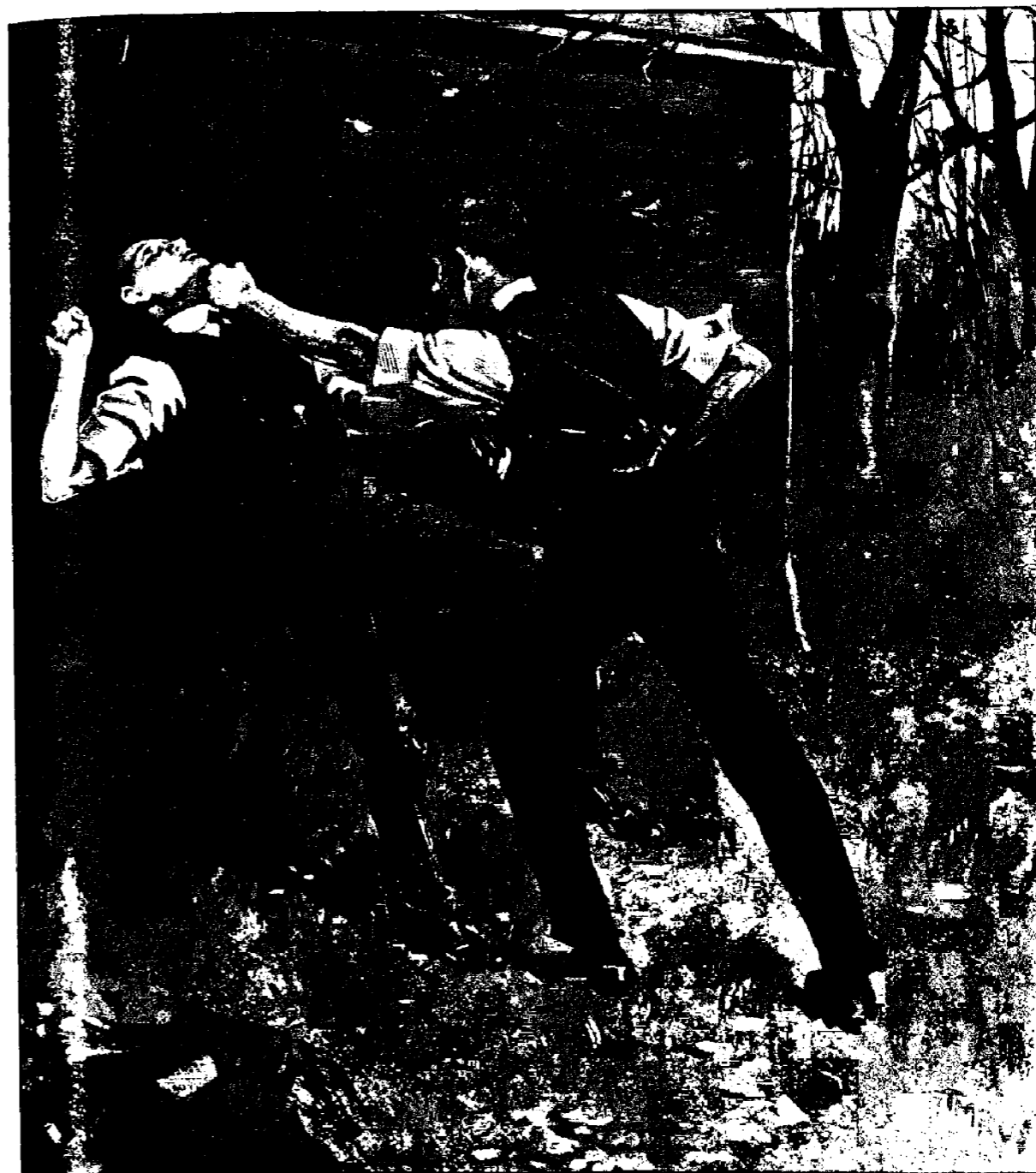
"Often," said Dermot, "especially if there's slogging. There's always a chance. Come to me for a week, and we'll do our best."

Martyn haunted the "gym." for exactly six long days, and an enthusiastic Celt showed a cool, collected, clever youth, in a manner of speaking, how to play a tune—one—before he could play his scales. Martyn then went out with Dermot's modified blessing. "Your hands and feet and everything are all wrong, of course, and you're no pup of mine. But I'd give something to have a clear three months with you. I think you're booked for the hospital, but—"

On a wet and drizzling Saturday Martyn waylaid Holmer as the captain was coming moodily out of the fields into the High. He was going on with a slightly quickened step, when Martyn said coolly: "I'd like to have a word with you, Holmer."

Holmer stared. "Suppose we walk back a little . . . as far as the boathouse, for instance."

Holmer's eyes read something in the other's face, and without a word he turned back. Under the lee of the boathouse, screened by



HE SPRANG IN LIKE LIGHTNING.

the dripping trees, Martyn stopped. He said quietly: "It was I, Holmer, whom you hunted the other night. Hurlstone, etc."

"Then you'd better get out of your coat," said Holmer grimly.

It was a strange mill. No seconds, no time, plain cut-and-thrust-help-yourself fighting. Holmer, besieged by a whirlwind of emotions, lost his head ever so little, but Martyn was cool, nay, ice cold. So much de-

pendent on that. He made Dermot's eleventh hour preparation go a tremendous way, and he waited with a kind of cool eagerness for his chance to play his one solitary tune. He received something to make the time seem terribly long, too. But all things come to the man who can wait—long enough.

In this case it was something under ten minutes, but it came. Martyn saw reproduced before his eyes for the *n*th part of a

second one of Dermot's hypothetical cases when there was a chance for a clear knock-out. He sprang in like lightning, and dropped the Elizabethan captain cleanly upon the torn, muddy turf. The long left-handed drive landed square—true to a hair—on the very point of the jaw. Yet, under given circumstances, Martyn stood as little chance against Holmer as you, dear reader, would against the Public Schools' heavy-weight champion.

The oddest part of this story is, that, when

Holmer got up, dizzy and sick, Martyn helped him gently into his coat. "Holmer," he said, "on my honour I'm sorry my rotting has led to this. Will you believe it?"

Holmer put out his hand, and Martyn of Worsfold's shook.

At Bultitude's Martyn hunted out Heron, and when he went back to Worsfold's with a variegated but cheerful countenance, he left the chums *vis-à-vis* as in the old times.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —,
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, "THE CAPTAIN,"
12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by Sept. 18th.

The Results will be published in November.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"Hidden Towns" (THIRD SERIES).—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe a town or city in the United Kingdom. Write the name of each town under each picture, fill in your name, age, class, and address, tear the page out, and post to us. In the event of a number of competitors sending correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. There will be THREE PRIZES of 10s.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—"Landscape Photograph."—Three prizes of 7s. will be given for the three best photographs. Prints may be of any size and on any paper.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-three.
Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 3.—"The 'Captain' Board Puzzle."—On one of our advertisement pages will be found a black diagram. All the competitor has to do is to cut out this diagram and divide it into four parts, in such a way that it will form a square with the figure 9 in the centre. Paste on a sheet of notepaper and post to us in the ordinary way, stating name, address, class, and age.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve

No. 4.—"Story of a Tree."—Imagine yourself to be a tree, and tell the story of your life. Prizes: Three "Swan" Fountain Pens. Limit of words: 400.

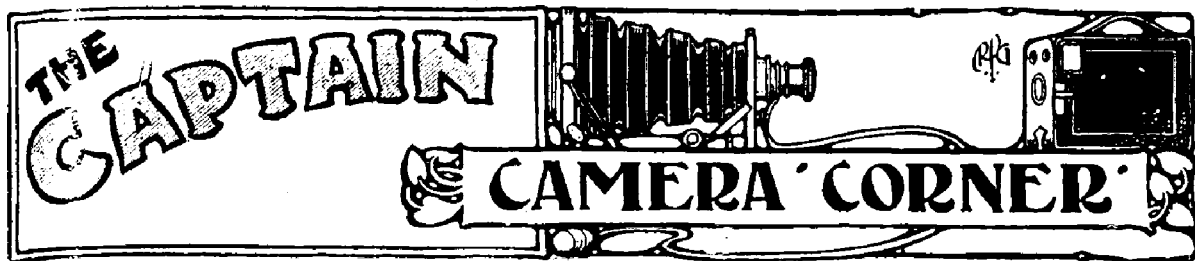
Class I. Age limit: Twenty-three.
Class II. Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—"Jokes."—We offer three prizes of 5s. for the three best jokes. The one condition we make is that the jokes must not have appeared in print before, but must have been heard or thought of by competitors. Only one joke must be sent on a postcard, but a competitor can send in as many postcards as he likes.

One Age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 6.—"Foreign and Colonial Readers' Competition."—We award three prizes of 5s. every month to the foreign or colonial readers forwarding the best (a) Essay not exceeding 400 words, or (b) Photograph, or (c) Drawing in pen, pencil, or water-colours. All competitions must be absolutely original. Time limit for this month's competitions: January 12th, 1903, and thereafter the 12th of every month. Only one prize will be given in each class for the best essay, photo, or drawing, as the case may be. Readers living anywhere in Europe are not eligible. Mark Comps. "September."

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. Age limit: Sixteen



DEVELOPMENT.

AT this time of the year our readers will be having a number of exposed plates and films to develop. We, therefore, propose to give a few hints on this branch of camera work. We are often asked which is the best developer, and we will clear up this matter at once by saying that there is no best developer, though each inventor of a new developer claims that his invention is better than every one which preceded it. Our usual advice in answer to enquiries is that the developer recommended by the makers of the plates or films is the best for that particular kind, and we see no reason for departing from this advice. We will, however, on this occasion give formulæ for two different developers; first, a pyro-soda developer, and second, a metol-hydrokinone developer. The difference between these two developers is, first, that the first one is liable to stain the fingers (and the film, if left in too long), while the second will not stain either the film or the fingers. The second difference is that the first developer should be used fresh for every plate, while the second may be used for several plates in succession. To make up the first you will need:— $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. metabisulphite of potash, 1oz. bottle of pyro., and about three pints of water which has been boiled and allowed to cool. You will also want some sodium carbonate crystals, or good clean crystals of ordinary washing soda will do quite as well, but you must take care to avoid household bicarbonate, as this is no use for developing; also, 1oz. sodium sulphite. If you have not scales and weights you can buy the exact quantities at the chemist's, but you must have a glass measure for measuring fluid ounces and drachms. You should not attempt to weigh pyro., but dissolve the whole of the ounce in the bottle in which it is bought. If you wish to use metol and hydrokinone developer, you will require $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm metol and 1 drachm hydrokinone. 1oz. bromide of potassium should also be bought, and

if you wish to avoid the trouble of weighing you can get all these chemicals in Messrs. Burroughs and Wellcome's "tabloid" form, in known quantities.

To make up the pyro-soda developer dissolve $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. potassium metabisulphite in 6ozs. of luke-warm water, and pour this into the bottle containing the 1oz. of pyro; then add more water until the solution reaches the bulk of 9ozs. 1dr. This is a ten per cent. solution of pyro., every minim of solution containing one grain of pyro., or every fluid drachm containing six grains. This solution keeps well and is quite good even when yellow in colour. Take of this solution $1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. and add water to make altogether 20ozs. Label this bottle "Pyro No. 1 Solution." In another bottle dissolve 1oz. of carbonate of soda crystals, 1oz. sodium sulphite, with sufficient water to make 20ozs. Label this "Sodium Sulphite No. 2 Solution." For developing take equal parts of No. 1 and No. 2.

1oz. of potassium bromide should be dissolved in 9ozs. 1dr. of water. This is a 10 per cent. solution of bromide and should be labelled "10 per cent. Bromide."

If the non-staining developer is preferred, take of metol 1dr., hydrokinone 1dr., potassium metabisulphite $\frac{1}{2}$ dr., water 20ozs. Dissolve in the order given. Label "Metol-Hydro No. 1 Solution." The No. 2 solution is the same as already mentioned. For use take equal parts of No. 1 and No. 2. This developer has the advantage that it may be used for bromide paper or gaslight paper.

We strongly recommend you always to use a developer of which you know the composition. We have no objection to made-up developers as such, if their composition is declared, but to use a developer, the composition of which is unknown, is to trust to one's good luck, when by working with a developer which one knows, and working by rule, the result may be certain.

We have already discussed the arrangement

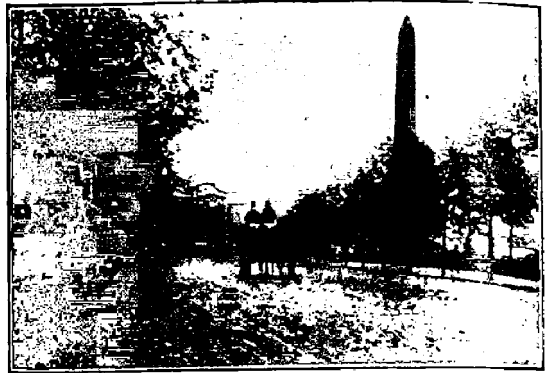
of the dark-room. To develop a plate, go into your dark-room and mix up sufficient developer to cover the plate, allowing 1½ozs. for a quarter-plate, and 3ozs. for a half-plate. There are two methods of judging when a negative is sufficiently developed. First, the old-fashioned rule of thumb method of looking *through* the plate against the dark-room lamp, and if you work with a standard light, and when you have learned by experience the kind of negative you desire, you can produce very good results by this method. The second method, due to Mr. Alfred Watkins, of Hereford, is that of timing the development by the time the image takes to appear. For the benefit of beginners we will give this method.

THE THREE SNAPSHOTS ON THIS PAGE SHOW THE EFFECT OF DIFFERENT TIMES OF DEVELOPMENT, EACH ONE HAVING THE SAME EXPOSURE, THE DEVELOPER BEING PYRO-SODA FACTOR 6.



NO. 1. IMAGE APPEARED IN 30 SECS. DEVELOPMENT STOPPED AT 60 SECS. (DOUBLE).

Mr. Watkins found that with a pyro-soda developer of a given strength a good negative was always obtained by allowing the plate to remain in the developer for a time equal to a given multiple of the time taken for the image to appear, this multiple varying with the amount of pyro in the developer. This multiple is called a factor, and we shall refer to it as a factor in future. The factor varies for nearly every form of developer; for instance, the factor for adurol is 5, while that for metol alone is 30, for amidaphenol 60, and for ortol 10. With the formulæ we have given the factor is from 12 to 14 for vigorous negatives. Having mixed up your developer, place an exposed plate face upwards in a clean developing dish, take out your watch, note when the minute hand touches an even minute, and pour on the developer, at the same time carefully watching the creamy surface of the plate. The moment any trace of the image begins to appear note how long



NO. 2. IMAGE APPEARED IN 30 SECS. DEVELOPMENT STOPPED AT 2 MINUTES (4 TIMES).

the developer has been on the plate. Multiply this by 12 with the developer we have given, and when that time, from the moment the developer was poured on to the plate, has expired, quickly pour the developer out of the dish, rinse the plate thoroughly from a jug or under a tap, and place it in the fixing-bath, which should consist of hypo. 4ozs., water one pint. Cover up the dish and allow it to remain until fixed. The time required for fixing is double the time taken for the creaminess to disappear. After this the plate should be thoroughly washed (in running water if possible), and put up to dry in the usual way. By working on this plan we think beginners will soon be able to make negatives of standard quality, and do much more even work than by working with no rule. We give three illustrations showing the effect of under, over, and correct development, the factors of the time of development being given under each. The longer the plate is left in the developer the greater the contrast.

We are indebted for many of the facts given in this paper to Mr. Watkins's *Manual*, and we should advise those who are interested to obtain this little shilling book, in which



NO. 3. IMAGE APPEARED IN 30 SECS. DEVELOPMENT STOPPED IN 4 MINS. (8 TIMES).

the subject is explained, with others, very fully.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. C. Maclaine (TRINIDAD).—To glaze your prints, the simplest way is to carefully squeegee them down on to a perfectly clean, ferrotype plate, taking care not to get any air between the surface of the prints and the plate. The prints should be immersed for five minutes in a five per cent. solution of alum, and then rinsed in water to ensure that they do not stick. They may also be glazed by preparing a surface of glass with powdered talc, and then squeegeeing the prints on. We will give fuller instructions for glazing prints in a future article.

Harold Birchall (MANCHESTER).—I am afraid I cannot help you to get through the nailed-up body of your camera to remove the dust from the lens. I would suggest, however, that you get someone to carefully remove one end of the camera, so

that you may get at the back of the lens, or it may be possible to remove the lens itself. It is quite impossible to get clear, sharp photographs with a dusty lens. Moral: in choosing a hand-camera, if possible, get one which is so constructed that you are able to get to the back of the lens.

S. G. Turner.—It is very difficult to say which is the best camera for a given price, as what will suit one person will not suit another, but I don't think you can do better than invest in a two guinea "Xit," which is a folding camera, and will take either plates or films in slides. If you prefer a camera of the ordinary box pattern, with a magazine of plates or films, one of Benetfink's "Lightning" cameras might suit you. For hints as to hand-camera working, see THE CAPTAIN for June.

Dora Wolferstan.—We are sorry we cannot get the article on touching-up into this number, but will endeavour to make that our next subject.

Carthorse.—Our article this month is a reply to your query.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF P.O.P.

The difficulties of producing satisfactory photographs in any quantities by the print-out process are so many, that the operation of only partially printing, and then developing prints, is, with many amateurs, a favourite one during the dull weather.

There are many satisfactory formulæ; but the following I can recommend:—

(1) *Print* till a faint image is visible in the high lights.

(2) *Wash* for 10 mins., and soak for same time in:

Pot. bromide	1oz.
Water	10ozs.

This may be used repeatedly.

(3) Wash again for 10 mins. and *develop*. Several may be developed at once in a porcelain dish.

Formulæ:—

					A
Hydrokinone	70grs.	
Pot. meta-bisulphite	5grs.	
Pot. bromide	30grs.	
Water	20ozs.	

					B
Soda sulphite	1oz.	
Caustic soda	60grs.	
Water	20ozs.	

Take equal parts of A and of B.

CAUTION.—Do not develop too far, as the prints gain very much in toning.

(4) Wash thoroughly, and tone and fix in:

Hypo	1oz.
Gold chloride	1gr.
Water	8ozs.

Wash for three hours.

GRAEME D. WILLIAMS.



STUDY OF A LION.

From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.—Photo Woodburytype.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

• • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club Contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

ONE YEAR'S Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is awarded to ALBERT ALBROW, 105, Elliscombe Road, Charlton, Kent, for his carefully compiled essay on "The County Cricket Championship." I am also awarding a copy of "At Sunwich Port," by W. W. Jacobs, to R. C. Tharp, for his clever parody entitled "Ping Pong!"

The County Cricket Championship.

THE struggle for the County Cricket Championship began in 1873. From that date until 1886 the Championship was decided by the least number of matches lost. As this gave such manifestly absurd results, another system was tried, namely, one point for a win and half a point for a draw. This method was maintained until 1890, after which season losses were deducted from wins and drawn games ignored. In 1895 the present system was founded. The first two years saw Gloucestershire at the head of the table, but in the following one—1875—owing to some fine bowling by Shaw, Notts were enabled to occupy that position. The next two seasons, however, saw Gloucester again at the top. Lancashire came out champion county in 1878, while in the following year honours were equally divided between them and Notts. The latter county finished top in 1880, owing mainly to the excellent bowling of Shaw and Morley, and the batting of Barnes. Lancashire carried all before them in 1881, and won the Championship somewhat easily. This, however, cannot be said of them in 1882, for they had a very hard struggle before they could shake off Notts and claim chief honours. There was not much difference between Notts and Yorkshire in 1883, but Notts fairly earned the title of champion county, which they kept for the following three years. During this period their position was only once seriously threatened, i.e., in 1886, by Surrey. Following up their fine performance in the previous year, Surrey went a

step higher in 1887, and carried off the Championship. They had a splendid record, for out of the sixteen matches played twelve were won, two lost, and two drawn. Much of their success was due to the fine batting of K. J. Key and the bowling of Lohmann. Surrey did not have much difficulty in retaining their position in 1888, and at no time did there seem any probability of its being taken away from them. There was a keen struggle between Notts, Surrey and Lancashire in 1889 for the Championship, which ended in their being bracketed together at the head of the list. Although Surrey had to divide honours for the premier position in 1889, they made up



THE DOG HE LEFT BEHIND HIM. THE ONLY TIME ON RECORD THAT THE OLD FAG WANTED THE IDEA MERCHANT TO CALL AGAIN.

By T. Allwork Chaplin.

for it in 1890, when they finished absolutely first. Easily as they had won the Championship in 1890, Surrey finished with a much better record in 1891. Somerset, it may be mentioned, joined the first class counties this season, and finished fifth. The following season turned out for Surrey as fine a one as they had yet had, and they thoroughly deserved to retain the Championship. Their record in the county table reads: sixteen matches played, thirteen won, two lost, and one drawn. The batting of Abel and the bowling of Lockwood were the features of the season. The honour of champion county in 1893 fell to Yorkshire, who richly deserved their success. Surrey recovered their lost position in 1894, although they were hard pressed by Yorkshire before doing so. The county table was strengthened in 1895 by the inclusion of Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Warwickshire and Essex. Of these, Derbyshire finished highest. Surrey won the Championship after a close race with Lancashire. Yorkshire were proclaimed champion county in 1896, and, like Surrey in the previous year, were closely run by Lancashire. All through the summer of 1897 it was a race between Lancashire and Surrey for first place. In the end Lancashire came out champions. The leading county in 1898 was Yorkshire. Out of the twenty-six matches they played in the tournament, sixteen ended in victories, three in defeats, and the remaining seven in drawn games. Worcestershire were included in the county table in 1899, thus bringing the number up to fifteen. Surrey won the Championship this season. The position at the head of the counties in 1900 fell to Yorkshire, who went through the season without suffering defeat. The supremacy of the Yorkshire team was as clearly demonstrated in 1901 as in the previous year. Twenty victories, one defeat, and six drawn games was their season's record. It will thus be seen that the Championship has



"THE CAPTAIN."

Photo by "G."

been won by Surrey no less than eight times, by Nottinghamshire six, Yorkshire five, and by Lancashire and Gloucestershire four each, while in 1879 Lancashire and Nottinghamshire were joint holders, the same remark applying to Surrey, Lancashire and Nottinghamshire in 1889.

ALBERT ALBROW.



"INOCULATED MISTLETOE."

As mistletoe is very light and thin in its twigs, and waves in the least motion of air, it is difficult to produce in the camera. This is a very successful photograph of the "parasite" in question.

Ping Pong! Ping Pong!

(After Longfellow.)

The shades of night were falling fast,
As o'er the table-net there passed
A ball which buzzed, 'mid wood and air,
A melody with stanzas rare—
Ping Pong! Ping Pong!

Two brows were sad; each eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a droning insect call
The accents of that bouncing ball,
Ping Pong! Ping Pong!

In peaceful homes it saw the light
And changed the household inmates quite.
The players made their audience moan,
And from their lips escaped a groan—
Ping Pong! Ping Pong!

"Try not that Pass!" the first one said—
Quick flies the ball and overhead—
The second's voice is deep and strong,
"That makes it 'deuce' if I'm not wrong,"
Ping Pong! Ping Pong!

"O stay," the audience said, "and rest
Each weary head, each throbbing breast!"
A look was in each eager eye,
Of scorn—and then was heard the cry,
Ping Pong! Ping Pong!

"Beware the sideboard's tricky space!
Beware the carpet's foul embrace!"
This was the family's last good-night!
A sound replied, with speed and might,
Ping Pong! Ping Pong!

A housemaid, at the break of day,
Discovered them—but not at play—
Still grasping in each hand a bat
Which brought up memories of that
Ping Pong! Ping Pong!

There, in the Study cold and gray,
Senseless, but satisfied, they lay;
And from the floor there seemed to come
That sickening but well-known hum,
Ping Pong! Ping Pong!

R. C. THARP.



CLARENCE: "My gweat friend Percy is in the
Guards; he loves the deah old flag, dontcherknow."
GWEN (the railway magnate's daughter): "Which
flag? The red or green?"

By Penn Wyper.

Bessbrook—"The Model Village."



AM going to write about an almost un-
known little town, which is in its own way
more famous than any other town in the
British Isles.

If we examine a map of Ireland, and cast our



A RELIC OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. THE
BEAUTIFUL STAINED GLASS WINDOW
REPRESENTING EDWARD VI. (THE
FOUNDER OF THE SCHOOL) AND THE
LATE QUEEN VICTORIA IN COURT DRESS.

Photo by "A Blue."

eye on the province of Ulster, we shall see, in the
county of Armagh, about two miles from Newry,
the little town of Bessbrook. A great poet visit-
ing the place, which is known locally as "the
model village," said concerning it, "Bessbrook
shines out like a star in this sombre and common-
place world."

For in the town of Bessbrook, which contains
close on 4,000 inhabitants, there is to be found no
public house or pawn-shop; and, until a year ago,
there were no police barracks.

Founded about fifty years ago by the Richard-
sons, a Quaker family, this little town has come
on by leaps and bounds. It is the cleanest vil-
lage, perhaps, in Ireland; the only hotel in it is
run on strictly temperance lines, and, in pro-
portion to its size, no town in Ireland, not ex-
cepting Belfast, has a better trade. This is due
to an immense linen factory in its neighbourhood,
for which workers have to be brought from miles
around. It employs nearly 5,000 people.

It is all the more extraordinary that, among
such a gathering, crime and drunkenness should be
unknown.

The village is mainly composed of a large

square, from which several small streets radiate. In this square are beautiful grassy plots with flowers and neat walks, and a Bessbrook Croquet and Lawn Tennis Club make this also their headquarters.

A beautiful pond, abounding with fish, with an island in its centre, completes this pretty spot, and any summer day you may see village fishers busily hauling forth roach, perch and trout.

Although religious and political feelings keep an even balance here, yet sturdy Protestantism prevails, and a nicely built Orange Hall adorns the town. It is unfortunate that, owing to some disturbances on one 12th of July, it was necessary to establish police barracks, the absence of which formerly completed the charms of "the model village."

ALBERT G. SCOTT.

Poles in Britain.

HOW many readers of *THE CAPTAIN*, I wonder, are aware that here in Great Britain there are several thousand German and Russian Poles, exiles who have found a safe haven in Great Britain, the notorious dumping ground for all kinds of political refugees and exiles?

These Poles, who in their own country are mostly engaged in agricultural work, find employment chiefly in the extensive coal-fields in the North of England and Central Scotland.

They are a bold, free-spoken, kindly, liberty-loving race, with flaxen hair and clear blue eyes, and everywhere take kindly to the conditions of labour in this country.

Yet they do not assimilate very closely with their British neighbours, preferring to live in little groups and colonies, where they retain many of the peculiar customs of their people.

They are noted as good workmen and very 'cute men of business, always counting their wages before leaving the pay-office window.

Sad to relate, their greatest vice is intemperance, and large quantities of ale and lager beer are consumed by them. Still, this large consumption of liquor does not seem to affect them very much, as no Pole is ever known to "lay off" work after an orgie, as is too often the case with the British working-man.

The Pole is very fond of lively company, and anyone passing by a Polish colony is sure to hear sounds of revelry, as they are excellent musicians and delight in comic songs.

Every possible occasion is seized upon as an opportunity for merry-making: a birth, a christening, a wedding, a birthday, all alike are celebrated in great style with music, song, and dance.

At Christmas I had the pleasure of witnessing a rather peculiar custom.

A large assemblage of Polish miners gathered and drew lots. The man on whom the unlucky piece of paper was fixed retired and dressed himself in the skin of a brown bear.

He then entered the room, and his appearance was the signal for derisive shouts and growls; then to my surprise the whole audience as one man rushed at him and buffeted him about unmercifully, finally stripping the skin (the bear-skin, of course) from his back, and trampling on it.

It was not until a day or two later that I gathered that the full significance of this strange rite was to show their contempt for the Russian Government.

HAL MACCREE.

What is Life?

THE Swedes have a pretty parable that one day, when the birds had sung themselves quite weary, the long pause that ensued was broken at last by a philosophical chaffinch in these words, "What is life?"

They were all rather startled by the question, but a little warbler answered at once, "Life is a song."

"No, it is a struggle in darkness," said a mole, who had just succeeded in getting his head above the ground.

"I think it is a development," said a wild rosebud, as she unfolded her petals one by one, to the delight of a butterfly, who came to kiss her, and exclaimed, "Life is all enjoyment!"

"Call it rather a short summer's day," hummed a little fly as it passed by.

"I cannot see anything but hard work," was the lamentation of a small ant, as she struggled on with a straw ever so much too big for her.

The magpie only laughed to cover his own poverty of thought.

The general indignation at such levity might easily have produced a quarrel had not at that moment the rain begun to fall, whispering sadly, "Life is made up of tears."

"You are all mistaken," called out the eagle as he sailed through the air on his majestic wings, "Life is freedom and strength."

Meanwhile it had grown dark, and a practically-minded bullfinch proposed that they should all go to rest.

And the night-wind rustled softly through the branches, "Life is a dream."

Silence lay over town and country, and dawn was near, when the scholar in his lonely room extinguished his lamp and sighed, "Life is but a school."

And the youth returning from a night of revelry moaned in his heart, "Life is one long desire ever unfulfilled."

"It is an eternal mystery," whispered fitfully the new-born morning breeze.

Then suddenly a rosy light spread over the horizon, and tinged with its glow the tops of the forest trees as it rose in the sky. And as the morning kissed the awakening earth, a mighty harmony rang through the world, "Life is a beginning."

GOLCONDA.

"Captain" Club Criticisms.

Youngster.—Essay-writing of the "Margate Sands" type is all very well for practice, but very little good for publication. I accept essays that convey information, and tell me something that I did not know before. But they must tell it brightly and concisely, in good, readable English. A paper describing the scene at Margate in August is neither more nor less interesting than a snapshot of the same would be. You will have to be more original and more informative if you wish to win your way into these pages. There are certain germs of ability in your essay; that is really all I can say about it.

H. L. Dobrée.—You do not seem to have taken very much care with your essay on France. It seems to have been scratched off anyhow—mistakes in spelling, punctuation, etc., occurring, which you might easily have remedied by going over it two or three times very carefully. There are, however, one or two touches of humour in it. Next time take more pains.

O. de B.—War tales, missie, are now a drug in the market. Ask your brother what that means. In future try your hand at essays, and read what I have said above to "Youngster." You are young yet to write fiction.

H. F. G. Harvey.—What you say about Shakespeare is said well, but it has been said well before by hosts of writers. Let me see something that

has not been said before, or, at least, something on a less-written-about topic.

D. J. B. Lloyd.—Your cricket calendar for August arrived too late. I wish you people would bear in mind that THE CAPTAIN goes to press four weeks before it appears on the bookstalls. Articles, poems, etc., intended for the Christmas Number should reach me early in October.

K. A. Gandy.—I don't understand photography myself, so I have handed your essay to the Photographic Editor. But as the worthy man has completed his September contribution, and is off to the seaside with his family, I expect he won't have anything to say to you till October.

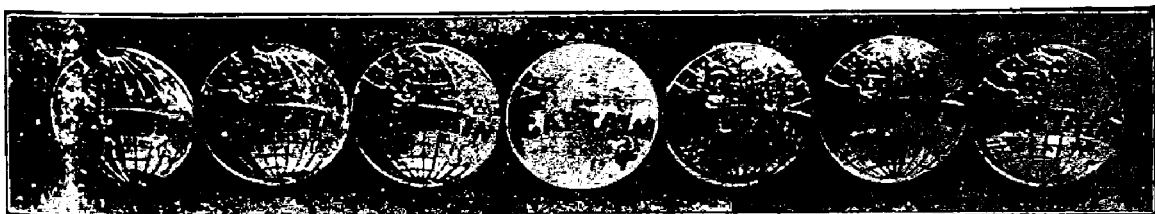
W. A. Oldfield.—Have accepted "Institute of Bankers' Examinations." I have a good deal of CAPTAIN CLUB matter in hand, so this article will have to wait a little time for space. Should like to see your suggested essay on "Doncaster in Race-time."

Fleur de Lys.—I may be able, one of these months, to find a corner for your "Games in France." Photos are hardly good enough for reproduction.

F. Kipping.—Certainly you may send for as many badges as you like.

Contributions (literary or artistic) have also been received from: W. Patterson, H. Greenwall, W. H. Wright, "Viator," "Cricket Mad," "Nobody Much," H. J. Fuller, P. S. Bell, C. L. Reimann, D. G. Duff, Norman E. Hill, J. M. Stirling, J. B. O'Neil, W. A. Adams, A. B. Rosher, Syd Smith, S. C. Stevens, Gratrix, H. L. Buzzard, H. Platt, S. C. Stevens, An Admirer of THE CAPTAIN (San Ferenado, Trinidad), O. Friederici, "Art Student" (Holloway), D. H. Denslow, A CAPTAIN Well-wisher (Marlborough), H. Mark, W. O'Daly, W. Goudie, Maurice Perrott (S. Australia), A. Cannington (Cambridge), R. Dale, "Frank," "A Blue" (Tooting), Annie Martin, G. Whitelaw, A. H. Carslaw (Leith), A. P. Tully, H. F. Wileman (Blundell's), "Wild Irishman," F. Thompson, D. J. B. Lloyd, H. O. Foster, W. J. Levy, A. G. Scott, L. Reed (Malta).

A number of criticisms and accepted contributions are held over.



"CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

Readers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB, which was established with the object of supplying expert information on athletics, stamp-collecting, cycling, photography, &c. Applicants for membership must be regular purchasers of the magazine. "The Captain" Badge may be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying, please state which kind you require, and address all letters to Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Bursleigh Street, Strand, London. The Badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLINGHAM STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

The chief plum in the pudding, which, in the hard, dry, unimaginative language we have to use, is called Volume VIII. of *THE CAPTAIN*, will be Mr. John Mackie's new romance entitled "The Rising of the Red Men." The author here swings the reader along with him just like Mr. Swainson swung him along in "Acton's Feud." In addition to the rich variety of adventure provided by Mr. Mackie, there is some rather out-of-the-way comedy supplied by an extraordinary dwarf named Pepin Quesnelle, and his bear. They are inseparables; whenever things are getting a little dull the dwarf and the bear have what is commonly called a "scrap" together, and the result is very lively indeed. I have never before come across a character quite like this dwarf. You will be able to make his acquaintance for yourselves in the second instalment of the story, as the dwarf does not appear on the scenes until the November number. Every month you will have a good big lump of "Red Men," which will provide you with excellent and solid enjoyment.

"Tales of India."—Mr. F. P. Gibbon has written us a really fascinating set of tales about India, and more especially about the hill tribes of the frontier, and about those turmoils and troubles which vex the British military authorities in that area. But what gives this series its particular and

special interest is the fact that Viscount Kitchener's next command is in India, and that he will probably be turning his attention towards the unruly spirits in the very part of India which Mr. Gibbon has written about. Kitchener conquered the Soudan, he has conquered the Boers, and there is no doubt that his is the strong hand which is required to put the finishing touch to the absolute conquest of India. You will find that he will sit down at his table and scheme out a network of forts which, when they are completed, will give those hill tribes very little chance of cutting any more capers.

VOLUME VIII.

THE RISING OF THE RED MEN.

A Romance of the Louis Riel Rebellion.
By JOHN MACKIE.

TALES OF INDIA.

By F. P. GIBBON.

SCHOOL STORIES BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

No. 1. *ROUGH JUSTICE.*
By "VEGETUS."

HERA THE HINDOO:
HIS ADVENTURES IN LONDON.
By E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS.
No. 1.—A MIDNIGHT CALL.

A BOY'S LIFE AT SEA. (Continued.)

By J. E. PATTERSON.

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

By C. B. FRY.

"Hera the Hindoo."—The next contributor I have to refer to is Mr. E. Cockburn Reynolds, author of the extremely interesting "Jungly" tales which we have published from time to time. Mr. Reynolds's

new hero will be a mysterious Indian *fakir*, residing in Central London. There is no doubt that these *fakirs* are extraordinary people, and can do extraordinary things which are beyond the understanding of us Europeans. Some of their deeds are quite uncanny, though perfectly harmless. Mr. Reynolds, who lived for many years in India, and studied *fakirs* and their ways, is preparing a set of absorbing tales dealing with Hera and the strange adventures he took part in. I shall not be surprised if this series proves to be one of the most-talked-about things we have ever published in THE CAPTAIN.

"School Stories."—If you will kindly inspect the list in the middle of the previous page you will see that we are going to have school stories by various authors. The first one is about a big, rather rough school in Ireland. I am going to give you variety in this series, and I shall try and deal with all sorts and conditions of schools. I am open to accept stories for this series from anybody who can knock off a good yarn. Such stories should be three or four chapters in length, should be typewritten, and have thorough good plots. After all, the plot is the thing, really. If you have a good plot you can write about a Chinese school, or a school on the top of Mount Ararat. If you have a good plot, what does it matter where the school is?

Mr. C. B. Fry will contribute articles on the interesting subject of physical development. Mr. Nankivell will write upon items of interest to philatelists, and Mr. Haydon Perry will have an occasional article during the new volume on his own particular subject. The Photographic Editor will also deal out wise advice on making lantern slides and on other matters which occupy the attention of photographers in the dark days.

Humber Bicycle Prize.—Out of the large number of postcards received we selected the best twenty, and forwarded them to Messrs. Humber, Ltd., of Coventry, for final adjudication. Messrs. Humber decided to award the bicycle to David Pryde, 74, Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh (aged 17), and the six Consolation Prizes to: Charles Albert White, 39, Dudley Road, Tunbridge Wells (aged 14); B. Barnes, Christ's Hospital, Horsham (aged 14); C. Drew, Trafalgar Square, Truro (aged

18); William Logan, c/o Raeburn, 9, Oxford Street, Edinburgh (aged 19); Fred. Inkster, 14, Viewforth Square, Edinburgh (aged 18); and D. M. Thomas, Vronheulog, Barmouth, North Wales (aged 16). The bicycle awarded is now on view in the window of the Humber show-rooms, Edinburgh, and the winning postcard, framed, is also exhibited there. We



FACSIMILE OF THE WINNING POSTCARD SENT BY DAVID PRYDE, WHO HAS WON THE HUMBER BICYCLE PRIZE.

congratulate David Pryde on his great skill as a penman. His competitors were hard to beat, the first twenty postcards being really admirable specimens of handwriting.

"Indoor Games."—The Competition Editor has sent me the following list of games mentioned by competitors. Some of them are not, truthfully speaking, games, but they are all "recreations." The first twelve constitute the winning list.

Ping-Pong.	Table Croquet.
Card Games.	Proverbs.
Chess.	Blind Man's Buff.
Billiards.	Ludo.
Draughts.	Tiddledy-Winks.
Bagatelle.	Race-Game.
Reading.	"Lodgings to Let."
Dancing.	Story-Telling.
Music.	Debating.
Painting and Drawing.	Conjuring.
Wood-Carving and Fretwork.	Mechanical Model Working.
Dominos.	Smoking.
Theatricals.	Table Golf.
Stamp Collecting.	Boxing.
Gymnastics.	Fencing.
Photography.	"Draw the World Dry."
Games on Paper.	Musical Chairs.
Carpentry.	Oranges and Lemons.
Indoor Cricket.	Badminton.
Halma.	Swimming.
"Captain" Comps.	Rinking.

"A Holiday Poem."—Mr. Arthur Stanley, a specimen of whose work appears on the back of the frontispiece, sends me the following lament on the end of his holidays at Cromer. I have forwarded to him a little of that earthly dross which even poets are not above accepting, and which may enable him to defray part of his expenses should

he see his way to put in another week at that delightful East Coast resort.

CROMER CLIFFS.

(A MEMORY OF THE HOLIDAYS.)

*I sing the poppy-spangled cliffs
Of soporific Cromer,
Whereon, inhaling grateful whiffs
Of ocean-born aroma,
Long hours in dreamful ease I sat,
Content to rest my eyes on
The sea and sky embracing at
The dimly seen horizon.*

*When Phoebus wished our land good night,
I often watched him peeping
Across the crystal billows, bright
With rainbow colours, sweeping
To shores the minstrels' vandal bands
Can never sing or act on,
As on the desecrated sands
Of such resorts as Clacton.*

*The local fisher, too—once more
I see his honest visage,
And idly watch him pull an oar
Extremely well for his age;
But, when I start to celebrate
His praises in a neat ode,
I see him mangling crabs for bait
Or jumping on a sea-toad.*

*Blest scenes of undisturbed repose,
Blest breezes breathing sweeter
Narcotic spells than even those
That bound the lotos eater,
When comes the parting hour, I think,
I'd give my key to Homer
Or Virgil—or a whole term's "chink,"
For one more week at Cromer!*

ARTHUR STANLEY.

"Captain" Lifeboat.—I have not received very many letters in support of this idea, and as a lifeboat is an expensive article it would be useless for us to start a subscription list unless we felt sure that readers would support the movement in a substantial manner. I shall not, therefore, go on with the idea unless the letters I receive after this notice has appeared lead me to suppose that we could get enough money to pay for a lifeboat.

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Magazine, Blue (2), Boys' and Girls' Colonial Magazine (2), Brighton College Magazine, Bristol Grammar School Chronicle, Camaraderie (2), Carlol, Clactonian, Clavinian, Compostellan, Cranleigh, Durban High School Magazine (2), Esmeduna, Glasgow Academy Chronicle, Haileyburian (3), Hurst Johnian (3), Ipswich School Magazine (2), Isis (6), Johnian, Kendalian, Leys Fortnightly, Lily, Lyntonian, Malvernian (2), Mill Hill Magazine, Morrisonian, Olavian (2), Oldham Hulmeian, Pembroke Dock County School Magazine, Review, Ruthin School Magazine, Salisbury School Magazine, Salopian, Sedberghian, Stanley House School Magazine (2), Taylorian, Tec., Tonbridgian, West Kentian, Whitchurchian, Woodbridgian, Young Natal (2). [A selection will be reviewed in our next volume.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Australian Emigration. (In reply to A. T. H., A. R. M., and others.)—A "farm," in Western Australia, we should call a "selection," and the owner would be a "cockie," which is short for cockatoo—and a "proper cockie" is a person who needs to be seen before the full humour can be realised of the situation that would be a "starting" point in life—under the eyes of the "cockie"! Western Australia, in brief, is not yet a farming community, save for small patches in the north-west, and there it runs to cattle. Beyond that, however, you need not fear failure in Australia, as you seem to be of the class for whom Australia offers such a magnificent field. Go without any London-coloured idea as to what you are going to do. Book by the White Star line to Sydney. You will call at the Cape, and then visit Albany (Western Australia), Adelaide (South Australia), Melbourne (Victoria), and Sydney (New South Wales), with sufficient time at each port for youngsters as alive as you seem to be to pick up a lot of information. Have enough funds for three months at £1 per week, and if nothing offers in Sydney you will have learned enough about Australians to know *why*—for nothing is more pleasant to an Australian than to give a hand along to anyone who shows he is worth it.

E. G. R.—I presume "an agricultural business" is what in Australia is known as a "produce store"—i.e., purchase and sale of grain, roots, and fodder. New Zealand is the more agricultural, as an Essex man would understand it; but to learn the ways of an Australian trade a man could not do better than go to Sydney, N.S.W., where, in Sussex Street, he would find produce stores by the score, and, if he has any go in him at all, get a billet, or learn where he can get a billet, in the business. It will be enough to *learn* Australian trade ways first; when that is done the farming query will answer itself. Australia offers advantages not possessed by Canada and Africa—the latter demand capital. Australia is more democratic, more free, and, for anyone not afraid of life, the place in the universe. (N.B.—This information, as well as that on "Australian Emigration," has been very kindly supplied to us by Mr. G. Firth Scott, author of

"The Track of Midnight," and other Australian stories.—(Fr.)

G. A. F. (BINGLEY).—(1) I take it that by "steward" you mean land-agent. A land-agent is employed upon a large estate to transact details of business with the farmers and to look after the property generally. A special training is necessary, an advanced course at an agricultural college being desirable, and you would require to pass examinations held by the Surveyors' Institution. The competition for land-agents is very keen, as no capital is required, and considerable influence is necessary. (2) To be an estate-agent you would also have to pass an examination at the Surveyors' Institution. The subjects set include science, book-keeping, building-construction, valuations, forestry, agricultural law, law of landlord and tenant, etc. For any further information I must refer you to the London Institute of Estate and House Agents, 9, Conduit Street, W.

F. L. C.—You can only conquer your nervousness when reading in class by fighting the self-consciousness which is the cause of it. Some fellows suffer from blushing, which is brought about in the same way. There is really no reason why you should feel nervous, as, after all, reading is at the most a very simple operation, and you must remember that a lot of other fellows have to do exactly the same thing. Take my advice, therefore, and throw yourself into what you are reading as much as possible, think about yourself as little as possible, and you will soon be all right.

Pierce Eye.—It is impossible for me to tell you how to spend your spare time profitably, as you mention nothing whatever about your abilities. I am afraid there are very few ways in which fellows like you can make pocket-money after business hours, and it seems rather a pity to spend such time over more work instead of devoting it to recreation and exercise. Sometimes fellows get work given to them by friends in business who want their books making up, or typewriting done, but even if you had such friends you would have to be qualified to help them in this way.

Imperial Yeoman.—The regiment with blue tunic, brown top-boots, and light brown riding-breeches (and probably a slouch hat), is the 1st County of London I.Y., 27, Chancery Lane, W.C. The minimum height for that corps is 5ft. 7in. The West Kent I.Y. of Maidstone, have a khaki uniform; for drill, and blue (Hussars' dismounted) uniform; the Middlesex Hussars, of Rutland Yard, Sloane Street, S.W., have a similar uniform. It may be the last-mentioned you are thinking of.

Vade Mecum.—Now, look here, my boy—don't you worry about those grey hairs. Don't dream of using hair dye. I'm sure I don't know what causes them. Worrying about THE CAPTAIN has had something to do with mine. After all, it's nothing very awful. Think of the dreadful things other fellows suffer from, and be thankful that you are well and strong.

A. R. Riley (DUBLIN).—I don't think you could take a quantity-surveyor's post straight from a bank, as these posts are usually given to competent men, from 25 to 50 years of age, who have spent about five years in the office of an architect, builder, or surveyor, but if you think of leaving the bank (where I should advise you to stop, however, if your prospects are satisfactory), I will get all the information for you.

H. F. G. has discovered a mistake in the new coins, on which appears the name "Edwardus." As

there is no "W" in Latin, H. F. G. says very reasonably that it ought to be "Eduardus." H. F. G. is no doubt technically correct, but probably "Edwardus" appeared on previous "Edward" coins, and it is customary to follow precedent in matters of this kind.

H. Waugh (GOSFORTH).—You will find the following books very useful: "Simple Electric Working Models: How to Make and Use Them," and "Elementary Engineering." They are both published by Dawbarn and Ward, 6, Farringdon Avenue, London, E.C., and cost 6d. and 1s. 6d. respectively. The postage would be about another 3d.

Agnes H.—It is very kind of you to wish to write to those Australian girls, but it is against my rule to put readers in communication with one another. Doubtless there would be no harm whatever in your case, but if I made a practice of doing so, it might lead to harm, for which I should be held responsible.

"England for Ever!"—Your writing will do for office work. The best way to keep yourself in touch with the English language is to have a good English book by you. That is the way to learn how to express yourself well—viz., by reading good English.

Sydney Smith (SYDNEY, N.S.W.).—You seem to be an enterprising young man. Next time you quote a story from us in your lively little "Kat" magazine, just make your acknowledgment of source a bit bigger. I could hardly see it.

A. R. W. Hedges.—This number finishes a volume—the seventh—which commenced with the April number. You can obtain all previous volumes and numbers for 6s. 6d. and 8½d. each, respectively, post-free.

What's Your Name.—(1) You can apply for more CAPTAIN stamps whenever you want them. (2) You can't beat a good steel pen for acquiring a decent style in handwriting. (3) Yes.

Ursula Barrington.—When I was having a tidy-up the other day I came across your birthday-book. Please send me your address and I will return it to you.

Tom Ashton.—See THE CAPTAIN for January, 1901, for particulars concerning the Club. **T. J. Beeman.**—Thanks for stamps. I am sorry I cannot put you in communication with any of my readers, as it is against my rule to do so.

"Old Boy."—Before you decide to become a tea-planter, read a letter we published on the subject last September. **Jay Tee.**—Stick THE CAPTAIN stamps on your letters to your friends.

A Black Heathen.—All readers of THE CAPTAIN may enter for the competitions, whether they are members of THE CAPTAIN Club or not.

Mastiff.—We enjoyed your jolly letter. **J. R. Campbell.**—Stamped envelope must be enclosed for CAPTAIN stamps. **"Some One" and Many Others.**—The author of "J. O. Jones" thanks you for your kind letters. After the hard work entailed in writing a story of this kind, it is very encouraging to him to receive such appreciative messages.

"Cally."—No. 1. of "A Boy's Life at Sea" appeared in our issue for January this year.

Literature.—Study best models and work very carefully.

Letters, etc., have also been received from: "Well-Wisher," W. J. Carter (appointed official representative for Henley-on-Thames), C. Messer, Alex. Thomson, "Robinson Crusoe" (all three clubbed), "Napoleon" (thanks for suggestions), "Louis H. Bertrand," C. A. G. Hutchison, and others whose communications will be acknowledged next month.

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G. A. F. (BINGLEY).—(1) I take it that by "steward" you mean land-agent. A land-agent is employed upon a large estate to transact details of business with the farmers and to look after the property generally. A special training is necessary, an advanced course at an agricultural college being desirable, and you would require to pass examinations held by the Surveyors' Institution. The competition for land-agents is very keen, as no capital is required, and considerable influence is necessary. (2) To be an estate-agent you would also have to pass an examination at the Surveyors' Institution. The subjects set include science, book-keeping, building-construction, valuations, forestry, agricultural law, law of landlord and tenant, etc. For any further information I must refer you to the London Institute of Estate and House Agents, 9, Conduit Street, W.

F. L. C.—You can only conquer your nervousness when reading in class by fighting the self-consciousness which is the cause of it. Some fellows suffer from blushing, which is brought about in the same way. There is really no reason why you should feel nervous, as, after all, reading is at the most a very simple operation, and you must remember that a lot of other fellows have to do exactly the same thing. Take my advice, therefore, and throw yourself into what you are reading as much as possible, think about yourself as little as possible, and you will soon be all right.

Pierce Eye.—It is impossible for me to tell you how to spend your spare time profitably, as you mention nothing whatever about your abilities. I am afraid there are very few ways in which fellows like you can make pocket-money after business hours, and it seems rather a pity to spend such time over more work instead of devoting it to recreation and exercise. Sometimes fellows get work given to them by friends in business who want their books making up, or typewriting done, but even if you had such friends you would have to be qualified to help them in this way.

Imperial Yeoman.—The regiment with blue tunic, brown top-boots, and light brown riding-breeches (and probably a slouch hat), is the 1st County of London I.Y., 27, Chancery Lane, W.C. The minimum height for that corps is 5ft. 7in. The West Kent I.Y. of Maidstone, have a khaki uniform; for drill, and blue (Hussars' dismounted) uniform; the Middlesex Hussars, of Rutland Yard, Sloane Street, S.W., have a similar uniform. It may be the last-mentioned you are thinking of.

Vade Mecum.—Now, look here, my boy—don't you worry about those grey hairs. Don't dream of using hair dye. I'm sure I don't know what causes them. Worrying about THE CAPTAIN has had something to do with mine. After all, it's nothing very awful. Think of the dreadful things other fellows suffer from, and be thankful that you are well and strong.

A. R. Riley (DUBLIN).—I don't think you could take a quantity-surveyor's post straight from a bank, as these posts are usually given to competent men, from 23 to 30 years of age, who have spent about five years in the office of an architect, builder, or surveyor, but if you think of leaving the bank (where I should advise you to stop, however, if your prospects are satisfactory), I will get all the information for you.

H. F. G. has discovered a mistake in the new coin, on which appears the name "Edwardus." As

there is no "W" in Latin, H. F. G. says very reasonably that it ought to be "Eduardus." H. F. G. is no doubt technically correct, but probably "Edwardus" appeared on previous "Edward" coins, and it is customary to follow precedent in matters of this kind.

H. Waugh (GOSFORTH).—You will find the following books very useful: "Simple Electric Working Models: How to Make and Use Them," and "Elementary Engineering." They are both published by Dawbarn and Ward, 6, Farringdon Avenue, London, E.C., and cost 6d. and 1s. 6d. respectively. The postage would be about another 3d.

Agnes H.—It is very kind of you to wish to write to those Australian girls, but it is against my rule to put readers in communication with one another. Doubtless there would be no harm whatever in your case, but if I made a practice of doing so, it might lead to harm, for which I should be held responsible.

"England for Ever!"—Your writing will do for office work. The best way to keep yourself in touch with the English language is to have a good English book by you. That is the way to learn how to express yourself well—viz., by reading good English.

Sydney Smith (SYDNEY, N.S.W.)—You seem to be an enterprising young man. Next time you quote a story from us in your lively little "Kat" magazine, just make your acknowledgment of source a bit bigger. I could hardly see it.

A. R. W. Hedges.—This number finishes a volume—the seventh—which commenced with the April number. You can obtain all previous volumes and numbers for 6s. 6d. and 8½d. each, respectively, post-free.

What's Your Name.—(1) You can apply for more CAPTAIN stamps whenever you want them. (2) You can't beat a good steel pen for acquiring a decent style in handwriting. (3) Yes.

Ursula Barrington.—When I was having a tidy-up the other day I came across your birthday-book. Please send me your address and I will return it to you.

Tom Ashton.—See THE CAPTAIN for January, 1901, for particulars concerning the Club. **T. J. Beeman.**—Thanks for stamps. I am sorry I cannot put you in communication with any of my readers, as it is against my rule to do so.

"Old Boy."—Before you decide to become a tea-planter, read a letter we published on the subject last September. **Jay Tee.**—Stick THE CAPTAIN stamps on your letters to your friends. **A Black Heathen.**—All readers of THE CAPTAIN may enter for the competitions, whether they are members of THE CAPTAIN Club or not.

Mastiff.—We enjoyed your jolly letter. **J. R. Campbell.**—Stamped envelope must be enclosed for CAPTAIN stamps. **"Some One" and Many Others.**—The author of "J. O. Jones" thanks you for your kind letters. After the hard work entailed in writing a story of this kind, it is very encouraging to him to receive such appreciative messages.

"Cally."—No. I. of "A Boy's Life at Sea" appeared in our issue for January this year. **Literature.**—Study best models and work very carefully.

Letters, etc., have also been received from: "Well-Wisher," W. J. Carter (appointed official representative for Henley-on-Thames), C. Messer. Alex. Thomson, "Robinson Crusoe" (all three clubbed), "Napoleon" (thanks for suggestions), "Louis H. Bertrand," C. A. G. Hutchison, and others whose communications will be acknowledged next month.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of July Competitions.

No. I.—"Humber Bicycle."—SEE "EDITORIAL."

No. II.—"Hidden Towns."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 10s.: R. Harold Royle, Third Avenue, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Winifred Turton, Arnewood Towers, Lymington, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gladys Morris, Gertrude Willett, Mary P. Dunnill, Mabel Copley, E. W. Peters, Robert E. Young, Ethel J. Shelton.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

TEN SHILLINGS divided between: E. Backhouse, 54, Drayton-gardens, West Ealing; and Lily Parsons, 34, Dartmouth Park Hill, N.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Duncan M. Neilson, 39, Well-meadow, Paisley, N.B.; T. R. Davis, 6, Thurlby-road, West Norwood, S.E.; and John W. Hays, 6, Lake Bank, Station Town, Wingate, co. Durham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Annie Chawner, H. W. Fox, Florence Hoatson, Jennie Clasper, Archie R. Taylor, Bee Rogers, Chas. L. Cregoe, W. A. Oldfield, Dorothy M. Falkner, Claude P. Gough, A. B. Newcomen, G. Mathew.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: Ashley Cottam, 4, Glasslyn-road, Crouch End, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Jack V. Pearman, 53, Broad-street, Chesham, Bucks; and W. J. Carter, Brighton House, 3, Bath-road, Wolverhampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Llewellyn Watkins, Wm. Hollingsworth, Joseph Carley, G. S. Porter, C. H. Probert, E. C. Crowther, B. Walters, Charles L. Widlake, Richard Pocock, Victor H. Oxley, A. Thompson, K. E. Hobart, Magnus Hembrow, H. R. Clarke, Frank V. Edwards, James Raeburn.

No. III.—"Eleven Best Cricketers in the World."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

SEVEN SHILLINGS divided between: Fred. Ashton, 79, Trafalgar-street, Oldham; and R. Harold Royle, Third Avenue, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. E. Mosely, W. Pollock, Grace Adames, John Kennedy, R. A. H. Goodyear, G. W. Berry, R. A. Howe, John L. Turner, Alice M. Chestnutt, George Booth, E. A. Miller, W. J. White.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Charles Masefield, Rosehill, Cheadle, Staffs. CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Albert Albrow, 105, Elliscombe-road, Charlton, S.E.; Ben Cox, 10, Whitehorse-road, West Croydon, S.E.; and H. G. W. Adamson, 18, Woodberry-grove, Finsbury Park, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Hunt, W. D. Newton, Oscar Adamson, A. L. Drew, B. Wreford, D. A. Brown, Maurice P. French, F. F. Burley, A. Rofe, Arthur J. Strickland, V. Proctor, A. W. D. Dewar, E. Bell.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: T. H. Bowen, Gore Court, Sittingbourne, Kent.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Leslie Evans, 11, Hervey-road, Blackheath, S.E.; and F. Cooper, 26, Hatherley-grove, Westbourne-grove, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. J. Young, G. H. R. Laird, Agatha Scott, H. S. Scott, H. Bouchier Wrey, W. R. Cairns, J. P. Macdonell, Francis G. Turner, John W. Birt, A. H. Scott, G. P. Hornby.

No. IV.—"Twelve Most Popular Indoor Pastimes."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: D. J. Wathan, 52, Arkwright-street, Bolton, Lancs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Alfred H. Paul, Angleside, Blythwood-road, Crouch Hill, N.; and Frank B. Morton, 61, Castle-street, Southwark, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edwin H. Rhodes, Wm. L. Taylor, Kathleen Startin, W. A. Cragg, Frank Woodford, Matthew W. Bell, May Watkins, S. G. Harris, John S. Kennedy, George R. Booth, Stella Brown.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

PRIZE divided between: A. Westwell, Peel Brow, Ram-bottom, Lancs.; and G. A. Taylor, Gorehead, Kilmington, Axminster, Devon.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Frida Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.; and Michael S. Smith, 102, Shirland-road, Paddington, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank Naylor, G. F. Whale, H. M. Batoman, Lucie Lloyd, E. M. Taylor, Wilfrid Hill, J. S. Tombs, Gertrude Dutton, D. Robinson, P. R. Laird, R. J. Carroll, N. Rudd.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

PRIZE divided between: G. E. Laird, 11, Bellevue-crescent, Edinburgh; P. Jewitt, 50, Shirlock-road, Gospel Oak, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Jeanie Ritchie, Reggie Chapman, George Reid, J. P. Harrison, J. M. Bannetyne, H. A. Cooper, Harry C. Mackay, Olive Lawford.

No. V.—"My Favourite Character in Scott."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: C. V. H. F. Thompson, Cranalagh Morr, Edgeworthstown, Ireland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dora Wolferstan, W. J. White, W. L. Adams, John G. Peters.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Reginald Barnard, 729, Old Kent-road, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: H. G. Richardson, 20, Park Mansions, 8, Lambeth-road, S.W.; W. Wylie Stuart, 312, West Princes-street, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Katherine Hyde, Gertrude Sterling, James Weir, Myrtle Francis, Charles E. Green, Edith M. Pippett, G. Charlton Anne, Reginald Myers, W. E. Roberts.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Francesca Mary Wilson, 16, Lynnwood avenue, Bentinck-road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Marguerite Schindhelm, 4, Maley-avenue, West Norwood, S.E.; R. W. Bullard, 9, Sylvester-road, Walthamstow, Essex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frida Phillips, Ursula Snowden, K. R. H. Jones, E. M. MacGregor, Ethel Chapman, W. H. L. Gronow, J. Dunn, Joseph Carley.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the books by "Captain" authors advertised in this number.

COMMENTS ON THE JULY COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—See "Editorial."

No. II.—A list of the Hidden Towns will be found on an advertisement page. Picture No. 11 called forth some humorous definitions; among the names applied to this picture were Ayr (the majority had this), Ilfracombe, Blackpool, Peterhead, Hindhead, and Wigan; its real name, of course, being Bushey, which only twelve competitors out of a great number had right.

No. III.—The winning list, decided by vote, is as follows:—1, McLaren (captain); 2, Ranjitsinhji; 3, Trumper;

4, Jackson; 5, Hill; 6, Lilley; 7, Hirst; 8, Rhodes; 9, Fry; 10, Braund; 11, Trumble.

No. IV.—The "O.F." is referring to this Competition in his Editorial Notes. The first twelve in the list he gives is the winning list decided by the votes of competitors.

No. V.—Such excellent essays were sent in that the difficulty was to make sure of choosing the best. The favourite characters in Scott appear to be "The Knight of the Leopard," Wilfrid of "Ivanhoe," "Marmion," "Quentin Durward," "Rob Roy," "Jeanie Deans," "Rebecca Jewess," and "Roderick Dhu."

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

APRIL
COLOURED FRONTISPIECE.

New Serials by
**LOUIS BECKE and
WARREN
BELL**

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR. THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

6^d

Vol. VII. No. 37.

APRIL, 1902.

When buying
a bicycle,

look at the tyres. If they are not

DUNLOP TYRES

the machine is not cheap at any
price.

55s. per pair; with wired or beaded edges;
guaranteed for 13 months. Of all cycle
agents. See the Company's trade mark on
the inner tube as well as the outer cover.



THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANY, Ltd.,

PARA MILLS, ASTON CROSS, BIRMINGHAM;
and branches.



FIRST PART OF A NEW VOLUME.

See "J. O. JONES" (page 72).

GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7-12, Southampton Street, London, W.C.

GAMAGE'S

of HOLBORN.

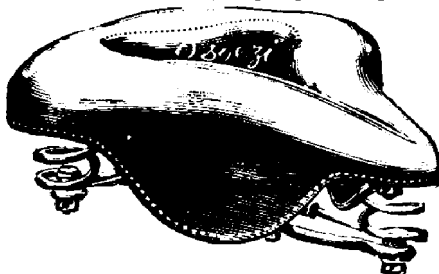
NO MATTER HOW STEEP
THE HILLS YOU TAKE
YOU'VE NOTHING TO FEAR
WITH A BULL DOG BRAKE



Gamages
World Famed
Bull Dog
Brake

8/9 post free,
9/-

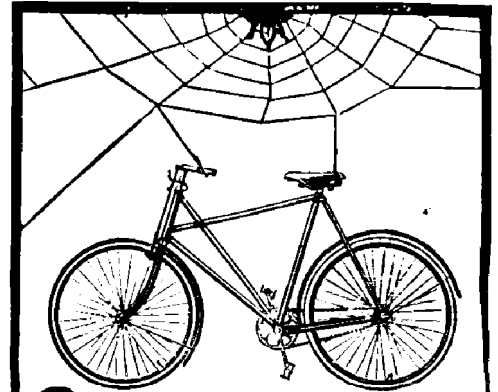
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PNEUMATIC CYCLE SADDLE.



Price: ONE GUINEA, post free.

Conforms to every movement of the body
and adapts itself to nature's needs.

Made in two sizes with Coil Springs.
FOR LADIES OR GENTLEMEN.



GAMAGE'S
FEATHERWEIGHT,
FIRM AS A ROCK

FULL ROADSTER

With Dunlop Tyres, Free Wheel,
Rim Brake, Celluloid Mud Guards,
with Aluminium Beading ...

18 Guineas.

ROAD RACERS

No Gear Case Clearance, Free
Wheel, &c.

18 Guineas.

LADIES'

Full Roadster, Free Wheel, &c. ...

18 Guineas.

For Riders up to 8 stones 20 lbs.

" " 10 " 22 "

" " 12 " 23 "

For Ladies' Cycles, 1 lb. extra.

Fixed Wheels, £1 less; weight the same.

LIGHT ROADSTERS AND ROAD RACERS.

For Riders up to 7 stones 19 lbs.

" " 10 " 21 "

" " 12 " 22 "

GEARS SUPPLIED.

65½ 69½ 72½ 76½ 79½ 83½ Gear.

38 40 42 44 46 48 Teeth on Wheel

Length of Cranks, 6½ inches.

The finish on these machines is of the highest class.

The lightest of our cycles has been thoroughly tested
on a rough road by a rider of 13 stones.

Breaking of the front forks is the most fruitful source of
injury, &c. In this machine the steering tube is made of
16 gauge tubing, and is, moreover, extra re-inforced at the
vital point, viz., just above the ball head cone.

Write for our General Catalogue, post free.

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They are sold everywhere, but should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, please write to—

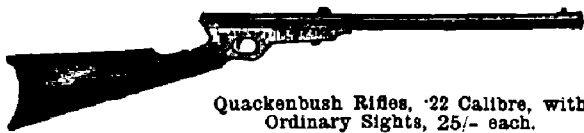
RAIMES & CO., Ltd., Tredegar Road, Bow, London, E., or Stockton-on-Tees.

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Pistol Grip, Long Block, Safety Action Saloon or Garden Guns, No. 1, 2 or 3 size Bore, for Ball or Shot Cartridges, 12/6 each.
Remington Pattern .22 Calibre Rifles, 12/6 each. Takes both short or long Cartridges, Rifled Barrel.
Winchester Bolt Action .22 Calibre Rifles, Model 1900, Take Down Barrel, 19/6 each.
Martini Pattern Rifles, Best Quality, .22 or 297/230 Bores, 35/- each.



Quackenbush Rifles, .22 Calibre, with Ordinary Sights, 25/- each.
Ditto with Globe and Peep Sights, 30/-
Quackenbush Air Guns, 25/- and 30/- each.
Quackenbush Combination Air and Cartridge Guns, takes No. 2 Darts and Slugs and .22 Calibre Cartridges, 50/- each.
Gem Air Guns, 13/6 and 15/6 each complete.
Extra Heavy Air Guns, very Powerful, 30/- each.
The New "MILLITA" Air Gun, No. 1, 25/-; No. 3 Bore, 35/-
WALKING STICK GUNS, SPORTING GUNS, COLLECTORS' GUNS, AMMUNITION FOR RIFLES, GUNS AND AIR GUNS.

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1902

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MR. A. H. DINGWALL, of Weston-super-Mare, offers the following bargains for April. Belgium 1850 Duc. wauk. L.L. in frame (a rare stamp, cat. 3s., Bright) for 1s. 3d. only. 20c. with frame 9d. 1851 wauk. without frame 10 and 20c. 2d. the pair (cat. 5d.), 1851 no wauk. 10 and 20c. the pair 2d. (cat. 5d.), 1863 10, 20c. the pair 1d., 1865 10, 20c. the pair 1d., 10, 20, 30, and 40c. set of four for 8d. Ceylon 2 on 4c. rose set of seven varieties for 1d., 1899 2, 3, and 6c. set of three for 1d. only. Newfoundland 1897 Jubilee 3c. blue 2d., 4c. green 4d., 5c. purple 5d., 6c. red-brown 5d., 1887 2c. vermilion (cod) 2s., 1888 1c. green (Queen) 1d., 2c. vermilion (King) 1d., 3c. orange (Princess of Wales) 1d., 5c. blue (Prince of Wales) 4d. Send stamped cover for my quotations or 3d. for price list, the cost, 2d., being refunded on any order exceeding 2s. 6d. Mention "Captain."

THE YARMOUTH PACKET (cheapest and best)—100 different, including 20 BRITISH COLONIALS. GUYANA (parrot), TRINIDAD, VENEZUELA, TURKEY, GRASSHOPPER, FRENCH, BOLIVIA (rare), and many others. Catalogue value of this packet over 5s. Only 3d. Write for our famous approval sheets, marked at the lowest possible prices. 4d. in the 1s. discount. 1,000 best stamp mounts, 6d. Price lists gratis.

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THE FAMOUS SWEET

Made from the finest pure rich milk. Well known for its delicious creamy flavour. Most nutritious

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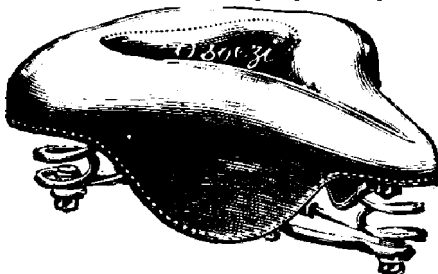
NO MATTER HOW STEEP
THE HILLS YOU TAKE
YOU'VE NOTHING TO FEAR
WITH A BULL DOG BRAKE



Gamages
World Famed
**Bull Dog
Brake**

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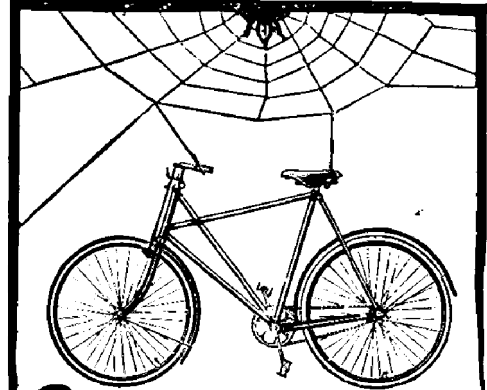
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Price: ONE GUINEA, post free.

Conforms to every movement of the body
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Made in two sizes with Coil Springs.
FOR LADIES OR GENTLEMEN.



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FIRM AS A ROCK

FULL ROADSTER

With Dunlop Tyres, Free Wheel,
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No Gear Case Clearance, Free
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Full Roadster, Free Wheel, &c. ...

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For Riders up to 8 stones ...	20 lbs.
" " 10 " ...	22 "
" " 12 " ...	23 "
For Ladies' Cycles, 1 lb. extra.	
Fixed Wheels, £1 less; weight the same.	

LIGHT ROADSTERS AND ROAD RACERS.

For Riders up to 7 stones ...	19 lbs.
" " 10 " ...	21 "
" " 12 " ...	22 "

GEARS SUPPLIED.

65 1/2	60 1/2	72 1/2	76 1/2	79 1/2	83 1/2	Gear.
38	40	42	44	46	48	Teeth on Wheel.
Length of Cranks, 6 1/2 inches.						

The finish on these machines is of the highest class.

The lightest of our cycles has been thoroughly tested
on a rough road by a rider of 13 stones.

Breaking of the front forks is the most fruitful source of
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16 gauge tubing, and is, moreover, extra re-inforced at the
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1902



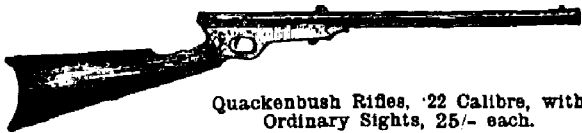
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Pistol Grip, Long Block, Safety Action
Saloon or Garden Guns, No. 1, 2 or 3
size Bore, for Ball or Shot Cartridges, 12/6 each.
Remington Pattern .22 Calibre Rifles, 12/6 each. Takes
both short or long Cartridges, Rifled Barrel.
Winchester Bolt Action .22 Calibre Rifles, Model 1900, Take
Down Barrel, 19/6 each.
Martini Pattern Rifles, Best Quality, .22 or 297/230
Bores, 35/- each.



Quackenbush Rifles, .22 Calibre, with
Ordinary Sights, 25/- each.
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THE FAMOUS SWEET

Made from the finest pure rich
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1/3 & 6/6 SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Sole Manufacturers: S. J. MACKENZIE & CO., LONDON.

"CAPTAIN" STAMP COMPETITION

This block is made up of several well-known Postage Stamps. The task of the competitor is to cut up the illustration and piece together the separated bits into the original stamps. Neatness in the rearrangement of the stamps in their original form will be taken into consideration.—See "Captain" Competition, No. 5, for April, page 92.

A RECORD BARGAIN for 1d.

- 5 Entire different Japanese Post-cards (including the new issue, 1; set 1).
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 - 8 Japanese, all different, including the new issue 3 sen, and a large square fiscal stamp.
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- Send an extra stamp for postage (2d. in all), and ask to see my World-famed Approval Sheets. Only ONE packet supplied to each applicant. If the above does not give perfect satisfaction, return it, and I will send you 3d. back for every packet so returned. Postage abroad, 3d. extra. Quote No. 3881 when ordering.

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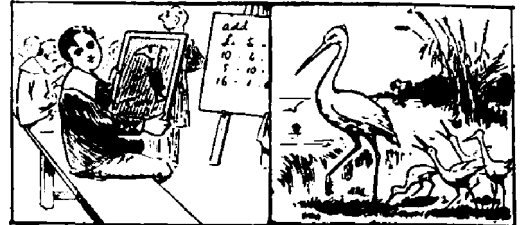
SOLUTION OF "CAPTAIN" HIDDEN BOOKS COMPETITION

For FEBRUARY, 1902.



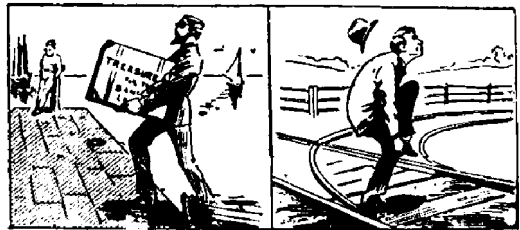
1. Tales of Greyhouse.

2.—Life's Handicap.



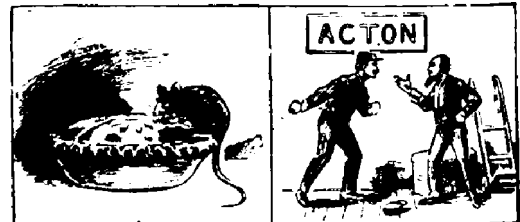
3.—Tom Brown's School Days.

4.—Stalky and Co.



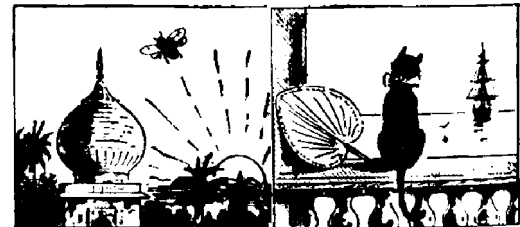
5.—Treasure Island.

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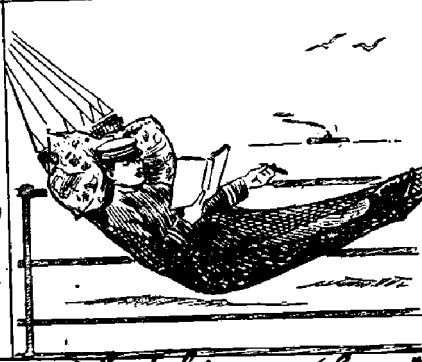
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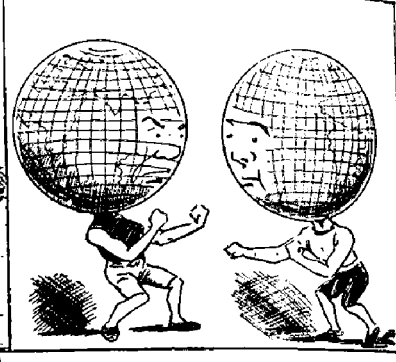
SEE "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL, PAGE 91.



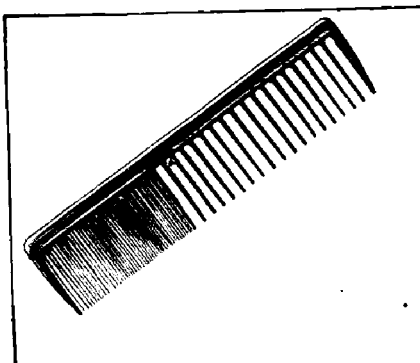
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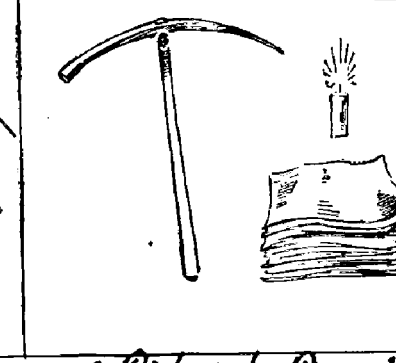
3.—



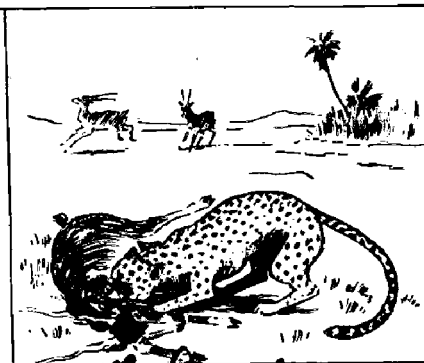
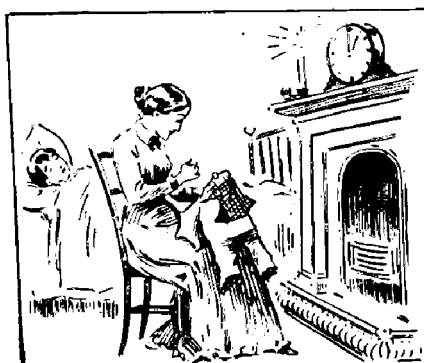
4.—



5.—



6. "Pickwick Papers"

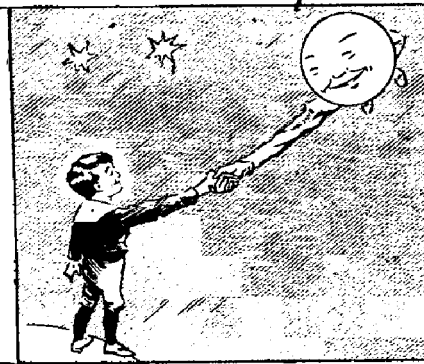


7. "Never too late to mend" 8. "The Deerlayer"

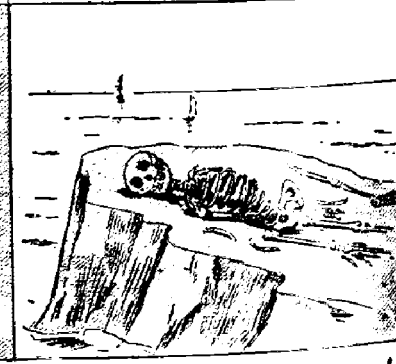
9.—



10. "Bottle's Baby"



11. I



12. "Dead Man's Rock"

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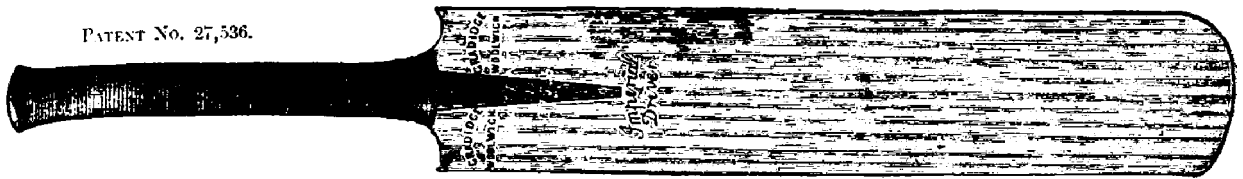
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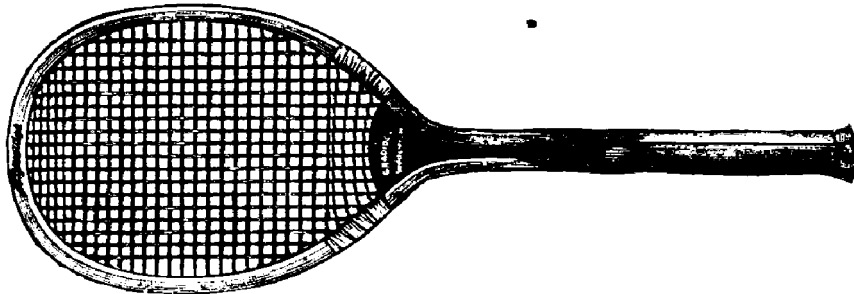
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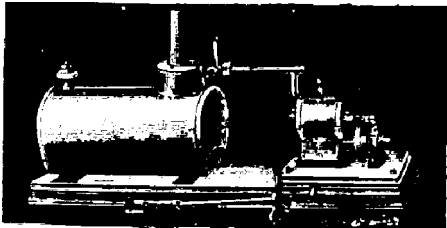


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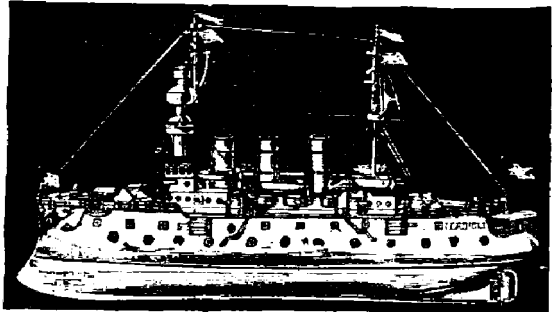
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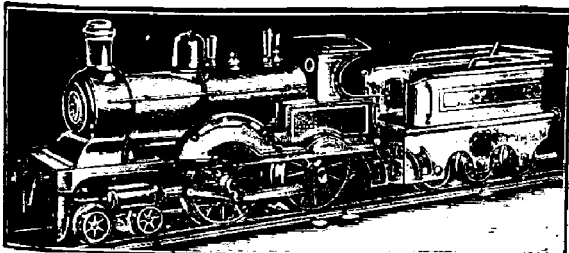
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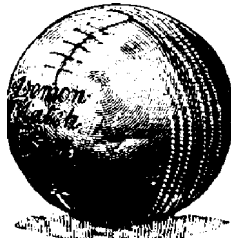
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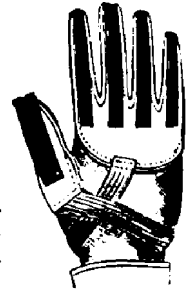
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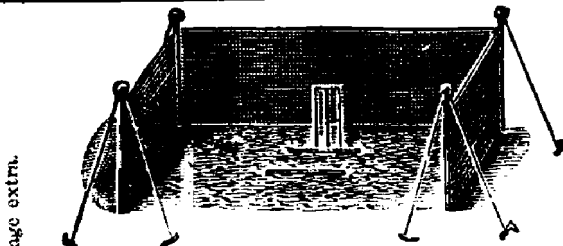


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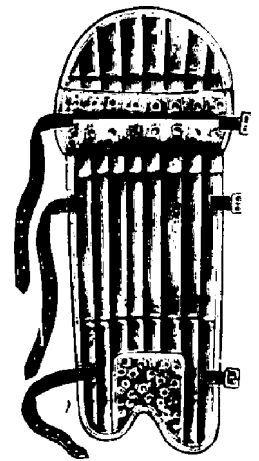
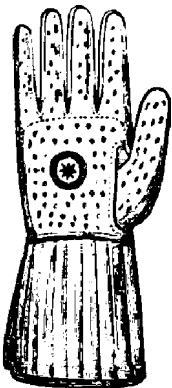
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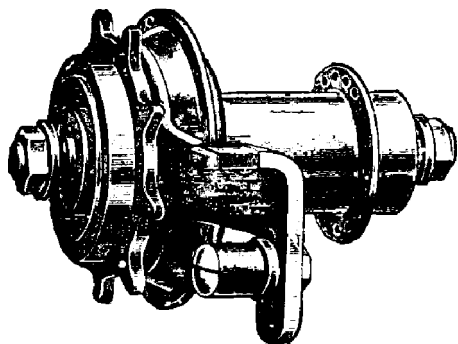
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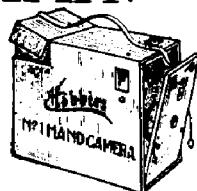
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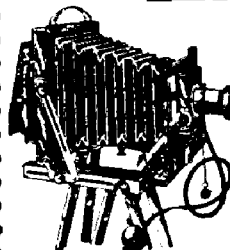
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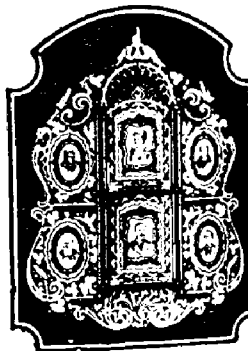
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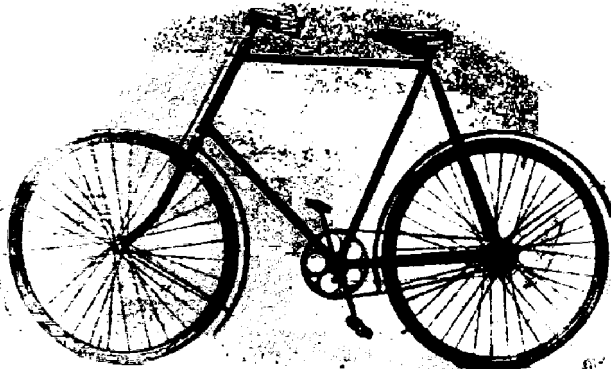
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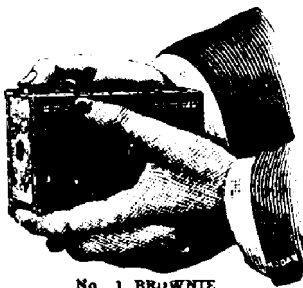
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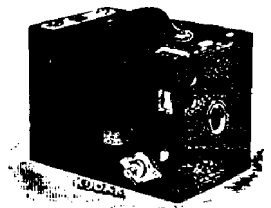
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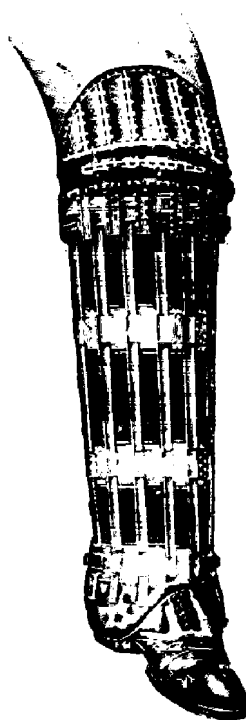
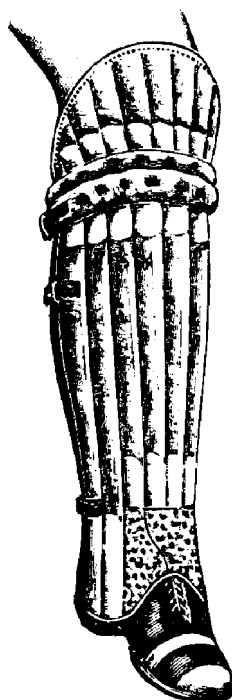
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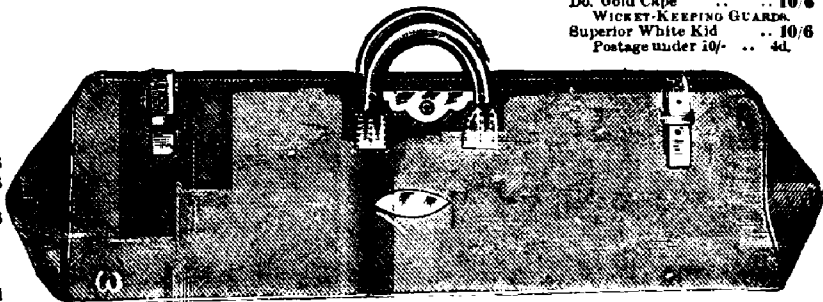
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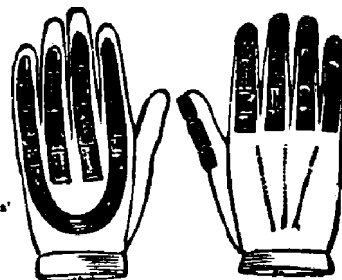
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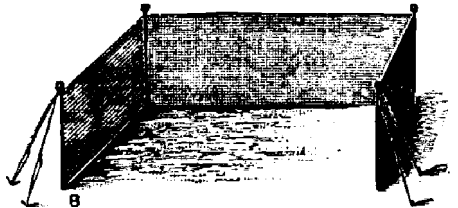
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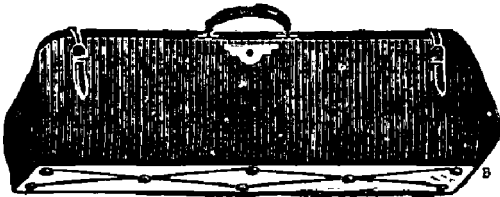
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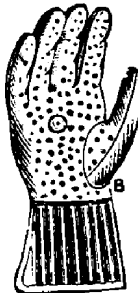
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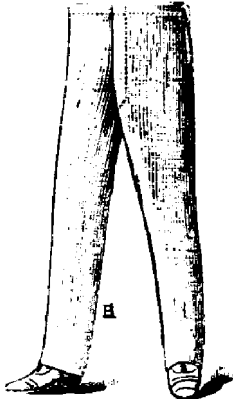
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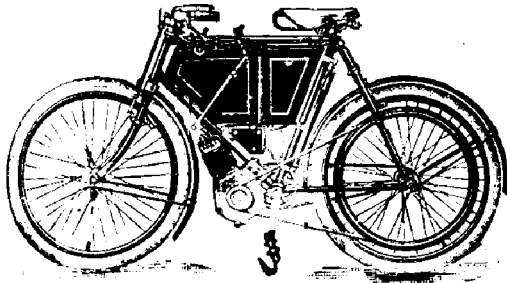
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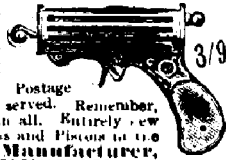
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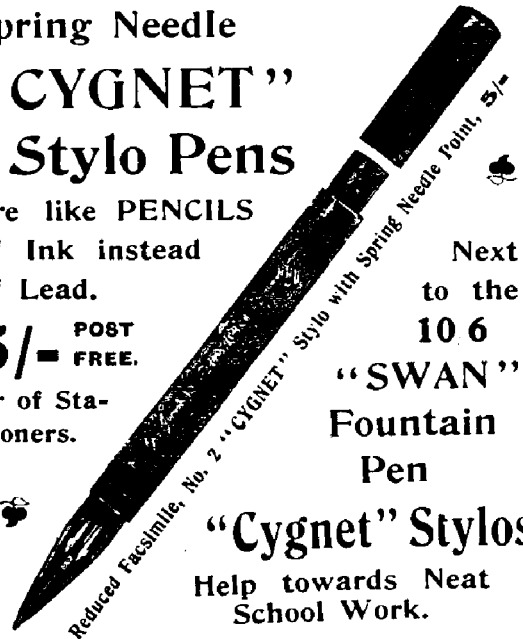
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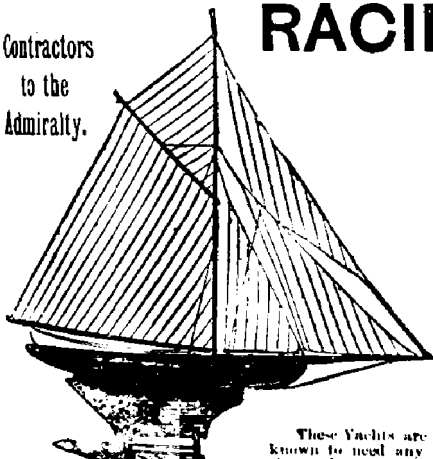
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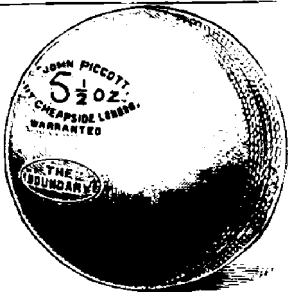
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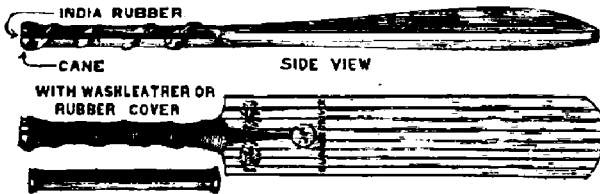


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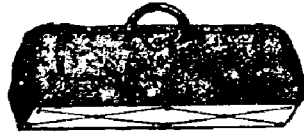
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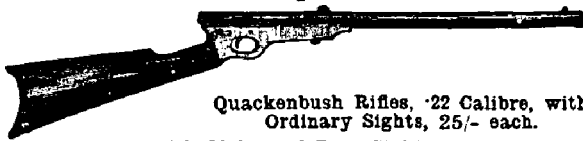


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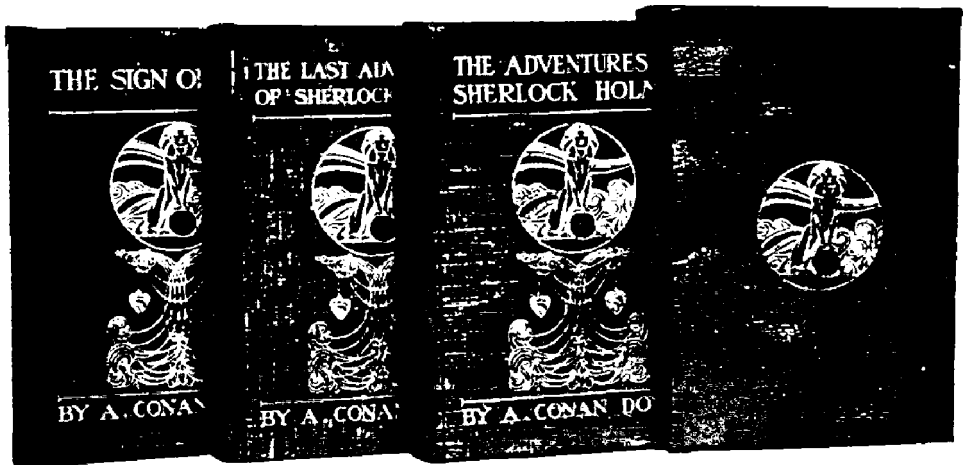
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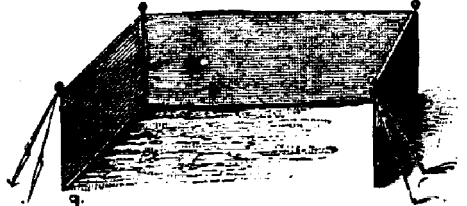
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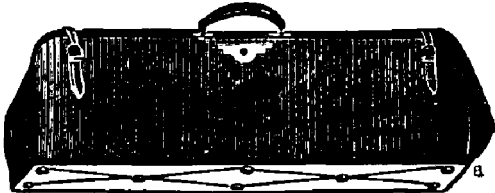


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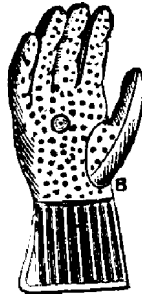
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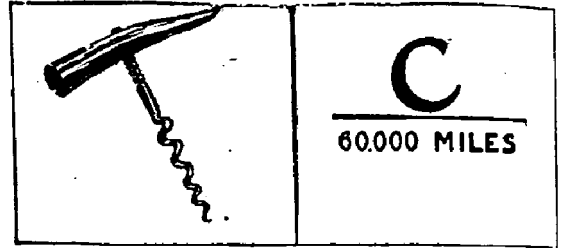
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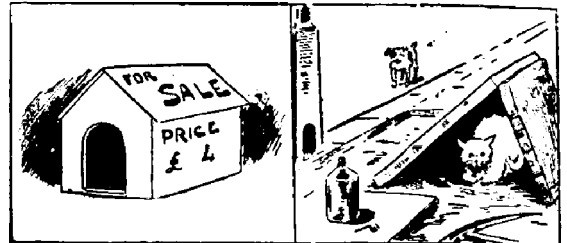
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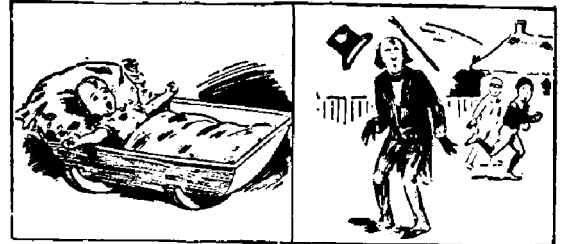
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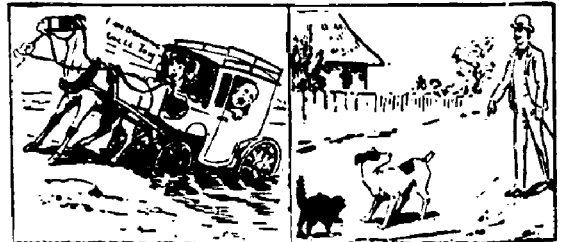
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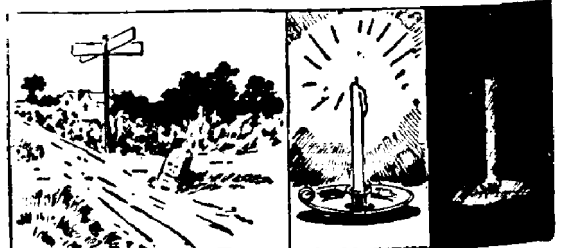
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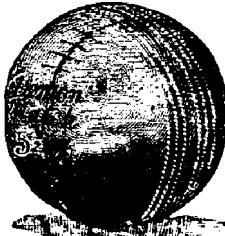
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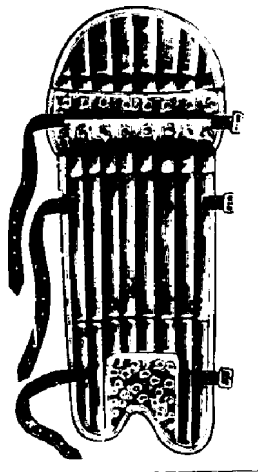


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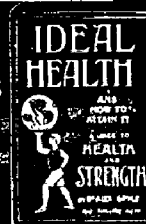
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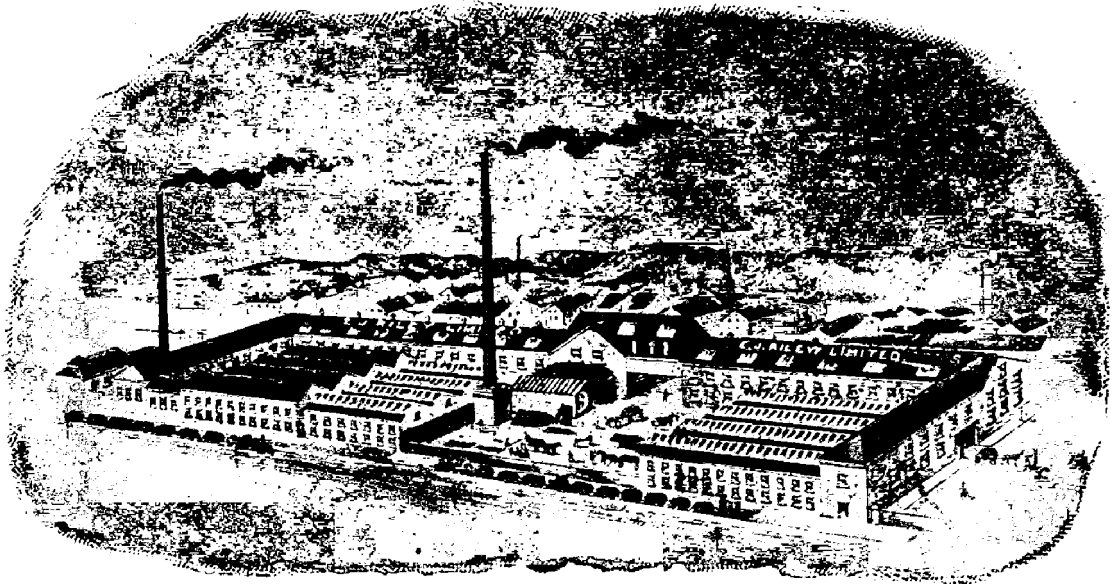
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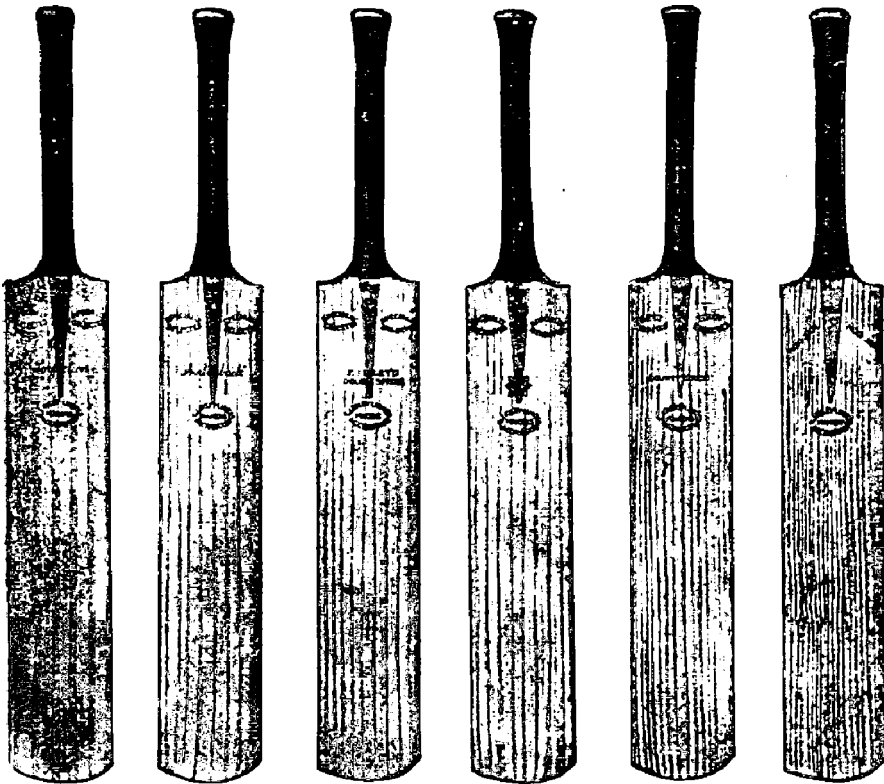
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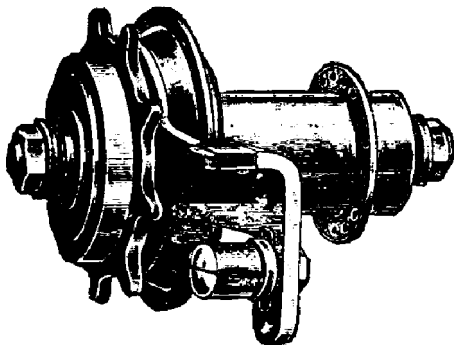
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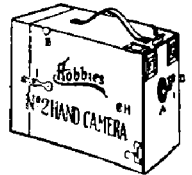
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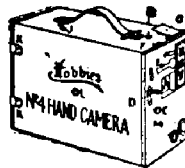
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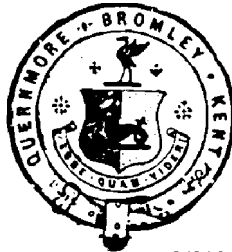
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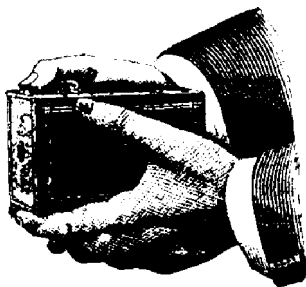
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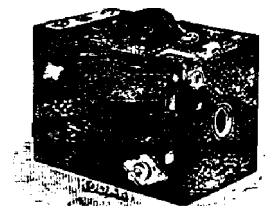
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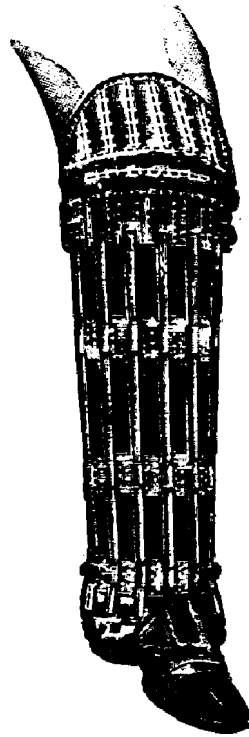
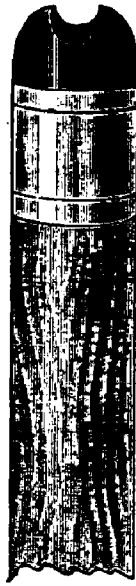
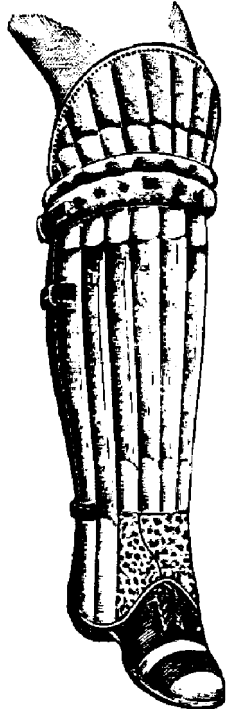
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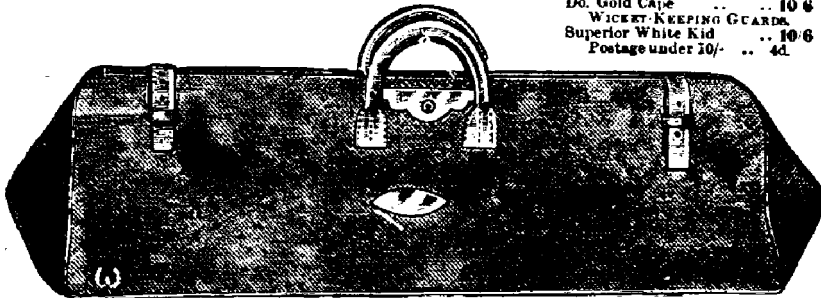
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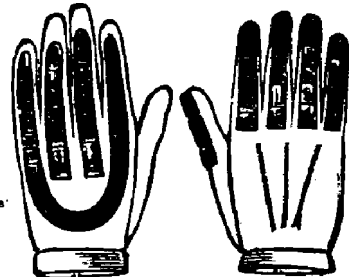
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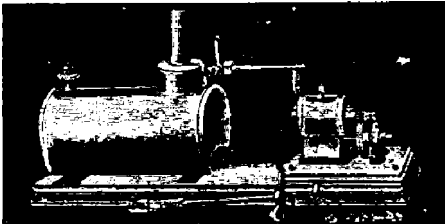
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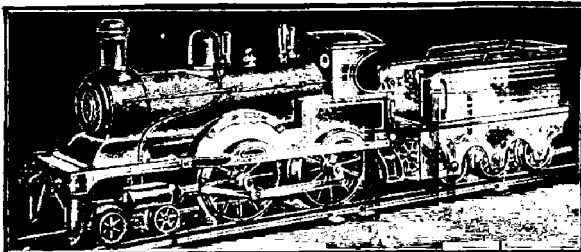
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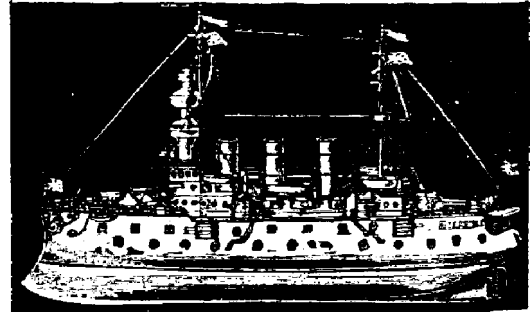
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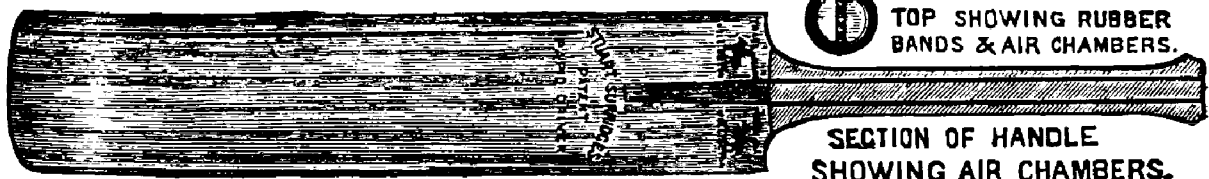
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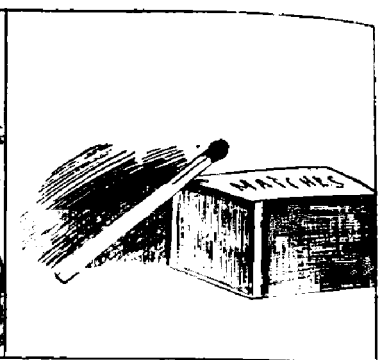
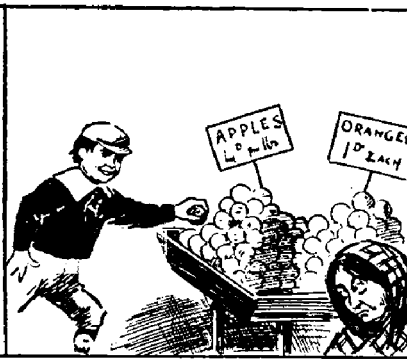
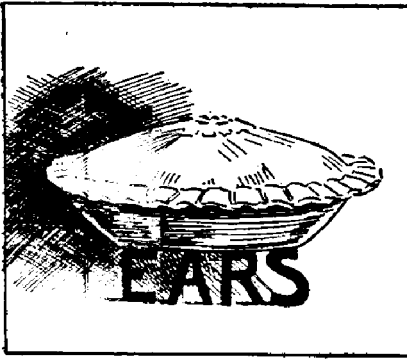
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SEE "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MAY, PAGE 163.



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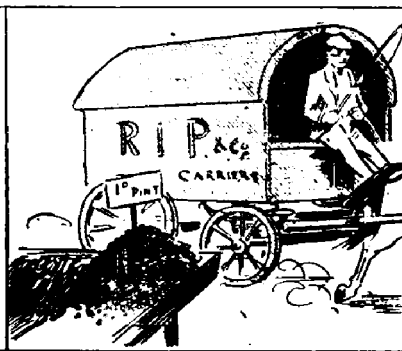
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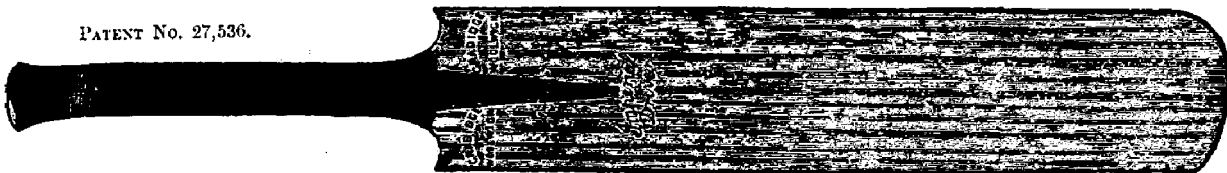
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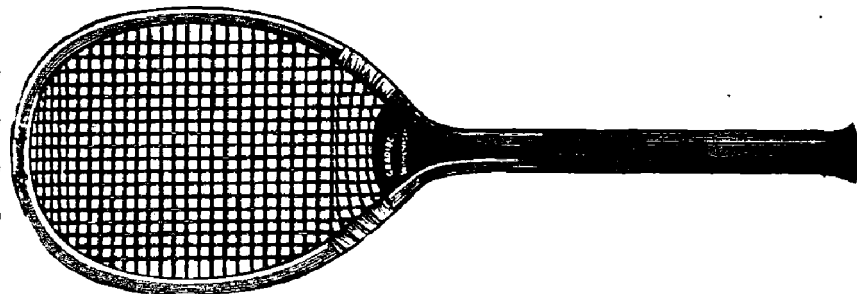
PATENT No. 27,536.



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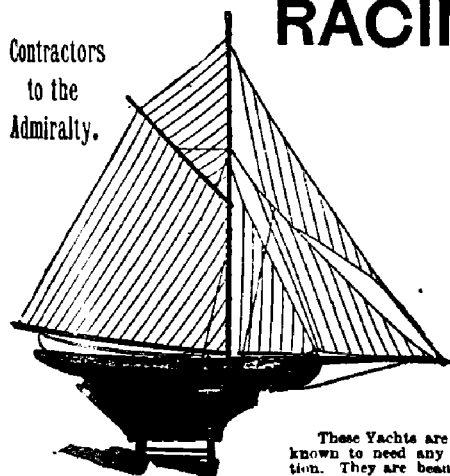
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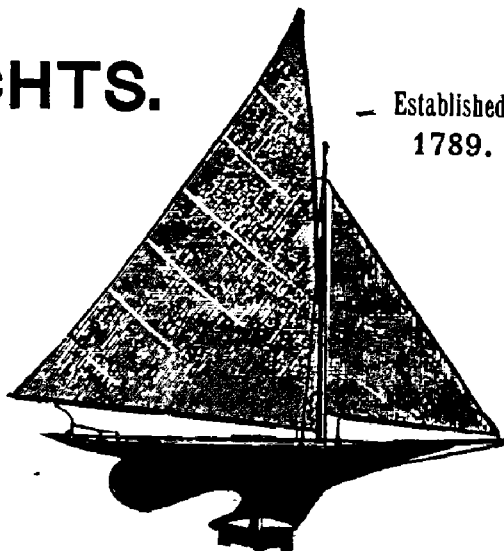
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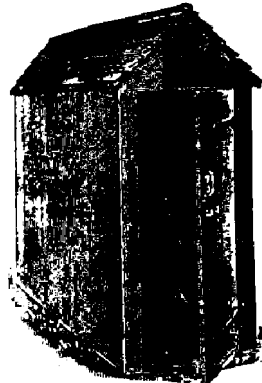
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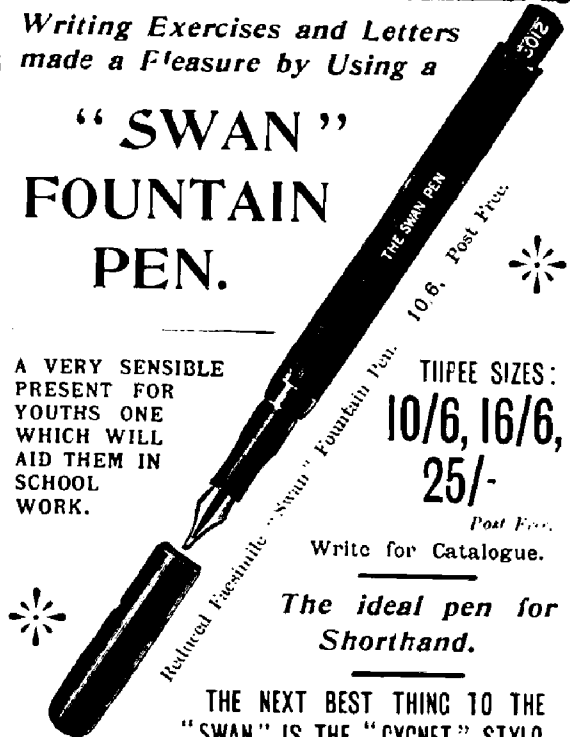
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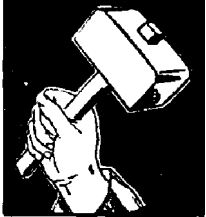


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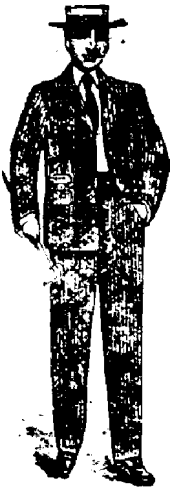
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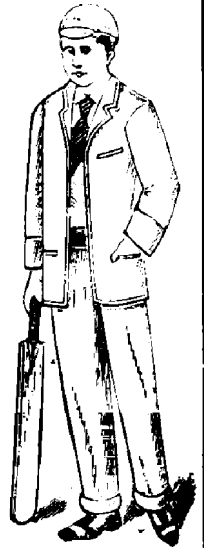
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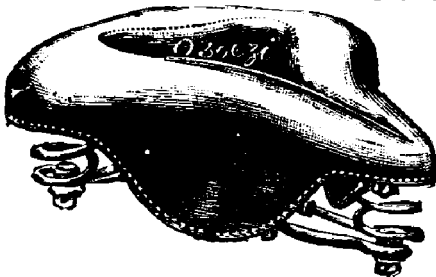
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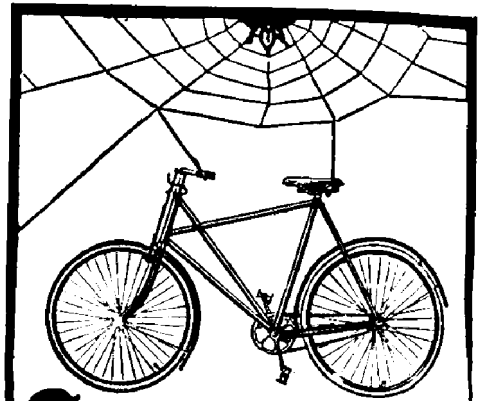
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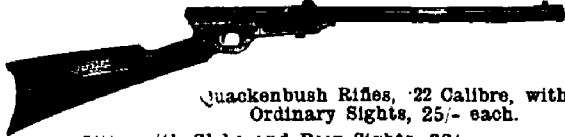
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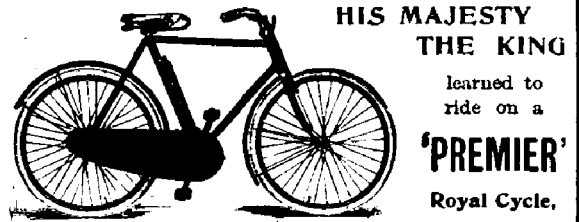
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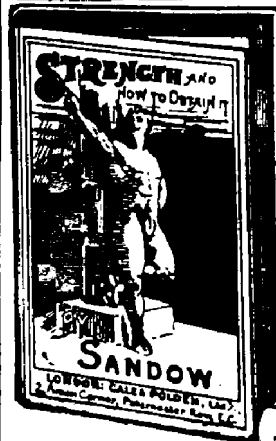
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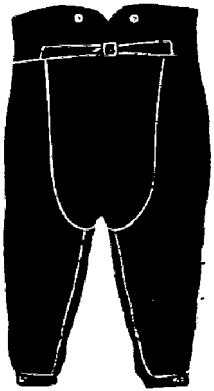
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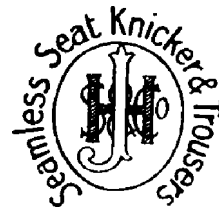
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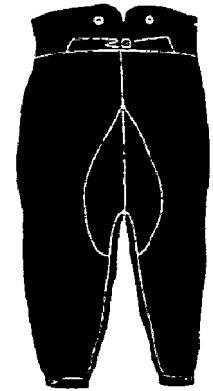


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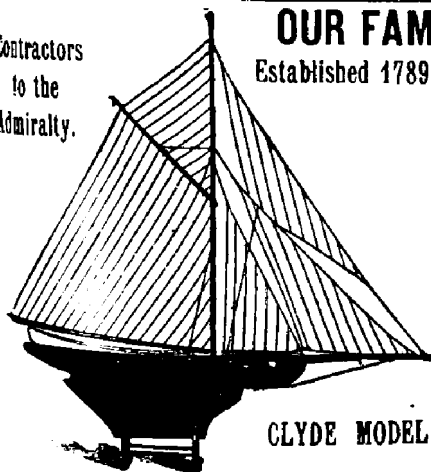
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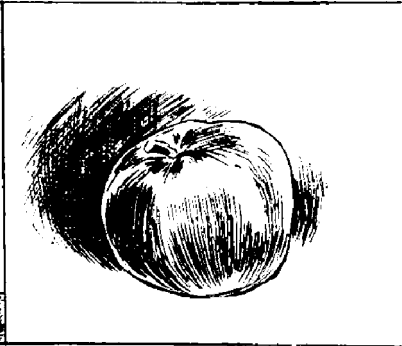
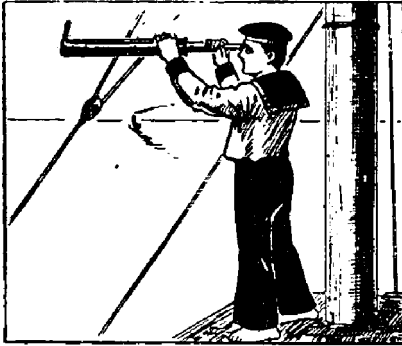
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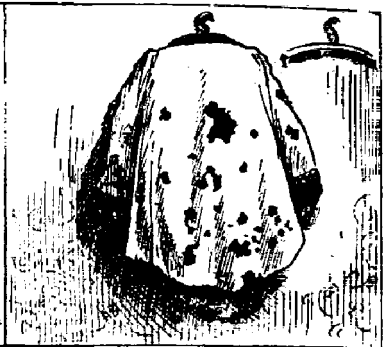
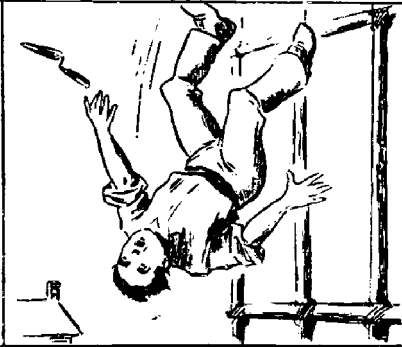
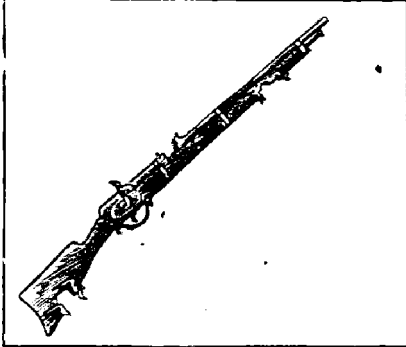


1922

1.—The Spy.

2.—

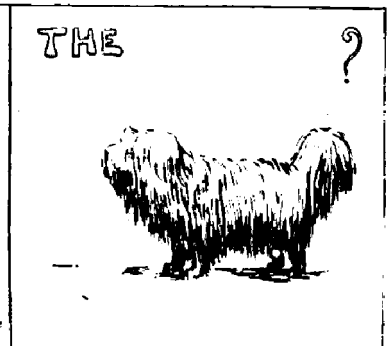
3.—



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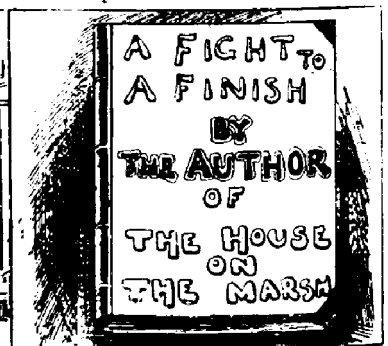
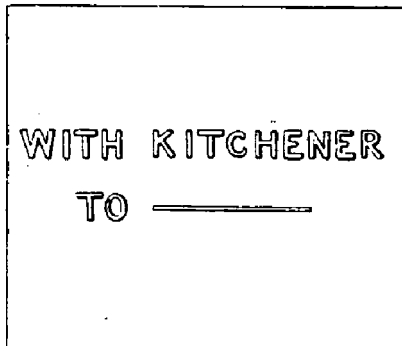
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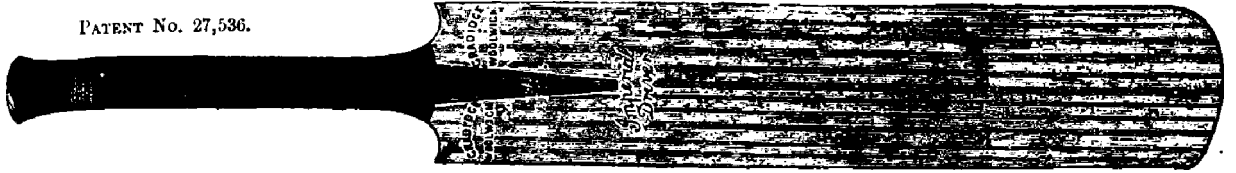
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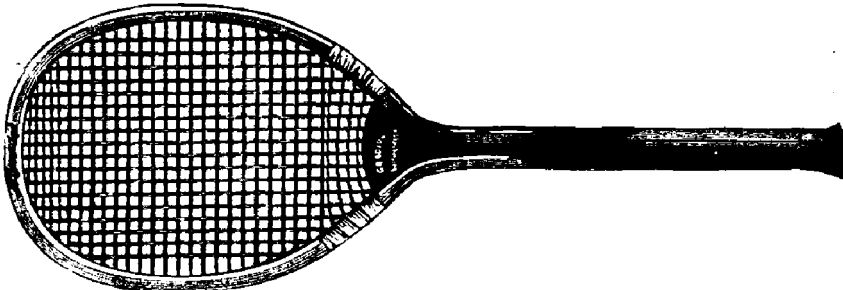
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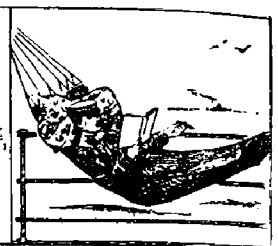
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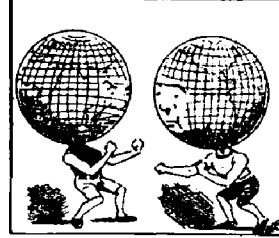
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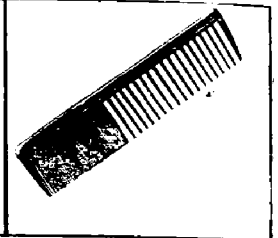
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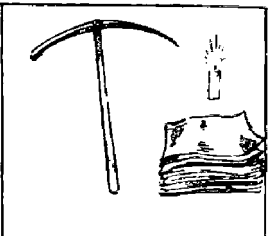
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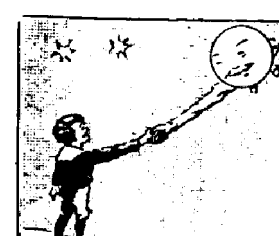
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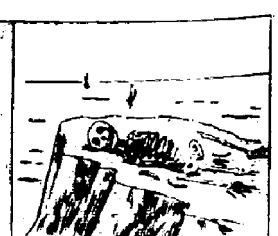
9.—A Gentleman of France.



10.—Bootie's Baby.

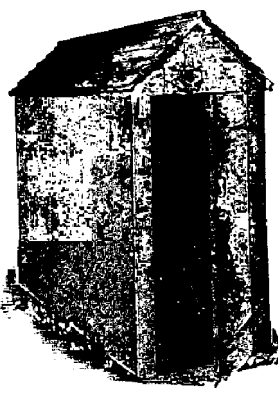


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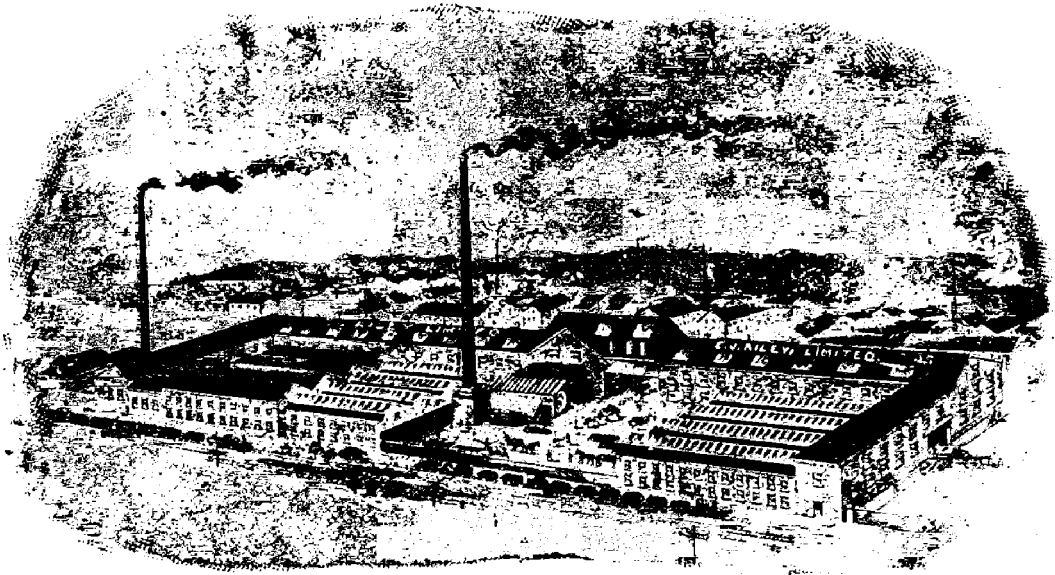
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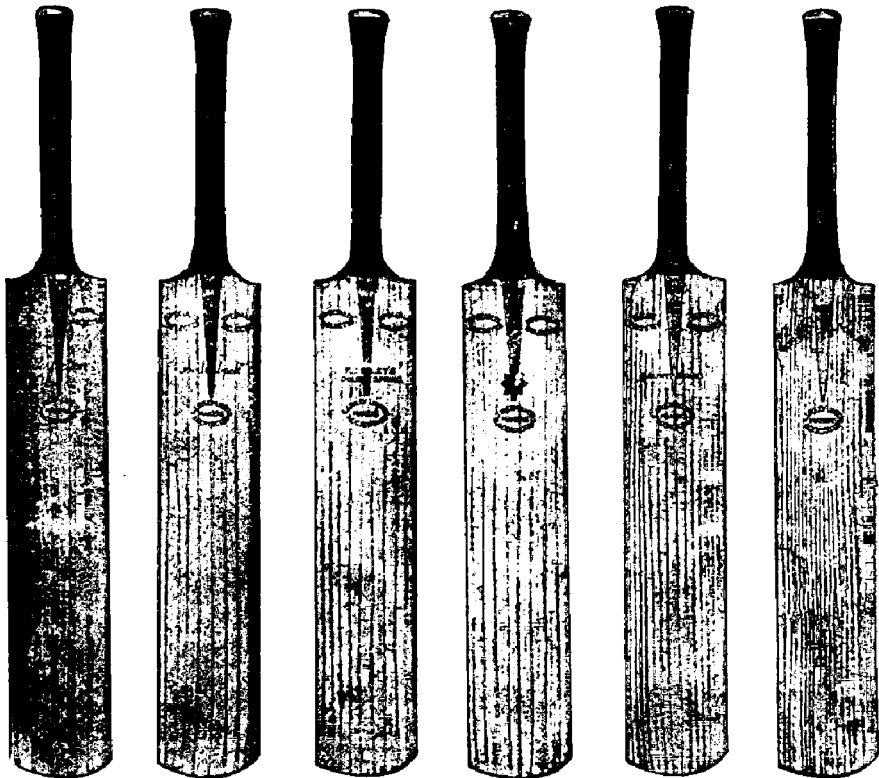
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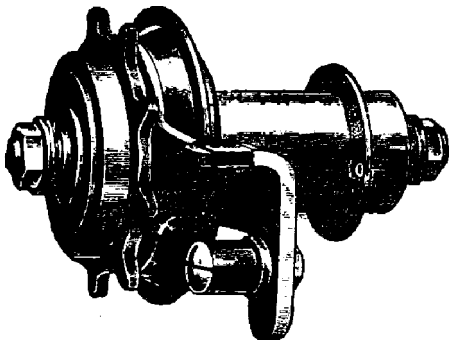
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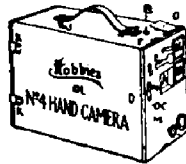
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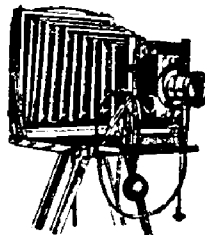
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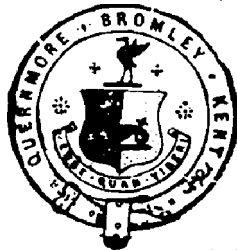
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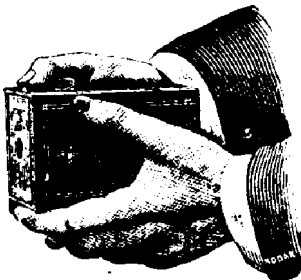
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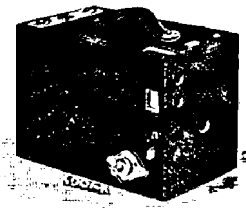
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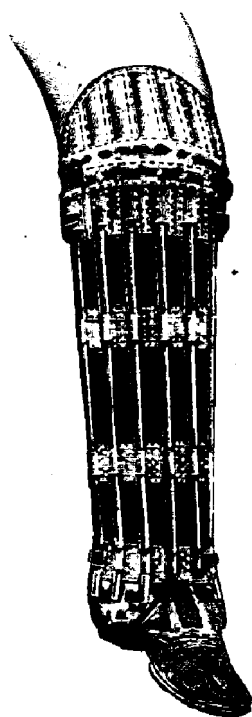
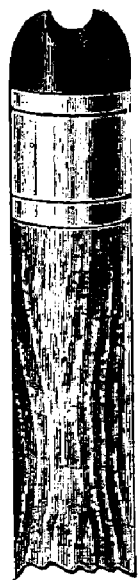
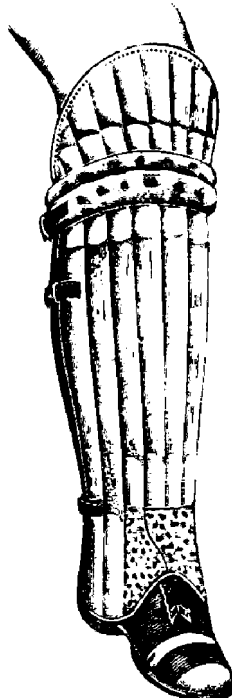
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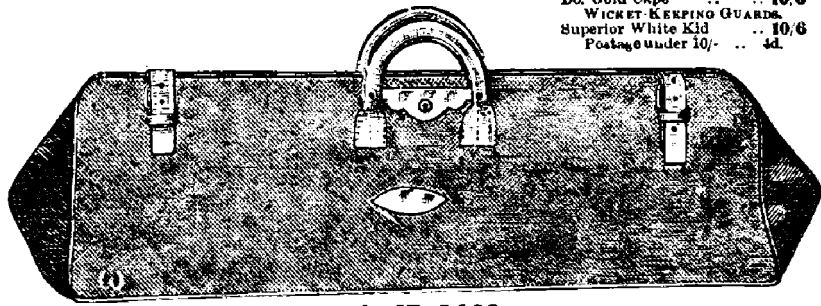
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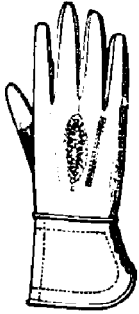


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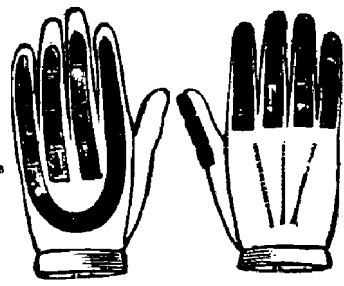


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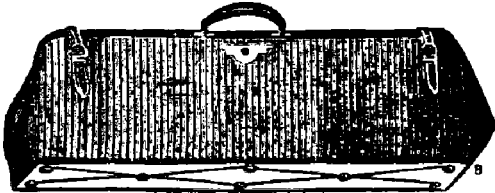
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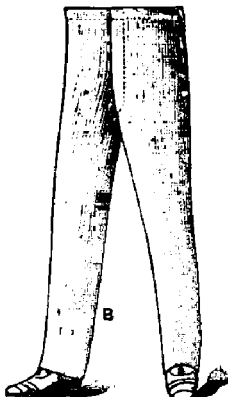
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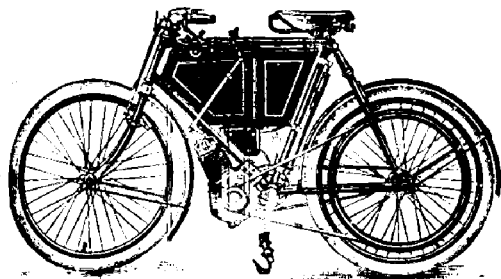
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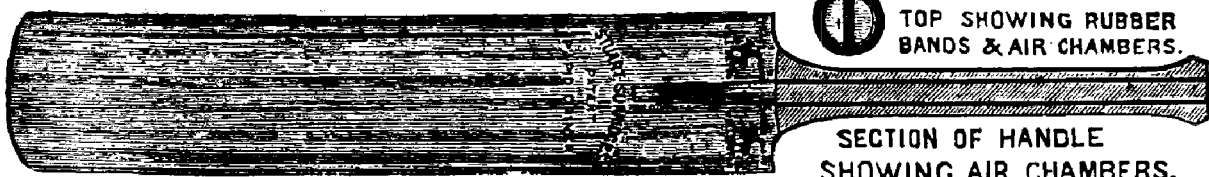
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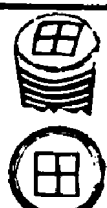
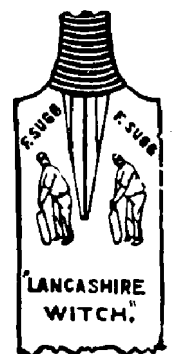
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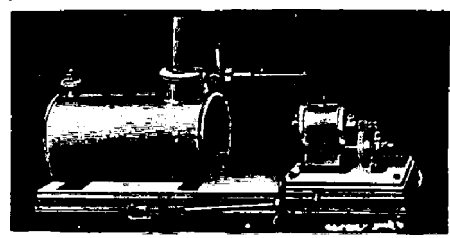


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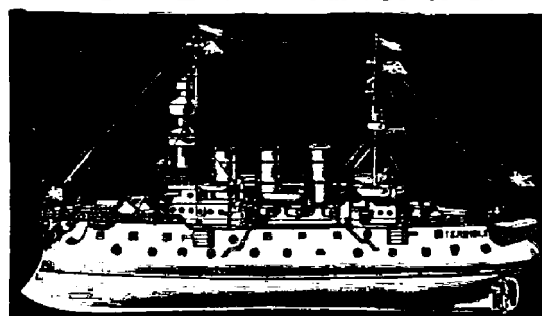


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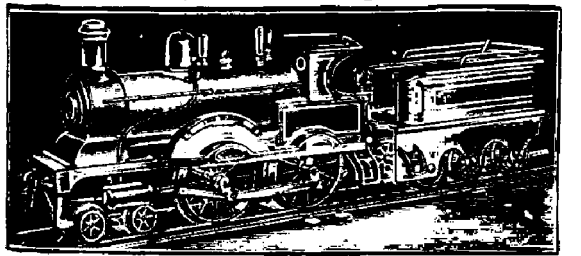


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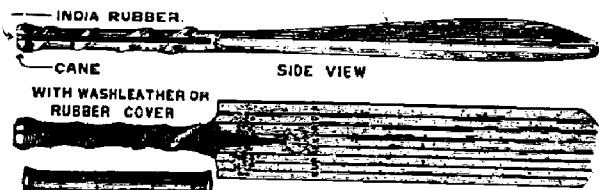


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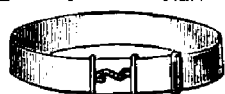
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FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, G. B. FRY.

Vol. VII No. 40 JULY 1902



The crowning features

of a "featherweight" cycle are its
light and resilient tyres.

DUNLOP TYRES

Facile principles for ease and speed.

Fast, Durable, Reliable.



55s. per pair. Wired or beaded
edges optional.

Guaranteed for 13 months.

The only tyres offering this choice of
attachment.

Ask to see the trade mark (Dunlop's head)
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Para Mills, Aston Cross, Birmingham.



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AS AN UNDERGRADUATE AT OXFORD IN 1860.

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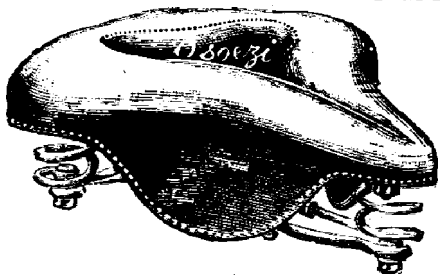
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YOU'VE NOTHING TO FEAR
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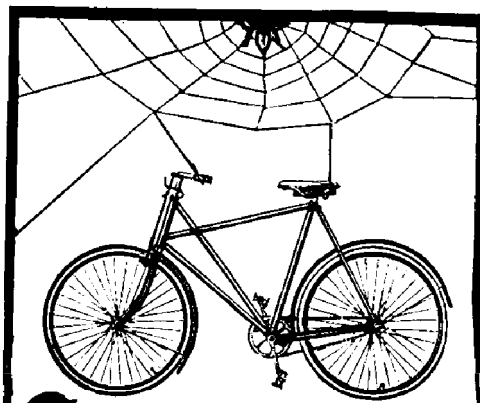
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FOR LADIES OR GENTLEMEN.



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FEATHERWEIGHT,
FIRM AS A ROCK

FULL ROADSTER

With Dunlop Tyres, Free Wheel,
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No Gear, Case Clearance, Free
Wheel, &c. ... 18 Guineas.

LADIES'

Full Roadster, Free Wheel, &c. ... 18 Guineas.

For Riders up to 8 stones	20 lbs.
" " 10 "	22 "
" " 12 "	23 "
For Ladies' Cycles, 1 lb. extra.	
Fixed Wheels, £1 less; weight the same.	

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65½	60½	72½	76½	79½	83½	Gear.
38	40	42	44	46	48	Teeth on Wheel.
Length of Cranks, 6½ inches.						

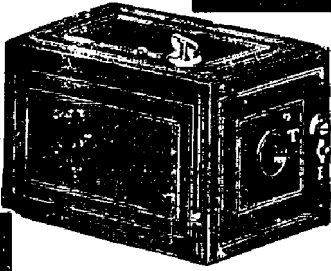
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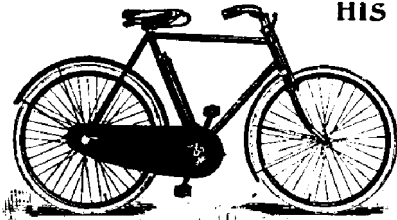
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THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

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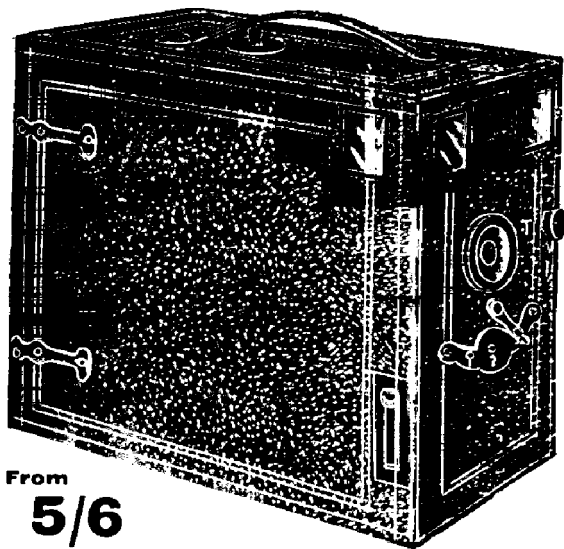
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2	18 ..	8/9 ..	6	24 ..	17/6 ..
3	20 ..	10/9 ..	7	24 ..	21 ..
4	21 ..	12/6 ..			

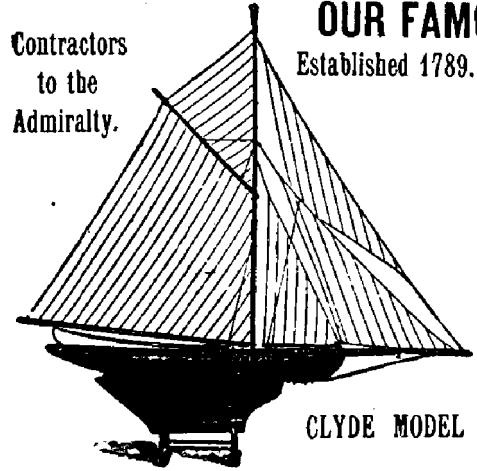
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50 DIFFERENT STAMPS 50

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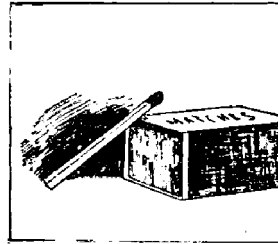
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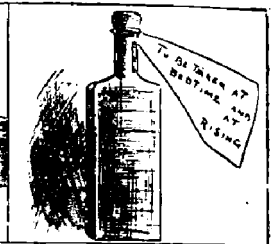
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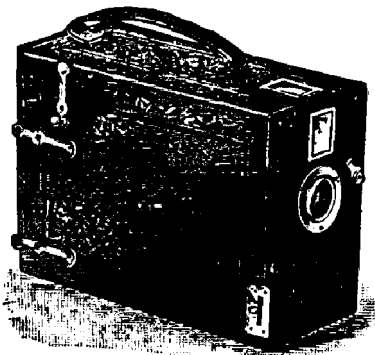


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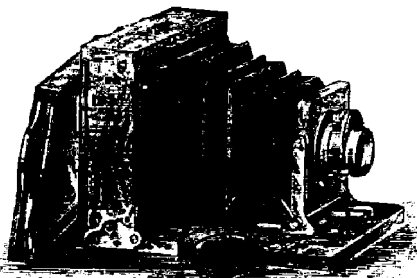


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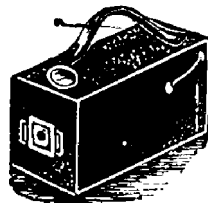
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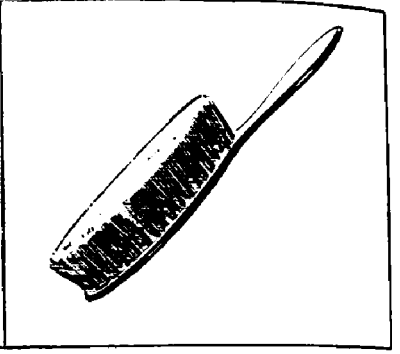
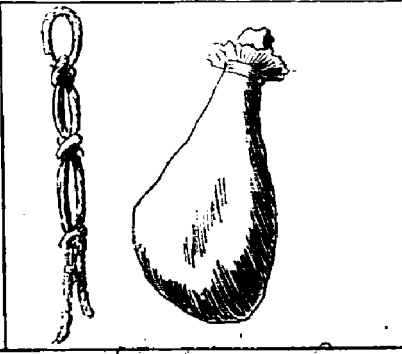
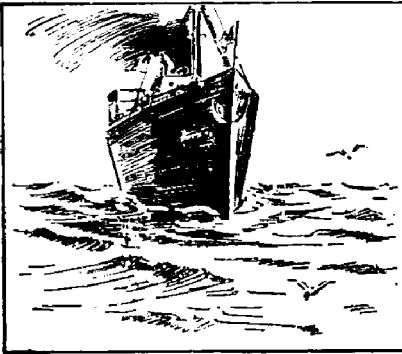
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"HIDDEN TOWNS" COMPETITION.

SEE "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JULY, PAGE 383.

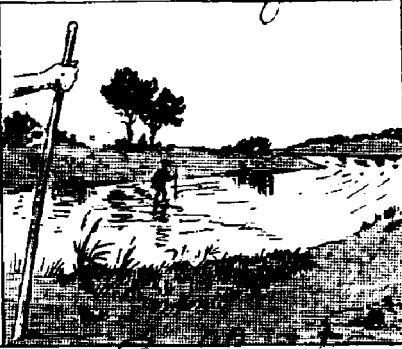


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4.—*Dublin*

5.—*A Field*

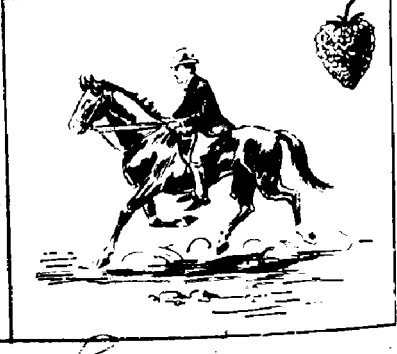
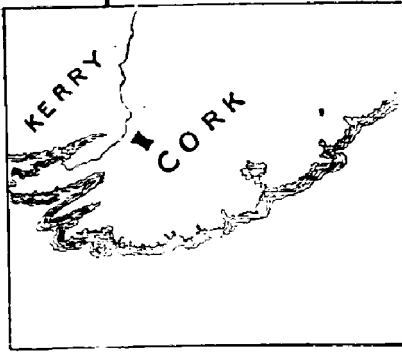
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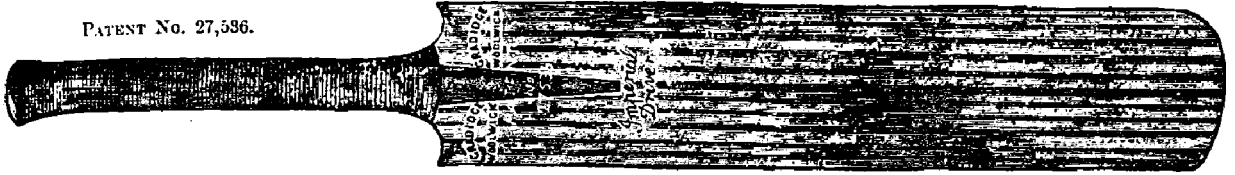
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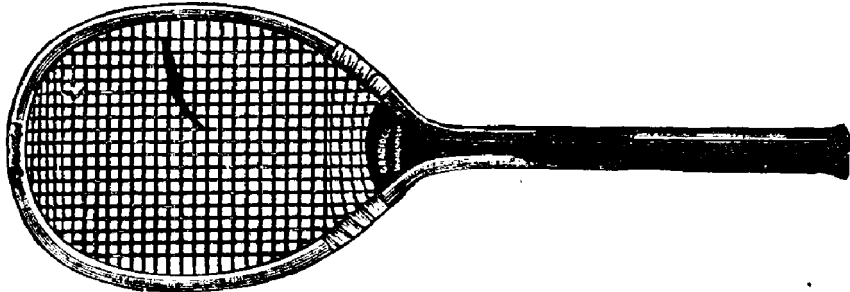
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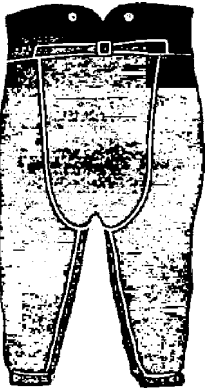
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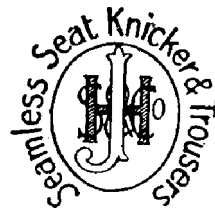
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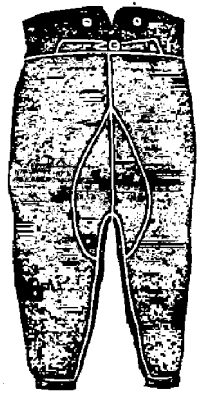
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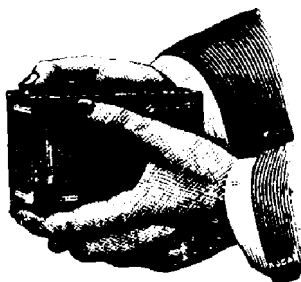
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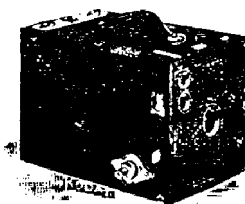
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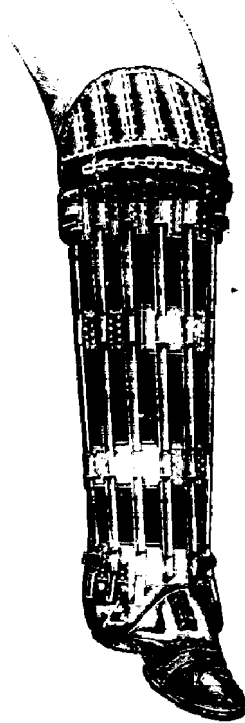
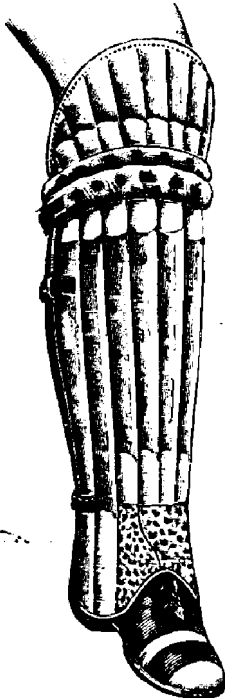
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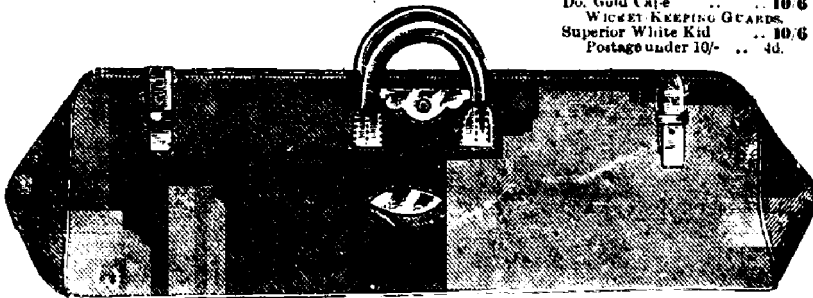
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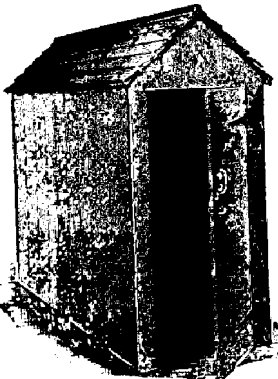
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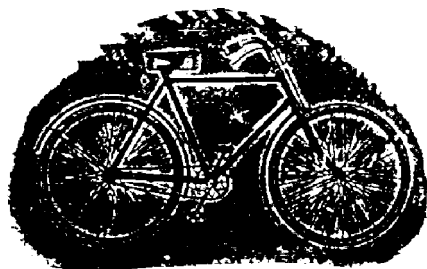
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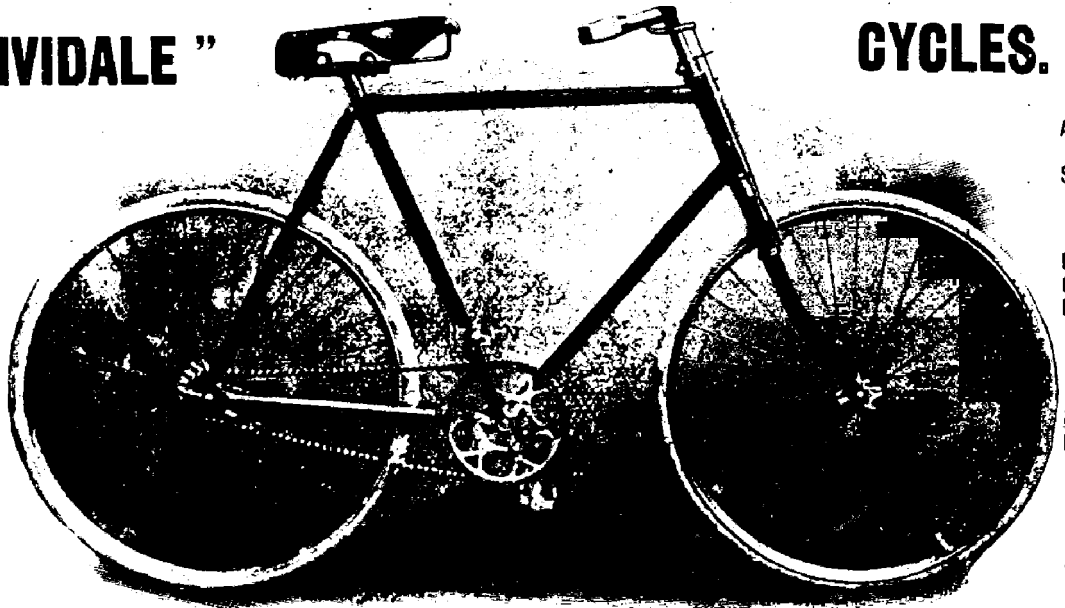
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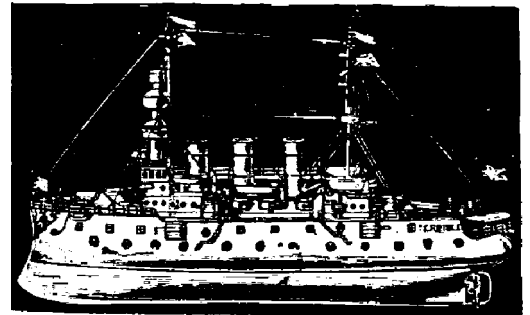
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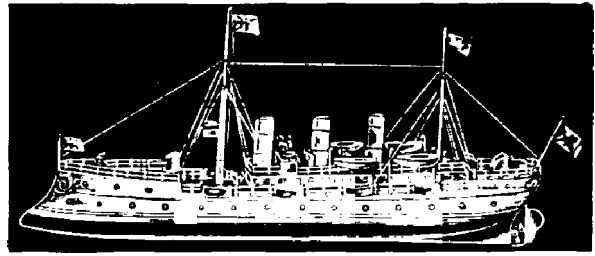
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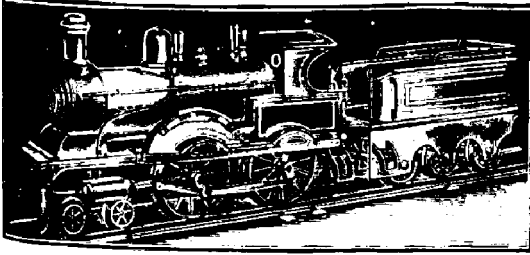


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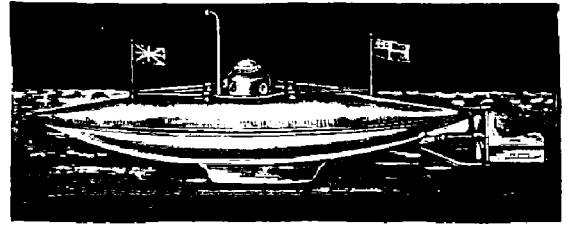
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VII. No. 41.

AUGUST, 1902.



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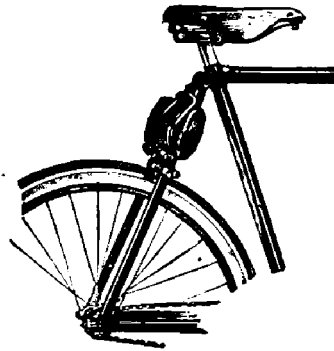
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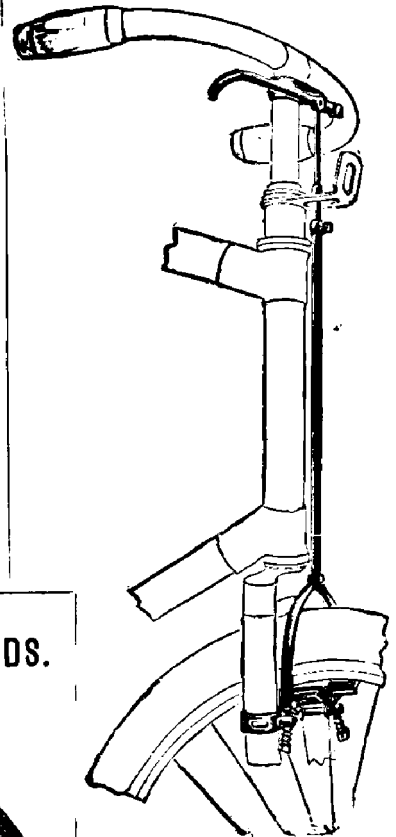
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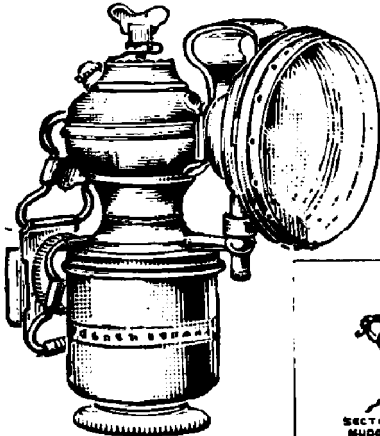


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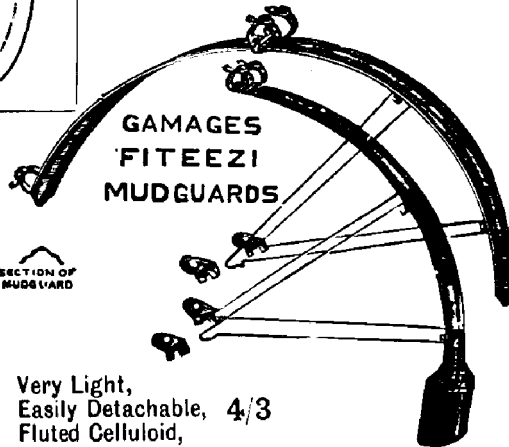
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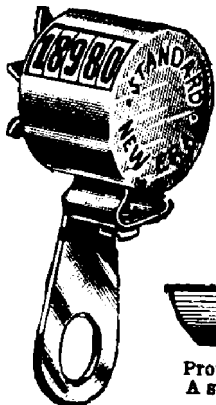
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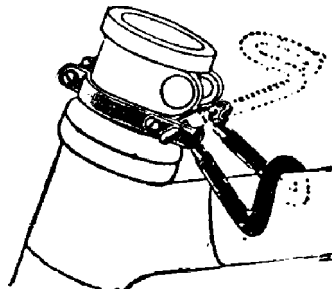
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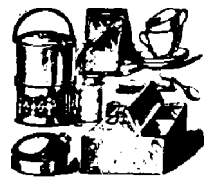
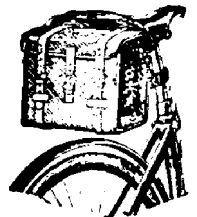
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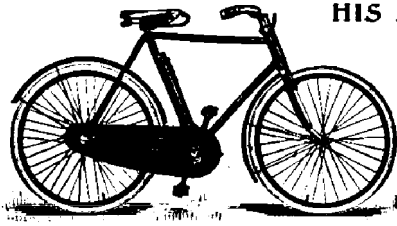
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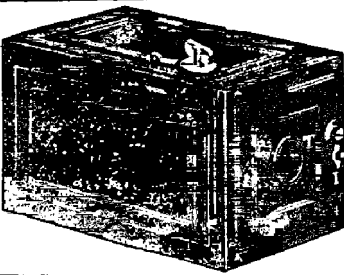
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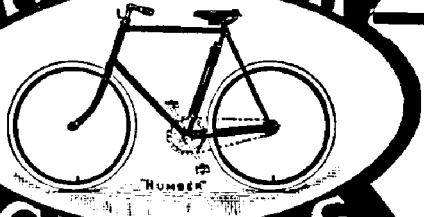
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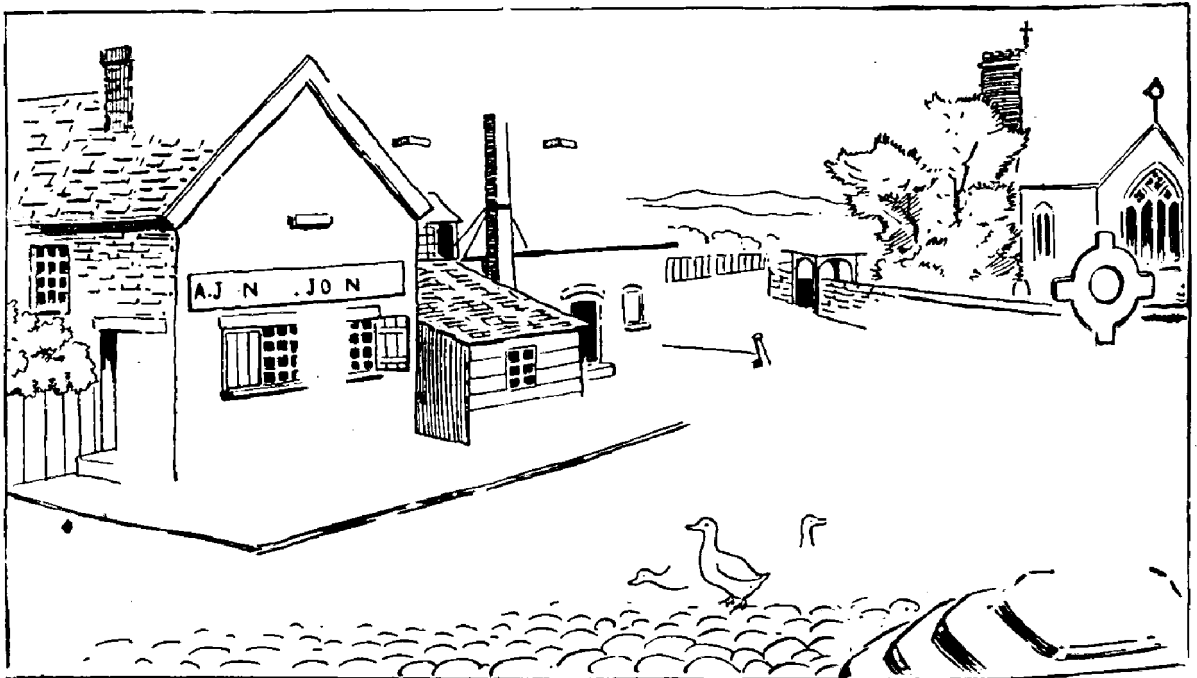
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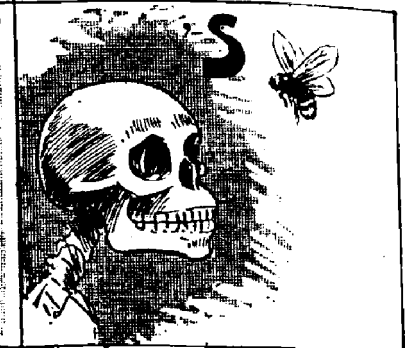
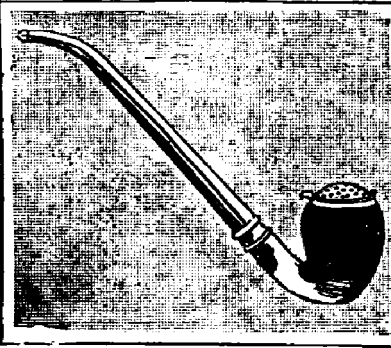
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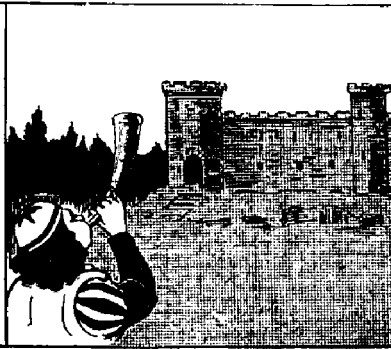
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1. - Blackheath.

2. - *Blackburn*

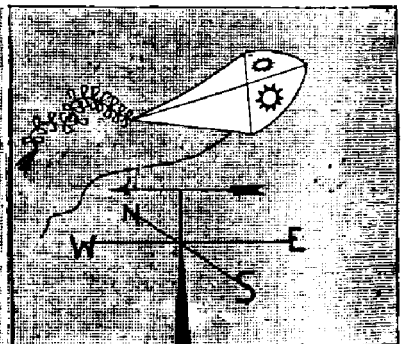
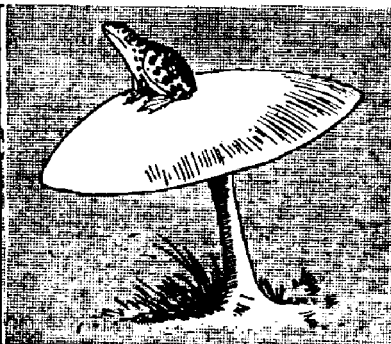
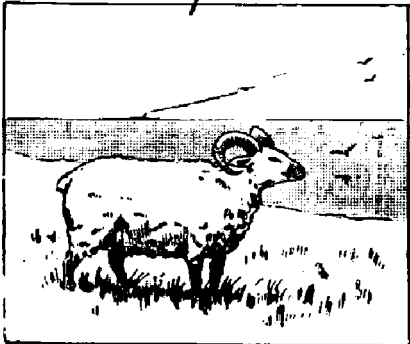
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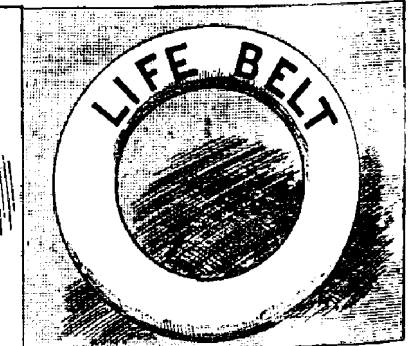
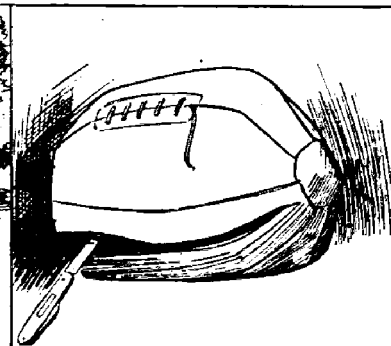
6. -



7. - *Ramsey*

8. -

9. - *Eastbourne*



10. - *Sevenoaks*

11. -

12. - *Cork*

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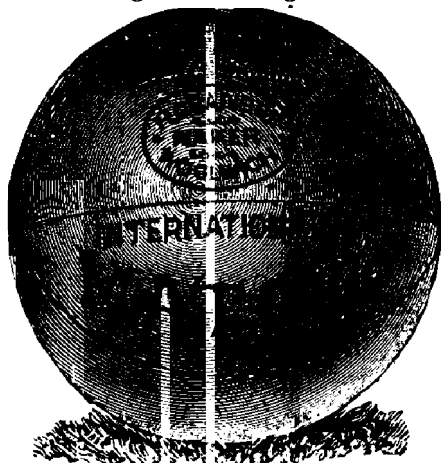
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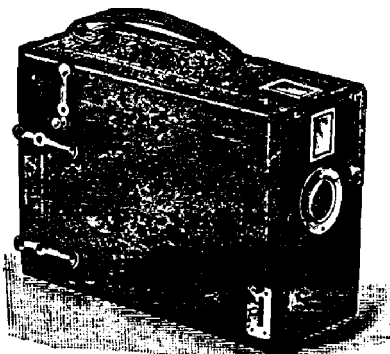
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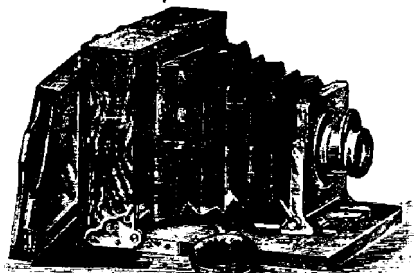
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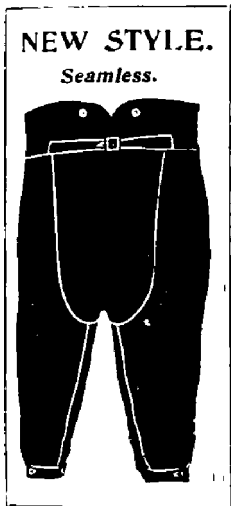
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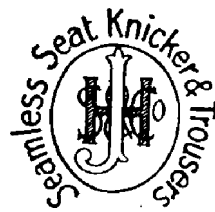
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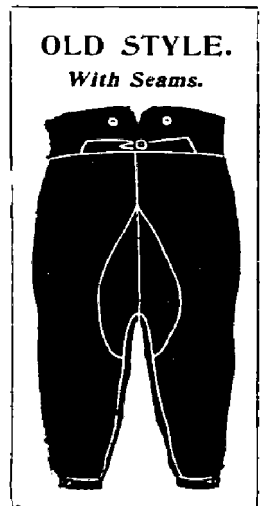
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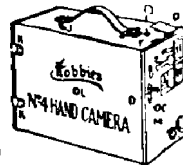
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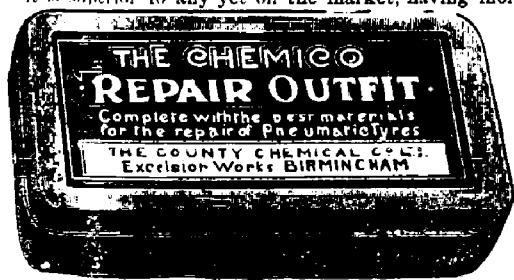
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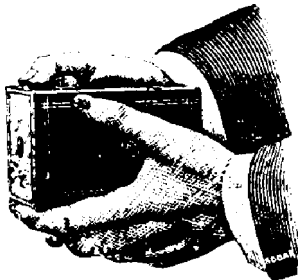
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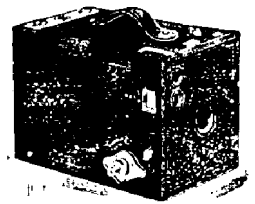
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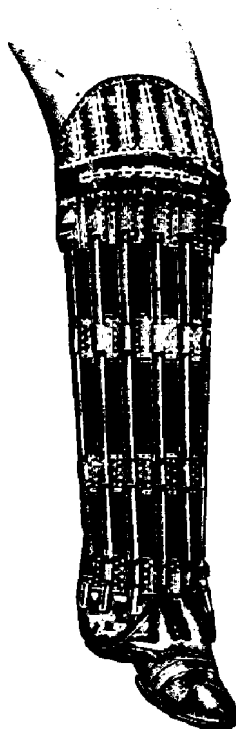
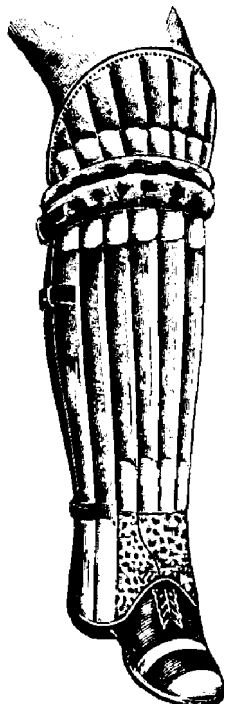
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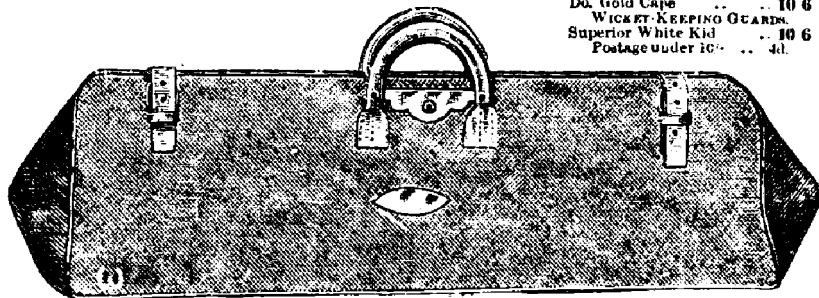
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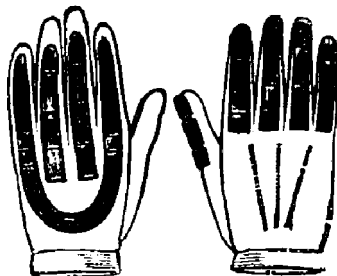
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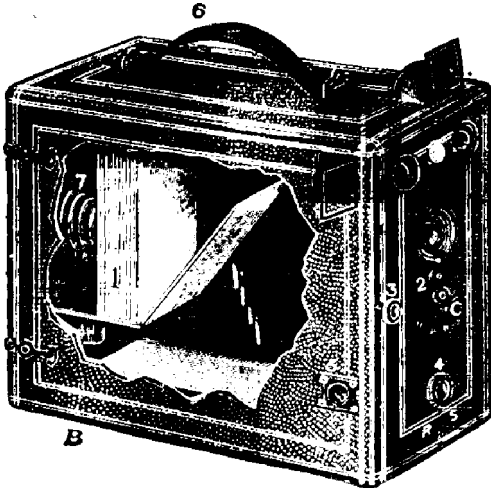
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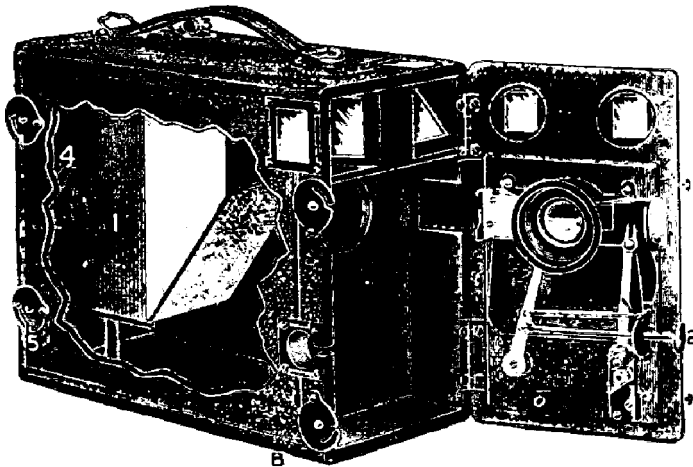
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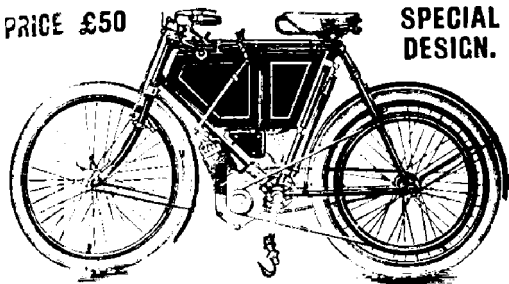
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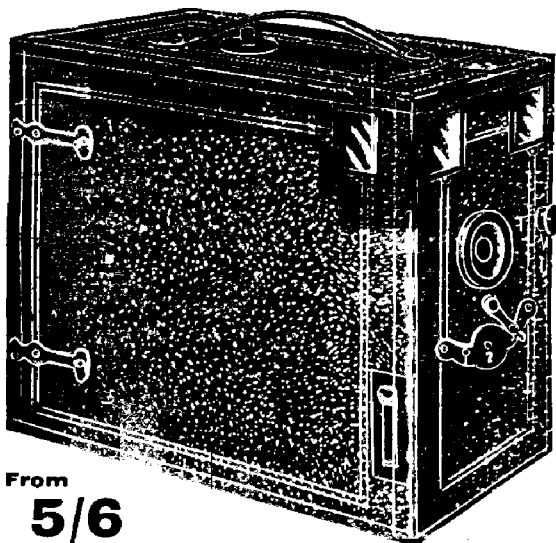
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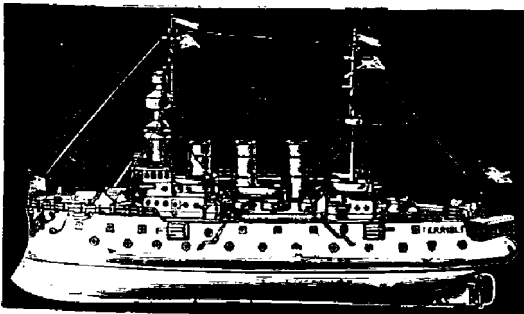
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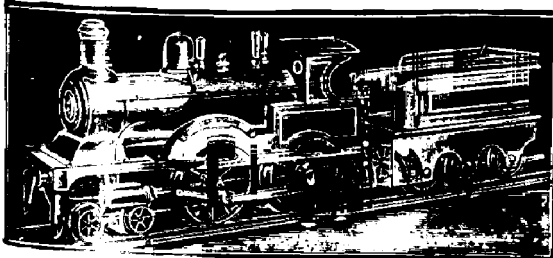


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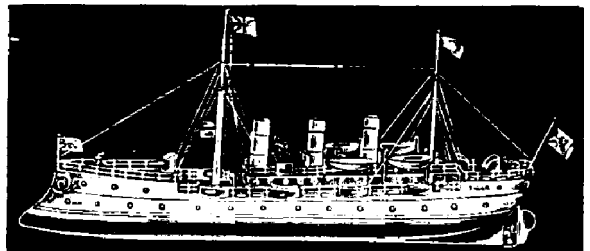
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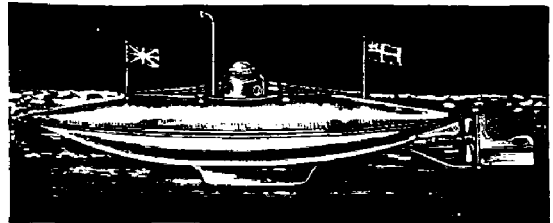


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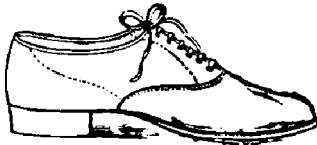
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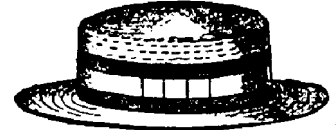
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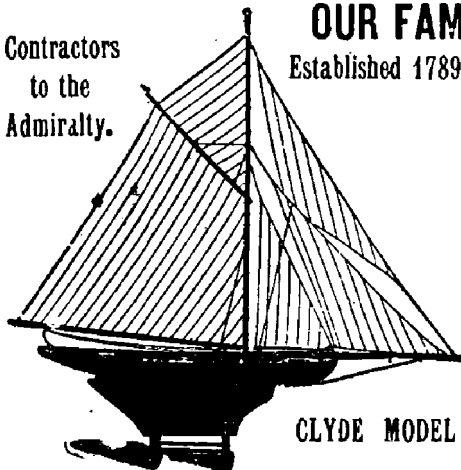
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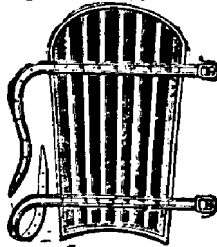
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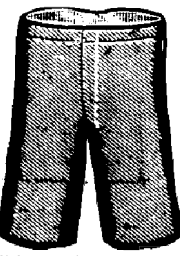


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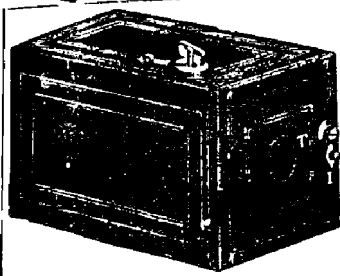
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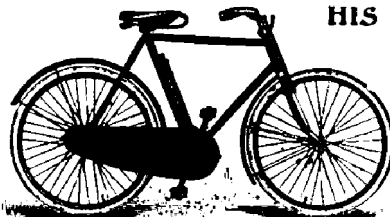
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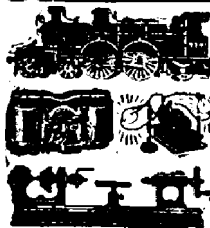
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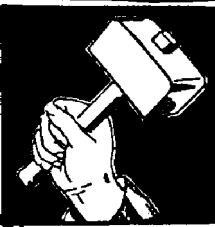
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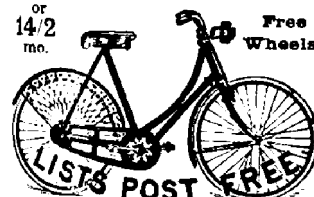


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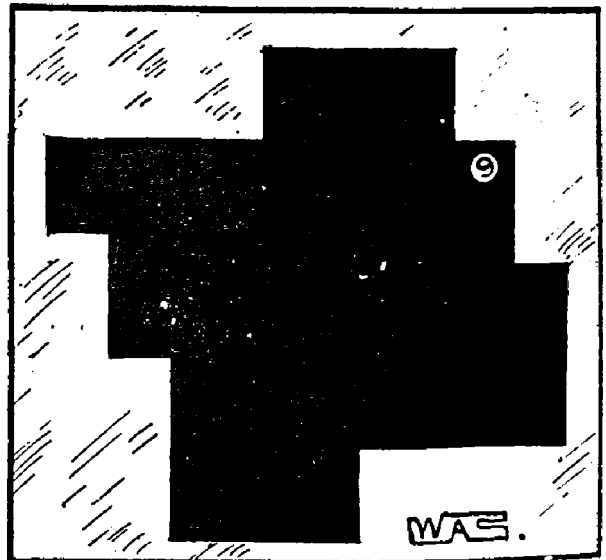
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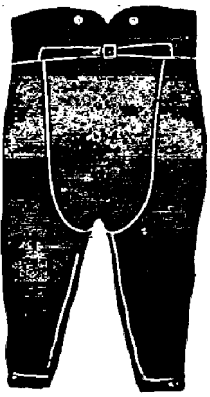
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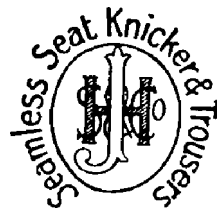
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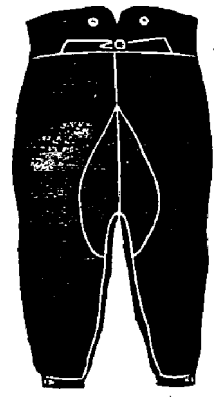


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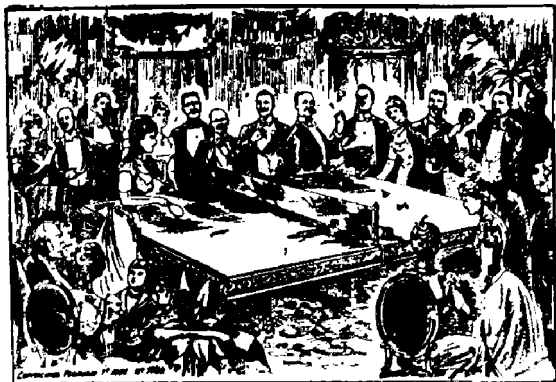
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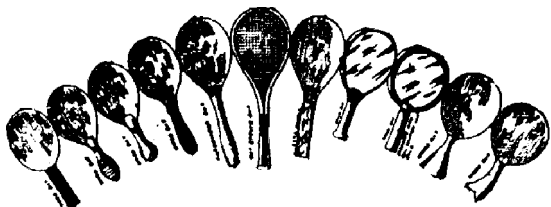
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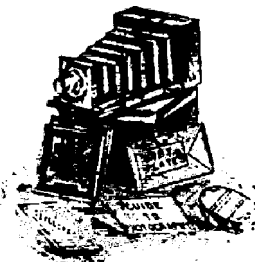
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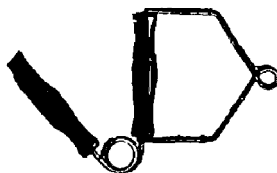
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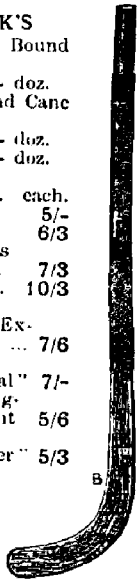
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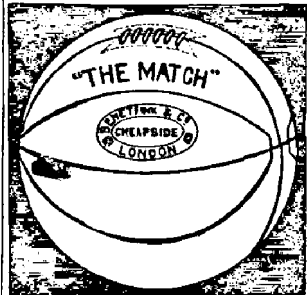


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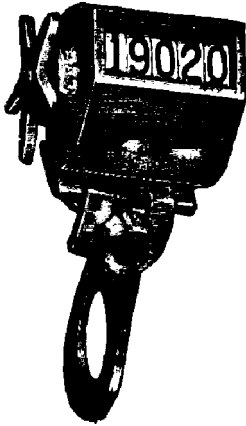
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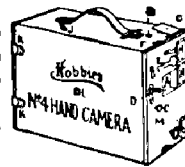
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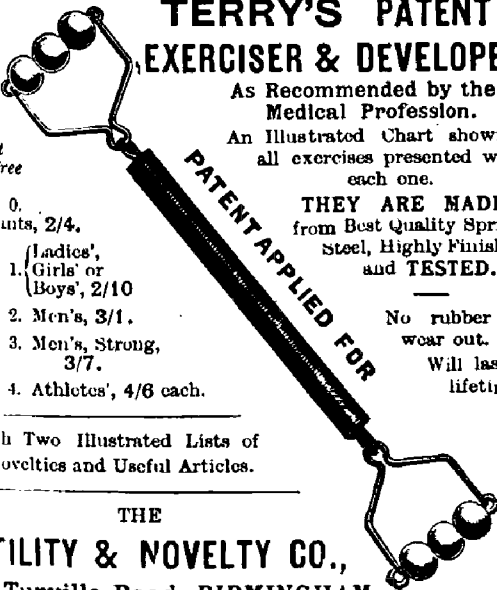
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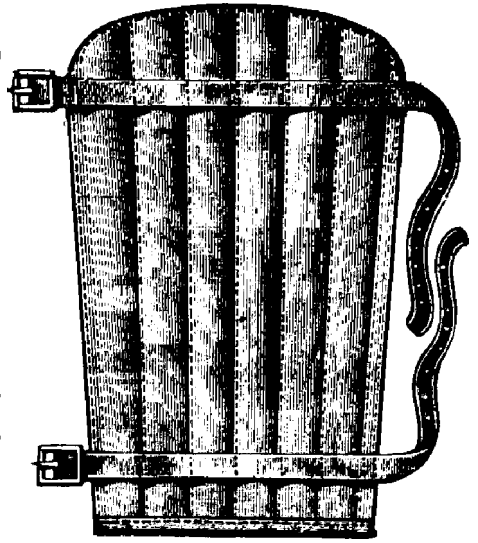
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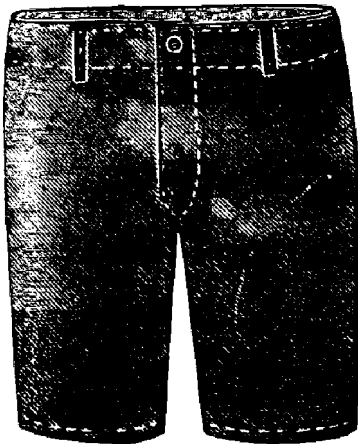
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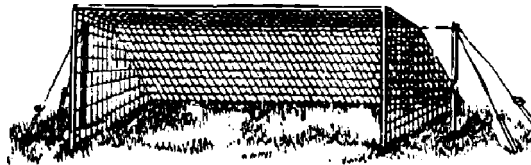


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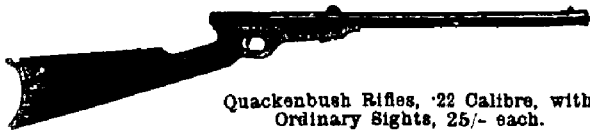


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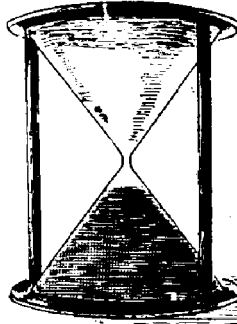
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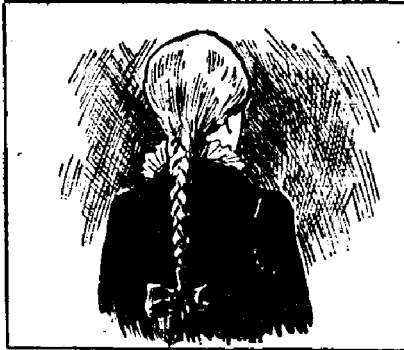
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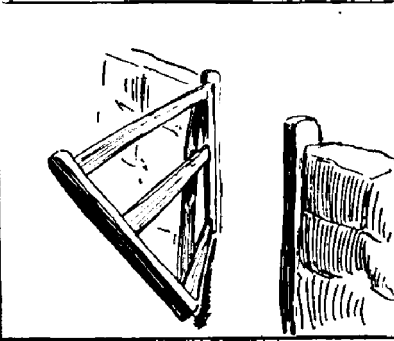
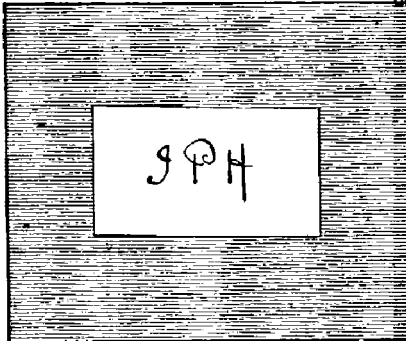
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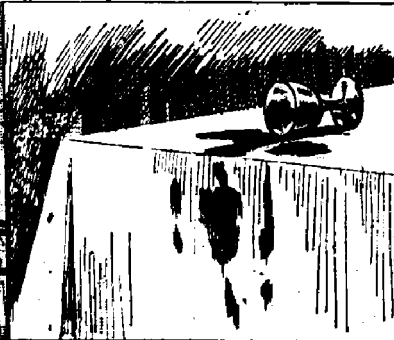
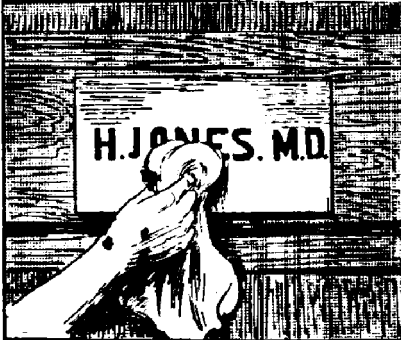
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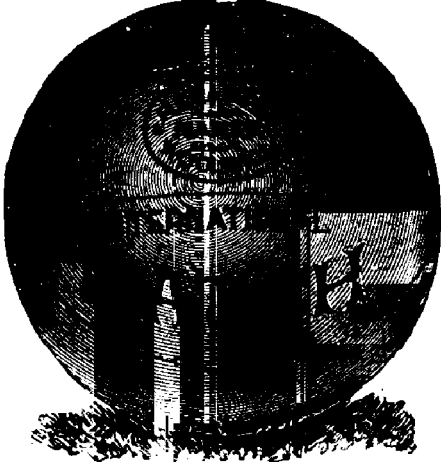
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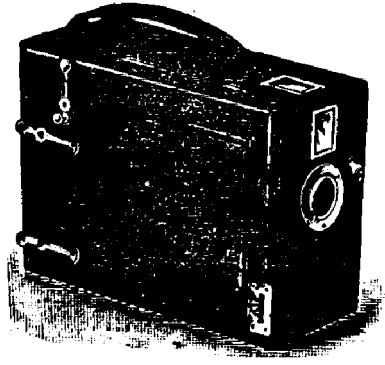
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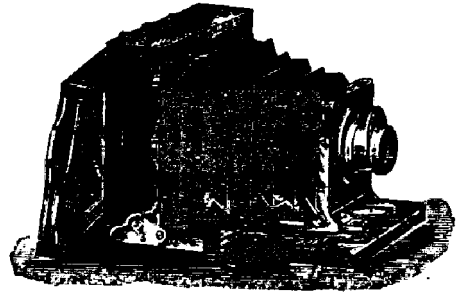
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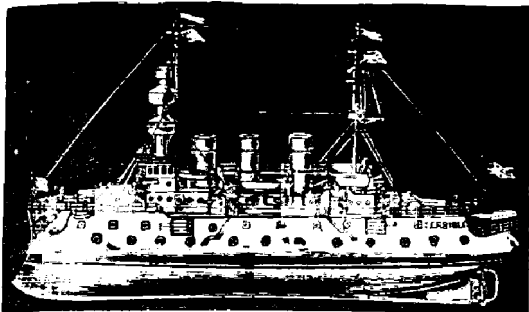
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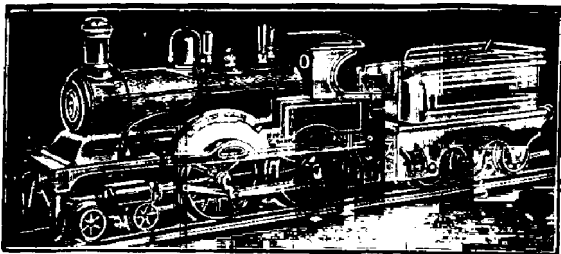


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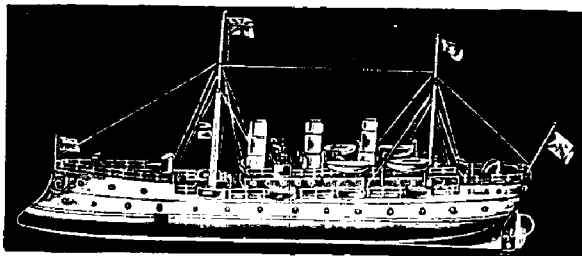
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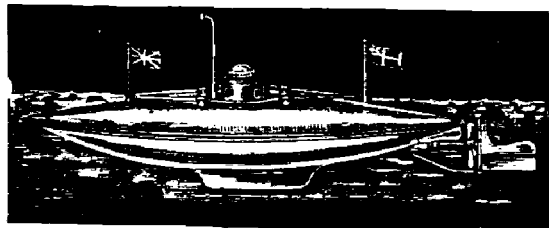


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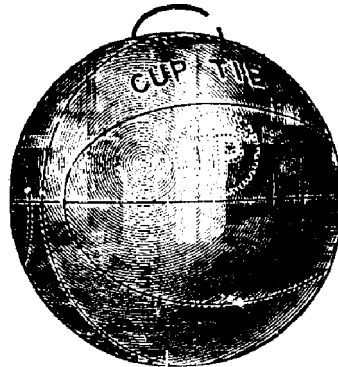
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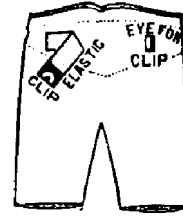
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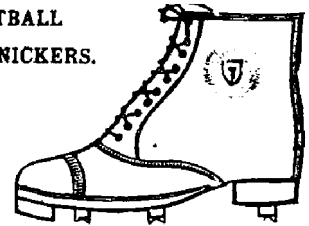
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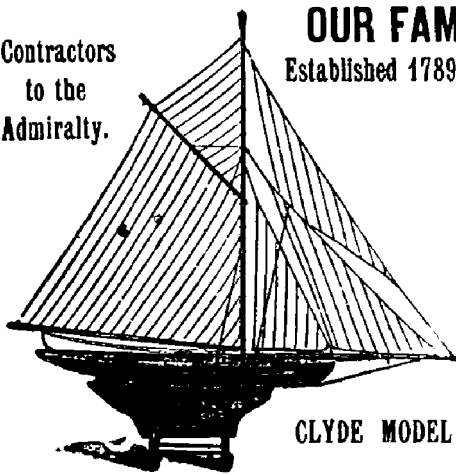
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